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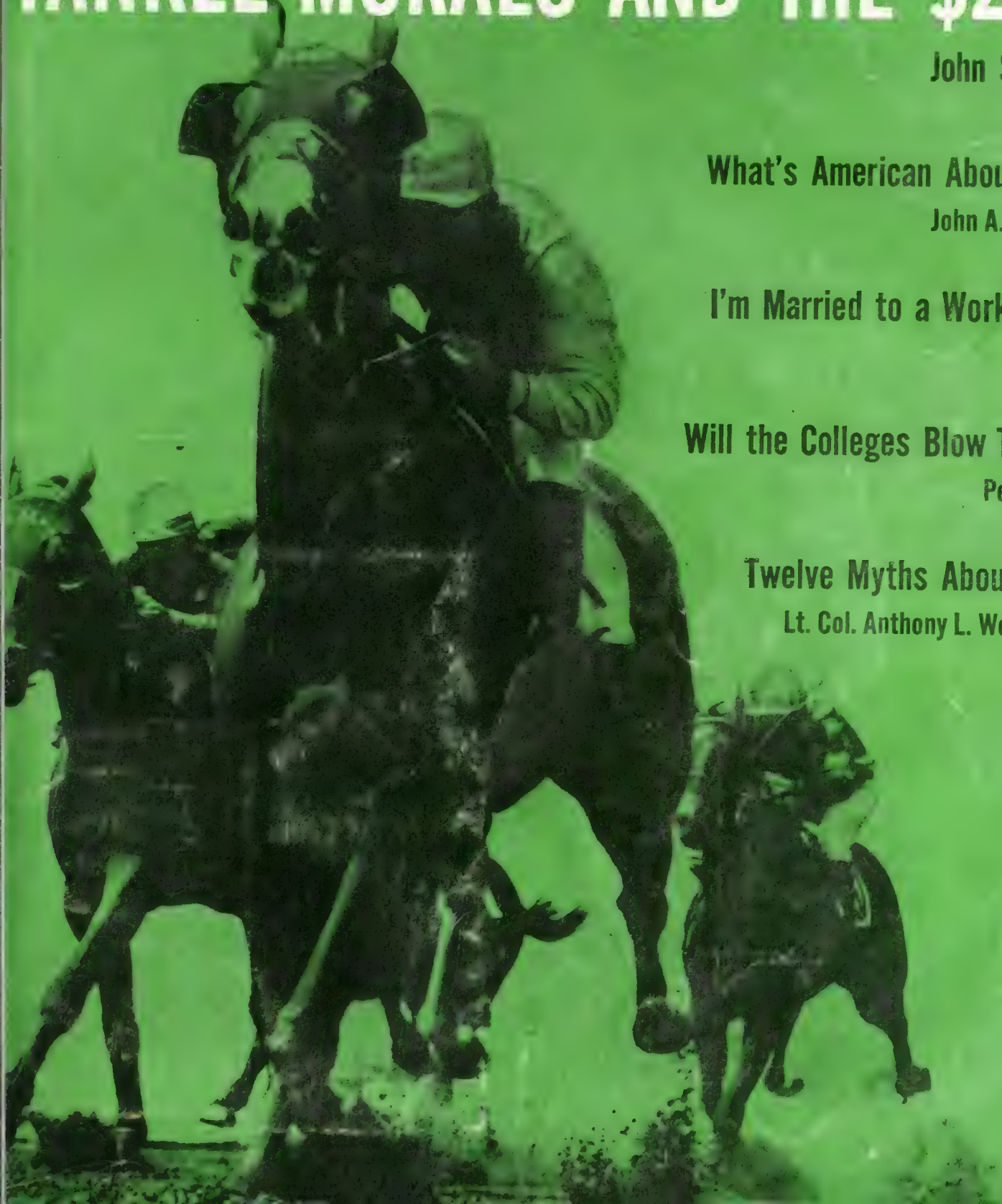
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Gaye sums up one of her main satisfactions this way:

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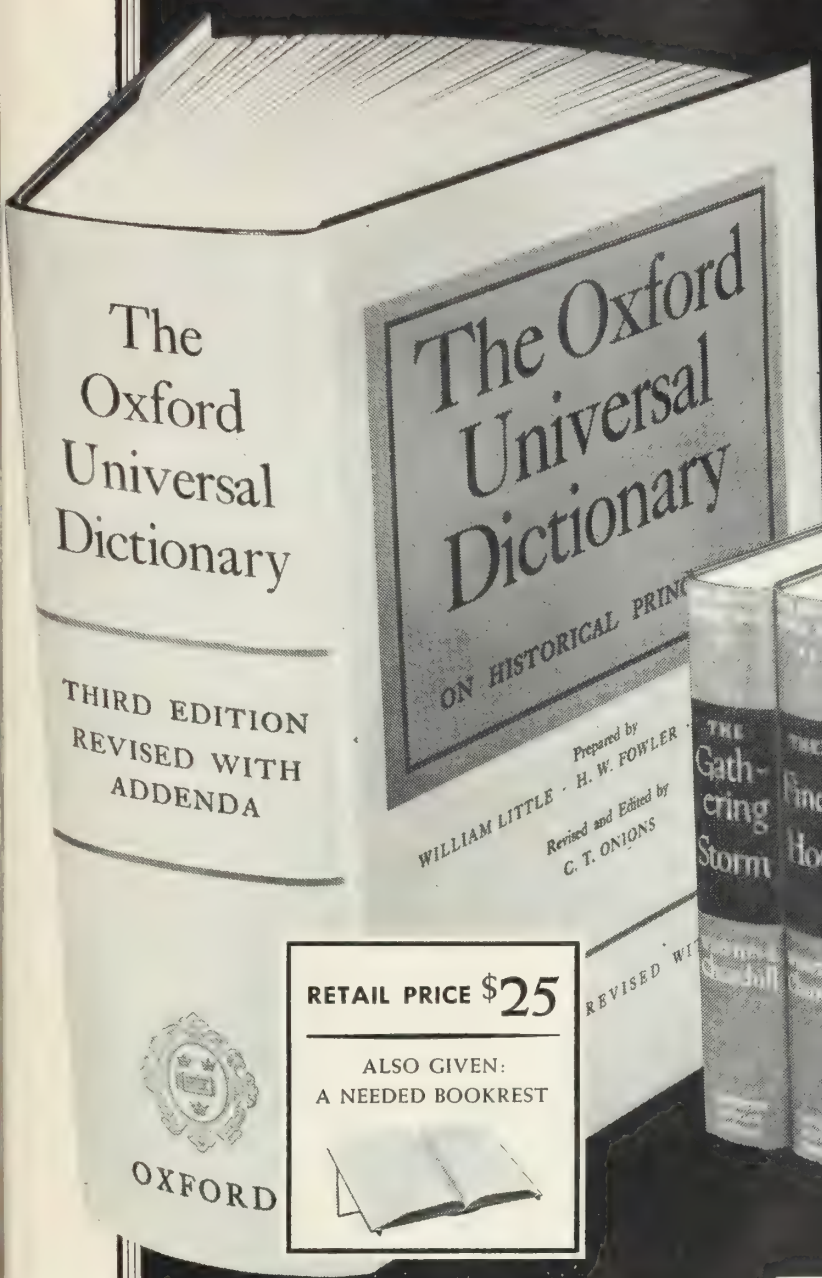
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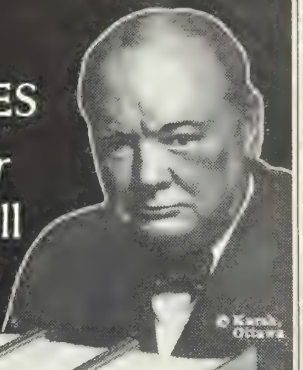
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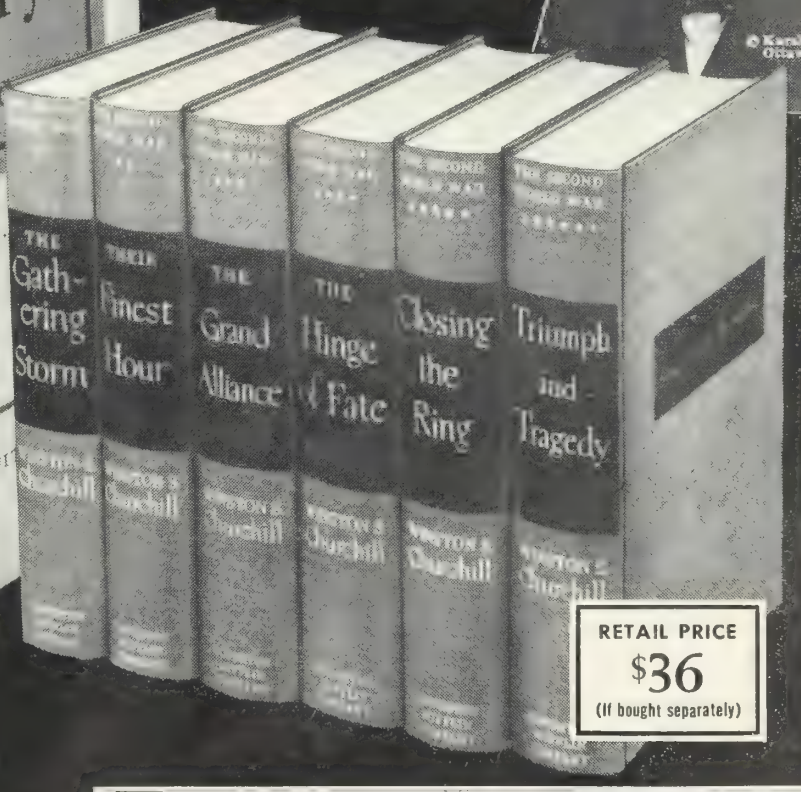
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LETTERS

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To the Editors:

I was born in Houston and have lived all of a quarter-century in Texas—except for two and a half years abroad in Washington, D.C., California, and Oklahoma. . . . I concur with the nondemagogic opinions expressed by Hugh Russell Fraser ["Texans Don't Know Any Better"] in your May issue.

The truest statement in Mr. Fraser's altogether illuminating piece is perhaps the title: I'm afraid we honestly don't know any better. . . .

Robert M. Lockwood
Houston, Tex.

. . . Since my arrival in culturally barren El Paso, for duty with the service, I have, by necessity, been plowing through the local newspapers trying to catch a glimpse of national and world happenings. . . . I am delighted that Mr. Fraser has recognized an unusual situation and, more especially, that I'm not a little bit strange for wondering what is going on in the world.

Richard Duntley
El Paso, Tex.

. . . The news situation is even worse than Mr. Fraser states in the hinterlands. I am a widow who moved to the Permian Basin a year ago. When I first came I could get news on three NBC network stations, but there is a Texas network getting more and more stations in the small towns that completely drowns out all city broadcasts with local items. Station WOAI San Antonio was the last NBC network I could get here. Now it too is drowned out. Instead of despising the blatant Texans as I did at first, I have grown to pity them. . . .

Mrs. Arthur C. F. Brown
Big Spring, Tex.

. . . Mr. Fraser has not been in Texas long enough to realize that folks here are informed—largely through magazines, radio, and TV. I guess Texas has more radio and television stations than any other state. Then again, Texans travel quite a bit. . . .

Newspapers must be related to the communities they serve and in terms of other news sources. . . . We have great newspapers in Texas because they serve Texas as it is. Greatness does not consist in professional trouble-making, nor in stirring up folks about some of the synthetic foreign problems. Our ancestors came away from Europe to get away from the neuroses of the crowd.

We like Texas and we don't want to go any other place to live, either really or vicariously, not even if the stories about other places would seem to build circulation or so-called "greatness" in our newspapers.

Eugene C. Weafer
Bryan, Tex.

I would like to challenge Mr. Fraser's statement that Texas has the worst daily papers in the United States. He compares Texas' provincial press with papers in Arizona, Arkansas, Tennessee, Missouri, Kansas, and Iowa. Why does he neglect the great state of California? In any contest for the title of the emptiest, most irresponsible, most provincial daily paper in the United States I am sure that the Los Angeles *Times* would rank high.

By absolute reckoning Southern California newspapers might show a higher proportion of out-of-state news than Texas'. But most of it deals with hurricanes in Florida, floods in Connecticut, tornadoes in Texas, and other catastrophies which, as reported and headlined, are primarily California real-estate advertising. . . .

Ellis Gee
West Cornwall, Conn.

It seems never to have occurred to you that a really good daily might be able to present in a few lines the meat of an article displacing many inches in a less well edited newspaper. . . . Mr. Fraser should find something better than a foot ruler to measure the value of a newspaper.

Donald B. Leverett
Overton, Tex.

In the excellent report on the shortcomings of Texas newspapers in the May issue is this statement: "West of St. Louis the Denver *Post* has by far the best coverage of national and world news of all newspapers in that vast region."

Mr. Fraser takes in a lot of territory, included in which is the *Oregonian*. I have applied a rule to the daily editions of the *Oregonian* for January 1956, the month used by Mr. Fraser for his survey, and I find that we carried an average of a little over fifteen columns a day of national and international news, compared to about thirty-six columns total "hard news."

Even allowing for some differences in measuring standards, this would seem to refute Mr. Fraser's claim for the Denver *Post* which he said carried fourteen columns of national and international news out of a total of thirty-two.

The *Oregonian* welcomes subscriptions of news-hungry Texans.

Malcolm Bauer, Assoc. Ed.
The *Oregonian*
Portland, Ore.

Chinese Eggs

To the Editors:

I read the excellent article, "What Early Man Discovered About Food" [May] to my home economics classes and am glad to report that the girls enjoyed it too. I have a suggestion for Dr. Adolph. Why not a footnote on the Chinese method of preserving eggs?

Ruth Thomas
Akron, Ohio

The preserved eggs of China (*pi-tan*) are duck eggs. The eggs are wrapped each in a wet plaster-like mass of lime, earth, and chaff, and are then set aside at ordinary temperature in large covered earthen jars. The curing requires five or six months. The hard lime coating is then chipped away with the shell, and the resulting egg is of a green-amber color with a gelatin-like consistency.

A Chinese colleague of mine makes these eggs in America by immersing eggs in a 3 per cent solution of sodium hydroxide for two weeks at a temperature of 80° F. Chicken eggs give less satisfactory results.

William H. Adolph
New Haven, Conn.

Michigan Blight

To the Editors:

John Fischer's "Remembrance in a High Valley" [May] was a moving tribute to a great conservationist and a somber warning of what we shall certainly see in our lifetimes. . . .

As of now, that garden spot, Detroit, has spread to Ann Arbor—indeed slightly west thereof. North, it now occupies most of Oakland County, formerly a beautiful land of lakes and woods, now an uncommonly ugly suburb.

Current Project One in Progress is the building of the Straits Bridge which will open the Upper Peninsula to exploitation and make it an easy vacation land for the hordes out of Detroit, Cleveland, and God knows where else. It is the Governor's pet. Governor Williams is a Democrat, but as a conservationist he ranks nil. . . .

All the large cities of Southern Michigan are spreading like cancers. Battle Creek and Kalamazoo, once twenty-five

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miles apart, are blended into a neon blur. The whole DeVoto litany is there: "drive-ins, diners . . . cheapjack restaurants." . . .

Governor Williams has been beating the drum for new highways. Therefore if a stray tree or meadow has escaped the subdividers, it is a pretty good bet the highway department will get it. . . . We have a great "tourist industry"; therefore we must destroy what little natural beauty is left so the tourists can see the ruin and further it. . . .

Personally I happen to be a Democrat. Unhappily in Michigan the Democrats are doing most of the damage—with the aid of the powerful CIO. They are abetted, of course, by Republican real-estate boards, chambers of commerce, and construction industries. . . .

(Name Withheld)

Republican Giveaways

To the Editors:

It is doubtful that you realized that, in publishing Warren Unna's "giveaway" article [May], you were providing your readers with a limp rehash of the discredited charges and distorted "facts" set forth by Mr. Unna in a series in the Washington *Post and Times Herald*. . . . Even the *Post* has had occasion to correct some of the clearly erroneous statements made by Mr. Unna in his original series. . . .

Mr. Unna's coloring of his article to fit the left-wing Democrat propaganda line is boldly revealed by his use of statements by Senators Morse and Neuberger of Oregon to "prove" his Hells Canyon "giveaway" charge. These Senators are, of course, the most outspoken opponents of the Federal Power Commission decision in the Hells Canyon case, but they can hardly be cited as dispassionate sources of engineering data on the project.

When it comes to setting forth the Administration side of the "giveaway" controversy, Mr. Unna's articles were prepared without consultation with the top policy officials of the Department of the Interior; and he makes no mention of the specific replies they have given to his tired recital of Democrat "giveaway" propaganda.

The truth of the matter is that the Eisenhower Administration has upheld the highest principles of conservation of our great natural resources. In the Al Sarena and several other "giveaway" cases cited by Mr. Unna, the Secretary of the Interior was carrying out the laws as they were enacted by Congress. To have done otherwise would have been government by administrative fiat. . . .

Barry Goldwater, Senator
Washington, D. C.

On page 22 of our May issue we pointed out that Mr. Unna's Washington Post articles "were analyzed at length in the Congressional Record *of February 29 by Senator Goldwater who found them 'irresponsible' and 'politically inspired'—a statement which may have enjoyed a little political inspiration of its own."*

Before accepting Mr. Unna's article we studied Senator Goldwater's analysis thoroughly and concluded there wasn't much substance to his criticisms. Anyone who could describe the shenanigans in the Al Sarena case—where Interior officials clearly went far out of their way to grant a highly doubtful mining claim—as a routine carrying out of the laws is obviously handling his facts in a rather imaginative fashion.—The Editors

I have just finished reading "Republican 'Giveaways'" by Warren Unna. I am in no position to judge the accuracy of his facts and conclusions except as they pertain to his reference to our Company. But in that connection, to say they are distorted would be the understatement of the month.

(1) The name of the Company is misspelled.

(2) The name of the town is misspelled.

(3) No mention was made that the government in 1937 paid us $2.85 an acre, hence, of course, the timber could not be very valuable 19 years later.

(4) No mention was made that our deed to the government had but one restriction in it as to how minerals could be removed; namely, by the "hydraulic method."

(5) No mention was made of the clause in the deed in which we agreed to pay the government for any timber cut, destroyed, or damaged at the prevailing market price at the time of such cutting, destroying, or damaging.

(6) Yet Mr. Unna comes up with the fantastic conclusion that had we been allowed to strip for coal "this would have meant a nice bonus to the company in valuable timber."

Our request to strip was turned down by a commission of three men, headed by Charles P. Taft, but the government's instructions prohibited it from considering the legal aspects. Mr. Taft, himself a lawyer, read the instructions to a group of us here at Stearns at the time of his Committee's investigation and was quite mystified by the above-mentioned prohibition.

The legal aspects of our position have never been adjudicated.

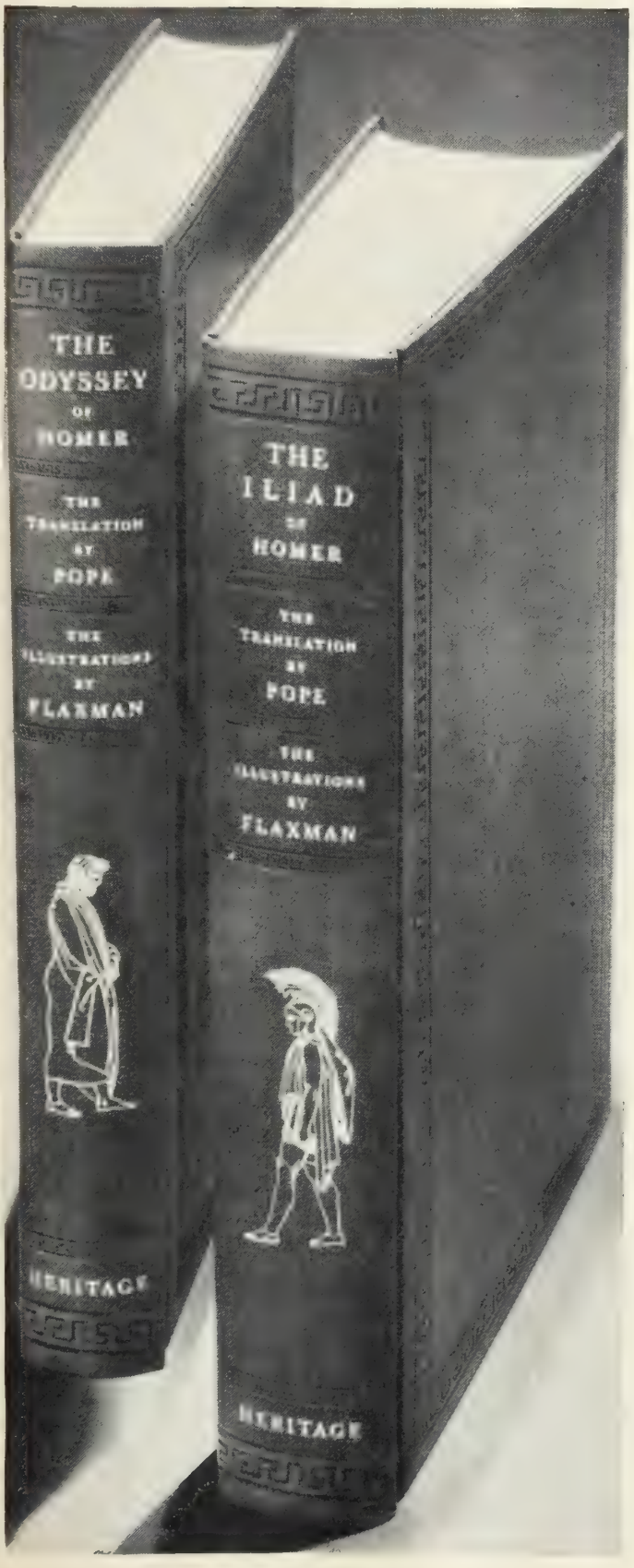
R. L. Stearns, Jr., Pres.
Stearns Coal & Lumber Co.
Stearns, Ky.

Mr. Stearns is of course correct in pointing out that the "a" had been omit-

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ted from both his name and the name of his community. Beyond this, his arguments seem to be quite opposite to those of the U. S. Forest Service.

While it is true the government paid Stearns $2.85 an acre for his 47,000 acres in 1937, today, after nineteen years of reforesting, Stearns' cutover acreage has become very valuable indeed. Not only has the timber reached a marketable state, the land itself has been enhanced in value as a recreation area.

While it is true Stearns' reservation of the land's mineral rights spelled out a ban only against hydraulic mining, strip mining was unknown in the Cumberland area at the time the deed was drawn. When the Stearns appeal was finally denied . . . government attorneys agreed that public interest forbade strip mining, whether or not the actual phraseology had been spelled out in the deed.

In the deed, Stearns agreed to pay the government for timber damage at prevailing market prices, but this compensation fails to include damage caused by soil erosion, stream pollution, the outpouring of silt into streams and reservoirs, the creation of land barriers for logging and wildlife, and the permanent scarring of the terrain by the conversion of topsoil into rockpiles. For instance, although Stearns wanted to strip-mine only 1,000 acres, this would have involved 100 miles of contour mining and the disruption of an additional 2,500 acres of forestland.

Moreover, granting the strip-mining privilege to Stearns would have flouted the strip-mine bans adopted by Kentucky and West Virginia and would have set a precedent for the 750,000 acres of National Forest land in Kentucky, Virginia, and West Virginia—acreage which is underlain with reserved mineral rights by pre-governmental owners. . . .

WARREN UNNA
Washington, D.C.

Indian Response

TO THE EDITORS:

We have carefully studied "The Raid on the Reservations" [March] and we wish to commend you for publishing this courageous defense of American Indian rights. As Indians and leaders of inter-tribal organizations from eight states, we know that too few Americans are familiar with the problems which have confronted our people on and off the reservations for the past century.

We believe we would not now be faced with threats of destruction of tribal governments and the loss of our few remaining resources if the public had been fully informed. Armed with the facts, Americans would long ago have insisted their government fulfill its solemn promises to the Indians.

The reservation land base . . . is vital to the future of our people. . . . We are not looking or asking for give-away programs. We are urging that the federal government join us in planning and undertaking projects on every reservation which will permit the Indian people to make the fullest possible contribution to American society. . . .

Recently we suggested to the Bureau of Indian Affairs that its Relocation Program be thoroughly evaluated and certain defects remedied, and that elected tribal officials be given an opportunity to assist in administering the program so that the rights and interests of tribal members could be better protected. . . .

In conclusion, we want to express our appreciation to the author, Dorothy Van de Mark. Her painstaking research and clear writing make this a significant contribution.

JOHN C. RAINER, Chairman
All-Pueblo Council

JOSEPH R. GARRY, President
Affiliated Tribes of the Northwest

CLARENCE WESLEY, President
Arizona Inter-Tribal Council

VYOLA OLINGER, President
California Indian Congress

ED M. WILSON, Vice Chairman
Minnesota Chippewa Tribes

WALTER VOORHEES, Chairman
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North Dakota Inter-Tribal Council

TANDY A. WILBUR, Vice Chairman
Western Washington
Inter-Tribal Council

JESS J. STEVENS, Chairman
San Carlos Apache Tribal Council

FRANK G. WILSON, President
Oglala Sioux Tribal Council

Ash Can

TO THE EDITORS:

I want to comment with pleasure on the fresh viewpoint and vigor of Peter Kane Dufault's poem "Ash Can" [May]. Let us have more from him. . . .

ELLA E. PRESTON
Davenport, Iowa

. . . Mr. Dufault's entire verse is a choice sparkle of words that cast a glow beyond material things such as peels, bottles, cans, and burnt-out pails. I keep thinking the lines over and over again. . . .

VIVIAN WARNOCK
Canton, Ohio

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M32

JOHN FISCHER

the editor's EASY CHAIR

Running Barefoot Through a Hayloft Full of Ten-dollar Bills

AS A practicing Christian, I am always eager to relieve my fellow men of their burdens, especially cash. The following suggestions are offered in a spirit of pure helpfulness.

The fellow men in these parts who seem to be grunting under the heaviest burdens, and who certainly have the most cash, are the Philanthropoids. These are the people who make a profession of giving away other people's money. A sizable colony—employed by about a dozen foundations—has gathered in mid-Manhattan, handy to the banks; and during the last four years I have had some opportunity to observe their nesting habits, escape devices, recognition signals, protective coloration, and flock etiquette.

Whether they are small Philanthropoids, furtively peeking around for some place to bestow a few piddling millions, or the large Ford-size variety, their troubles are much the same. All day, and often far into the night, they crouch in their walnut-paneled sanctuaries, under a state of siege. Their predators are innumerable, cunning, relentless, and hungry. They swarm in the foundations' waiting rooms, equipped with sure-fire schemes to save the world and bushel baskets to carry away the money they need to get started. They lurk in the Scarsdale commuters' depot, hoping to bag an exhausted Philanthropoid on his way home. When a foundation man ventures out for lunch or for a quick restorative slug at the nearest bar, he is pounced upon by some character with froth on his lips and an urgent need for $27,000,105.68.

Some of these vulture-like creatures—known in the trade as Philanthropees—have developed grant-wrangling into a Way of Life. I have noted several, mostly social scientists, who have lived quite comfortably for at least twenty years on loot snatched from one foundation or another; and since long practice has taught them how to outwit even the nimblest foundation executive, they probably will continue to batten on dead men's leavings until they pass to their Last Award.

A few forward-looking universities have, in fact, set up secret training programs to coach their faculty in the techniques of foundation-milking: How to Prepare a Plausible Application . . . Advance Plotting to Get a Grant Renewed . . . Stalking Philanthropoids With Cap and Gown . . . and similar basic courses in Grantmanship.*

So it is small wonder that foundation men tend to become morose, twitchy, and ulcerous. They quickly develop defensive tactics—a picket line of receptionists trained in judo, for example, and a rampart of memoranda stacked high around every desk. (A favorite device is to diffuse the decision-making power throughout the organization so that nobody can ever tell who finally passes on any application for money; thus the applicant never knows whose arm to twist.) Even if they succeed in beating off the crackpots and Messiahs, however, the Philanthropoids are virtually defenseless against Congressmen. Some of our more primitive lawmakers hate to see all that good money being spent without benefit of patronage—frequently on intellectuals, too, an obviously suspect lot—so they harry the foundations whenever they can't think of anything else to investigate.

But the saddest thing about the Philanthropoids is their lack of joy in their work. You might think that a man who does nothing but spend money—a man who could run around

* For the most useful advice, on the other hand, the would-be grantee should turn to *Fortune* magazine, which regards foundations with the same cool detachment as other forms of money. William H. Whyte, Jr., in his two articles on the subject (October and November 1955), offers two hypothetical case histories in grant-getting—the Tyro and the Experienced Hand.

barefoot, any time he likes, in a hayloft full of ten-dollar bills—would pitch into his chores with a beaming eye and a carol in his throat. Alas, it isn't so. As Dwight Macdonald pointed out in his recent tome on the Ford Foundation, most of them approach their duties with the glum decorum of a Baptist missionary. They lack, in Kenneth Tynan's phrase, pizzicato of the spirit.

Why?

My own investigations have finally, I believe, turned up the answer. They were conducted without subsidy—a deplorable example of foundation shortsightedness—so my report is not as stately as it might have been if somebody had given me the trivial sum ($8,376,000.04) which I needed for secretarial help and other incidentials. Nevertheless, the essentials are here.

CLEARLY it is too late to save the Ford, Carnegie, Rockefeller, and other old-line foundations, so it seems wisest to start again from scratch. What follows, therefore, is a prospectus for a new type of institution: The Haroun-al-Raschid Fund for Benevolent and Hell-Raising Purposes. Any Texas millionaire is welcome to start it whenever his next well blows in; and I might even be persuaded to serve (regardless of personal sacrifice) as Executive Secretary and Purse Toter.

Organization obviously is the first step—and right here is where the old foundations went wrong. They set up a lot of vice presidents in charge of large, woolly abstractions, such as World Peace, Adult Education, and International Understanding. Nobody could have any fun with assignments like that. Our Fund will assign its officers to more specific and stimulating projects.

There will be, for instance, a Vice President in Charge of Love. Her first job will be to build a Primping Parlor in every large city. Such places have long been desperately needed. It just isn't feasible for a stenographer to leave her job in, say, Manhattan at 5:00 P.M.; go home to the Bronx; and then get back to Greenwich Village in time for a dinner date. What she needs is a quiet, homey building near her office, containing about two hundred boudoirs. She could rent one of these for 25 cents an hour; there she could take a bath, fluff her hair, fix up her nail polish, change her clothes, and maybe nap for a few minutes between the close of work and a big evening on the town. Such an establishment would relieve the subway jam; increase the marriage rate; enhance the enjoyment of a good many young men; and add half-an-hour to every secretary's working day, since she wouldn't have to sneak off to the ladies' room at 4:30 to put on lipstick and paint her nails.

The same Vice President would seek to remedy another long-felt need; the lack of private and romantic places where young folks can do their courting. Drive-in theaters of course serve this purpose in rural areas; porch swings are still available in small towns; but kids in the metropolis have to make do with doorways, drugstore booths, and similar dreary makeshifts. Our Fund will finance a series of small parks—open only to couples—equipped with benches in hedge-girt nooks and an artificial moon for cloudy nights. For winter use we plan a chain of Hideaway Houses. Their interiors will be subdivided into a maze of curtained alcoves, furnished with snug sofas and piped for Muzak recordings of "Liebestraum" and the Venusberg theme. (If our Founder turns out to be stuffy, we might hire a passel of deaf, elderly widows to patrol the corridors as chaperons; but their hearing aids would be confiscated each night as they report for duty.)

WE SHALL also have a Vice President in Charge of Scenery. His job will be to make the country look less messy.

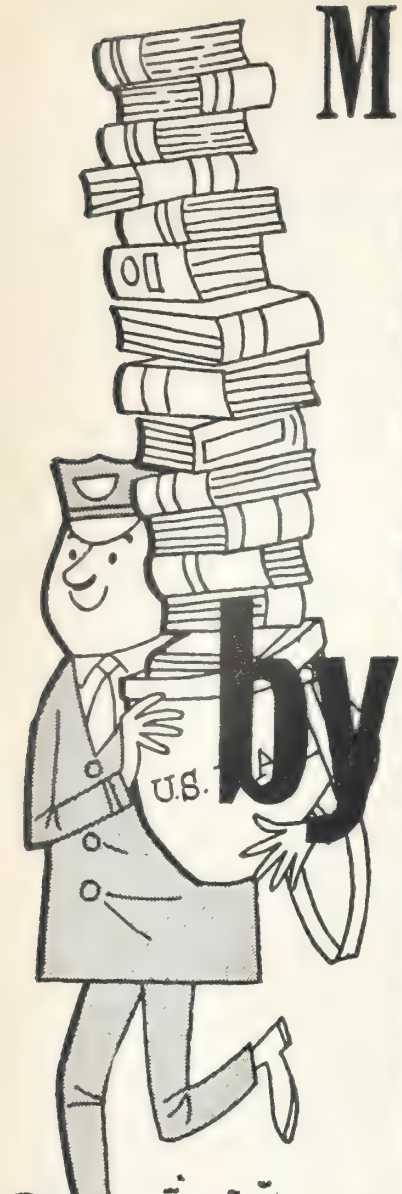
He will offer a $50 bounty to anybody who chops down a roadside billboard. Whenever one of these public-spirited citizens is caught in the act, the Fund will pay his fine and court costs. He will buy up the ugliest building in every city over 50,000 in population, raze it, and plant the liberated ground in sycamores.

He will supply hot-rod cars and baseball bats to gangs of juvenile delinquents, and pay them to bust up every Bar-B-Q Drive-In and Bideawee Tourist Court on Highway 66. This will discourage eyesores and keep the boys off the streets.

He will maintain a skyscraper full of criminal lawyers to defend arsonists, and any impulsive soul who happens to kill a slum landlord in a fit of well-justified rage. As Veblen once noted, the two essentials of progress are fires and funerals.

BUT won't Congress run us ragged with investigations? No, sir. Our charter provides that the first time a Congressman lays a hand on us we shall give all our remaining money to the rival candidate in his district, and then go out of business. We fear no evil.

We shall waste no money on museums, or the encouragement of creative writers. Instead we plan to buy paintings from young artists—maybe 5,000 a year—and hang them in schools, bars, comfort stations, courthouses, and barber shops. In every factory we aim to install a long shelf of books near the door, as Yale & Towne already is doing in some of its plants. Any employee can borrow whatever book he likes. (There will be no librarians, cards, or red tape. If anybody wants a book bad enough to steal it, he ought to have it.) After a while people will get so used to good pictures and *(Continue on page 15)*



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NEITHER shall we have a Research Department. Other foundations support too much research already. But there will be a Department of Mysteries—a commodity in short supply nearly everywhere these days. It will look into certain interesting questions which more august institutions have neglected.

Such as the case of Katherine Fitzgerald, Countess of Desmond, born 1464. She broke a leg at the age of ninety when she fell out of a cherry tree. (It healed nicely and she lived for another fourteen years.) What was she doing up that cherry tree anyhow?

What did teen-age girls do before the invention of the telephone?

Is it true that every gambler who wins a pot with The Dead Man's hand—aces and eights*—eventually comes to a violent end?

Who lost Lee's battle order—after carelessly wrapping it around three cigars—at the beginning of the Antietam campaign? The records show who found it (still around the cigars) and how Lee's army was nearly destroyed as a result; but the name of the Confederate general who was guilty of this disastrous breach of security has been kept out of the history books to this very day.

Is there any evidence that the speeches at sales conventions ever increase sales by a single penny?

The list is practically endless, and a little inquiry into such mysteries ought to contribute at least as much to the gaiety of American life as the learned monographs now being ground out by the cord under foundation auspices. No Ph.Ds. need apply; what our investigators will need is plenty of vagrant curiosity.

The Fund's most important exec-

* So called because that was the two pair which Wild Bill Hickok held when Jack McCall shot him in the back at Deadwood in 1876.



Jack Sprat could eat no fat

—and, as the nursery rhyme continues, "his wife could eat no lean"—

Which, in a way, makes a point about investing that we've been underscoring for years.

The point is simply this: There isn't any such thing as an "all-purpose" stock. A good choice for one portfolio can represent a pretty poor selection for another.

The right stocks for *you* must always depend on your own individual needs, your personal requirements, your particular objectives.

Of course, selecting those stocks out of the many thousands there are to choose from, can be something of a real problem.

Which may be one reason why so many investors write to our Research Department for help—ask for an unbiased opinion of what looks like fat, what looks like lean.

No, there's no charge. No obligation, either. If you'd like such a review, simply write to—

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THE EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR

utive will be the Vice President in Charge of Unworthy Causes and Petty Cash. He will have no office, since he will spend all his time on the road. He will carry a satchel full of $20 bills. These he will pass out to anybody who looks as if he could put the money to good use—and no nonsense about does-he-deserve-it. The old bum with a two-day beard and a hangover . . . the tired housewife who craves two weeks in Palm Springs without the children . . . the poet who has run out of bourbon . . . the politician who needs to climb a mountain and get re-acquainted with his own soul . . . the poker player who holds a full house but no more chips . . . the bank clerk who has never taken a blonde to Atlantic City for a weekend in all his twenty-eight years of dull and faithful service—these are the clients our No. 1 Veep will seek.

Now and then he will hand $64,000 to a schoolteacher who is voted Best-in-the-School by secret ballot of the pupils. (They usually have an instinct both for justice and for teaching talent; which is more than you can say for all school boards.)

He will endow three caravans of Mohammedan missionaries to spread their gospel in Iowa, Mississippi, and Kansas. (Each convert is at once entitled to four wives, according to Islamic law; but he has to give up alcohol.) The result should be a sharpening of moral dilemmas, an enlivening of the daily gossip, and a broadening of spiritual horizons in our most pious states.

One day he will drop into a dime store in Milwaukee and present a mink coat to the homeliest sales girl. Next morning may find him in Baton Rouge or Atlanta, searching for the only restaurant proprietor in the South (if there is one) who has never served an order of fried chicken, the Curse of Dixie.

THE Fund's procedures may not be exactly scientific, but they are at least personal. No other foundations can make this claim. That, in fact, is their main trouble. They have become so antiseptic, so far removed from any sense of surprise and rapture, that they not only are not much fun; they are hardly human. To the ears of the typical Philanthropoid, the phrase "as cold as charity" sounds like a compliment. He has a heart of gold, mostly Rockefellers', but it is locked up tighter than Fort Knox; and the ordinary man who doesn't know how to draft an application, supported by a 128-page Project Justification, realizes that he will never smell a cent of that fragrant foundation moola.

Not so with the Haroun-al-Raschid Fund. Our manna will drop from heaven with the unpredictability of Arabian Nights largess. Every man will know that the shower might, just possibly, hit him next; so hope will glow forever in a hundred million hearts, and the nation will call our Founder blessed.

If this vision has touched you, and if you have a few millions to spare, we can start operations right away. I think I could pull a staff together in practically no time.

COMING NEXT MONTH

George F. Kennan—former Ambassador to Moscow and State Department chief of policy planning—gives the first comprehensive statement of his views since leaving government service, in a two-part series: "Overdue Changes in Our Foreign Policy."

When you buy a car you may be caught—and financially mangled—in the row between the auto dealers and the manufacturers. **Hubert W. Kelley, Jr.** tells what the car salesman is up against—and what it means to you.

Operating behind the scenes at the Democratic Convention in Chicago next month will be Mayor Lawrence of Pittsburgh—one of the shrewdest and most influential bosses in professional politics. **Frank Hawkins** analyzes his rise to power in Pennsylvania, and the role he is about to play on the national stage.

The comparatively new art of television has had a penetrating effect on the ancient art of boxing. **Charles Einstein** explains the results.

In "My Private War with Dr. Barnes" **Cynthia Flannery Stine** draws an intimate and hilarious portrait of the famous art collector and terrible-tempered Philadelphia eccentric.

How do you take issue with a lump in the throat?

There are plenty of facts to prove that the expansion of the federal government into the electric power business is uneconomical, inefficient and downright dangerous. But facts often have tough going against the emotional arguments used by advocates of federal government power projects.

Speaking for the TVA, for instance, a U. S. Senator recently said this:

> I wonder if any one [of TVA's critics] has ever driven along a country road, when dusk is falling in this valley. I wonder if they have ever seen the lights come on as the darkness deepens. From barns and sheds, from kitchens and parlors the lovely pattern they make is a symbol of what TVA has meant to the people. I wonder if [these critics] have ever visited the majestic dams and steam plants built by TVA, and if their hearts were ever stirred as mine is every time I read the plaque which each one bears: "Built for the People of the United States."

How do you take issue with this kind of a lump in the throat?

You can point out that these plants were *not* built "for the People of the United States" but were built for members of a special favored class who are given first call on this electricity under federal law.

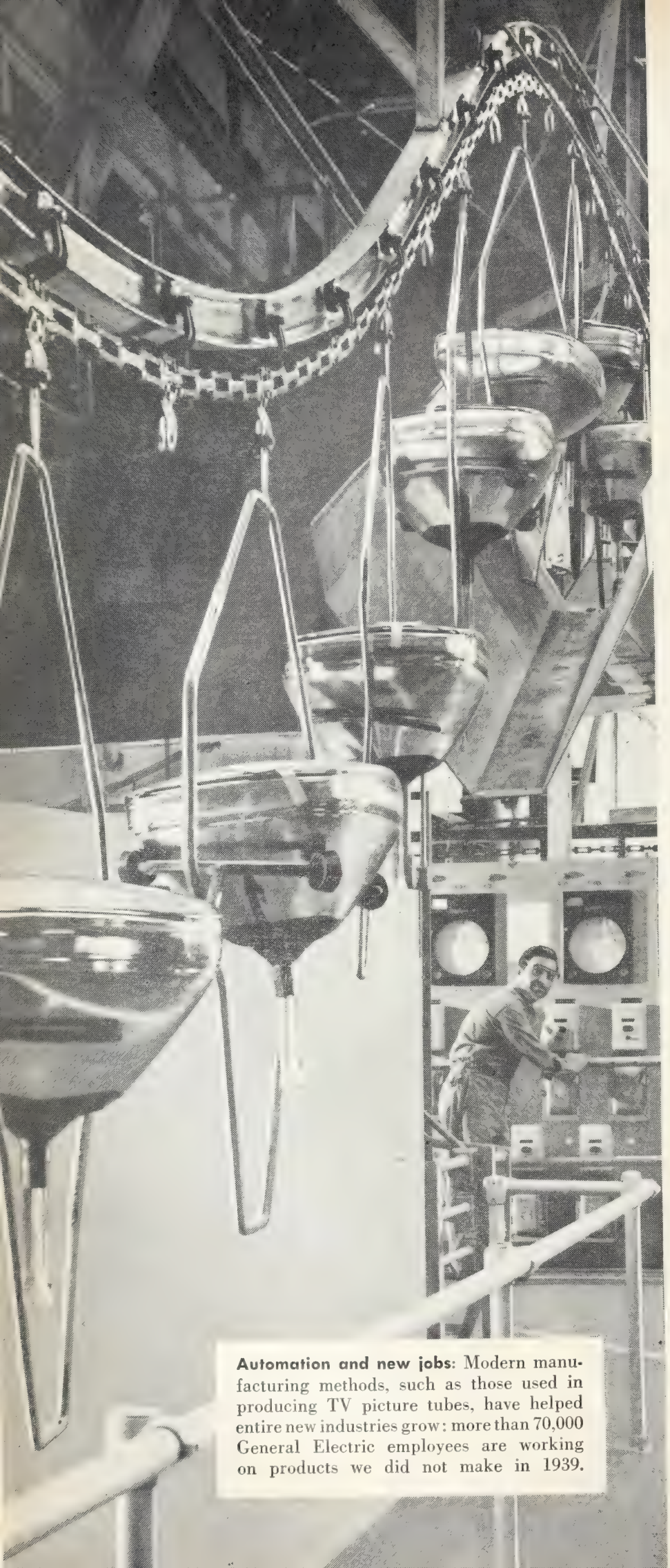
You can explain that federal government electric rates are not "cheap" but are low only because they are subsidized by extra taxes from citizens all over the country.

You can show that all the sections of the country that are served by the more than 400 independent electric light and power companies, enjoy the comforts and conveniences of electricity, too.

But these facts aren't enough unless we can arm ourselves against the emotional tactics of the advocates of government ownership. These federal power groups claim that government ownership promotes orderliness—but it really breeds inefficiency. They say it broadens ownership—but it actually concentrates political power. They insist it favors the underprivileged—but it creates a new privileged class.

The next time you hear someone argue for federal government electricity, watch for the "lump in the throat." Emotions may be throwing up a smoke screen that hides the facts. *America's Independent Electric Light and Power Companies**. * *Names on request from this magazine*

Here's how



Automation and new jobs: Modern manufacturing methods, such as those used in producing TV picture tubes, have helped entire new industries grow: more than 70,000 General Electric employees are working on products we did not make in 1939.

It is a source of social as well as material progress for everyone —customers, share owners, employees, suppliers and the public

One of the most important things General Electric is finding out about automation is that it is already yielding benefits for people, and promises even more for the future.

Customers are benefiting from better products and services at better values. Factory and office workers are benefiting from more rewarding jobs as their productive arm is extended through greater use of machines. Investors are sharing in the opportunities, as well as the risks, of great new growth enterprises.

We all benefit in increased national security—for our margin of safety in modern arms depends on continuously increasing the productivity of American industry.

Planning for human progress

Good planning for automation includes planning for human problems as well as the mechanical and financial ones. At General Electric we try to plan technological improvements so that the normal turnover of our work force absorbs any shifts in employment. In addition, the company is spending 35 to 40 million dollars each year to train or retrain employees; there are over 1,000 courses in factory skills, and at least 500 courses for professional, technical and semi-technical people.

And as we automate further to satisfy customer demand, and thus increase the proportion of jobs requiring higher education and skills, it would seem entirely possible that average earnings, including benefits, of General Electric employees 10 years from now may be in the range of $8,000 to $9,000 annually.

Need for public understanding

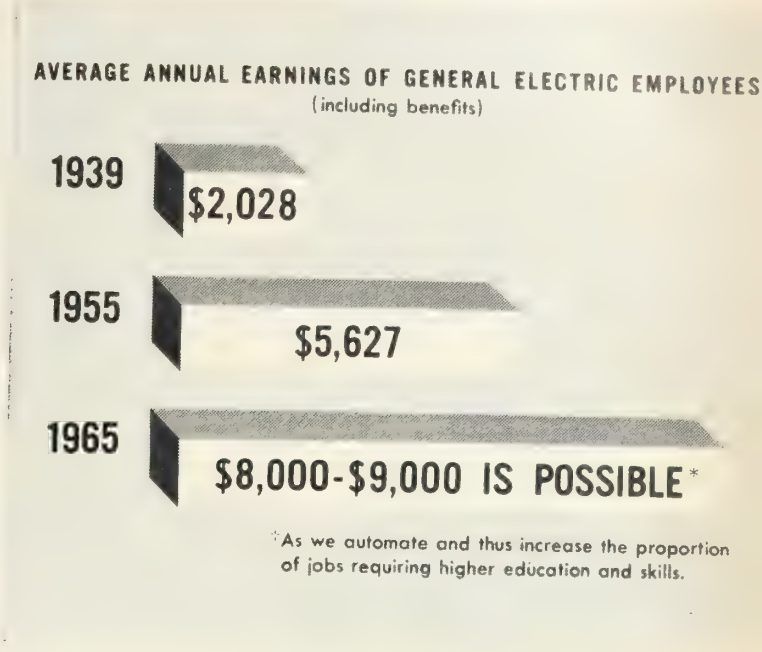
The more the benefits of automation are understood, the more all companies will move ahead with modernization programs —thereby speeding progress in creating new products, new jobs, and new opportunities for human satisfaction.

For your copy of "Testimony on Automation," given before a Congressional subcommittee by President Ralph J. Cordiner of General Electric, please write us at Dept. 2L-119, Schenectady, N. Y.

automation is already serving you



tter values for customers: Automation at General Electric con- nues to bring better product values. Television sets, vacuum eaners, automatic blankets, refrigerators, automatic washers and ny other consumer products are lower in price than in 1950— en though wage and material costs have substantially increased.



More and better jobs for employees: Increased use of automatio is bringing increased employment and upgrading of work. Emplo ment at General Electric has grown from 71,500 in 1939 to abou 230,000 at the end of 1955. In the same period total compensa tion and benefits paid employees have increased more than 8 time



ansion for other businesses: As automation helps General ctric produce more products at prices that attract more buyers, dreds of thousands of dealers and some 40,000 suppliers are vided with opportunities to expand their own businesses and rolls—business opportunities they would not otherwise have.



Increased dividends for share owners: The share owners above are inspecting some of the modern equipment their investment helped to buy. The willingness of General Electric's share owners to reinvest earnings has made possible the Company's progress toward automation — and the resulting benefits to everyone.

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC

PERSONAL *and otherwise*

What's Under the Mortar Board?

KENNETH C. ROYALL, former Secretary of the Army, stood before a New York State Committee on Education last fall and asked a question which few public officials have the nerve to utter:

"Are we not educating too many young people who are either not adapted to higher education or who do not need it in their particular line of endeavor?"

Mr. Royall's views challenge the premise of higher education for just about everybody on which Peter F. Drucker's article, "Will the Colleges Blow Their Tops?" (p. 63) is based. This premise is, indeed, accepted by most university and government administrators who have to draw up budgets for higher education in the next twenty years. Mr. Royall spoke without the professional refinements that are sometimes called jargon, and for this reason some educators may have brushed him off as a crotchety back number. But what he said exposes one of the irritating doubts that worry all of those concerned with paying the bill.

"Even a democracy must recognize that there are differences in abilities of every kind," Mr. Royall continued. "I am sure that today thousands are streaming into college—not actually for educational purposes but for social or athletic or other purposes which bear little, if any, relation to real education. Many of these are unadaptable youths who may well be doing themselves more harm than good in not devoting their time to something from which they can derive more benefit."

What makes this problem all the tougher when July comes around—and the blissful coma of post-graduation complacency is over—is that many youths with a diploma (or expecting one in a year or two) still do not know what that something is "from which they can derive more benefit." And so, whether or not they are ideal "college material" in the old-fashioned sense, they need more education than they have been able to absorb in high school.

Mr. Royall and Mr. Drucker are actually beating the bushes for answers to different aspects of the same question: how can we pare down, and how then can we pay, the rising bill for college education of more and more young people?

IN A quiet way, during the past half-century, American higher education has been developing a new institution which is prepared to say to the doubters: here's how. This is the junior college. Since these two-year institutions now enroll well over a half-million students annually, it is at least odd that they do not receive more notice from the professional college educators.

The first junior college was established at Joliet, Illinois, in 1902; there are now 598 of them, of which 338 are public and 260 private. There are 40 per cent as many of them as there are four-year colleges and universities, with more than three hundred years of history in this country.

The primary characteristic of these colleges—though the forms differ widely, from an agricultural rural center with a few hundred students to a metropolitan college with many thousands—is community service. They are embedded in the area which supports them and, with minor exceptions, they do without the costly residential paraphernalia which Mr. Drucker thinks even the four-year institutions must ultimately unload.

The most encouraging thing about the junior colleges is that they keep on asking themselves how well they are doing and how they can improve. The National Society for the Study of Education this year turned over its fifty-fifth yearbook to an evaluation of the public junior college.* The committee headed by Professor B. Lamar Johnson of the University of California had the good sense to include the stiffest kind of criticism. Lynn White, Jr., historian and president of Mills College, for example, set out to challenge the concept that the junior college exists to train "hands" whereas the regular liberal-arts colleges educate "brains." Such a distinction is outmoded and anti-democratic, he said, and he invited the junior colleges to "pitch their work at an intellectual level which not many of them have as yet envisaged."

The junior colleges know better than to see their task as cut-rate higher education. It is quite likely that their mood of continuous reform from within during this vigorous period of growth will force the public and the educators to reckon with them.

* University of Chicago Press.

. . . Though he teaches in the graduate school of New York University, **Peter F. Drucker** is not primarily a member of the academic world. He is a management consultant to large corporations and the author of *The Practice of Management*, *The New Society*, and other books. His present article is his fortieth in *Harper's* since 1939, and he has published some 150 altogether.

Mr. Drucker has been concentrating lately on economic development of Latin America and done a good deal of traveling there. He is also preparing a series of lectures to be given this fall at Mills College and working on a book on the American political spirit.

. . . An entry in Francis Parkman's Journal, for September 21, 1846, illustrates the frontier curiosity that has been an American earmark. "Camped at Dragoon Creek, after traveling 21 miles," Parkman wrote. "Met wagons. 'Whar are ye from? Californy?' 'No.' 'Santy Fee?' 'No, the Mountains.' 'What yer been doing thar? Tradin'?' 'No.' 'Trappin'?' 'No.' 'Emigratin'?' 'No.' 'What *have* ye been doing then, God damn ye?' (Very loud, as we were by this time almost out of hearing.)"

Curiosity about who, where, when, what, and why is the ingredient of the everlasting self-scrutiny in which the American people have been indulging since long before July 4, 1776. "What's American About

America" (p. 25) is a new precision-tooled answer to that old question.

John A. Kouwenhoven, formerly an editor of *Harper's,* is the author of *Made in America; The Columbia Historical Portrait of New York;* and of other books about this country. He is professor of English at Barnard College and a member of the committee in charge of the American civilization major.

Mr. Kouwenhoven's article grew out of a talk which he gave at the University of Colorado in 1953 and which was published in the *Colorado Quarterly.* He revised and expanded the article this year for the Columbia University seminar on American civilization; it will eventually be part of a book containing the seminar studies.

. . . One of the more than ten million married women who have paying jobs in this country is Carol Lynn Gilmer, wife of **David Yellin,** who describes his good life in "I'm Married to a Working Mother" (p. 34). The Yellins live in North White Plains, a New York suburb; with Chuckie, five; Tommy, three-and-a-half; and Vernella Goodwin, the housekeeper-nursemaid. Mrs. Yellin is an associate editor of *Reader's Digest.*

Mr. Yellin is associated with *Television Age,* a trade magazine. He has been stage manager, actor, director, producer, and investor on Broadway, at the Cleveland Playhouse, and several summer theaters; writer and producer of network radio and local TV productions. During World War II, he served as master of ceremonies for a GI show.

For a dissident opinion on the viability of the two-income family, see the article, "I Can't Afford My Wife's Job," by Frances McFadden (*Harper's,* September 1952).

. . . **John Strohmeyer** collected the facts for his story of "Yankee Morals and the $2 Bet" (p. 38) while reporting for the Providence *Journal-Bulletin* newspapers, where he specialized for eight years on crime and corruption . . . and found plenty of both. For an extensive series of articles on racing which won a prize in the big-city news competition of the 1954 New England AP Writing Contest, he examined payroll lists

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You have heard the phrase, "Laugh, clown, laugh." Well, that fits me perfectly. I'd fret, worry and try to reason my way out of difficulties—all to no avail; then I'd have a hunch, a something within that would tell me to do a certain thing. I'd laugh it off with a shrug. I knew too much, I thought, to heed these impressions. Well, it's different now—I've learned to use this inner power and I no longer make the mistakes I did, because I do the right thing at the right time.

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Here is how I got started right. I had heard about hypnosis revealing past lives. I began to think there must be some inner intelligence with which we were born. In fact, I often heard it said there was; but how could I use it, how could I make it work for me daily? That was my problem. I wanted to learn to direct this inner voice, master it if I could. Finally, I wrote to the Rosicrucians, a world-wide fraternity of progressive men and women, who offered to send me, without obligation, a free book entitled *The Mastery of Life.*

That book opened a new world to me. I advise *you* to write today and ask for your copy. *It will prove to you* what your mind can demonstrate. Don't go through life laughing your mental powers away. Use the coupon below or write: Scribe T.S.S.

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and official records and had many interviews with interested parties.

This May Mr. Strohmeyer moved back to Pennsylvania to assume editorship of the paper where he had started work at seventeen as a night reporter—the Bethlehem *Globe-Times.* He grew up in that region and graduated from Muhlenberg College in 1947 after a break of three years in the Navy. He has an M.A. from Columbia Graduate School of Journalism and has won both a Pulitzer Traveling Fellowship and a Nieman Fellowship.

. . . Danes like Denmark so much they can joke about it. In "Not So Rotten in Denmark" (p. 43), **Hans Bendix,** artist and correspondent for *Politiken,* demonstrates why his countrymen feel as they do.

During the war, Mr. Bendix was head of the Danish section of OWI in New York. He is the author of a number of books—one of them published in Copenhagen in 1953 was *Wonderful, Wonderful Denmark,* which carried some of the illustrations used with this article.

. . . **Woodrow Wyatt,** who describes Lord Beaverbrook, "Last of the Press Lords," on page 48, was a Labor party Member of Parliament from 1945 until his constituency was carved up by the Boundary Commission in 1954. He has written *Southwards from China* and *Into the Dangerous World.*

He traveled in the United States in 1952 and did a forecast of the Presidential election for Beaverbrook's *Evening Standard.* Like his present study of Beaverbrook, his study of "Churchill in His Element," which appeared in the September 1954 *Harper's,* was based on personal acquaintance. Mr. Wyatt writes for the BBC and hopes to stand again for Parliament soon.

. . . "King Solomon" is a story of ancient Hebrew derivation by way of Chicago, where **Isaac Rosenfeld** is on the Humanities Faculty of the University of Chicago. Mr. Rosenfeld has been literary editor of the *New Leader* and has published stories and reviews in the *New Republic,* the *Partisan Review,* and *Kenyon Review* as well as *Harper's.* His novel, *Passage from Home,* came out in 1946. His new book on the Chicago fire will be published early next year.

. . . There are three poets this month. **John Betjeman** (p. 69), a Londoner, has written *A Few Late Chrysanthemums* and several other volumes. **Fred Lape** (p. 33) runs a farm in the wilds of New York State, contesting with coons for his chickens and with suburbia for his quiet. **Chadwick Hansen** (p. 58), instructor at the Pennsylvania State University, has contended with the carillon at the University of Minnesota while writing his Ph.D. dissertation.

. . . **Sherry Mangan's** first story in *Harper's,* "A Question of Principle" (p. 70), reflects his life in Bolivia, where he spent three years doing research on a novel about tin miners. The book is in final revision now. His Bolivian adventure came after he had worked a good many years as a foreign correspondent for *Time, Life, Fortune,* and *Commentary.* In the early 1930s Mr. Mangan built a reputation as a poet and short-story writer, and published a novel, *Cinderella Married.* He has been dividing his time of late between New York and Málaga, Spain.

. . . "Twelve Myths About Airpower" (p. 78) is by **Lt. Col. Anthony L. Wermuth,** veteran of the Aleutians campaign in World War II. After the war Colonel Wermuth, who had graduated from West Point in 1940, won his M.A. degree at Columbia University and taught English at West Point. He has served on a joint mission to Spain, with joint U. S. headquarters in Europe, in Germany, and most recently on the Army staff in the Pentagon. He is now under orders to Korea as an Infantry commander.

His book of humorous sketches of Pentagon types, *Portrait from Pentagonia,* was published last year, and professional articles by him have appeared in military journals.

An extended version of the "Twelve Myths" will appear in the *Infantry School Quarterly,* published at Fort Benning. Colonel Wermuth insists that the opinions expressed in his article are his and not necessarily those of the Department of the Army or any other government agency.

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Harper's MAGAZINE

WHAT'S AMERICAN ABOUT AMERICA?

JOHN A. KOUWENHOVEN

Is there a single thread which ties together such things as the Manhattan skyline, jazz, the Constitution, chewing gum, and soap operas? An historian says "Yes"—and suggests it is the secret of a unique civilization.

THE discovery of America has never been a more popular pastime than it is today. Scarcely a week goes by without someone's publishing a new book of travels in the bright continent. The anthropologists, native and foreign, have discovered that the natives of Middletown and Plainville, U. S. A. are as amazing and as interesting as the natives of such better known communities as the Trobriand Islands and Samoa. Magazines here and abroad provide a steady flow of articles by journalists, historians, sociologists, and philosophers who want to explain America to itself, or to themselves, or to others.

The discoverers of America have, of course, been describing their experiences ever since Captain John Smith wrote his first book about America almost 350 years ago. But as Smith himself noted, not everyone "who hath bin at Virginia, understandeth or knowes what Virginia is." Indeed, just a couple of years ago the Carnegie Corporation, which supports a number of college programs in American Studies, entitled its Quarterly Report "Who Knows America?" and went on to imply that nobody does, not even "our lawmakers, journalists, civic leaders, diplomats, teachers, and others."

There is, of course, the possibility that some of the writers who have explored, vicariously or in person, this country's past and present may have come to understand or know what America really is. But how is the lay inquirer and the student to know which accounts to trust? Especially since most of the explorers seem to have found not one but two or more antipodal and irreconcilable Americas. The Americans, we are convincingly told, are the most materialistic of peoples, and, on the other hand, they are the most idealistic; the most revolutionary, and, conversely, the most conservative; the most rampantly individualistic, and, simultaneously, the most gregarious and herd-like; the most irreverent toward their elders, and, contrariwise, the most abject worshipers of "Mom." They have an unbridled admiration of everything big, from bulldozers to bosoms; and they are in love with everything diminutive, from the "small hotel" in the song to the little woman in the kitchen.

Maybe, as Henry James thought when he

wrote *The American Scene*, it is simply that the country is "too large for any human convenience," too diverse in geography and in blood strains to make sense as any sort of unit. Whatever the reason, the conflicting evidence turns up wherever you look, and the observer has to content himself with some sort of pluralistic conception. The philosopher Santayana's way out was to say that the American mind was split in half, one half symbolized by the skyscraper, the other by neat reproductions of Colonial mansions (with surreptitious modern conveniences).

"The American will," he concluded, "inhabits the skyscraper; the American intellect inherits the Colonial mansion." Mark Twain also defined the split in architectural terms, but more succinctly: American houses, he said, had Queen Anne fronts and Mary Ann behinds.

And yet, for all the contrarieties, there remains something which I think we all feel to be distinctively American, some quality or characteristic underlying the polarities which—as Henry James himself went on to say—makes the American way of doing things differ more from any other nation's way than the ways of any two other Western nations differ from each other.

I am aware of the risks in generalizing. And yet it would be silly, I am convinced, to assert that there are not certain things which are more American than others. Take the New York City skyline, for example—that ragged man-made Sierra at the eastern edge of the continent. Clearly, in the minds of immigrants and returning travelers, in the iconography of the ad-men who use it as a backdrop for the bourbon and airplane luggage they are selling, in the eyes of poets and of military strategists, it is one of the prime American symbols.

Let me start, then, with the Manhattan skyline and list a few things which occur to me as distinctively American. Then, when we have the list, let us see what, if anything, these things have in common. Here are a dozen items to consider:

1. The Manhattan skyline
2. The gridiron town plan
3. The skyscraper
4. The Model-T Ford
5. Jazz
6. The Constitution
7. Mark Twain's writing
8. Whitman's *Leaves of Grass*
9. Comic strips
10. Soap operas
11. Assembly-line production
12. Chewing gum

Here we have a round dozen artifacts which are, it seems to me, recognizably American, not likely to have been produced elsewhere. Granted that some of us take more pleasure in some of them than in others—that many people prefer soap opera to *Leaves of Grass* while others think Mark Twain's storytelling is less offensive than chewing gum—all twelve items are, I believe, widely held to be indigenous to our culture. The fact that many people in other lands like them too, and that some of them are nearly as acceptable overseas as they are here at home, does not in any way detract from their obviously American character. It merely serves to remind us that to be American does not mean to be inhuman—a fact which, in certain moods of self-criticism, we are inclined to forget.

What, then, is the "American" quality which these dozen items share? And what can that quality tell us about the character of our culture, about the nature of our civilization?

SKYLINES AND SKYSCRAPERS

THOSE engaged in discovering America often begin by discovering the Manhattan skyline, and here as well as elsewhere they discover apparently irreconcilable opposites. They notice at once that it doesn't make any sense, in human or aesthetic terms. It is the product of insane politics, greed, competitive ostentation, megalomania, the worship of false gods. Its products, in turn, are traffic jams, bad ventilation, noise, and all the other ills that metropolitan flesh is heir to. And the net result is, illogically enough, one of the most exaltedly beautiful things man has ever made.

Perhaps this paradoxical result will be less bewildering if we look for a moment at the formal and structural principles which are involved in the skyline. It may be helpful to consider the skyline as we might consider a lyric poem, or a novel, if we were trying to analyze its aesthetic quality.

Looked at in this way, it is clear that the total effect which we call "the Manhattan skyline" is made up of almost innumerable buildings, each in competition (for height, or glamor, or efficiency, or respectability) with all of the others. Each goes its own way, as it were, in a carnival of rugged architectural individualism. And yet—as witness the universal feeling of exaltation and aspiration which the skyline as a whole evokes—out of this irrational, unplanned, and often infuriating chaos, an unforeseen unity has evolved. No building ever built in New York was placed

where it was, or shaped as it was, because it would contribute to the aesthetic effect of the skyline—lifting it here, giving it mass there, or lending a needed emphasis. Each was built, all those now under construction are being built, with no thought for their subordination to any over-all effect.

What, then, makes possible the fluid and ever-changing unity which does, in fact, exist? Quite simply, there are two things, both simple in themselves, which do the job. If they were not simple, they would not work; but they are, and they do.

One is the gridiron pattern of the city's streets —the same basic pattern which accounts for Denver, Houston, Little Rock, Birmingham, and almost any American town you can name, and the same pattern which, in the form of square townships, sections, and quarter sections, was imposed by the Ordinance of 1785 on an almost continental scale. Whatever its shortcomings when compared with the "discontinuous street patterns" of modern planned communities, this artificial geometric grid—imposed upon the land without regard to contours or any preconceived pattern of social zoning—had at least the quality of rational simplicity. And it is this simple gridiron street pattern which, horizontally, controls the spacing and arrangement of the rectangular shafts which go to make up the skyline.

THE other thing which holds the skyline's diversity together is the structural principle of the skyscraper. When we think of individual buildings, we tend to think of details of texture, color, and form, of surface ornamentation or the lack of it. But as elements in Manhattan's skyline, these things are of little consequence. What matters there is the vertical thrust, the motion upward; and that is the product of cage or skeleton, construction in steel—a system of construction which is, in effect, merely a three-dimensional variant of the gridiron street plan, extending vertically instead of horizontally.

The aesthetics of cage, or skeleton, construction have never been fully analyzed, nor am I equipped to analyze them. But as a lay observer, I am struck by fundamental differences between the effect created by height in the RCA building at Radio City, for example, and the effect created by height in Chartres cathedral or in Giotto's campanile. In both the latter (as in all the great architecture of the past) proportion and symmetry, the relation of height to width, are constituent to the effect. One can say of a Gothic cathedral, this tower is too high; of a Romanesque dome, this is top-heavy. But there is nothing inherent in cage construction which would invite such judgments. A true skyscraper like the RCA building could be eighteen or twenty stories taller, or ten or a dozen stories shorter without changing its essential aesthetic effect. Once steel cage construction has passed a certain height, the effect of transactive upward motion has been established; from there on, the point at which you cut it off is arbitrary and makes no difference.

THOSE who are familiar with the history of the skyscraper will remember how slowly this fact was realized. Even Louis Sullivan—greatest of the early skyscraper architects—thought in terms of having to close off and climax the upward motion of the tall building with an "attic" or cornice. His lesser contemporaries worked for years on the blind assumption that the proportion and symmetry of masonry architecture must be preserved in the new technique. If with the steel cage one could go higher than with load-bearing masonry walls, the old aesthetic effects could be counterfeited by dressing the façade as if one or more buildings had been piled on top of another—each retaining the illusion of being complete in itself. You can still see such buildings in New York: the first five stories perhaps a Greco-Roman temple, the next ten a neuter warehouse, and the final five or six an Aztec pyramid. And that Aztec pyramid is simply a cheap and thoughtless equivalent of the more subtle Sullivan cornice. Both structures attempt to close and climax the upward thrust, to provide something similar to the *Katharsis* in Greek tragedy.

But the logic of cage construction requires no such climax. It has less to do with the inner logic of masonry forms than with that of the old Globe-Wernicke sectional bookcases, whose interchangeable units (with glass-flap fronts) anticipated by fifty years the modular unit systems of so-called modern furniture. Those bookcases were advertised in the 'nineties as "always complete but never finished" —a phrase which could with equal propriety have been applied to the Model-T Ford. Many of us remember with affection that admirably simple mechanism, forever susceptible to added gadgets or improved parts, each of which was interchangeable with what you already had.

Here, then, are the two things which serve to tie together the otherwise irrelevant components of the Manhattan skyline: the gridiron ground plan and the three-dimensional vertical grid

of steel cage construction. And both of these are closely related to one another. Both are composed of simple and infinitely repeatable units.

THE STRUCTURE OF JAZZ

IT WAS the French architect, Le Corbusier, who described New York's architecture as "hot jazz in stone and steel." At first glance this may sound as if it were merely a slick updating of Schelling's "Architecture . . . is frozen music," but it is more than that if one thinks in terms of the structural principles we have been discussing and the structural principles of jazz.

Let me begin by making clear that I am using the term jazz in its broadest significant application. There are circumstances in which it is important to define the term with considerable precision, as when you are involved in discussion with a disciple of one of the many cults, orthodox or progressive, which devote themselves to some particular subspecies of jazz. But in our present context we need to focus upon what all the subspecies (Dixieland, Bebop, Swing, or Cool Jazz) have in common; in other words, we must neglect the by no means uninteresting qualities which differentiate one from another, since it is what they have in common which can tell us most about the civilization which produced them.

There is no definition of jazz, academic or otherwise, which does not acknowledge that its essential ingredient is a particular kind of rhythm. Improvisation is also frequently mentioned as an essential; but even if it were true that jazz always involves improvisation, that would not distinguish it from a good deal of Western European music of the past. It is the distinctive rhythm which differentiates all types of jazz from all other music and which gives to all of its types a basic family resemblance.

It is not easy to define that distinctive rhythm. Winthrop Sargeant has described it as the product of two superimposed devices: syncopation and polyrhythm, both of which have the effect of constantly upsetting rhythmical expectations. André Hodeir, in his recent analysis of *Jazz: Its Evolution and Essence,* speaks of "an unending alternation" of syncopations and of notes played *on* the beat, which "gives rise to a kind of expectation that is one of jazz's subtlest effects."

As you can readily hear, if you listen to any jazz performance (whether of the Louis Armstrong, Benny Goodman, or Charlie Parker variety), the rhythmical effect depends upon there being a clearly defined basic rhythmic pattern which enforces the expectations which are to be upset. That basic pattern is the 4/4 or 2/4 beat which underlies all jazz. Hence the importance of the percussive instruments in jazz: the drums, the guitar or banjo, the bull fiddle, the piano. Hence too the insistent thump, thump, thump, thump which is so boring when you only half-hear jazz—either because you are too far away, across the lake or in the next room, or simply because you will not listen attentively. But hence also the delight, the subtle effects, which good jazz provides as the melodic phrases evade, anticipate, and return to, and then again evade the steady basic four-beat pulse which persists, implicitly or explicitly, throughout the performance.

In other words, the structure of a jazz performance is, like that of the New York skyline, a tension of cross-purposes. In jazz at its characteristic best, each player seems to be—and has the sense of being—on his own. Each goes his own way, inventing rhythmic and melodic patterns which, superficially, seem to have as little relevance to one another as the United Nations building does to the Empire State. And yet the outcome is a dazzingly precise creative unity.

In jazz that unity of effect is, of course, the result of the very thing which each of the players is flouting: namely, the basic 4/4 beat—that simple rhythmic gridiron of identical and infinitely extendible units which holds the performance together. As Louis Armstrong once wrote, you would expect that if every man in a band "had his own way and could play as he wanted, all you would get would be a lot of jumbled up, crazy noise." But, as he goes on to say, that does not happen, because the players know "by ear and sheer musical instinct" just when to leave the underlying pattern and when to get back on it.

What it adds up to, as I have argued elsewhere, is that jazz is the first art form to give full expression to Emerson's ideal of a union which is perfect only "when all the uniters are isolated." That Emerson's ideal is deeply rooted in our national experience need not be argued. Frederick Jackson Turner quotes a letter written by a frontier settler to friends back East, which in simple, unself-conscious words expresses the same reconciling of opposites. "It is a universal rule here," the frontiersman wrote, "to help one another, each one keeping an eye single to his own business."

One need only remember that the Constitution itself, by providing for a federation of

separate units, became the infinitely extendible framework for the process of reconciling liberty and unity over vast areas and conflicting interests. Its seven brief articles, providing for checks and balances between interests, classes, and branches of the government establish, in effect, the underlying beat which gives momentum and direction to a political process which Richard Hofstadter has called "a harmonious system of mutual frustration"—a description which fits a jazz performance as well as it fits our politics.

The aesthetic effects of jazz, as Winthrop Sargeant long ago suggested, have as little to do with symmetry and proportion as have those of a skyscraper. Like the skyscraper, a jazz performance does not build to an organically required climax; it can simply cease. The "piece" which the musicians are playing may, and often does, have a rudimentary Aristotelian pattern of beginning, middle, and end; but the jazz performance need not. In traditional Western European music, themes are developed. In jazz they are toyed with and dismantled. There is no inherent reason why the jazz performance should not continue for another 12 or 16 or 24 or 32 measures (for these are the rhythmic cages which in jazz correspond to the cages of a steel skeleton in architecture). As in the skyscraper, the aesthetic effect is one of motion, in this case horizontal rather than vertical.

Jazz rhythms create what can only be called momentum. When the rhythm of one voice (say the trumpet, off on a rhythmic and melodic excursion) lags behind the underlying beat, its four-beat measure carries over beyond the end of the underlying beat's measure into the succeeding one, which has already begun. Conversely, when the trumpet anticipates the beat, it starts a new measure before the steady underlying beat has ended one. And the result is an exhilarating forward motion which the jazz trumpeter Wingy Manone once described as "feeling an increase in tempo though you're still playing at the same tempo." Hence the importance in jazz of timing, and hence the delight and amusement of the so-called "break," in which the basic 4/4 beat ceases and a soloist goes off on a flight of rhythmic and melodic fancy which nevertheless comes back surprisingly and unerringly to encounter the beat precisely where it would have been if it had kept going.

Once the momentum is established, it can continue until—after an interval dictated by some such external factor as the conventional length of phonograph records or the endurance of dancers—it stops. And as if to guard against any Aristotelian misconceptions about an end, it is likely to stop on an unresolved chord, so that harmonically as well as rhythmically everything is left up in the air. Even the various coda-like devices employed by jazz performers at dances, such as the corny old "without a shirt" phrase of blessed memory, are harmonically unresolved. They are merely conventional ways of saying "we quit," not, like Beethoven's insistent codas, ways of saying, "There now; that ties off all the loose ends; I'm going to stop now; done; finished; concluded; signed, sealed, delivered."

TWAIN AND WHITMAN

THUS far, in our discussion of distinctively "American" things, we have focused chiefly upon twentieth-century items. But the references to the rectangular grid pattern of cities and townships and to the Constitution should remind us that the underlying structural principles with which we are concerned are deeply embedded in our civilization. To shift the emphasis, therefore, let us look at item number 7 on our list: Mark Twain's writing.

Mark's writing was, of course, very largely the product of oral influences. He was a born storyteller, and he always insisted that the oral form of the humorous story was high art. Its essential tool (or weapon), he said, is the pause—which is to say, timing. "If the pause is too long the impressive point is passed," he wrote, "and the audience have had time to divine that a surprise is intended—and then you can't surprise them, of course." In other words, he saw the pause as a device for upsetting expectations, like the jazz "break."

Mark, as you know, was by no means a formal perfectionist. In fact he took delight in being irreverent about literary form. Take, for example, his account of the way *Pudd'nhead Wilson* came into being. It started out to be a story called "Those Extraordinary Twins," about a youthful freak consisting, as he said, of "a combination of two heads and four arms joined to a single body and a single pair of legs—and I thought I would write an extravagantly fantastic little story with this freak of nature for hero—or heroes—a silly young miss [named Rowena] for heroine, and two old ladies and two boys for the minor parts."

But as he got writing the tale, it kept spreading along and other people began intruding themselves—among them Pudd'nhead, and a woman named Roxana, and a young fellow

named Tom Driscoll, who—before the book was half finished—had taken things almost entirely into their own hands and were "working the whole tale as a private venture of their own."

From this point, I want to quote Mark directly, because in the process of making fun of fiction's formal conventions he employs a technique which is the verbal equivalent of the jazz "break"—a technique of which he was a master.

> When the book was finished, and I came to look round to see what had become of the team I had originally started out with—Aunt Patsy Cooper, Aunt Betsy Hale, the two boys, and Rowena the light-weight heroine—they were nowhere to be seen; they had disappeared from the story some time or other. I hunted about and found them—found them stranded, idle, forgotten, and permanently useless. It was very awkward. It was awkward all around; but more particularly in the case of Rowena, because there was a love match on, between her and one of the twins that constituted the freak, and I had worked it up to a blistering heat and thrown in a quite dramatic love quarrel [now watch Mark take off like a jazz trumpeter flying off on his own in a fantastic break] wherein Rowena scathingly denounced her betrothed for getting drunk, and scoffed at his explanation of how it had happened, and wouldn't listen to it, and had driven him from her in the usual "forever" way; and now here she sat crying and broken-hearted; for she had found that he had spoken only the truth; that it was not he but the other half of the freak, that had drunk the liquor that made him drunk; that her half was a prohibitionist and had never drunk a drop in his life, and, although tight as a brick three days in the week, was wholly innocent of blame; and, indeed, when sober was constantly doing all he could to reform his brother, the other half, who never got any satisfaction out of drinking anyway, because liquor never affected him. [Now he's going to get back on the basic beat again.] Yes, here she was, stranded with that deep injustice of hers torturing her poor heart.

Now I shall have to summarize again. Mark didn't know what to do with her. He couldn't just leave her there, of course, after making such a to-do over her; he'd have to account to the reader for her somehow. So he finally decided that all he could do was "give her the grand bounce." It grieved him, because he'd come to like her after a fashion, "notwithstanding she was such an ass and said such stupid, irritating things and was so nauseatingly sentimental"; but it had to be done. So he started Chapter Seventeen with: "Rowena went out in the back yard after supper to see the fireworks and fell down the well and got drowned."

> It seemed abrupt, [Mark went on] but I thought maybe the reader wouldn't notice it, because I changed the subject right away to something else. Anyway, it loosened up Rowena from where she was stuck and got her out of the way, and that was the main thing. It seemed a prompt good way of weeding out people that had got stalled, and a plenty good enough way for those others; so I hunted up the two boys and said they went out back one night to stone the cat and fell down the well and got drowned. Next I searched around and found Aunt Patsy Cooper and Aunt Betsy Hale where they were aground, and said they went out back one night to visit the sick and fell down the well and got drowned. I was going to drown some of the others, but I gave up the idea, partly because I believed that if I kept that up it would arouse attention, . . . and partly because it was not a large well and would not hold any more anyway.

That was a long excursion—but it makes the point: that Mark didn't have much reverence for conventional story structure. Even his greatest book, which is perhaps also the greatest book written on this continent—*Huckleberry Finn*—is troublesome. One can scarcely find a criticism of the book which does not object, for instance, to the final episodes, in which Tom rejoins Huck and they go through that burlesque business of "freeing" the old Negro Jim—who is, it turns out, already free. But, as T. S. Eliot was, I think, the first to observe, the real structure of *Huck Finn* has nothing to do with the traditional form of the novel—with exposition, climax, and resolution. Its structure is like that of the great river itself—without beginning and without end. Its structural units, or "cages," are the episodes of which it is composed. Its momentum is that of the tension between the river's steady flow and the eccentric superimposed rhythms of Huck's flights from, and near recapture by, the restricting forces of routine and convention.

It is not a novel of escape; if it were, it would be Jim's novel, not Huck's. Huck is free at the start, and still free at the end. Looked at in this way, it is clear that *Huckleberry Finn* has as little need of a "conclusion" as has a skyscraper or a jazz performance. Questions of proportion and symmetry are as irrelevant to its structure as they are to the total effect of the New York skyline.

There is not room here for more than brief

reference to the other "literary" items on our list: Whitman's *Leaves of Grass,* comic strips, and soap opera. Perhaps it is enough to remind you that *Leaves of Grass* has discomfited many a critic by its lack of symmetry and proportion, and that Whitman himself insisted: "I round and finish little, if anything; and could not, consistently with my scheme." As for the words of true poems, Whitman said in the "Song of the Answerer"—

> They bring none to his or her terminus or to be content and full,
> Whom they take they take into space to behold the birth of stars, to learn one of the meanings,
> To launch off with absolute faith, to sweep through the ceaseless rings and never be quiet again.

Although this is not the place for a detailed analysis of Whitman's verse techniques, it is worth noting in passing how the rhythm of these lines reinforces their logical meaning. The basic rhythmical unit, throughout, is a three-beat phrase of which there are two in the first line (accents falling on *none, his,* and *term . . . be, tent,* and *full*), three in the second and in the third. Superimposed upon the basic three-beat measure there is a flexible, nonmetrical rhythm of colloquial phrasing. That rhythm is controlled in part by the visual effect of the arrangement in long lines, to each of which the reader tends to give equal duration, and in part by the punctuation within the lines.

It is the tension between the flexible, superimposed rhythms of the rhetorical patterns and the basic three-beat measure of the underlying framework which unites with the imagery and the logical meaning of the words to give the passage its restless, sweeping movement. It is this tension, and other analogous aspects of the structure of *Leaves of Grass* which give to the book that "vista" which Whitman himself claimed for it. If I may apply to it T. S. Eliot's idea about *Huckleberry Finn,* the structure of the *Leaves* is open at the end. Its key poem may well be, as D. H. Lawrence believed, the "Song of the Open Road."

As for the comics and soap opera, they too—on their own frequently humdrum level—have devised structures which provide for no ultimate climax, which come to no end demanded by symmetry or proportion. In them both there is a shift in interest away from the "How does it come out?" of traditional story telling to "How are things going?" In a typical installment of Harold Gray's *Orphan Annie,* the final panel shows Annie walking purposefully down a path with her dog, Sandy, saying: "But if we're goin', why horse around? It's a fine night for walkin' . . . C'mon, Sandy . . . Let's go . . ." (It doesn't even end with a period, or full stop, but with the conventional three dots or suspension points, to indicate incompletion.) So too, in the soap operas, *Portia Faces Life,* in one form or another, day after day, over and over again. And the operative word is the verb *faces.* It is the process of facing that matters.

AMERICA IS PROCESS

HERE, I think, we are approaching the central quality which all the diverse items on our list have in common. That quality I would define as a concern with process rather than with product—or, to re-use Mark Twain's words, a concern with the manner of handling experience or materials rather than with the experience or materials themselves. Emerson, a century ago, was fascinated by the way "becoming somewhat else is the perpetual game of nature." And this preoccupation with process is, of course, basic to modern science. "Matter" itself is no longer to be thought of as something fixed, but fluid and ever-changing. Similarly, modern economic theory has abandoned the "static equilibrium" analysis of the neo-classic economists, and in philosophy John Dewey's instrumentalism abandoned the classic philosophical interest in final causes for a scientific interest in "the mechanism of occurrences"—that is, process.

It is obvious, I think, that the American system of industrial mass production reflects this same focus of interest in its concern with production rather than products. And it is the mass-production system, *not* machinery, which has been America's contribution to industry.

In that system there is an emphasis different from that which was characteristic of handicraft production or even of machine manufacture. In both of these there was an almost total disregard of the means of production. The aristocratic ideal inevitably relegated interest in the means exclusively to anonymous peasants and slaves; what mattered to those who controlled and administered production was, quite simply, the finished product. In a mass-production system, on the other hand, it is the process of production itself which becomes the center of interest, rather than the product.

If we are aware of this fact, we usually regard it as a misfortune. We hear a lot, for instance, of the notion that our system "dehumanizes"

the worker, turning him into a machine and depriving him of the satisfactions of finishing anything, since he performs only some repetitive operation. It is true that the unit of work in mass production is not a product but an operation. But the development of the system, in contrast with Charlie Chaplin's wonderful but wild fantasy of the assembly line, has shown the intermediacy of the stage in which the worker is doomed to frustrating boredom. Merely repetitive work, in the logic of mass production, can and must be done by machine. It is unskilled work which is doomed by it, not the worker. More and more skilled workers are needed to design products, analyze jobs, cut patterns, attend complicated machines, and co-ordinate the processes which comprise the productive system.

The skills required for these jobs are different, of course, from those required to make handmade boots or to carve stone ornament, but they are not in themselves less interesting or less human. Operating a crane in a steel mill, or a turret lathe, is an infinitely more varied and stimulating job than shaping boots day after day by hand. A recent study of a group of workers on an automobile assembly line makes it clear that many of the men object, for a variety of reasons, to those monotonous, repetitive jobs which (as we have already noted) should be—but in many cases are not yet—done by machine; but those who *like* such jobs like them because they enjoy the process. As one of them said: "Repeating the same thing you can catch up and keep ahead of yourself . . . you can get in the swing of it." The report of members of a team of British workers who visited twenty American steel foundries in 1949 includes this description of the technique of "snatching" a steel casting with a magnet, maneuvered by a gantry crane running on overhead rails:

> In its operation, the crane approaches a pile of castings at high speed with the magnet hanging fairly near floor level. The crane comes to a stop somewhere short of the castings, while the magnet swings forward over the pile, is dropped on to it, current switched on, and the hoist begun, at the same moment as the crane starts on its return journey. [And then, in words which might equally be applied to a jazz musician, the report adds:] The whole operation requires timing of a high order, and the impression gained is that the crane drivers derive a good deal of satisfaction from the swinging rhythm of the process.

This fascination with process has possessed Americans ever since Oliver Evans in 1785 created the first wholly automatic factory: a flour mill in Delaware in which mechanical conveyors—belt conveyors, bucket conveyors, screw conveyors—are interlinked with machines in a continuous process of production. But even if there were no other visible sign of the national preoccupation with process, it would be enough to point out that it was an American who invented chewing gum (in 1869) and that it is the Americans who have spread it—in all senses of the verb—throughout the world. An absolutely non-consumable confection, its sole appeal is the process of chewing it.

THE apprehensions which many people feel about a civilization absorbed with process—about its mobility and wastefulness as well as about the "dehumanizing" effects of its jobs—derive, I suppose, from old habit and the persistence of values and tastes which were indigenous to a very different social and economic system. Whitman pointed out in *Democratic Vistas* more than eighty years ago that America was a stranger in her own house, that many of our social institutions, like our theories of literature and art, had been taken over almost without change from a culture which was not, like ours, the product of political democracy and the machine. Those institutions and theories, and the values implicit in them, are still around, though some (like collegiate gothic, of both the architectural and intellectual variety) are less widely admired than formerly.

Change, or the process of consecutive occurrences, is, we tend to feel, a bewildering and confusing and lonely thing. All of us, in some moods, feel the "preference for the stable over the precarious and uncompleted" which, as John Dewey recognized, tempts philosophers to posit their absolutes. We talk fondly of the need for roots—as if man were a vegetable, not an animal with legs whose distinction it is that he can move and "get on with it." We would do well to make ourselves more familiar with the idea that the process of development is universal, that it is "the form and order of nature." As Lancelot Law Whyte has said, in *The Next Development in Man:*

> Man shares the special form of the universal formative process which is common to all organisms, and herein lies the root of his unity with the rest of organic nature. While life is maintained, the component processes in man never attain the relative isolation and static perfection of inorganic processes. . . . The individual may seek, or believe that he

seeks, independence, permanence, or perfection, but that is only through his failure to recognize and accept his actual situation.

As an "organic system" man cannot, of course, expect to achieve stability or permanent harmony, though he can create (and in the great arts of the past, has created) the illusion of them. What he can achieve is a continuing development in response to his environment. The factor which gives vitality to all the component processes in the individual and in society is "not permanence but development."

To say this is not to deny the past. It is simply to recognize that for a variety of reasons people living in America have, on the whole, been better able to relish process than those who have lived under the imposing shadow of the arts and institutions which Western man created in his tragic search for permanence and perfection—for a "closed system." They find it easy to understand what that very American philosopher William James meant when he told his sister that his house in Chocorua, New Hampshire, was "the most delightful house you ever saw; it has fourteen doors, all opening outwards." They are used to living in grid-patterned cities and towns whose streets, as Jean-Paul Sartre observed, are not, like those of European cities, "closed at both ends." As Sartre says in his essay on New York, the long straight streets and avenues of a grid-iron city do not permit the buildings to "cluster like sheep" and protect one against the sense of space. "They are not sober little walks closed in between houses, but national highways. The moment you set foot on one of them, you understand that it has to go on to Boston or Chicago."

So, too, the past of those who live in the United States, like their future, is open-ended. It does not, like the past of most other people, extend downward into the soil out of which their immediate community or neighborhood has grown. It extends laterally backward across the plains, the mountains, or the sea to somewhere else, just as their future may at any moment lead them down the open road, the endless-vistaed street.

Our history is the process of motion into and out of cities; of westering and the counter-process of return; of motion up and down the social ladder—a long, complex, and sometimes terrifyingly rapid sequence of consecutive change. And it is this sequence, and the attitudes and habits and forms which it has bred, to which the term "America" really refers.

"America" is not a synonym for the United States. It is not an artifact. It is not a fixed and immutable ideal toward which citizens of this nation strive. It has not order or proportion, but neither is it chaos except as that is chaotic whose components no single mind can comprehend or control. America is process. And in so far as people have been "American"—as distinguished from being (as most of us, in at least some of our activities, have been) mere carriers of transplanted cultural traditions—the concern with process has been reflected in the work of their heads and hearts and hands.

FRED LAPE

TWENTIETH CENTURY PASTORAL: *Summer*

NOW the locusts come out of the ground
after their seventeen years of silence
to shrill day long on the dooryard maple.
Also the cousins from New York come,
telling us how to run our business,
where we are losing money and how to save it,
asking us why we live in the country
even though they find our living here
very convenient.

Under the warm sun everything increases:
weeds, tempers, bugs, and second-cousins.
What we still need is a one-purpose spray
for ants, flies, caterpillars, rabbits,
and vacationeers.



I'm married to a Working Mother

By DAVID YELLIN

Drawings by Jon Nielsen

MY WIFE, by her own choice and desire, and indeed, with my approval and abetment, is a working mother. Because of this, novelists, psychiatrists, dramatists, criminologists, as well as the man (and woman) on the street have recently joined together in attacking her with such vehemence you would think she was an admixture of Jezebel, Medea, and leading lady at the Salem Witchcraft Festival. My wife's antagonists accuse her with monotonous regularity of a familiar compound of felonies against man (me), nature (our two preschool children), and the very structure of our civilization (male superiority complex).

It is not enough, however, for my wife's detractors to censure her. They go even further: they pity me.

As the husband of a working wife I am, they say, nothing more than a third of a man—ill-housed, ill-clothed, and ill-fed. According to their commiserations, I come home to dine only to be constantly meted our C (for Career) rations. I walk around with holes in my Argyles. My home not only is not my castle, as is my droit de gender, but it is physically unkempt, unadorned with the pleasing frills of distaff *décor,* and is the breeding ground for progressive juvenile delinquency. And, more's the pity (for me), my home is spiritually lacking in the comfort of a dedicated shoulder and the soothing of a compassionate palm when it is most needed: *i.e.,* after a hard day at the office.

In addition to these pity-pats at my external existence, the opponents of economic feminism bombard me with assorted jabs aimed to sway me inside where I really live—my maleness. "Why is your wife working? Aren't you man enough to support your family yourself?" is one such direct and rhetorical appeal to my better masculine nature. Or they taunt me with red-blooded statistics to show how it is possible for my wife to earn more money than I do. A fate worse than taxes!

Not content with trying to reach the male me through my muscles, the career-mother prohibitionists also try to appeal to my most distinctive and therefore most vulnerable masculine bent: logic. "If you let your wife do *your* job," they sweet-reason me, "ergo, you'll have to do hers." The innuendo here is plain. Am I man or housekeeper?

Thus, as a working mother's husband, I am depicted as merely a Strindberg father—a functionary in the process of propagation. Beyond this, I am useful only as a joint in the bank account and income-tax return. The one act, the sex segregationists assure me, in which I perform my properly designated role as principal is in taking out an insurance policy on *my* life.

In short, I am a man who is neglected, subordinated, emaciated, emasculated, and worth more dead than alive.

Who? Me?

I submit that this pitiable characterization

bears no resemblance to any living husband I am now, was, or ever will be. And I think it's about time for the man behind the woman who works to stand up and be counted. For my part, I affirm categorically: I never had it so good. And I present herewith my testimony.

WHAT'S IN IT FOR ME

LET'S start with all the comforts of home—our home. Because my wife, by training and the necessity of her schedule, practices planned housekeepinghood, I come home from the office every night to an orderly, well-run house. We are equipped (with the aid of my wife's salary) both with modern miracles—washing machine and dryer, dishwasher, freezer, sewing machine, and vacuum cleaner—and with that old-fashioned wonder combination—housekeeper-nursemaid. Consequently, my Argyles are darned, shirts ironed, suits sent out to clean, shoes to repair, and garbage to can—on schedule.

I am not pounced on as soon as I come through the front door at night with demands to take care of handy jobs around the house. The handiest I'm expected to be is, if the roof is on the verge of falling through, to pick up the phone and call Mr. B., the roofer, to hurry on over tomorrow first thing to fix it. I am allergic to dust and wood shavings, but, more fundamentally, I am completely incompatible with hammer, saw, or drill. One of the first articles in the bill of rights my wife and I appended to our marriage pact covered the fact that since we were going to budget part of the salary check marked Hers to pay for a housekeeper-nursemaid, we would also set aside a portion of His to take care of my life membership dues in the Let-George-Do-It-Himself Society.

I have never once, in my married life, prepared my own breakfast.

My wife has to get up and out at the same time I do, so she looks her best sooner in the morning. In the dawn's surly light I am exposed to a minimum of the curler, cold-cream, cotton-housecoat routine. Sure, I love the girl! But that's no reason she should press her luck too long and too early.

I see more of my wife because she is working. We ride the commuter trains both ways together. We often have lunch together. Thus, we have more time with each other away from the children: a hiatus that most, if not all, well-meaning and even doting parents will grant has inherent pleasurable advantages. Because we have frequent opportunities to talk to each other without hindrance of progeny—that is, without interruption—we can cut down on the amount of home "grown-up" talk in front of them. I hold it to be axiomatic that, in the presence of children (of all ages), parents should be seen but their problems not heard.

Our phone bill is low since my wife is not home during the day.

My wife is "in town anyway"; therefore, during her lunch hours she can take care of buying gifts including those for *my* family, returning and exchanging purchases, and standing in line for theater tickets. Furthermore, she is more readily available for cocktails with visitors from each of our firehouses.

I am not compelled to drag myself out in the evenings to take her "somewhere-anywhere-I don't-care," because she's been cooped up in the house all week with nothing but screaming children to scream with.

On the other hand, it's easy, and even politic, for me to arrange an occasional poker or bowling night with the boys. This is because—her days not permitting—she has a need, even a yen, every so often to be alone and curl up with bobby pins, nail polish, and file. Also, I find I can often control our departure time at week-night parties, which I'm not enjoying very much but she is, with a solicitous reminder: "Don't forget, dear, *you* have to make the office early tomorrow, too." But at week-night parties which I am enjoying very much but she's not, I can maneuver our lingering with a similar reminder played, however, with a martyred air: "Don't forget, dear, *I* have to make the office early tomorrow, too."

My social life is more stimulating and variegated because of the additional contacts my wife makes through her job.

She paid for her own fur coat.

Her working—at a job she wants to do and is appreciated for—relieves me of the worry of having to create projects for her and offer periodic reassurances that will make her confident she is making a worthy contribution to husband, home, family, and society.

Her career is beneficial to my health. It reduces to a comfortable and safe low my pressures, blood and prestige. The bare fact that she makes a good salary is soothing to my nerves, even though most of her salary does go for expenses a non-working housewife need not have: the previously mentioned housekeeper-nursemaid, my wife's increased wardrobe needs, our larger grocery bills (because she cannot shop around for bargains), and our higher-income-

bracket tax load. And since my wife is otherwise and gainfully occupied during ladies' afternoon sewing-circle meetings, teas, and bridges, she isn't exposed to the feverish social disease of title-dropping, a chronic contagious ailment, often wife-carried, which infects susceptible husbands. Thus, I am able to maintain a high degree of immunity to this common virus known among men as vice-president-bucking fever.

She does, however, give aid and comfort to my career. A few years ago I was faced with a choice between taking a chance on a new venture or staying secure. I took the chance even though it meant no income for ten months. I give the greater part of the credit to my wife for my having dared the bold and—as events are proving—giant step upward. It's not that I admire my courage and foresight less, but that I value her encouragement and salary more.

She helps me to be relaxed about my job both during and after hours. I can and certainly do talk with her about office politics and personalities, above and beyond gossip. This is made the easier because she knows the area, language, protocol, and indeed the very nature of the beast of my daily burden. When I unload my work woes she doesn't, however, merely offer a credulous ear, wide-eyed loyalty, or cluck-clucking sympathy—all of which, of course, are good, proper, and dutiful. She does more. She is able to give, when necessary, practical and professional assistance.

In sum, my wife understands me.

Do I understand my wife? Well, shucks . . .

AND FOR HER

BUT I will venture far enough out of my limbo to claim that my wife—my wife; not Tom's, not even Dick's, but perhaps Harry's, too—is a better wife, a better mother, and a better person for working. I submit that she has come to this higher degree of attainment because she (and, let's face it, I) have managed to effect a fulfilling correlation between her needs and her equipment.

She's doing the kind of work (magazine editor) she was trained (M.S. in journalism) to do. At the same time, by instinct (feminine), example (her mother, a non-careerist, was and is a whiz around the house), and experience (she had an apartment with two other girls before we were married), she derives great satisfaction in acting as editor in chief of our home.

In her domestic executive capacity she plans the meals, orders provisions, selects and buys all household furnishings, supervises arrangements for home entertainment, and fully organizes the daily household routine. To her associate-housekeeper-nursemaid, who is well-trained, well-paid, devoted, and loving (both as to property and person), she assigns the other various departments: dusting, mopping, sweeping, polishing, laundering, after-the-children-clearing, grocery-storing, cooking, and the eternal waiting for the repair man who finally shows up to fix the refrigerator after three unkept appointments. My wife has, and, of course, takes the prerogative—woman's and editor in chief's—of applying final touches and changes. Don't make any mistake, she's not Craig's Wife about it, but it's her house.

My wife loves to cook and bake—as a weekend hobby.

Her job is preparing her for the probability of widowhood which the actuaries promise for her later years. What does a wife-mother do after she's raised her children and lowered her husband? Money aside (but these days who can put any there?) my wife's career is the best of all insurance policies for her future. It will give her inestimable emotional and spiritual benefits. It's my belief—and consequent comfort—that because my wife will have her job to keep her occupied and "belonging" after I am gone, she will have less opportunity to feed on her own aloneness and less need to poach on her children's sympathy and spare room.

Her job has not interfered with her creative functioning as a child-bearer. On the contrary, our two salaries have provided economic sanction for having children sooner and oftener. And there has been no crucial conflict of attention between her job and her children. There is no question in her mind, in mine, or in her employers' that in any case—from measles to growing pains—the children come first. When each of our two sons was born she took six months' maternity leave (which was granted without loss of seniority or pension benefits by her company's forward-looking policy of enlightened self-interest). For our next child (currently expected), she will take similar leave.

When her office day is done and my wife comes home to the boys, it is a meeting at the summit. My wife's eagerness, the children's energy, and the housekeeper-nursemaid's relief are all at their most. For this is six o'clock jump time, sometimes called Children's Hour. My wife is refreshed by the joy of seeing the boys and she is keyed to give them unbegrudgingly her ingenuity and patience, while the housekeeper-nurse-

maid retires peacefully to the kitchen and last-minute dinner preparations. It is my observation that a mother who has been with her children, as well as the laundry, the home-fried potatoes, that recalcitrant refrigerator repair man, and the program chairwoman of the PTA, prior to these energy-peaked hours around sunset, is not physically, mentally, or divinely able as is a homecoming mother to channel the children's vim, vigor, and, of course, video.



TWO-PARENT FAMILY

THEN, too, because my wife and I are in this thing together, it is easier for me to adjust to the nightly impact with the boys. I don't come home with the harassed feeling that I'm rushing in from the bullpen to save the game in the late innings.

Rather than causing a separation of interest, my wife's away-from-home schedule brings about a studied togetherness in our family. It is not that our boys have lost a mother, but that they have gained a father. I arrange to spend more time with the children and accordingly share in more child-tending functions than I believe I would if my wife were not working, and this experience has been for me, and I believe for our children, singularly and mutually rewarding. We all benefit from the fact that ours is a two-parent as well as two-income family.

On an average weekday we are with our boys a minimum of four hours. This includes the family hour at breakfast and the three-hour dinner-bedtime period from six to nine. They have been fortified for this later-than-average bedtime by a purposely maintained longer-than-average afternoon nap.

On weekends our sleep-in housekeeper-nursemaid goes off to a well-earned and necessary life of her own so that she can return fresh on Monday. Our time then with the children, other than when our social life requires an occasional baby-sitter, is a sons-up to sons-down cycle.

Thus, the schedules of the parties of all parts—parents, children, and housekeeper-nursemaid—are established on the principle, for the advantage of all but at the expense of none, and dedicated to the proposition that our time with the children be concerted, concentrated, and contented. And, by adhering to this principle and proposition, the sum of all parts—our family—is flourishing.

In short: we are happy in my wife's work.

Yet, there is danger that we may be deprived of our happiness. My wife has been reading those magazine articles, books, and novels—many of which are written or edited by working mothers, of course—in which she is stereotyped as "the girl in the gray flannel suit—grasping, ambitious, domineering, masculine, and getting an ulcer." (In not one particular does she fit this run-down.) She also sees those movies and television shows where career girls are always either the wise-cracking Eve Arden Type who never gets the man, or the competent, attractive, but (in a close-up) secretly rueful Rosalind Russell Type who leaps at the opportunity to throw over her $50,000-a-year job and become Mrs. Cary Grant in order to have What Every Girl Really Wants. (A career-chastity vow must necessarily precede even marriage, let alone motherhood, for Hollywood's and television's heroines.)

My wife is not impervious to these implied and direct criticisms of her position. She may, I fear, begin to believe the hearsay evidence of the witnesses for her persecution. She may even come to believe she is all the things the propagandists say she is and none of the things we who are her collaborators know she is. There is, in fact, a clear and present danger that she will wake up one morning with a prefabricated guilt feeling.

Then she will quit her job.

If that happens it will seriously abridge our family's life, liberty, and pursuit of happiness, as herein detailed. If that happens the real guilt—for unconstitutionally suppressing my wife's freedom to work, marry, and have children—falls upon her arbitrary critics-at-large.

And so, it is to these critics I address this impassioned charge: When are you going to stop beating my wife?

John Strohmeyer

Yankee Morals and the $2 Bet

The horse has corrupted the strait-laced New Englanders. They are now betting more than any other Americans . . . and a lot of their public officials (and newspapermen) are battening on the race-track payrolls.

FROM about the time of the first thaw in March to well after the Christmas lights go on in December, multitudes of traditionally strait-laced New Englanders spend their best daylight hours whooping it up on a new kind of town "common"—the race track. Proper Bostonians and their neighbors bet about $260,000,000 last year at the eight major horse and dog racing plants which are bunched within a sixty-mile radius of the city. Most of the money, by far, was shoved through the windows by the $2 bettor, testifying to grass-roots participation in the sport. In twenty years New England has become more saturated with racing than any other region in the country, and the pari-mutuel fever is still rising.

While the success of the legalized betting promoters seems to grow with each racing meet, the effect of the racing boom leaves its mark in many other places. I think it can be argued accurately that not since the first defeat of a Brahmin governor has any other single phenomenon wielded so much influence on the New England way of life. Paradoxically, the effects are quite different from those usually forecast by the moralists. There have been no wholesale marches on the poorhouse by bettors whose last $2 was lost on Flying Mare in the third, nor have there been signs that people within easy reach of the racing ovals have been any more delinquent in paying their bills, or the stores any harder up because of the diversion of the millions in revenue. But the influences have been great, nevertheless, and they are felt all the way from the state capitols to the neighborhood street corners.

The sport of kings started somewhat belatedly in New England. While track betting dollars have been harvested in Kentucky since 1908, the clatter of the pari-mutuel registers did not sound in the Northeast until 1933, when the New Hampshire legislature gave its blessing to Rockingham Park in Salem. However, the trail was blazed. A year later the Rhode Island General Assembly shot through a bill and Narragansett Park in Pawtucket was born. Three years later Massachusetts legalized pari-mutuel betting and Suffolk Downs was built. The trail now extended across three states and the racing promoters were off and running. Today five flat tracks, three dog tracks including Wonderland in Revere, the largest in the country, a harness track, and numerous country-fair racing ovals have mushroomed in fields where daisies bloomed only a few years ago.

Though the states of Connecticut and Vermont have no legal racing—and Maine has a restricted season—anyone in New England is within a fairly easy ride of the betting windows. The area has only 4.7 per cent of the nation's population, but the pari-mutuel windows handle about 8.5 per cent of the total bet on horses throughout the United States. New Englanders are betting nearly twice as much as the rest of the country.

BETTORS AND ABETTORS

MY FIRST lesson in the effect of this great racing boom occurred shortly after I took a reportorial job on the Providence *Journal-Bulletin* in Rhode Island some eight years ago. Fresh from the non-racing state of Pennsylvania, I was not immediately aware of the two large racing plants that lay only a few miles from the Providence city limits. On the day of my orientation, my city editor called me over and told me he was giving me a General Assembly assignment. However, instead of sending me to the State House to watch the lawmakers in action, he dispatched me to the tout-lined gates at Lincoln Downs. My job was to count the legislators who chose to work behind the mutuel windows

rather than attend an important Assembly session.

I was able to establish that at least fourteen state legislators were on the track payroll. I found three of them punching out mutuel tickets or sliding greenbacks from behind the cashiers' windows. Each official was automatically marked "present" at the General Assembly proceedings at the State House some eight miles away, where several important bills were up for consideration. Perhaps in any other part of the country this doubling of jobs would have been viewed as a terrible scandal. But when our newspaper story broke, no public official, including the Governor, had a word of criticism about the practice.

Unlike an ordinary industry, a commercial race track cannot operate merely by doing good business. It needs public support, first of all, to become legal. Once it obtains a franchise from the voters, it is faced with the problem of procuring racing dates which are granted only by the politically-appointed racing commissions. Thus, the commercial tracks face a continuing struggle of staying in the good graces of the people, who have the power to vote away the betting franchise at periodic elections, and the political leaders, whose whims of friendship or enmity can mean the difference between black and red ink on the year-end financial statement. In New England the race tracks have been inordinately successful in winning the good will of the right people.

In the dawn of New England racing, a vitriolic gentleman named Walter O'Hara made the mistake of believing that he could run his new racing colossus known as Narragansett Park by bucking the ruling political faction. His fight with the politicians, which is remembered today as the Great Racing War of 1937, broke out ostensibly over his refusal to submit to several rulings of the state horse-racing commission. Governor Robert E. Quinn declared a state of siege and sent about three hundred National Guardsmen to surround the track and close it until O'Hara ended his insurrection.

The O'Hara fight attracted national attention. He charged publicly that he "didn't want to pay them [the politicians]" and that he "was shaken until [he] couldn't stand it any more."* The offended politicians countered with a series of libel suits and criminal actions. When the track finally reopened, O'Hara's days were numbered. He died soon after in an automobile accident, a thoroughly defeated and bankrupt battler.

As an aftermath of the O'Hara incident, the public obtained its first real look into the relationship between politicians and racing profits. A federal grand jury, directed by a young U. S. Attorney named J. Howard McGrath, did not ignore O'Hara's charges of payoffs and an investigation ensued. Four politicians of both major political parties, including an early political sponsor of McGrath, were indicted under the Federal Corrupt Practices Act when witnesses testified that nearly $100,000 had been paid by the track to local politicians as "campaign contributions." The indictments were later thrown out of court because of a technicality arising from the presence of an unauthorized person in the grand jury room. McGrath did not push the matter further.

Today there are no longer any hit-or-miss payoffs. The flaws which allowed politicians to be subjected to prosecution in 1937 have now been mended. The only troops standing around the race tracks today are the servicemen lined up at the wagering windows. Along with unparalleled prosperity, the New England race tracks are basking in an atmosphere of unparalleled self-confidence. In 1954 I made an intensive three-month newspaper investigation and I discovered several clues on how this may have been accomplished.

PLUMS FOR THE FAITHFUL

THE survey revealed that most horse- and dog-racing tracks in New England permit their payrolls to be used as a gigantic political patronage plum which makes it possible for key party leaders in the three racing states to fill about $1,000,000 worth of jobs in a year. At most tracks this patronage operation is down to a highly refined quota system with many politicians jealously guarding their job allotments.

"None of the senators or representatives has the same allotment of track jobs," William J. H. Rowan, a Democratic state representative from Revere, Massachusetts, explained to me. "And no representative or senator is supposed to know what the other man is getting." As for himself, Rowan said, he received a little less than eight jobs at Wonderland Dog Track in Revere while Suffolk Downs in East Boston did "the best they could."

Elsewhere in the area, the story was similar. Walter O'Brien, then chairman of the Raynham Board of Selectmen, whose town collects taxes

* See pamphlet by Professor Zechariah Chafee, Jr., "State House *vs.* Pent House," Providence, R. I., 1937.

from and polices the Massasoit Greyhound Racing Association track, told Providence *Journal* reporter, Robert W. Burke, that he and two other selectmen were allotted sixty jobs at the Raynham track in one year. Edward R. White, Jr., then mayor of Revere, told me that a Revere councilman receives four jobs a year to sponsor at the dog track while his own flat allotment from Suffolk was three jobs, two of them inferior. Earl Smith, then chairman of the three-man Board of Selectmen at Dighton, home of the Taunton Dog Track, said he was down for six jobs at the dog track.

The pressure of demands on the track for patronage has become so great that one chagrined Taunton councilman, Joseph Jacinto, described the state of affairs as follows:

"Things are so tight that a councilman has to get a state representative as a sponsor." He added that while his office carried some prestige in past years, he had to seek the aid of a state representative on this particular year in applying for his job at Raynham Park.

My own conservative estimate is that 85 per cent of the persons who share in the combined track payroll of $4,500,000 in the three states are placed in their jobs one year or another by a political sponsor. Since many of the workers keep returning year after year, the diminishing number of jobs available for patronage has caused such a hardship on Massachusetts legislators that they passed a law in 1954 making it a crime for a public official to attempt to use his influence in landing a track job. While such a law could conceivably strike a blow at the patronage system, its practical use is simply to give it some order. As one legislator described it, "Now we can say 'no' to some of our constituents without losing a vote."

WHILE the patronage system greatly enhances the power and prestige of the donor, it does not necessarily enrich his pocketbook. Some politicians, it appears, prefer to get their due directly and in cash. Many tracks show no hesitancy in obliging. I found that scores of public officials with duties involving official decisions affecting the tracks were on the payrolls for salaries totaling well over $150,000 in the three states. There were some thirty-three legislators on the payroll in New Hampshire, ten in Rhode Island, and numerous councilmen, selectmen, and tax assessors in Massachusetts. In 1953 in Salem, New Hampshire, the entire Board of Selectmen, who govern the town where Rockingham Park is located, was on the racing plant's payroll.

The race-track gravy train runs still one more section. This dispenses the so-called "fringe benefits," such as expense-paid weekend yacht trips, free bars for legislators and newsmen, and general promotion. A sum well over a million dollars is spent in the racing states this way. In a typical year, Suffolk Downs, the largest of the flat tracks, lays out about $225,000 for advertising and public relations. This is topped, strangely, by Wonderland Dog Track, which spends as much as $246,000 in a typical season. Keeping apace, the Massasoit Greyhound Association, which operates Raynham, chalked off $21,755.08 in one year for a yacht expense alone. Raynham has no port.

Perhaps the pace-setter in the benevolent treatment of public officials has been Rockingham Park. During the biennial legislative session in recent years, the track maintained a free barroom for New Hampshire's 423 legislators in a hotel within easy walking distance of the State House in Salem. When Barry T. Mines of the New Hampshire Taxpayers Federation explored the situation, the track took the position that it had tried to cut off the liquor but that unnamed pressure forced it to keep the alcohol flowing. It probably is no coincidence that up until last year New Hampshire enjoyed one of the lowest pari-mutuel taxes in the country and the track's take was one of the highest in proportion to the state's share. Of the 11.5 per cent tax taken from each bet, only 5 per cent went to the state. In Rhode Island the cut is 13.5 per cent with 7 per cent for the state and 6.5 per cent for the track, while Massachusetts has a 14 per cent take, divided equally. A citizens' committee in New Hampshire, after a vigorous fight, finally asked the legislature last year to up the state's bite of the tax from 5 per cent to 6 per cent. The bill passed. The free bar for legislators also closed down.

One striking thing about the bonds between the race tracks and the elected or appointed public servants is the apparent lack of any pain of conscience. Of the dozens of track-working officials that I talked to, none saw any conflict of interest in his dual role. One tax assessor, for example, could see nothing wrong in picking up his pay check from the track one day and then dropping by the next to make a tax assessment. None of the legislators conceded that it might be possible that the benefits they reaped from the track could possibly influence their voting on one of the many issues that affect legalized betting. Even after national publicity generated by news stories appearing in the

Journal-Bulletin and the *Christian Science Monitor,* few if any track-working officials changed their ways. In fact, the number of New Hampshire legislators employed at Rockingham rose from thirty-three in 1953 to forty-four in 1955.

I have not found one public official who voluntarily divested himself of his financial or other ties with the race tracks. Nor have I heard of a single instance in which a track-serving New England public official failed of re-election or was removed from his job because of his connections with the racing interests.

SPORTING FRIENDS

WHY, you might ask, do the people put up with it? The answer to this is complex. Race tracks apparently have a way of making friends among newspapermen as well as legislators, tax assessors, and police chiefs. Some twenty-five newsmen of varying degrees of importance—representing nearly all of the Boston press—were paid about $30,000 by race tracks in 1953. All of the principal dog and horse tracks in the area shelled out money for the newspapermen, with the exception of the two Rhode Island racing plants, on which no information is available.

Coincidentally, perhaps, few stories unfavorable to the tracks are ever brought to the reader's attention. It could be possible that the newspaperman who likes the tracks well enough to accept gratuities develops an unconscious reluctance to crusade against politicians who appear to be "in the bag." It is also possible that even knowing the full story, citizens are not concerned about changing it. Nevertheless, many newspapers have re-examined their policies as a result of the unsavory publicity in the few exceptional papers, and many reporters have silently dropped off the racing payrolls. A notable exception is one acid-penned Boston columnist who is still director of publicity at Rockingham Park for about $5,000 per annum.

If the effects of the racing boom disturb the student of good government, he is not as unhappy as the legitimate horse player, the man who looks upon betting as a science. This species is now a vanishing minority at the New England tracks, perhaps because of the suspicion that horse doping is not uncommon and may be even prevalent. Frequently, stable hands, disgruntled horse players, and so-called "friends of the sport" have come to me and asked that the alleged widespread use of the hypodermic needle be exposed.

It has always been pretty difficult to place any strong confidence in such prejudiced reports of "hopped horses" that ran way out of form, but recently no less an authority than Dr. John McA. Kater, former chief scientist for the Thoroughbred Racing Protective Bureau, publicly supported those rumors. In 1947, a mysterious epidemic wiped out about eighty horses at New England tracks. The fatal disease was then diagnosed as "swamp fever." However, Dr. Kater theorized recently in a signed article in *Life* that dirty horse-doping needles might well have brought on the disaster.

"Swamp fever always exists in the South," he wrote. "Especially among farm mules in the marshlands of Florida, Louisiana, and Mississippi it is commonplace. But the disease never reaches epidemic proportions . . . much like malaria in human beings, swamp fever is ordinarily transmitted from blood stream to blood stream, as by a mosquito or housefly. Could something have been helping nature along at the New England tracks?"

Dr. Kater pointed out that nearly one gelding in three came down with the disease. "But among the ungelded colts and horses the proportion was only one out of eight. Why? Because the geldings were being doped more than the others and the disease was at least in part spread by unsterilized doping needles."

NEWS stories and several indictments showing that a good number of the region's races are "fixed" is undoubtedly one of the reasons why the quality of the horses galloping in New England has been on a steady decline since the late 'thirties. Name stables no longer enter there, except to ship a horse or so up for a special-purse event. The line-up in the daily nine-card bills is chosen from a tired lot of about nine hundred nags which race steadily through the sleet of March, the mud of April, and on through the heat of summer until the snow falls in December. The "regulars" run with only three or four days' rest. Needless to say, for many years New England horse races have not set a single record of national interest.

As soon as the form player quits in disgust and moves along to more predictable territory, his place in the grandstand is filled by a species of track follower known as the "smart money bettor." This is the lover of the sport who waits for the sign that "the fix is in" before he steps up to the $50 window. Little real effort is made in New England to sweep its tracks clear of these "sportsmen." Consequently, many of them ob-

tain racing licenses, even though their pasts make them amenable to the brand of illegal conspiracies that true racing men detest.

A few years ago I noted that Joe "Blondy" Simonelli, a one-time Providence public enemy, was a daily visitor at the local tracks and showed all the signs of having run into an era of great prosperity. Checking, I discovered that he had held both a trainer's and owner's licenses which afforded him access to the stables. When I dug out his original application, I found that his character references were furnished by the president of the Providence city council and by a Democratic floor leader in the state legislature. In a show of confidence, he had answered "No" to a question on the owner's application which inquired whether the applicant had a criminal record. When we ran a news story which pointed out that "Blondy" had been jailed three times, convicted on six different occasions, and seized by police about forty times, the racing commission finally decided to cut him from its list of accredited horsemen.

Similarly, a Boston mobster, convicted for the possession of narcotics, possession of dynamite, and attempting to bribe an officer, was carried in good standing until the racing commission read about him in the newspaper. And an old buddy of Sam "Golfbag" Hunt, the Capone mobster who carried his gun where most people pack their mashies, started racing his own horses in New England. He would be out there cheering them home today had not the newspapers read the record on him.

If the undesirable breed of track follower confined his operations to the racing plants, few people would concern themselves. Once attracted by the friendly political climate, however, the persons of unsavory background tend to put down roots and the neighborhood is forced to share the discomforts of their company.

RACING BY FLOODLIGHT

WHATEVER the woes, the racing boom keeps rolling on in New England, setting attendance and betting records. In 1955, the total amount of track revenue set another high mark. The three main racing states harvested $19,519,855, with Massachusetts taking in $10,726,299; Rhode Island, $6,598,651; and New Hampshire, $2,194,905. This amounts to about 3.2 per cent of the state budget in Massachusetts, 5.3 per cent in New Hampshire, and about 6.5 per cent in Rhode Island. The states have learned to depend on this income and there is no question that some radical new taxation would have to be levied should the race tracks stop running for one reason or another.

Meanwhile, racing promoters are doing their best to build the revenue still higher. They are constantly trying to prolong the already extended racing season, and Narragansett Park even attempted to stretch out the racing day. During the late, late meet in 1955 the track attempted to cram in another race by using a floodlight to help the horses find their way home through the evening darkness. It was too much for the bettors, and the idea was temporarily dropped.

While crowds have been flocking in to cheer the thoroughbreds and greyhounds, the attendance at other spectator sports in New England has diminished. Gone are professional football and baseball teams in Rhode Island. The only pro team still in action there is an American League hockey team in Providence, which plays when the track isn't running. Boston has lost its major-league professional football team, the Yanks. When the Boston Braves of the National Baseball League deserted the Hub for Milwaukee a few years ago, there was little question that owner Lou Perini was driven out of town—in part, at least—by the sight of crowds piling into Suffolk Downs while his Braves played to empty stadiums. Last fall Joe Cronin, general manager of the Boston Red Sox, bought a West Coast franchise. Arthur Daley of the *New York Times,* among others, speculated that Cronin has a long-range plan in mind to move the Boston Red Sox. Cronin denied it, for the record, but the fact remains that he too reads the betting attendance figures.

Where or when the boom will stop rolling is uncertain. A month rarely passes without agitation for a new track somewhere in New England. In 1955, serious threats were made to promote harness tracks in Narragansett, Westerly, and Johnston, all in Rhode Island. Similar campaigns for dog tracks were launched in Manchester, New Hampshire; Pelham, Massachusetts; and other towns. At this writing, serious agitation for a track is under way in the historic little Massachusetts town of Sturbridge. Citizens' groups who feel there is already enough racing are constantly on the defensive. They have been successful in beating down nearly all of the recent attempts to install new tracks but the fight is tiring. Their big hope is that the ruling political powers themselves will eventually realize by one lesson or another that racing can reach a saturation point. But at this point, hope of reform is only a phantom at the race track.



By HANS BENDIX

Drawings by the Author

Not so Rotten in Denmark

DENMARK is quite a small, ordinary, agricultural country and why the rest of the world should be interested in it no one really knows. I personally consider that Shakespeare has given us an excessive amount of publicity. Hamlet, the melancholy Dane, is part of the ordinary education of everyone in the English-speaking world, and "Something is rotten in the state of Denmark" has eternal validity. The first time you hear this remark about your mother country you are apt to find it rather embarrassing, but on second thought it is just that stimulating testimony from an immortal calculated to create an atmosphere and make you want to go there. For living, declining, and finally rotting are three closely related stages of human existence of interest to all mankind because they themselves are mortal. What are wine, cheese, and game without a touch of rottenness?

I do not know how much was written about our country before Hamlet, his father's ghost, and his incestuous family added fame and glory to the name of Denmark, but in the last four centuries there have appeared so many valuable and unreadable books on the subject that they would fill the whole of that library in Alexandria which the Caliph Omar had destroyed. Incidentally, though he has been much blamed for this, it was for the good of mankind.

Even without all the literature on the subject and the efforts of Shakespeare, Americans should be well aware of Denmark's existence. York is supposed to be a name of Danish origin, derived from Jorvik. When New York was still New Amsterdam no less than a tenth of its inhabitants were Danes. At that time thousands of Danes were living in the Netherlands and many of them tried their fortune in the New World. Jonas Bronck was one of them and his name is perpetuated in the Bronx district, the Bronx Park, and Bronxville, not forgetting of course the Bronx cocktail and the Bronx cheer!

I might tell you about Hans Andersen, the writer of fairy tales whose name belongs with that of Homer, Dante, Shakespeare, Goethe, or Danny Kaye. People of every race and religion have found pleasure in Andersen's world of fantasy. He began by writing for grownups

but he came to accept a public of children—some of whom later perhaps come as tourists to Denmark and recognize the statue of the unforgettable Little Mermaid who dips her tail in the water at the entrance to the port of Copenhagen. They recognize, too, "The Tin Soldier" who stands guard outside the king's palace and, in a pocket edition, marches in the Lilliputian army led by a teen-age drum major when it parades in Tivoli, Copenhagen's world-famous amusement park.

Or I might talk about Soren Kierkegaard who has the world enmeshed in the thorny, impenetrable hedge of his philosophy; or about our own Einstein, the physicist Niels Bohr; or about the co-operative movement and our achievements in the field of soil cultivation and cattle breeding during the last fifty years. Or about our menhirs and dolmens and ancient Viking burial places, our historic castles and lovely views, our postmen in their red uniforms and the black chimney sweeps who wear top hats, and our famous sense of humor, which I personally fail to appreciate especially when listening to the very popular humorous broadcasts of the Danish State Radio.

But instead of any more of these dry facts about Denmark I will try to tell you a little about our simple, everyday life.



WE ARE NOT UNDERFED

WE DANES live to all appearances in a snug and ideal little community. A wide-awake tax department sees to it that there is no great gap between the rich and the poor, the worker and his boss, except that the latter does not live for so long. Statistics do not reveal whether this is due to the sleepless nights he suffers so that the pay envelopes are ready every Friday or to the big dinners he has to eat on the firm. But I can well imagine that, during a strike, our employers envy their Soviet colleagues who play about with Five Year Plans and overenthusiastic Stakhanovites.

In Russia the very thought of a strike would be settled by the raising of a commissar's eyebrow, the factory workers would be sent to Siberia, while the directors and highly paid engineers would take a holiday and live on the tax-free interest of their government bonds. But Denmark is a little country and all classes live peacefully together. During the recent strike of metalworkers, seamen, and other laborers, what remains of the upper classes drove up in their cars—while the common people came on their scooters—and queued up in front of the gasoline pumps. All of them brought empty cans with them so as to be able to hoard as much gas as possible for their picnic excursions as soon as this country-wide catastrophe fell upon us. We are in all respects a homogeneous people among whom "few have too much and fewer too little," as Bishop Grundtvig, the founder of the Danish Folk High Schools movement, said one hundred years ago without perhaps having foreseen that this ambiguous remark of his would one day be applied to gasoline.

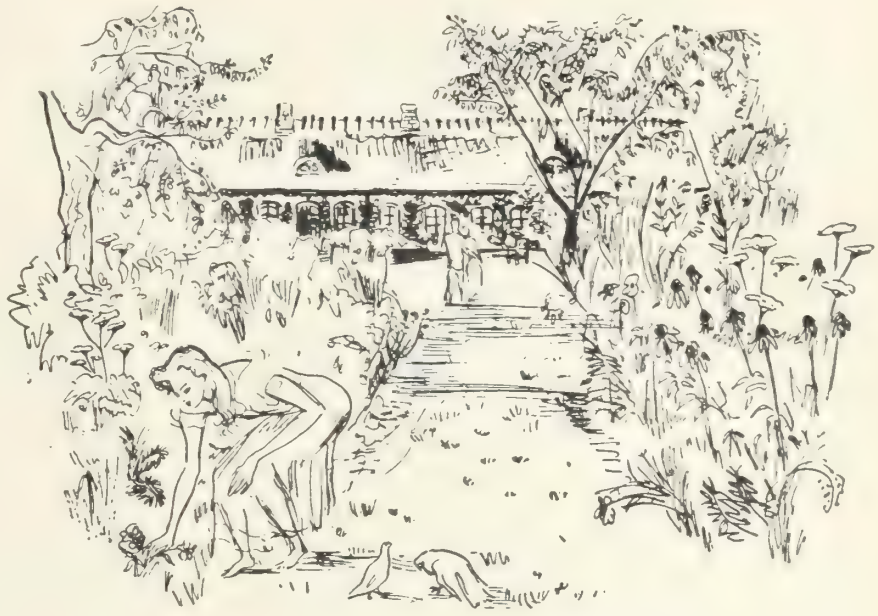
In Denmark a man is not quite on an informal footing with his boss. The boss will not say to him: "Hans, my boy, you're hired!" On the other hand neither can he say to him without the slightest warning, but in the same hearty manner, "Hans, my boy, you're fired!" Danes are snobs, and they like titles. Even death does not separate them from their titles, for they are engraved on their tombstones. Take your hat off and address your chief as "Mr. Director" or "Mr. State Councilor" and you are sure of getting your three months' notice when the time comes.

We are told that two-thirds of the world's population live on the edge of starvation. Impartial observers consider that the Danes belong to the lucky third which does not suffer this fate. Our Board of Health, however, thinks that all Danes are too fat by the time they reach the age of forty, except those who have got ulcers by eating and drinking too much. A woman justifies her existence if she carries out her most important duty—to attend to the national stomach. Perhaps we do not read as much Shelley, Keats, Walt Whitman, and Eliot as we should, but this does not mean we do not appreciate the poetry of life. Only an incurable materialist could fail, for example, to see poetry in the Smorrebrodsseddel, the long list of open sandwiches that you will find at nearly every Danish restaurant. And the bigger it is the better!

It consists of slices of generously buttered black rye bread copiously mounted with a world of delicacies—many varieties of herring, baby shrimps crowded into the shape of pyramids, pink smoked salmon contrasting delectably with greenish Limfjords oysters, all the nicest shellfish anyone could wish to meet. Glasses of *snaps*, the Danish firewater, sparkle on the table like live diamonds. There is a dessert made of burnt sugar and the buttered crumbs of carameled black bread, filled with mulberry jam and covered with whipped cream. It is called "peasant girl with veil." You do not see it any too often—maybe our women folk are deteriorating like everything else—but if you do happen to come across it you will know what an Andersen fairy tale told by Lucullus is like.

Whether you have been to a party, to the theater (one always has something to eat after the show), or spent the weekend in a Danish home, Danes will always ask you: "And what did you have to eat?" When we go on a vacation we do not hunt, or fish, or indulge in similar sports —we eat.

When your wife is ill in bed and you call the doctor the first thing he will ask you is: "But how do you manage about getting anything to eat?" The Dane always lets his wife serve him. She puts the cream and sugar into his coffee and hands it to him, whereupon he is sure to ask: "Have you stirred it?" He would not offend her by interfering with her work. Far from it.



GIRLS LIKE DANISH APPLES

I DON'T know whether Danish women eat as much as their men folk, but if they do it suits them better. Certainly some of them look rather like cheerful lumps of Danish pastry. But on the whole the girls are products of the Danish weather, which is the best in the world because it is so very variable. It feels no obligation always to be fine and sunny. It is just like an unstable share—you have to be glad as long as it's favorable. No other city has anything like the Copenhagen girls on their bicycles, when the wind lifts their skirts and reveals their shapely legs pumping away at the pedals like pistons. They do not remind you of California apples, which are big, red, and without flaw, but rather of Gravensteins or Coxes Orange, products of the wind and tempest, sun and storm, which are ever-present in our towns by the sea. The girls' frocks are light and brief and do not hamper their movements. Some of their sisters from abroad are startled at the sight, a few are shocked, comments are heard. It is said that this is one of the reasons why so many male tourists are fond of coming to Denmark. Others say that short skirts are a sign of broad-mindedness.

But are Danish girls more flighty or broad-minded than any others? True one may sometimes doubt whether nuns have legs. On the other hand yards of material went into the skirts, petticoats, pantaloons, and other unmentionables of Catherine the Great, and she was by no means proper. And it was the same throughout the rest of the age of elegance, down to the Victorian age, the period of the *grandes cocottes*. Virtue, chastity, and immorality do not depend upon the length and voluminousness of skirts but upon the spirit within them. However the fact remains that as far as can be established Danish women give birth to children just like the women of other countries. They become the mothers of golden-haired boys with pink apple cheeks, blue eyes, and the adorable awkward movements of young puppies. You feel you could eat them, and when they grow up into quite ordinary Danes you regret that you did not.

In Copenhagen you will notice that the girls, their skirts blowing in the wind, hold bunches of flowers next to their hearts. Everywhere in the country you will see flowerpots in the windows of the houses, behind the neat patterned curtains. Even in the smallest fisherman's cottage

on the rough and sandy west coast you will find flowers, carefully tended. In no other country do you find such a love of flowers as in Denmark.

Americans who are used to flowers in white boxes like coffins—that would be sacrilegious in Denmark—admire our Copenhagen flower shops and the splendid flower beds in the parks. There is a gardener in every one of us. Men elsewhere underestimate the value of flowers in the battle of the sexes. Danish love affairs blossom in blossoms.



CASTLE KRONBORG, ELSINORE
WHERE HAMLET LIVED

IN SPITE of its democratic traditions Denmark is the oldest kingdom in Europe. As proof of this you have only to visit Roskilde cathedral where thirty-six of our kings and queens lie buried. This cathedral with the incredibly slender columns which bear its arches is one of the masterpieces of the Middle Ages. While I was still a boy my belief in monarchy as an institution received a severe blow when I discovered that it was not the fine footman in the cocked hat sitting on the box who was the king, but the quite ordinary-looking little man inside the carriage. Ever since then I have been tired of hearing kings use the words "My people" in their proclamations and mottoes. This makes me the king's property, and as I have lived under three kings I have been handed down twice. My advanced age may have given me the value of an antique, but it has not increased my self-respect to be thus passed from hand to hand.

On principle, I am against being inherited and I cannot see that it improves matters at all that, according to the amendment to the constitution of 1953, princesses can in the future take over the management of the country so that next time I shall pass into the hands of a woman. I prefer that people, whatever their sex, make their way in some other line of business than their father's. Not that I have anything against those whose property I have successively been. I have known none of them personally and so have no reason for disliking them. Moreover I in practice acquiesce to the present state of affairs, which has roots far back in the history of Denmark. And I can reassure the royal house that I have no intention whatsoever of joining the ranks of the republicans.

Anyone who has seen what has happened in the last generation cannot help realizing that idols are as necessary to mankind as the air they breathe. Lenin, Mussolini, Hitler, and Stalin have all in their turn been made gods. They have been worshiped, idolized, murdered, dethroned, and embalmed like the pharaohs and the Roman emperors. The religion of a totalitarian state is not kindly; it is intolerant and tyrannical as overzealous piety always is.

In democratic countries our idols are the heroes of the air, football players, Italian film stars, and Grace Kelly, who married the Prince of Monaco. Certainly these last do bring to religion a dash of earthly sweetness as well as the most divinely voluptuous curves, but, though the worship of film stars is not as dangerous as kissing the boots of those men who in lawless states of every age represent the party in power, it does much to promote the general idiocy of life on earth. Thus the question arises whether a hereditary dynasty is not the most pleasant means of canalizing mankind's urge for self-abasement, and a monarchy with its wings clipped the best medicine for neutralizing the unbridled human need for subjection.

That, anyway, is how things have been ar-

ranged in Denmark for about the last thousand years, since Harold Bluetooth and Sweyn Forkbeard added color to the time of the Vikings. We cannot compete in antiquity, culture, and wickedness with Egypt, Greece, Rome, or Galilee, but we can show you in our National Museum one of our ancestors, a four-thousand-year-old nameless man who has been terrifyingly well preserved in bogwater, together with the rope he was strangled with. He, however, is an exception, and, on the whole, we can offer an idyllic countryside, Tivoli, comfort and good cheer, and a fairy-tale atmosphere like no other country in the world. And there is Hamlet's fortress, Kronborg, in the seaport town of Helsingor—Shakespeare's Elsinore.

We are not so unpleasantly inventive as the rest of Europe, so most Americans, English, and Swedes (the last named lick us unmercifully at football after we, in the goodness of our hearts, have taught it to them!) think that we are friendly, helpful, and hospitable. Our artistic achievements are much discussed and praised locally, but when they are exhibited south of the Danish frontier they interest no one and completely lose their significance. We take good care of our buildings, and tourists who want to pretend a little culture can always hazard a guess that any piece of architecture which looks more than two hundred years old was built by Christian IV, the Corbusier-King of Denmark who died in 1648. He also provided the material for our national anthem, which is very bloodthirsty and has a couple of thunderous verses on the price our butter and bacon fetch on the English market which would be very much in keeping with the present times and should also inspire our farmers with a gleam of hope.

There is one aspect of the Danish temper which I think is unique in the history of the nations and which I feel obliged to mention to the credit of those same people who queue up with their cans at the gasoline pumps in order to hoard as much as possible. Here I must refrain from all irony and speak of a generosity which should never be forgotten. In great peril of their own lives and liberty they rescued six thousand Danish Jews from the clutches of the Gestapo and in motor boats, fishing smacks, and row-boats got them out of occupied Denmark and across to neutral Sweden in October 1943. It is one of the proudest chapters in this little nation's story, a monument to humanity and mercy, an example of that milk of human kindness of which Shakespeare speaks.

DENMARK is a poor country. It has no coal or iron and its land is not particularly fertile. It seems trifling to say this, however, since when you come up from the south and pass over the frontier into Southern Jutland it is like coming into an abundant garden. The corn waves in the wind like the yellow hair of the girl who waves to you from her bicycle. The salt sea encircles the shores. No other country is quite like Denmark. The hills are not big but they are covered with soft greensward like a green blanket which every Dane hopes to pull over him when he dies.

"One would not get much pleasure out of life if one did not flatter oneself," says La Rochefoucauld. If for a fraction of a second ignoble envy steals into the heart of any Dane, the only person he truly envies in the world is himself—because it is here he was born and has his home.



Woodrow Wyatt

Beaverbrook: last of the Press Lords

The tyrannical little Canadian has shaken up the pattern of British life . . . he tried to overthrow Churchill, and attacked the Church in his defense of a princess's romance . . . but his one passionate ambition has always ended in failure.

LORD BEAVERBROOK, who was seventy-seven on May 25, is the last of the old style press lords. He exerts unlimited control over the *Daily Express* (circulation over four million), the *Sunday Express* (circulation over three and a half million), the *Evening Standard* (London's brightest evening newspaper), the *Junior Express* (a weekly newspaper for children which he has recently launched), the *Glasgow Evening Citizen,* and numerous other publications. He also has a large publishing house which has lately, to the annoyance of book publishers, expanded its activities from pamphlet selling to orthodox publishing.

A press lord is a peculiarly British institution. The small geographical size of the country means that daily papers published in London can reach even the most isolated places by breakfast time the next day. The first of the press lords was Lord Northcliffe. He realized that an efficiently run London paper could overcome all effective competition from provincial dailies and manipulate politics. At his peak he ran popular papers like the *Daily Mail,* acquired the majestic *Times,* and forced at least one Prime Minister to resign in favor of another of his choice.

Before Northcliffe went mad and died in 1922, he advised his chief executives to keep an eye on rising young Max Aitken (Lord Beaverbrook). Lord Beaverbrook fully intended to be heir to Northcliffe in the wielding of political power through the press. In this he has failed except for a few brief moments. But he has instead made a powerful impact on the nonpolitical thought and life of the nation. His newspapers, which have achieved even wider circulation than Northcliffe's did, have torn the Victorian cobwebs off Britain and brought her into the twentieth century. He has provoked Britons into thinking forward and has helped them to lessen the dragtide of their past.

Lord Northcliffe and Lord Beaverbrook and their lesser imitators can never be repeated in Britain. The Welfare State, with high death duties and heavy taxation, has made the accumulation of the capital needed too difficult. Lord Beaverbrook was a millionaire in pounds before he was thirty. That was more than enough to buy and promote the *Daily Express* at the end of the first world war. Today, partly because his own and similarly popular newspapers are so strongly established, a new national daily would need to start with a capital of some six million pounds if it were to survive. No individual, nor even a combination of a few individuals, is likely again to have so much money to risk.

A press lord is a strange being. His appeal to the British lies in his unconventionality, his ability to be the opposite of all the stolid British virtues and get away with it. Lord Beaverbrook fits this pattern.

Everything about him is quick and short. His sentences, his movements come from some huge source of vitality that cannot be contained in smooth, even anonymity. And when he chooses, he exerts a spell which persuades visitors that they themselves are very important and interesting to him.

He inquires earnestly about their well-being and their opinions. By reputation a formidable and wayward tyrant, he disarms at the first encounter by being anxious to please and frequently by having ready some obscure piece of information about a guest's background.

He is very conscious of the impression he makes and takes care that it should be the one he intends. When Arnold Bennett came to see him for the first time he refused to sit down until he had solemnly read out an attack on Beaverbrook that he had just written.

"That," said Arnold Bennett, "is going into the newspapers tomorrow."

Beaverbrook comments, "I asked him to sit down. He did so. We had lunch. He never referred to the newspaper attack again. It was not serious nor was it, in my opinion, sensible, but it appeared the next day just the same. At the end of lunch I saw I had made an impression on him—which is exactly what I intended to do."

Lord Beaverbrook chooses plain settings in which to show himself off. There are no bright or colorful wallpapers. The furniture is what can be bought at any respectable middle-class furniture store and he takes little trouble about it.

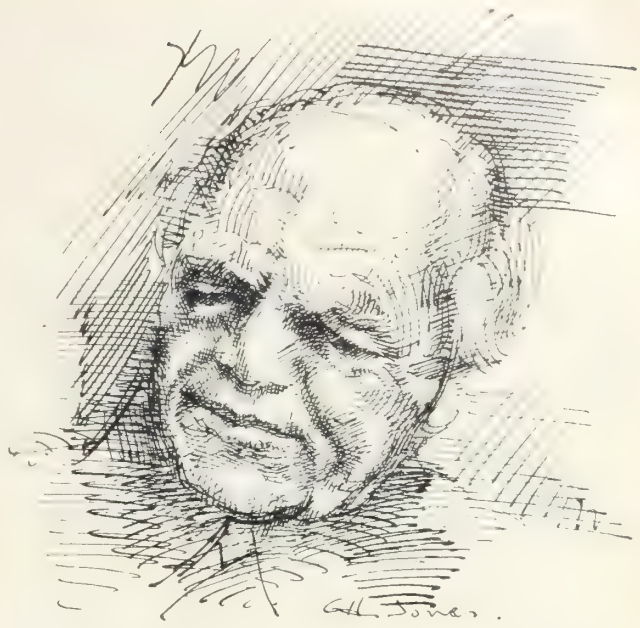
I have been at only two of the six establishments he visits in rotation throughout the year. At Cherkley, twenty miles from London, he has a large, untidily shaped house with ranging views of the gentle Surrey hills. Its most interesting feature is a square garden lined with, as is unmistakable from their appearance, male and female yew trees. At the top of Arlington House, above the Caprice restaurant—London's smartest—he has a simple flat. As one visitor commented, "Nothing is luxurious unless you sit in it or taste it." The most striking object in both places is Lord Beaverbrook. The same, I believe, can be said of his two houses in the West Indies, his villa in the south of France, and his farm in Somerset.

He allows himself no flamboyancy in his clothes either. The color is all in the man.

His head at moments seems very large and equipped with two rays, rather than eyes, sheltering under hairy stiff white eyebrows which signal impatience and other emotions. It is not the head of an intellectual but of someone who does everything with his brain, like some slightly top-heavy Martian. When you look again you see that this is an illusion: his head is not much larger than anybody else's. It simply exudes so much force and power that it seems to be.

AN INVITATION TO DINNER

BEAVERBROOK seldom gives you much notice of an invitation to dinner. He estimates correctly that most people will throw over other engagements to come to him. And for his staff an invitation is a royal command, even if it means leaving a dinner they have just begun, to go and eat his. To dine with Lord Beaverbrook is an experience. To avoid him is escapism. He is the challenge of life itself. From the moment of the first greeting you feel you are at the center of things, that the world revolves around Lord Beaverbrook.



Everything is uncertain, even whether you will be wearing the right clothes. If you are in a dinner jacket, he is not, and vice versa. He may be in a good humor throughout the evening or he may become becalmed in a mood of dismaying boredom.

He likes people who have stores of anecdotes to call on, but he will not have anybody in his immediate circle who tells the same story twice. He himself has a gift for telling stories and only occasionally repeats himself to the same person.

People are his principal food. He rarely sees fewer than fifteen a day when he is in London. He goes through them extracting information and ideas, and he is not at all ashamed of passing the latter off as his own. Like many men of great powers, Disraeli and Lloyd George for instance, the feminine side of his nature is strong. This calls for the friendship and companionship of a variety of women. His dynamism makes a corresponding appeal to them.

People come to him because they cannot help it and because he knows how to manage them with flattery, kindness, and cruelty. Disraeli said of flattery, "Lay it on with a trowel." Lord Beaverbrook is more subtle than that and more sincere. He will concentrate on what clearly are a man's good points and he will praise them to a third party knowing that his words will arrive where he wishes. He never holds back any spontaneous feeling of warmth. His congratulations are genuine and full. So is his disfavor. And here his technique is to divine exactly where a man's weak spot is and then press it mercilessly. Once he has made someone do something he does not want to do the person is that much further in his power.

Those who work for him in any responsible capacity must be his completely. An editor or senior subordinate must be prepared to drop any private arrangements and come to him at once when summoned. He has never yet been defeated by a wife who thinks she has a claim equal to his on her husband's leisure.

Once at dinner I asked him a question about the public opinion poll run by the *Daily Express*. "Charles," he shouted. (Lord Beaverbrook never rings bells: he shouts.) "Get me Mr. Robertson on the telephone—in here." One of the several men who always hover near Lord Beaverbrook at dinner—dressed as bank clerks but acting as servants—reported failure. Mr. Robertson, the enormously well paid General Manager, on whom the administration and business success of the Express newspapers depend, was out and not even Lord Beaverbrook could trace him. The smile on his face reflected displeasure and surprise.

"AT FULL STRETCH"

THE telephone was invented just in time for Lord Beaverbrook. In his early days of owning the *Daily Express* he had a flat at the top of its building. He soon abandoned that for remote and unpredictable control by telephone. Now his only office is wherever he happens to be with a dictaphone and telephone and a secretary on call.

His first words are often "Anything new?" and his antennae for what is interesting are so keen that he probably knows it before he is told. Another opening, for use to editors, is "I liked your paper this morning—pause—but why on earth did you put that story on the front page? That's not a front page story. . . ."

Everywhere except the West Indies, the telephone, supplemented by dictaphone records, is the weapon with which he pursues his staff. From the West Indies, because of defective telephone connections, he can use only the dictaphone—which cannot catch a man out the same way, but which still keeps the staff on a rack of insecurity, never out of reach of the probing, disembodied voice.

Beaverbrook's own definition of the way to get the best out of a staff is "to keep them at full stretch." Producing each issue of each Beaverbrook newspaper is a life and death matter. One moment it is a wonderful paper; the next it is a dreadful thing, no good at all—who did that? Why was that done? Most members of the staff think every edition is critical. As the printing presses go to work there is always tension and it rises sharply when Lord Beaverbrook is in England. When he is abroad, something goes out of his newspapers. They are not quite so crisp. The extra trouble which makes every story sharp and pointed and packed with information has not always been taken.

He loves to torment his staff. He delights in any friction among them and does not always refrain from encouraging it. "To be with him," as one of them remarked to me, "is like having a tempestuous love affair with a dazzling and capricious woman." Hardly anyone has ever worked for him without reaching a momentary hatred point, hating the single-minded pursuit of his own whims for which others must sacrifice their personalities, hating the demonic ability to keep you dancing taut and trying to please.

They stay because Lord Beaverbrook is a contradiction. Everything bad about him is countered, and sometimes more than offset, by something good.

Once during the depression of the 1930s he ordered his editors to propose names for dismissing staff to make economies. One editor handed him a list of people he could do without.

Lord Beaverbrook looked at the first name. "Isn't this the man who used to report my Empire Crusade meetings? Good fellow. You can't get rid of people like that." He looked at the next name. "But this man has a very good character." And so on down the list until he abruptly concluded, "We had better bring this conference to an end. I see you have no proposals to make at all." The economy campaign foundered on Lord Beaverbrook's own sentiment for anyone he knows personally who has ever worked for him.

As well as jesters Lord Beaverbrook loves sinners and people in difficulties. It is unlikely that anyone who knows him at all well ever went to him for help, financial or otherwise, without getting it. If a writer or editor falls foul of the Parliamentary or civil authorities, big business, or any other influence, Lord Beaverbrook stands stanchly by him. Recently some film companies tried to make him dismiss a film critic by threatening to withdraw their advertisements. The advertisements stopped, the film critic stayed, the advertisements returned.

Everyone who has worked for him more than ten years is in his will. His Christmas gift list runs into thousands of dollars. He has numerous pensioners. At least one editor was paid his full salary after leaving until he died; then it was paid to his widow. Once, in New York, I watched him daily taking immense pains to help one of

his staff in America who had run into trouble after making a churlish announcement to the press of his pleasure at leaving Lord Beaverbrook's service.

His generosity can no more be curbed than the other elements in him. If he hears someone's son is ill he may suddenly pay for the treatment; personally, as on one occasion, order him the warmest overcoat obtainable; and then pay for the father to take the boy away on convalescence. He may take an employee out for a shopping walk. If he buys something his companion for the day must have something as well.

The rewards he gives are large and willing. It is nothing for someone to find his pay increased 50 per cent or even doubled if Lord Beaverbrook likes his work. He is also susceptible to flattery.

"I never knew a flatterer fired," remarked an ex-Beaverbrook executive to me.

Lord Beaverbrook is magnificently eccentric, individual, and purposeful. That makes working for him worth while. Once during one of his campaigns to make the government relax duties on Empire food and put them onto foreign imports he had an alarm clock made. It went off every minute to indicate that another £1,000 had just gone to foreigners to buy food for Britain. As it rang all conversation had to cease.

He can laugh at himself. After working fervently at some project for days he will suddenly turn it all into a joke. The figure of awe becomes the figure of fun.

Above all, he takes care to train his writers. Any promising newcomer to the staff of one of his papers must first write trial articles for Lord Beaverbrook. Once two reviews of the same film appeared in the *Evening Standard* because he liked the trial notice written by a new film critic he was training so well he thought the public should have it too.

Lord Beaverbrook delights in developing talent and he can very nearly create it. He is pleased to discover someone young and unknown and proclaim him to the world. He is proud of having let loose on Fleet Street a covey of remarkable writers who have gone on to edit or work for other papers.

He is credited with an astonishing capacity for choosing the bright and brilliant. But often what is remarkable is not their talents but the fact that Lord Beaverbrook can force them to perform in ways they themselves never suspected were possible. He will put men into jobs about which they know nothing, and they flourish.

He asserts that he learned his approach to journalism from Rudyard Kipling. "He taught me the first lesson which took me some time to grasp—several weeks—that the human being is more important than the thing. I didn't understand that before.

"If you do a story about a factory it is not how the factory works that matters. It is the man who runs the factory. Rudyard Kipling [whom he met before the first world war] used to correct everything I wrote. He took enormous trouble over it."

Although his own writing is abysmal—with the exception of an interesting book about the first world war called *Politicians and the War*—he is the most skillful journalist in Fleet Street. His papers give more space to foreign and political news and a better hearing to his opponents than any of the other popular papers. He prints many articles by Socialists and has no hesitation in employing a striking cartoonist to lampoon himself and his policies.

Before Beaverbrook, journalism in Britain was cliché-ridden and long-winded. By evolving the technique of the staccato sentence combined with the simple idea he made people read leading articles again.

Rigidly he has excluded the pictures of the slightly dressed but fully developed girls used by his rivals. It is a tribute to his skill that, without the potent aid of sex, his papers still maintain a commanding position.

He loves publicity. However remote the journal or obscure the author, any reference to Lord Beaverbrook is picked up and reprinted in his newspapers. The "Londoner's Diary" in the *Evening Standard* carries observations on Lord Beaverbrook drawn from places all over the world. Partly that is vanity. Partly it is that Lord Beaverbrook knows the value to a newspaperman of being talked about.

THE DRIVE FOR POWER

THE clue to the development of his character lies in an incident that happened when he was at law school in Canada. To pay his fees he sold newspapers in the streets. There was a great function planned in the town to which all the important people of the locality were to be invited. Young Max Aitken knew a member of the committee arranging it and asked for an invitation. He was told he would get one.

He hired evening clothes and white tie but no invitation came. He asked his friend on the committee what the matter was. He was told that the committee had heard that he had been acting

as a newsboy and they did not want newsboys at such a function. He went home, put on the hired evening clothes, looked in the mirror, and said, "The time will come when 'they' will be glad to have me at an assembly like that." The rest of his life has been devoted to making sure that "they" would.

As a contrast to the heights to which he has climbed he likes to dwell on the lowliness of his origins. His father was a Presbyterian minister in Canada who fed and clothed a family of twelve on £240 a year. His grandfather, according to Lord Beaverbrook, was an agricultural laborer. In photographs he looks more like a small tenant farmer, but it suits Lord Beaverbrook to make his life harder than it actually was.

Lord Beaverbrook often suggests that he is not interested in his money, which today must be somewhere between £12 and £18 million. In the conventional sense that is true. What Lord Beaverbrook cares about is power: money is merely a means to it. And it was purely in pursuit of power, I believe, that he left Canada and came to England.

He has often been accused of leaving because the country had become too hot for him. The Bank of Montreal asked him at the age of twenty-nine to investigate the possibility of the amalgamation of three cement mills. His imagination went further and he decided on a merger of all the important cement mills in Canada. He forced it through and formed the Canada Cement Corporation. Nothing like it had ever been seen before in Canada and very little like it anywhere else.

He fell out with a Sir Sandford Fleming, a figure of standing brought in to be honorary president of the new company. Sir Sandford wanted Beaverbrook to buy a cement company he was interested in, but Beaverbrook refused because he thought it would be a liability. At once Sir Sandford and his friends, who were many, went to war against the young tycoon. They pursued him with whispering campaigns and through the newspapers. It was a shock to Beaverbrook and he was deeply hurt.

He sold out his holdings and came to England. I cannot believe that he did anything dishonorable because that is not in his character. He was sharper than his rivals, no doubt, and big business does not always operate against a background of ethical beauty. But I am convinced that he came to England because Canada offered him too small a scope. His target was the Premiership of Britain. He wanted to be the greatest man in the greatest country, the center of the greatest Commonwealth in the world. He is absolutely sincere in his love of Empire and in his fanatical Kipling-type patriotism. But it is all intertwined with Beaverbrook himself. The British Empire cannot be allowed to be less than the greatest because he has chosen to be at its heart.

HE ARRIVED in England brashly young, immensely rich, knowing practically no one, and with disagreeable rumors of oversmart business practice hovering round his head. He quickly found that in England money made him a figure of interest and gave him levers but that to get maximum power reputation had to be added. There was one man who stood out as his potential friend: a fellow Canadian, high in the Tory party, Bonar Law.

Bonar Law had judgment and great charm but he lacked drive. Beaverbrook gave him a vitality that was missing from his own make-up, and he paid it back with respectability. His own reputation for integrity was so great that people decided that if Law was Beaverbrook's friend, Beaverbrook must be all right after all.

Beaverbrook pushed Law, whom he had met for the first time in 1908, into the leadership of the Conservative party in 1910. In the same year, the first of his permanent occupation of Britain, he became a Member of Parliament himself.

When Bonar Law became Prime Minister for a brief period after the 1914-18 war, it was Beaverbrook who advised and galvanized him. Winston Churchill remarked after Bonar Law died in 1923 that Beaverbrook had sat on a three-legged stool: "One leg was himself, the second was his newspapers, the third Bonar Law. Now the third is gone he can no longer balance himself in politics."

Beaverbrook likes to say that he was a political failure. He failed in his Empire crusade—Britain has never adopted his policy of free trade within the Commonwealth and heavy tariffs against everybody else. He failed to promote his policies of isolation and high wages. But his real failure, which he does not mention, was neither of these: he wanted to be Prime Minister and he never was.

He has complicated reasons to explain this, and certainly his early acceptance of a peerage helped to put him out of the running: no peer in this century has become Prime Minister. But he would never have got it apart from that. His gifts are not of the sort which lead to ultimate success in British politics. He is too erratic, too sudden in his enthusiasms and dislikes, too emphatic in stating his views, too ready to trample over op-

ponents in his own party, too impatient of orthodox party policy, too quick to make enemies, too violent and flamboyant.

THE LAST TRY

BUT Lord Beaverbrook, though he heavily handicapped himself with a self-made peerage at the extraordinarily early age of thirty-eight, never gave up trying. He has powerfully influenced the Conservative party and its policy, he has been behind many intrigues. In the second world war Churchill set the utmost value on his advice, his ferocious strength, and particularly on his judgment of men.

For one dizzy, perhaps unbalanced, moment Lord Beaverbrook thought war might break for him the convention that a Prime Minister cannot be in the House of Lords. In the Churchill government he was Minister of Aircraft Production from May 1940 to May 1941. Unquestionably he won the Battle of Britain by forcing the civil-service machinery to produce aircraft by big-business methods. It was a superlative performance and recognized to be so.

He held a number of offices under Churchill, but he was a difficult colleague. When he could not get his way he would resign—in all he wrote fourteen letters of resignation to the Prime Minister. The most significant was the one he wrote in February 1942. On the fourth of February he had been made Minister of Production, a great spot specially created for him by Churchill. Singapore, to the shame of Britain, fell eleven days later. It was the blackest hour of the war. Churchill's prestige was on the recoil and the country was turning against him.

Beaverbrook, who had been alternately demanding greater powers and moodily saying he would go, chose this exact moment to make a resignation that for once he would not withdraw. He estimated that Churchill would be driven from power by a dispirited and resentful country. He thought himself the automatic next choice. Besides the splendid and romantic production of the aircraft that had saved Britain, he had the month before accompanied Churchill to America and personally persuaded the Americans to increase their supplies to Britain and to multiply American production far more than had been intended before he and Churchill arrived.

But Churchill survived and the last moment of his life in which he had sanguine hope of becoming Prime Minister passed. In 1943 he returned to the government as Lord Privy Seal—a position he held until the war ended.

Of all the old friends now left to him Churchill means most. Theirs has been a long relationship, interspersed with quarrels as far back as 1919 when Beaverbrook was conducting a fierce onslaught on Churchill's policy of intervention in Russia. Churchill instead of being cowed remarked to Beaverbrook,

"The Press is easier squashed than squared."

It was a long time before Beaverbrook got over his resentment at Churchill's indifference to his power as a journalist. Yet he has been more loyal to Churchill than to anyone else in politics, after Bonar Law.

At the time when the Royal Commission on the Press set up to inquire into the workings of the newspapers of Britain asked Lord Beaverbrook his main purpose in running his papers, he replied, "I run the papers purely for the purpose of making propaganda and with no other motive." It was a completely true answer —propaganda for Lord Beaverbrook and the policies in which from time to time he believes. There is nothing cynical about these and often they are the most unpopular part of his newspapers.

Connected with his failure in politics—it would be regarded as success by most men but Lord Beaverbrook must be judged by his own standards—is one of his motivating forces, envy. He cannot bear to think that other men should be accounted great when he is not quite certain that he will be. Most of his reminiscences are of himself in politics, and when he asks a member of his staff about a book connected with the politics of our time, "What does it say?" he means, "What does it say about me?" If he finds some reference to himself that has been overlooked he remarks sharply, "You never told me about this."

Often his envy provokes him into feuds in which he persecutes the object of his dislike vigorously and unfairly through his newspapers. Once it was Sir Stafford Cripps who momentarily during the last war was on a pinnacle of public esteem even higher than Beaverbrook's. Often it is smaller people. Admiral Lord Mountbatten has earned his continuing disapproval because during the war, as Chief of Combined Operations, he often had direct access to Churchill. This made Lord Beaverbrook jealous. Today the Beaverbrook papers never cease to denigrate Mountbatten, the man "who gave India to Nehru," and the sinister uncle of the Duke of Edinburgh.

Obversely he will champion the cause of an individual with fervor and sincerity—particularly

if it helps him to get in a backhanded swipe at things he does not like. The Express newspapers demanded vociferously that Princess Margaret should be allowed to marry Townsend. Lord Beaverbrook was moved by two conflicting emotions. He wanted an attractive and charming girl to be allowed to choose her own happiness. He also liked the opportunity of pointing out that the Court was still far too stuffy and conventional and that the Church of England in the person of the Archbishop of Canterbury did not represent Britain: it only represented a few Anglicans who still believe that divorce is wicked. On the other hand, he triumphantly demonstrated that the Presbyterian Church of Scotland is up to date and allows divorce.

When one of Lord Beaverbrook's feuds is in full swing nothing is too petty or unscrupulous for him. In these moods he is saved from utter wickedness only by some odd sense of chivalry which prevents him from using certain types of information. He will never, for instance, publish reminiscences of the valets or servants of famous men.

WHAT HE BELIEVES

BESIDES chivalry, Lord Beaverbrook has a sense of guilt which often makes him both ashamed of his lust for power and liable to attacks of something near hypochondria. He cannot shake off his origins. Because his grandfather was on the land, when Beaverbrook came to England he felt a need to buy a farm in Somerset and make it pay. Because his father was a Presbyterian minister, he cannot quite get it out of his head that maybe Calvin was right, possibly hellfire does await him if he does not take care.

When pressed for a definition of his religious beliefs he once observed, "I'll send a telegram to the Moderator of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church of Canada and whatever he says I believe in that's what I believe in."

Curiously, that probably is what he believes in. Because of his church, Lord Beaverbrook must always justify himself. His possession of vast wealth is accounted for by the instructions contained in the Shorter Catechism of the Presbyterian Church. He sent me an excerpt. The Presbyterian explanation of the eighth commandment is that it "requireth the lawful procuring and furthering the wealth and outward estate of ourselves and others."

There is a footnote to this explanation against which Lord Beaverbrook wrote, in his own hand, "Footnote in the Shorter Catechism expanding on the above Divine Direction" and underlined the word "Divine" three times.

So whenever he has been bad Lord Beaverbrook must quickly do something good. When he thinks to himself that he has become too obsessed with power and loves too much the daily direction into the minutest part of the lives and thoughts of those around him he decides on abdication.

In 1927 he announced that he had left his room at the top of the Express building, that the Managing Director had taken away the key, and that no one else would ever use the room:

"I planned the *Daily Express* as a great national newspaper. But the staff are more competent to manage it than I am."

It cannot be said that the staff felt later that there had been anything symbolic about Lord Beaverbrook's leaving his room.

In June 1930 an announcement in the *Daily Express* said, "Lord Beavorbrook has made a gift of his controlling share interest in the London Express Newspaper Company to his elder son, Max Aitken."

In a farewell article written in November 1936 before one of his regular trips to Canada he wrote, "Let me say, too, for three quarters of the shareholding, represented by me . . ." There was no mention at all of how he had got his shares back.

Last year he again gave away his shares and announced that control of the Express newspapers had passed out of his hands, but he still runs them in the same way that he always did.

In recent years, however, as midnight approaches, he will grow a little tired. He gets bored even more quickly than he did in the past and it is harder for him to keep amused. His mind seems to leap from subject to subject even more glancingly than it did. But he will go on working until the last moment because he must. Since the war he has pursued his editors and staff with more constant vigor than he did in the 1930s.

His final ambition now is to be talked about, not merely today but when he has gone. His fear is that in the years ahead he may be one of the dim unremembered. I do not think he need worry. He will be counted among those who have shaped modern Britain and so long as there is a copy of the *Daily Express* left people will be telling stories about him.



A Story by Isaac Rosenfeld

Drawings by Laszlo Matulay

King Solomon

1. WITH HIS WOMEN

EVERY year, a certain number of girls. They come to him, lie down beside him, place their hands on his breast and offer to become his slaves.

This goes on all the time. "I will be your slave," say the girls, and no more need be said. But Solomon's men, his counselors, can't bear it—what is this power of his? Some maintain it is no power at all, he is merely the King. Oh yes, admit the rest, his being the King has something to do with it—but there have been other kings, so it can't be that. Nor is it anything else. Consider how unprepossessing he is, what a poor impression he makes—why, most of the counselors are taller, handsomer, and leaner than he. To be sure, he has an excellent voice. But his voice comes through best on the telephone, and he has an unlisted number which no one would give out. Certainly not, say the men. Still, the girls keep coming, and they lie down beside him with their hands on his breast.

It is not enough to say the counselors are jealous. After all, there is something strange here, the like of it has not been seen. But who shall explain the King?

Solomon himself makes no comment, he does not speak of his personal affairs. He may drop a hint or two, but these hints are contradictory and vague, and he drops them only for his own amusement; perhaps he, too, doesn't know. Every few years he publishes a collection of his sayings, most of which he has never said, but the sayings have little to do with the case, and their melancholy tone is held to be an affectation. The wisest counselors pay no attention to his words. If anything is to be learned, the wise men say, it had better be sought among his girls.

But the girls also say nothing. The rejected go away in tears—in which case one cannot expect them to speak coherently or with regard for truth; or they are determined yet to win his love—and again they will tell lies. As for the women he accepts, they are useless. Almost at once they become so much like Solomon, adopting his mannerisms of gesture and speech and sharing his views of things, that they say only what he would say—and Solomon does not speak his heart.

So it has become the custom in the court to study Solomon's women in their work; perhaps the manner in which they serve him will make it clear. The counselors watch over the harem, each chooses a woman to follow about the palace, over the grounds and through the town. One woman . . . there she goes! . . . sets out early in the morning with a basket, trailed by a counselor. She makes her way to the largest and most crowded kosher market, where she will stand in line for hours, haggling and hefting, crying



highway robbery! And what delicacies does she buy? Surely pickles and spices, the rarest and the best. . . . Not necessarily, it may even be noodles. So who is the wiser? And as for the obvious conclusion—that Solomon sets store by economy—this has long since been drawn. He even lunches on left-overs.

Others clean his shoes, open and sort the mail, tend the garden and the vineyards, keep his instruments polished and in tune. A few go to the well for water—a curious assignment, as the palace has had hot and cold running water for years. Perhaps he sends them to the well on purpose, to confuse the counselors. But if this occupation serves only to deceive, why not all the rest? This may well be the case. King Solomon has a staff of regular servants, quite capable of looking after his needs.

Therefore nothing has been learned. The counselors are always confronted by the same questions at nightfall, when their need to know the King is greatest. Much of the time, he sits quietly with a girl or two, pasting stamps in an album, while they massage his scalp. On festive nights, the counselors note the revelry and participate, when invited, in the dancing and carousing. Not that this enchants them; many counselors complain that the King has no taste in entertainment, that he relies, for instance, too heavily on tambourines, which he has his dancing girls flutter in their hands till the jingling gives one a headache; that much the same or better amusements can be had in the cabarets about the town which—so much for Solomon's originality—have been the source of many a spectacle of the King's court—and they even have newspaper clippings to prove the point. Nevertheless, they succumb to the King's merrymaking, and even if it makes them puke with disdain, still they lose the essential detachment. And then at the hour when the King retires to his chamber with his chosen love, all is lost, the counselors are defeated and go disgruntled to their own quarters, to lie awake or dream enviously through the night.

All the same, a pertinacious lot. What stratagems, disguising themselves as eunuchs or hiding in vases or behind the furniture to learn what goes on at night! Here, too, they have been disappointed. Though Solomon burns soft lights beside his couch, no one has witnessed anything —or at least has ever reported what he saw. At the last moment the hidden counselors have shut their eyes or turned away; no one has dared look at the King's nakedness, dared to witness his love. Still, sounds have been heard floating in deep summer air over the garden and the lily pond, mingling with the voices of frogs—but the intrusion has been its own punishment, maddening those who have overheard the King and driving them wild with lust or despair. Sooner or later, the counselors have been compelled to stopper their ears. Now when these sounds issue from the King's apartments, the counselors take up instruments and play, softly but in concert, to hide his sounds within their own.

None has seen the King's nakedness; yet all have seen him in shirt sleeves or suspenders, paunchy, loose-jowled, in need of a trim. Often in the heat of the day he appears bareheaded, and all have looked upon his baldness; sometimes he comes forth in his bare feet, and the men have observed bunions and corns. When he appears in this fashion with, say, a cigar in his mouth and circles under his eyes; his armpits showing yellowish and hairy over the arm holes of his undershirt; his wrinkles deep and his skin slack; a wallet protruding from one hip pocket and a kerchief from the other—at such moments, whether he be concerned with issues of government or merely the condition of the plumbing, he does show himself in human nakedness after all, he is much like any man, he even resembles a policeman on his day off or a small-time gambler. And sometimes, unexpectedly, he summons the cabinet to a game of pinochle—then all are aware he has again transcended them.

OF LATE, King Solomon has turned his attention to the young. He has organized bicycle races for children, entertained them with magicians, taken them on picnics and ex-

cursions to the zoo. He loves to sit on a shady bench with a youngster on either knee, a boy and a girl, about four or five in age. They pull at his beard, tug at his ears, and finger his spectacles till he can no longer see through the smudges. Sometimes, the children are his own, more often not. It makes no difference, the King has many sons and daughters. He tells stories, not nearly so amusing as they should be, old stories which the children grew tired of in the nursery, or poor inventions, rather pointless on the whole. And he seldom finishes a story but begins to nod in the telling, his words thicken and stumble; eventually he falls asleep. Solomon is a disappointment to the young, seldom will children come twice to his garden. Yet for them he is truly a king: robed and gowned, golden-sandaled, wearing a crown, his hair trimmed, his beard washed lustrous, combed, and waved, and the hairs plucked out of his nostrils.

And in this splendor, in which he seldom appears, not even for the reception of ambassadors, he loves to bounce a rubber ball and play catch with the children. He is unskilled at these games, they call him butter-fingers. A man turning sixty, an aging king.

But how clear is the expression of his eyes as he plays with the children—if only one knew what it meant! Perhaps he longs to reveal himself but does not know how; or does not know that the people await this revelation; or is unable to see beyond the children, who are bored with him. Perhaps he has nothing to reveal, and all his wisdom lies scattered from his hand: he is merely this, that, and the other, a few buildings raised, roads leveled, a number of words spoken, unthinking, on an idle afternoon. Occasionally, when he recognizes the expectation of the people, he tries to remember an appropriate saying from one of the collections he has published. Most of the time, he is unaware of all this.

The children are fretful in the garden, they wait to be delivered. They have been brought by mothers, nurses, older sisters, who stand outside the gate, looking in through the palings. The mothers and nurses whisper together, their feet and eyes and hands are restless, they look at his shining beard. Later in the afternoon, when the children have been led home, perhaps one of the older girls, one of the sisters, will enter the same garden, approach the spot where the King lies resting, lie down beside him, fold her hands upon his breast, and offer to become his slave.

2. THE QUEEN OF SHEBA

FROM all over they have come, and they keep coming, though the King is now an old man. It may be owing to his age that he has grown lenient, admitting women to concubinage whom, the counselors swear, he would have sent packing in the old days. He has reached the years when anything young looks good to him. This may not be true, there may be other reasons; but the counselors have a point in saying that the standards have fallen, and they tell the story of the Queen of Sheba.

A letter came, it was the first application to be received by mail. From a foreign country, the woman signed herself The Queen. She flattered Solomon's wisdom, word of which had reached her from afar; her own ears longed to hear his discourse, her own eyes, to behold his person. An unorthodox application, written in a powerful, forward-rushing, though feminine hand on strangely scented paper: the King said it reminded him of jungles. He inspected the postmark, clipped off the stamp, and pasted it on a page by itself in his album. His expression was hidden in his beard.

The woman meant it. Boxes began to arrive, plastered with travel stickers. They came on sand-choked, sneezing camels, in long trains, attended by drivers, natives of the Land of Sheba. The next day, more boxes, and again on the third. Gifts of all description, of money and goods, spangles and bangles for the entire court. It made an excellent impression, but Solomon, who distributed the gifts, did not seem pleased. . . . Here the counselors pretend to know the King's mind. First of all, they say, he was annoyed at having to put up so many camels, whole droves of them—his stables were crowded, and there was a shortage of feed for his own animals. Then the camel drivers, rough and barbarous men, were inflamed by the sight of Solomon's women, and the King had to double the guard and pay overtime; this killed him. But their greatest presumption lies in saying that Solomon thought, *"Adonai Elohenu!* Is she coming to stay?" No one knows what the King thought.

He may well have been glad that the Queen was coming. No queen had ever before asked to be his slave—and she was a queen for sure, and of a rich country, think of the gifts she had sent. Solomon put his economists to work and they submitted a report: the financial structure was sound, and the country led in the produc-

CHADWICK HANSEN

FOR THE STATE OF MINNESOTA

During the Second Summer Session at the University

THE State of Minnesota is a wonder.
Not the least among its paradoxes is how
When it felt like Baffin Bay last January
It can behave so equatorially now.
But however odd the weather,
What's most strange
In Minnesota is its university,
A seat of higher learning which remains,
Unquestionably,
Great,
Though it possesses an administration
Largely composed of late
Public relations men,
And a carillon which assaults the air
With *Danny Boy, Home on the Range,*
And *Meet Me in St. Louie, Louie, Meet Me*
at the Fair.

tion of myrrh, pepper, and oil. Now to be sure, the Queen's letter made no direct application; apart from the flattery, it merely said, *coming for a visit,* as an equal might say. But the interpretation was clear. An equal would not come uninvited, only one who meant to offer herself would do so—unless the Queen was rude; but the gifts she had sent took care of that. Yet as a queen, writing from her own palace, she could not have expressed the intention, it would have been treason to her own people. Nevertheless, she had every intention: otherwise, why would she have gone to the trouble? The fact is, there was rejoicing in the palace, Solomon himself led the dancing, and he declared a holiday when the Queen of Sheba arrived.

She came in a howdah, on a camel, preceded by troops of archers and trumpeters. Solomon helped her down, and washed and anointed her feet in the courtyard. This didn't come off so well. Sheba used coloring matter on her toenails and the soles of her feet, and the coloring ran; Solomon was out of practice, he tickled her feet a few times and made her laugh. The ceremony was supposed to be a solemn one, the people took it very seriously, and they were offended by her toenails—feet were supposed to be presented dusty: as for the giggling, it was unpardonable, and the priests took offense. A poor set of omens.

Besides, Sheba was not quite so young as the autographed picture, which she had sent in advance to Solomon, would have led one to expect. Her skin was nearly black, and her black hair, which she had apparently made some effort to straighten, had gone frizzled and kinky again in the heat of the desert crossing. She wore anklets of delicate chain, gold bracelets all over her arms, and jewels in both obvious and unexpected places, so that the eye was never done seeing them; their light was kept in constant agitation by the massive rhythm of her breathing, which involved her entire body. A sense of tremendous power and authenticity emanated from her breasts. Some thought she was beautiful, others, not.

No one knows what the King thought; but he may well have felt what everyone else did who came to witness her arrival—drawn, and at the same time, stunned.

But the King is glad in his heart as he leads Sheba to the table, where he has put on a great spread for her. He is attended by his court and surrounded by his women—and how lordly are his movements as he eats meat and rinses his mouth with wine! At the same time he is uneasy in the Queen's presence—after all, this is no maiden lurking in the garden to trip up to him and fold her hands upon his breast. The meal goes well enough: Sheba asks for seconds, and seems impressed with the napkins and silverware. But suddenly, right in the middle of dessert, she turns to him and demands, in front of everyone and that all may hear, that he show her his famous wisdom. This comes as something of a shock. The implication is two-fold: that so far he has spoken commonplaces; and secondly, that he is to suffer no illusions, it was really for the sake of his wisdom that she made the difficult trip. The people turn their eyes on the King, who handles the awkward moment with skill; he clears his throat on schedule, and raises his hand in the usual gesture, admonishing silence. But nothing comes.

In the official account of the visit, which Solomon had written to order, he was supposed to have

. . told her all questions: There was not anything . . . which he told her not. And when the Queen of Sheba had seen all Solomon's wisdom, and the house that he had built, and the meat of his table and the sitting of his servants . . .

etc.,

there was no more spirit in her. And she said to the King, It was a true report that I heard in mine own land, of thy acts and thy wisdom. Howbeit, I believed not the words, until I came and mine eyes had seen it; and behold, the half was not told me: Thy wisdom and prosperity exceedeth the fame which I heard. Happy are thy men . . . which stand continually before thee and that hear thy wisdom.

After which there was supposed to have been a further exchange of compliments and gifts.

Now this is not only a bit thick, it gets round the question of Solomon's wisdom. What *did* the King say, when put to it by the Queen? That there were so many feet in a mile? That all circles were round? That the number of stars visible on a clear night from a point well out of town was neither more nor less than a certain number? Did he advise her what to take for colds, give her a recipe for salad dressing, or speak of building temples and ships? Just what does a man say under the circumstances?

Certainly, he hadn't the nerve, the gall, to repeat the abominable invention to her face of the two women who disputed motherhood of a child. She would have seen through it right away. And surely he knew this was not the time to quote his sayings; besides, he always had trouble remembering them. Then what did he say?

His economists had worked up a report on the Land of Sheba. He may have sent for a copy; more likely, he knew the essential facts cold, and spoke what came to mind: industry, agriculture, natural resources. Of the financial structure, the public debt, the condition of business. Of the production of pepper, myrrh, and oil, especially oil. Grant him his wisdom.

Certainly, the Queen was impressed, but one need not suppose that the spirit was knocked out of her or that she said, "It was a true report that I heard in mine own land . . ." etc. Chances are, she paid no attention to his words (except to note the drift) but watched him as he spoke, taking in the cut of his beard, the fit of his clothes, and wondering, betimes, what sort of man he was. She saw his initial uncertainty give way and his confidence grow as he reached the meaty part of his delivery. And all along, she observed how he drew on the admiring glances of his girls, soaked up their adoration, as they lay open-mouthed on couches and rugs at his feet, all criticism suspended, incapacitated by love. Love ringed him round, love sustained him, he was the splendid heart of their hearts. She must have forgotten the heat and sand images of the desert crossing, she, too, lapped from all sides and borne gently afloat. . . .

SO MUCH, one may imagine. But the Queen spent a number of days or weeks, perhaps even a month or two in the King's company, and of what happened during the time of her stay, let alone the subsequent events of the first night, the official chronicles say nothing. A merciful omission, according to the counselors, who report that it went badly from the start. When the King had finished his discourse, they say the Queen felt called upon to answer. But words failed her, or she felt no need of words: she was the Queen. What she did was to lean forward and, in utter disregard of the company, take his head into her hands, gaze at him for a long time with a smile on her thick lips, and at last bestow on him a kiss, which landed somewhere in his beard.

Then she jumped onto the table, commanded music, and danced among the cups and bowls, the dishes and the crumpled napkins. The counselors were shocked, the girls smirked painfully, the servants held their breath. Nor was Sheba so slender as the autographed picture may have led one to believe. When she set her feet down, the table shook, and the carafes of wine and sweetened water swayed and threatened to topple. Solomon himself hastily cleared a way for her, pushing the dishes to one side; his hands were trembling. But she proceeded with the dance, the chain anklets tinkled, her fingers snapped, the many jewels she wore flashed wealthily. Her toes left marks on the tablecloth, as though animals had run there. And run she did, back and forth over the length of the table, bending over the counselors to tweak this one's nose and that one's ear. But always she glanced back to see if she had the King's eye.

She had it, darker than usual. To her, this meant that he was admiring her, gravely, as befits King and Queen, and her feet quickened. How stern he was! Already she felt the King's love, harder than any courtier's and so much more severe. She increased the tempo, the musicians scrambling to keep up with her, and whirled. Round and round she sped, drawing nearer the end of the table where the King sat. It was a dance in the style of her country, un-

known in these parts, and she did it with the abandon of a tribesgirl, though one must assume she was conscious, in her abandonment, that it was she, the Queen, none other than Sheba, who abandoned herself to King Solomon. That was the whole point of it, the mastery of the thing. Pride did not leave her face, it entered her ecstasy and raised it in degree. Already cries,



guttural, impersonal, were barking in her throat; then with a final whoop she spun round and threw herself, arms outstretched and intertwined, like one bound captive, to fall before him on the table where his meal had been.

It was a terrible mistake. The women and the counselors knew the King so much better than she, and their hearts went out in pity. The Queen had offered herself in the only way she knew—majesty, power, and reign implied—throwing herself prone with a condescending crash for the King to rise and take her. What presumption! He did not move. He sat infinitely removed, almost sorrowing over this great embarrassment. The music had stopped, there was an unbearable silence in the banquet hall. The King rumbled something deep in his beard; perhaps he was merely clearing his threat, preparatory to saying a few words (if only his wisdom did not fail him!). Some of the servants took it to mean more wine, others, more meat, still others, fingerbowls. They ran in all directions. Sheba lowered herself into her seat at the King's side. Her dark face burned. . . . Somehow the time went by, and the evening was over. Solomon led Sheba off to his chamber, as courtesy demanded. Even as she went with him, it was apparent that she still went in hope; even at the last moment. The older women wept.

DAY by day, the strain mounted. Sheba was sometimes with the King, they played chess or listened to the radio, they bent their heads over maps, discussed politics, and played croquet. But there were no festivities and she did not dance again. She bore herself with dignity, but she had grown pale, and her smile, when she forgot herself, was cringing and meek. Sometimes, when she was alone, she was seen to run her finger over the table tops and the woodwork, looking for dust. She could not bear the sight of her waiting women—lest the revival of her hope, as they did her toilet, become apparent to them—and would chase them out of the room; only to call them back, and help her prepare for an audience with the King. Finally, she quarreled with some of the girls of the harem. And when this happened, Sheba knew that the day had come and she began to pack.

A pinochle game was in progress when the Queen of Sheba, unannounced and without knocking, came into the room to say she wanted a word with the King. He dismissed his counselors, but one of them swears he managed to hide behind the draperies, where he witnessed the scene.

The King was in his undershirt, smoking a cigar. He apologized for his dishevelment and offered to repair it. The affairs of state, he explained, were so trying lately, he found he worked better in dishabille. Had he been working? asked the Queen with a smile. She thought this was some sort of game, and she fingered the cards with pictures of kings and queens. Solomon, knowing that women do not play pinochle, told her the cabinet had been in extraordinary session, trying fortunes with the picture cards. The times were good, but one must look to the future, and he offered to show her how it was done.

"No, I don't want to keep you," said the Queen of Sheba, "I beg only a few words."

"Speak," said Solomon.

"Solomon, Solomon," said the Queen, "I am going away. No, don't answer me. You will say something polite and regretful, but my decision can only be a relief to you." She paused, taking

on courage. "You must not allow this to be a disappointment to you, you must let me take the whole expense of our emotion upon myself. I did a foolish thing. I am a proud woman, being a Queen, and my pride carried me too far. I thought I would take pride in transcending pride, in offering myself to the King. But still that was pride, you did wisely to refuse me. Yes, you are wise, Solomon, let no one question your wisdom. Yours is the wisdom of love, which is the highest. But your love is love only of yourself; yet you share it with others by letting them love you—and this is next to the highest. Either way you look at it, Solomon is wise enough. Understand me—" She took a step forward, a dance step, as though she were again on the table top, but her eyes spoke a different meaning.

"I am not pleading with you that you love me or allow me to love you. For you are the King, your taking is your giving. But allow me to say, your power rests on despair. Yours is the power of drawing love, the like of which has not been seen. But you despair of loving with your own heart. I have come to tell the King he must not despair. Surely, Solomon who has built temples and made the desert flourish is a powerful king, and he has the power to do what the simplest slave girl or washerwoman of his harem can do—to love with his own heart. And if he does not have this power, it will come to him, he need only accept the love which it is his nature to call forth in everyone, especially in us poor women. This is his glory. Rejoice in it, O King, for you are the King!"

The counselor who hid behind the drapes said he regretted his action, to see how his King stood burdened before the Queen. His own heart filled with loving shame. Solomon looked lost, deprived of his power, as though the years in the palace and the garden had never been. He made an effort to stand dignified in his undershirt, he bore his head as though he were wearing the crown, but it was pitiful to see him.

"The Queen is wise," said he. Then he broke down, and the counselor did not hear his next words. He did hear him say that the Queen was magnificent, that she had the courage of lions and tigers . . . but by now his head was lowered. Suddenly, he clasped the Queen to his breast in an embrace of farewell, and the Queen smiled and stroked his curly beard. They did not immediately take leave of each other, but went on to speak of other matters. Before the Queen of Sheba left the country, King Solomon had leased her oil lands for ninety-nine years.

But on the day of her departure, he stood bareheaded in the crowded courtyard to watch her set out, with her trumpeters and archers mounted on supercilious camels. He extended his hand to help her up, and she, with her free hand, chucked him under the chin. Then she leaned out of the howdah to cry, "Long live the King!" King Solomon stood with bowed head to receive the ovation. Now more than ever they yearned for him.

When Sheba moved off, at the head of the procession, Solomon led the people onto the roof, to watch the camels file across the sand. He stood till evening fell, and the rump of the last plodding animal had twitched out of sight beyond the sand hills. Then he averted his face and wept silently lest the people see their King's tears.

3. WITH HIS FATHERS

SO THE counselors have a point when they say the standards have fallen. Once the Queen of Sheba herself was unable to make it; and now, look. But no wonder, her like will not come again, and besides, Solomon is old. He has been running the country forty years, and has begun to speak of retiring; but the people know he will never retire, and so they whisper, it is time for the King to die.

How does this strike him? To look at him—his beard is white, his spotted hands shake, he walks bent, his eyes are rheumy and dim—to look at him one would suppose he dwells on the thought of death. But he is no better known now than he was in his prime. The only certainty is that the King is old.

But what follows from this, how does it reveal him? Or this?—that he had an attack of pleurisy not long ago, and since then his side has been taped. And what does it mean to say that he now has more women than ever cluttering up the palace, one thousand in all, including seven hundred wives? (Is it merely that the standards have fallen?) It was necessary to tear down the harem (while the women, to everyone's displeasure, were quartered in the town) and raise a new building, so large it has taken up ground formerly allotted to the garden. They are a great source of trouble to him, these women, and the counselors complain—that's where all the money is going, to support the harem. Harem? Why, it's a whole population, the country will be ruined! And the priests complain, every week they send fresh ultimatums, objecting to the fact that so many of Solomon's girls are heathen; they have even accused him of idolatry and

threatened him with loss of the Kingdom and the wrath of God. And the people grumble, it's a shame, when they find his women loitering in beauty shops or quarreling right out in the open, as they have begun to do, in the very streets. But Solomon ignores the discontent and goes on collecting women as he once collected stamps.

Why? Or what does this mean?—that he seldom takes the trouble to interview applicants, but establishes a policy for several months, during which time the rule is, no vacancies. Then he will change the rule and take on newcomers by the dozen, most of whom he does not even see, the work being done by the counselors. And how complicated the work has become, compared with the old days, when all that was necessary was for a girl to lie down beside the King with her hands upon his breast. Now there are forms to fill out and letters of recommendation to obtain, several interviews and a medical examination to go through, and even then the girls must wait until their references have been checked. The filing cabinets have mounted to the ceiling. What sense does it make?

And above all in view of the following? The counselors vouch for it, they swear they have seen the proof. That King Solomon now takes to bed, not with a virgin, as his father, David,



did in his old age, or even with a dancing girl, but with a hot water bottle. If this report is true, then doesn't something follow? For this is the extreme, between life and death, where all thoughts meet; an extreme, not a mean; and a wrong guess is impossible, everything is true, as at the topmost point, where all direction is down. It follows that he warms his hands on the water bottle, presses it to his cheek, passes it down along his belly.

Now when he thinks of his prime, he of all men must wonder: what was the glory of the King? Who bestowed the power, and what did it consist in? When he had it, he did not consider, and now it is gone. Passing the rubber bottle down to his feet and digging with his toes for warmth, he sees he did everything possible in his life, and left no possibility untouched, of manhood, statesmanship, love. What else can a man do? There is no answer. Except to say, he was in God's grace then? And now no longer? Or is he still in a state of grace, witness the water bottle at his feet? And perhaps he is only being tried, and may look forward to even greater rewards? Such are the advantages of being a believer. If he were one, he would know—at least believe that he knew. But a man who knows only that once love was with him, which now is no more—what does he know, what shall he believe, old, exhausted, shivering alone in bed at night with a hot water bottle, when all's quiet in the palace? And if all's not quiet, that's no longer his concern.

No, if there were any rewards, he'd settle for a good night's sleep. But sleep does not come. He hears strange noises in the apartment, scratching. . . . Mice? He must remember to speak to the caretakers. . . . At last he drowses off, to sleep a while. And if he does not sleep? Or later, when he wakes, and it is still the same night? . . . Does he think of the Queen of Sheba and wonder, whom is she visiting now? Does he remember how she danced upon the table? Or the song he wrote soon after her departure, with her words still fresh in his mind, when he resolved to pour out his love for her, but from the very first line poured out, instead, her love for him? *Let him kiss me with the kisses of his mouth, for thy love is better than wine.* It has been years since he heard from her. . . .

Meanwhile, the bottle has grown cold. Shall he ring for another? He shifts the bottle, kneads it between his knees. *And be thou like a young hart upon the mountains of spices.* Look forward, look back, to darkness, at the light, both ways blind. He raises the bottle to his breast; it does not warm him. He gropes for the cord, and while his hand reaches, he thinks, as he has thought so many times, there is a time and a season for everything, a time to be born and a time to die. Is it time now? They will lay him out, washed, anointed, shrouded. They will fold his arms across his chest, with the palms turned in, completing the figure. Now his own hands will lie pressed to his breast, and he will sleep with his fathers.

Peter F. Drucker

WILL THE COLLEGES *blow their tops?*

Your children may find it surprisingly hard to get into *any* college . . . and their education may cost you more than you think. A report on the explosive pressures which are about to hit our universities.

IF YOU are a parent with two or three children, the chances are that you will "buy" up to $36,000 worth of college and university education—a full tenth or more of your lifetime earnings. Even if you are childless, you will still be stuck with a bill for other people's children—through taxes and contributions. The financing of higher education affects everybody's pocketbook. It is the central problem of American education, and there is a great deal more at stake than mere money and taxes.

The problem is a paradoxical one. We do not yet know how to pay for the higher education we have, let alone for the amount we must have a decade or two hence. Yet the greatest weakness of our present system is that it attempts to do "on the cheap" what can only be done by spending a great deal more money.

College education in the United States is rapidly becoming "general" education. But in its economic foundation it is still predominantly "class" education for a small group of the wealthy or exceptionally able. Today we have two and a half million students in colleges and universities. By 1975 the college population will be at least seven and a half millions—a little less than 50 per cent of the eligible age groups. The jump in high-school graduates alone—20 per cent of the eligible age group a generation ago, almost 80 per cent today—would of itself make inevitable such an explosion in college enrollments. And even seven and a half million college and university students will hardly be adequate to supply the country's need for educated men and women twenty years hence.

It is fashionable in academic circles to hope that the explosion will not occur . . . or at least that one's own school will escape the blast. An individual college may, perhaps, be able to command the shock waves to pass around it, but this only means that others will grow faster.

When, for instance, the University of California in Los Angeles tried to slow down the rate of expansion by raising admission standards, San Diego State College immediately began to grow twice as fast. When San Diego in turn raised its standards, other colleges in Southern California began to mushroom. And when they jacked up their standards, the wheel came full circle; enrollments in the new "community colleges" of the University of California—such as Riverside—shot up.

The fact is that colleges and universities have got to grow, and to grow they must have money. But even if they get the money, can they continue to be the kinds of institutions we are used to? For three hundred years we have experimented with more and more kinds of colleges and universities—with the residential principle deeply embedded in their traditions. Is this a luxury we can continue to afford, or will our universities have to become monstrous city day schools?

In almost every college it costs more to educate a student than the college charges him for tuition. Part of this cost is faculty salaries, part is capital investment in physical plant, part is administration. But it is not only these costs that are worrying educators. They are also concerned about the financial burden that families who want to send their children to college must carry.

Let's look at each of these aspects of the financial nightmare.

(1) ***The tuition deficit.*** What it costs a college or university to educate a student varies tremendously from college to college, from department to department within the college, and even between age groups in the same department. Think, for example, how much more it costs to train a young man who majors in physics, with all the elaborate equipment he requires,

than one who studies foreign languages. Think how much less it costs to educate a student who attends large lecture courses with standard "true and false" tests than one who sits in small classes of fifteen, or in seminars. Conservative authorities, such as the National Merit Scholarship Corporation which was recently created by large grants from the Ford and Carnegie Foundations, estimate that the minimum gap between what the student pays and what he costs the college is about equal to the charge for tuition. That is, about $600 per student.

With two and one-half million students in colleges and universities today, the tuition deficit runs to at least a billion and a half a year. By 1975 it will amount to five billion at a minimum . . . even if faculty salaries should stay right where they are. But, of course, they won't.

(2) ***The cost of faculty.*** The budget for faculty salaries is going to have to go up. Even if classes are much larger than they are today, and each instructor teaches more students, we are going to need by 1975 more than twice our present supply of college teachers. We now have 225,000, and we will need half a million. Where will they come from?

We will have to recruit practically all of that half-million, for few of the present faculty will be left for the job twenty years hence. We are losing 10,000 of the present faculty each year through death, retirement, or resignation. Even if every qualified graduate with a higher degree were to go into teaching we would be seriously short of teachers; of the 50,000 or so men and women who get advanced degrees each year (44,000 masters and 5,000 to 6,000 doctors) the great majority are trained in professional schools, which do not, as a rule, prepare for a teaching career. Of those who are qualified—perhaps 12,000 or so each year—fewer and fewer actually become teachers; of this year's crop, at most 6,000 will actually accept any kind of academic employment. Total faculty personnel is thus shrinking when it should be expanding, and college teachers—rather than water, petroleum, or uranium—may well become our scarcest and most critical resource.

The problem is not just one of money. In the last twenty years academic life has seemed much less attractive to young men and women, and other careers beckon them with increasing persuasiveness.

I talked recently to the dean of a major university which prides itself on its reputation for scholarship and academic freedom, and he told me about the tight situation his own assistant professors face. The typical assistant professor has a Ph.D. degree, is thirty-four years old and married, with two or three children. He spends twelve hours a week in the classroom, five hours in committee meetings, fifteen hours in conferences with students, preparing lectures, and correcting papers, and seven hours "voluntarily" advising on all kinds of university chores ranging from work for the Air Force to Ford Foundation projects—a total of thirty-nine hours a week of regular university work. To make enough to live on he has to teach summer school, and this cuts his vacation to four or five weeks a year.

This load does not seem intolerable, but he is expected also to be a "productive" scholar. He must, for example, contribute without extra pay one big chapter to a university-sponsored publication each year. He is under pressure to publish at least two learned papers, the subjects of which are often assigned to him by his senior professor. He is also expected to "have a book" every three years—and more likely than not he has to pay to get it published. The subjects he teaches are assigned by the department, and so are the books he must use. He has to be a "specialist," for there is nothing so suspect as a "man without a specialty." *He is on an annual contract and has no job security nor promise of severance pay.* "Tenure" exists only for full and associate professors; and his chance of becoming an associate is one in four and then not until he is forty.

To regain its attractions, academic life needs radically to improve working conditions for younger faculty. It needs to offer greater job security, systematic ways of creating promotional opportunities, decent personnel management, and, above all, less pressure for intellectual overspecialization.

Morale is, however, not everything; money is also a major factor in the faculty problem.

This was brought home to me very sharply last year when, in short order, six young men and women came to me and asked my help in finding jobs outside of teaching. Each one of these six was recognized as a "comer" by his own colleagues and by university authorities. Each one carried big and important teaching assignments and was known as a brilliant teacher. They worked in major universities with comparatively high pay scales. Each one of these six young people loved teaching and academic life, and reached the decision to leave only after months of internal struggle. Yet every one of them came to the conclusion: that he simply

could not afford to go on teaching. And—this is the real moral of the story—I was able with but little effort to find for every one of the six a job in business, in journalism, or in industrial research. In every single case the new jobs paid at least twice as much as the university had paid, and more than it could be expected to pay until another ten or fifteen years of teaching.

The entire salary level of the academic profession will have to be raised—and doubling it will barely be adequate. We are now paying about $800,000,000 a year in faculty salaries. By 1975, assuming the same purchasing power of the dollar, we will have to pay twice as much to more than twice as many people—or about four billions. (The entire income from the recent Ford Foundation gift for faculty salaries comes to only ten million dollars a year and is spread out over 615 colleges—only a drop, though a welcome one, in the bucket.)

(3) ***Residential or non-residential.*** If we transform our college system into a predominantly non-residential one, we can get by during the next fifteen or twenty years with an additional ten to fifteen billion dollars or so for buildings and equipment. If, however, we try to stick to our present, predominantly residential, system with its sleeping, eating, and recreational facilities, we may have to spend forty to forty-five billion dollars during the same period. The astronomical quality of these figures takes on a semblance of reality when you consider that facilities for five million additional students represents twice as much as all the college plants that have been built in America since Harvard was founded in 1636.

It is fashionable in academic circles to speak rather slightingly of "bricks and mortar" and yet to extol the unique virtues of the residential college. This is inconsistent—dangerously so. If we, as a nation, want to maintain the residential college we will have to give high priority to "bricks and mortar," we may even have to subordinate other needs (such as adequate faculty salaries) to the voracious demands for money for buildings and facilities. This may well be the right decision. The original need for the residential college in a sparsely settled, agricultural country has of course disappeared now that two-thirds of our people live in or around metropolitan areas; but the residential college may indeed offer unique advantages and values. Still, we ought to realize that we face a major decision whether we can afford to retain the predominantly residential character of our colleges; we may even have to decide between preserving residential education and accepting government control in order to obtain the financial support the residential system requires.

(4) ***The family budget of higher learning.*** The final problem is the biggest and cloudiest of all: the cost of higher education to the American family.

College presidents are fond of pointing out that the cost of attending college has gone up less than almost any other major item in the family budget. Statistically this is correct, but it may be irrelevant.

What was a minor cost for the wealthy to whom the colleges looked for their students a generation ago, is today a very large sum to the middle-class family, and an unbearable burden for the 50 per cent of families whose income is below the national average.

It is not uncommon today for a middle-class family to have three children in college at the same time. This means that the bill will run from $4,500 to $6,000 a year, an all but unbearable charge for the family with an $8,000 to $10,000 income. Yet such a family (a bureau chief of a government agency would be in this bracket) would not be considered deserving of scholarship aid by most college administrators who still measure scholarship need by annual family income rather than by the burden of educational costs on the family.

QUESTIONS THAT BREED QUESTIONS

IT IS the primary purpose of this article to raise questions rather than to give answers. But some answers to this financial dilemma have been proposed by educators. Let's look for a moment at two of the most common proposals.

First: there are those who believe that the problem of financing higher education can be solved by more undergraduate scholarships.

It is becoming obvious that new scholarships have to be accompanied by "cost of education" grants to the college; that is, payments to cover the cost of educating a student over and above the amount charged for tuition. The recent scholarship plans of Sears Roebuck, of General Motors, and of the National Merit Scholarship Corporation all have taken this into account. But no amount of scholarship money can possibly bridge the gap, except in a few selective cases, between the costs of going to college and the means available to the average family. Might

it not therefore be better to use available new funds to set up graduate scholarships?

Our real problem is not to get more youngsters into the colleges; it is not even to get more able youngsters there. The real problem of enrollment is to get more able undergraduates into graduate and professional schools, and to get more able graduates to go into teaching.

Second: there are many who think that the character of American education can be maintained only through support of the small private college.

The aim of current campaigns to maintain an unregimented and "mixed" system of higher education in this country is, of course, absolutely sound. But indiscriminate support of the small, private school—for no other reason than that it is small and private—is by no means the whole answer. Of the 1,800 institutions of higher learning in this country two-thirds are so small—fewer than 750 students or so—as to be marginal both educationally and financially. Yet no two of these marginal schools are alike.

Some of them have capacity both intellectually and physically for tremendous growth. A good example is North Park College just outside of Chicago which is affiliated with one of the smallest Protestant denominations, the Mission Covenant Church with 500 congregations and 54,000 communicants. North Park started out as a junior college. Two years ago it converted into a four-year college. Now it is engaged in raising its size from 500 to 1,300 students. It has had all along many of the basic facilities—auditorium, library, chapel—needed for a 1,300-student four-year college; it just has not utilized them to the full. And while it still needs $4,000,000 in building funds, the affiliated congregations—precisely because they are small and this is their one and only school—have already pledged well over two million.

But a great many small colleges can survive only if they team up with other and stronger institutions. In North Carolina, for instance, three Presbyterian-supported junior colleges—total enrollment 500—are being replaced by one four-year school at Laurinburg with an enrollment of 1,200.

Some of these marginal colleges might join with the giant universities in co-operative development plans. We certainly do not want institutions with 70,000 or more students under one roof—if only because they subordinate education to administration, and excellence, whether of student or teacher, to procedures. Yet, the ten or twenty largest institutions in the country may reach such size within a decade. If instead of growing themselves these giants were to help some smaller affiliated institutions in their area to grow, everybody might gain. The small college might be supplied with administrative and financial guidance and with the attraction of membership in a big-university faculty, while the institutional dropsy and paralysis of the giant would be offset by the independence of the affiliate.

There are a good many—too many—small private colleges which have not enough to offer, cannot grow, and will not survive—if only because they will not be able to attract new faculty in an era of teacher shortage. Yet it is precisely these that are likely to get the largest share of our very scarce financial resources if we concentrate on supporting indiscriminately the "small, private school"—simply because they already are in desperate financial straits.

MONEY CHASING

LACK of planning is the greatest weakness of today's approach to the financial crisis of higher education. There are notable exceptions both in large universities and small colleges. But far too many institutions still chase money for individual projects—or just chase money. Far too many base their fund-raising on appeals for the maintenance of the status quo.

Each individual institution needs a plan based on thorough consideration of its educational aims and teaching methods. Too many colleges, for instance, base their building plans on the dubious compromise of the "not-so-very large" class of forty to fifty students. Yet every experienced teacher knows that this is far too large a group for class discussion or individual work and is no better for a lecture course than a group of a hundred. Growth goals, educational aims, curriculum, faculty needs, research plans, facilities planning, architecture, and money need to be pulled together into one integrated program.

Equally important is the decision each college must make between residential and non-residential growth. An increasing number of families soon will be able to afford only non-residential colleges. Their children will have to save money by living at home and by working part-time to help pay for their tuition.

So unless we develop a greater number of universities that are a combination—both residential and non-residential—it is conceivable that American higher education may eventually become entirely non-residential. Some of the large insti-

Forward, Turn Forward,
O Time in Thy Flight

Atlanta, Georgia, Feb. 10 (UP):

ANYTHING we in Georgia can do to preserve the memory of the Confederacy is a step forward.

—Denmark Groover
State Representative

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tutions in or near metropolitan centers—Columbia, for instance, and Harvard—have long admitted "day students" without losing their character as residential institutions.

But there still is another possibility that big universities might well consider. They might "contract out" students in their freshman and sophomore years either to new, non-residential institutions which are set up as part of the university or to existing, but presently marginal, small schools. These students might then be admitted to residence at the parent university for their junior and senior years. Or the reverse might be feasible—to have freshmen and sophomores in residence, and juniors and seniors living at home. (Oxford has long used a somewhat similar scheme.)

Finally, colleges need to plan regionally as well as individually. Look for example at what is happening now in Illinois. Both the University of Chicago and Northwestern can still increase enrollment without straining their facilities, while the University of Illinois, with its tax subsidy for every in-state student, is bursting its bounds. The University of Illinois has had to build an expensive new campus in the southern part of the state and is about to build an even more expensive new campus in Chicago. Would it not be better, let alone cheaper, to adopt the suggestion made by President David Dodds Henry of the University of Illinois, to offer an in-state student the amount he costs the state if he goes to Illinois and let him spend the money to pay tuition at Chicago or Northwestern if he so desires? It would save the state the expense of building a new campus, at least for a few years.

The major conclusion from this outline of the financial crisis of higher education still has to be stated: No matter how good our planning, the financial needs of higher education over the next two decades cannot be met with the resources now available or in sight—including student fees, gifts from individuals, corporations, and foundations, and state or city taxes.

The problem is not one of finding new donors to take the place of the individual rich man of fifty years ago. Indeed private giving to higher education is far higher already than it has ever been. The problem is not primarily one of meeting the costs of inflation. The real problem is that the educational explosion has already blown the inherited financial foundation of American higher education sky-high. We shall have to build an entirely new one—and build it fast.

Today the total annual expenditure of higher education, including capital investment, is probably around five billion dollars. Twenty years hence it may exceed twenty-five billion dollars. At the same time the annual expenditure of grade and secondary schools will also rise from about ten billion dollars today (for all schools, public, private, and parochial) to twenty to twenty-five billion dollars.

The total annual cost of education to the American people will therefore rise from some fifteen billion today to fifty billions by 1975—with higher education increasing its share from one-third to one-half of the total budget.

Today about four cents out of every dollar of national income is spent for education. Even if we assume a doubling of national income, we will have to spend seven to eight cents out of every dollar on education twenty years hence.

FUNDS TO BE TAPPED

THIS means that we cannot dismiss the possibility that federal money will have to become the financial foundation of higher education in America. Yet very few of us would welcome this solution, for reasons that are perfectly sound. Nothing would be less desirable than government control of American higher education—for government finance has meant government control of higher education in every other country. Serious thought therefore must be given to how the principles of our higher education can be preserved, despite dependence on government support. We must consider what safeguards would be needed, what new agencies might be created to administer the government grants, and what form government support

might take to do the most good and the least harm. If we fail to do this we run the risk of finding ourselves—suddenly and in financial panic—rushing into the worst kind of "Ministry of Education"—something on the French or Italian model perhaps, uncontrolled and uncontrollable, rigid, pedantic, timid, and yet all-powerful.

But at the same time we also need to work on the much more challenging but also much more difficult job: to find a new, truly "private," and yet adequate financial foundation for an American system of *general* higher education.

WE ARE, perhaps, overlooking some of the most fruitful sources of solving the problem, sources much more agreeable to us than those which threaten government control. Maybe the way in which we have attacked another crisis of American growth—medical and hospital care—may point a direction for coping with the educational explosion. Thirty years ago a compulsory government health plan appeared to be the only way to provide adequate medical and hospital care to the American people. Yet today these services are being handled pretty well through voluntary community organizations and insurance. To be sure, we shall in all probability need some government support—both in money and organizationally—to take care of a small, marginal part of the problem. But we already cover 65 per cent of the risks for 65 per cent of the population, and we are rapidly developing the means—such as "major medical cost insurance"—to cover 90 per cent of the risks for some 80 per cent of the population.

Similarly, in every other country the research necessary for an expanding economy is primarily provided by government—or is not provided at all. But here we have during the last twenty-five years increased research expenditures from one-tenth of one per cent to one per cent of national income largely through the private efforts of universities and businesses.

This suggests that the family itself is the first source of support for higher education. Must the family necessarily be overwhelmed by the cost of college? Take for example the family with three children. The cost of giving these children a college education will be around $36,000, of which the family will be expected to pay $18,000 to $20,000. If this sum is considered a charge against the family income during the years the children actually attend college, it is a very heavy burden for all but the very well-to-do. But if this college cost is considered a charge against family income during the entire earning life of the parent—that is against the $160,000 to $320,000 which a middle-class or even of a working-class father now earns during his lifetime—the charge is less of a burden than the cost of rent, of clothing, or of food, and no more than the expenditure for recreation.

We already have some applications of this idea in a few union contracts providing for scholarships for the children of employees. Industry might well experiment further with such plans—particularly for white-collar employees—as a promising approach to both employee benefits and to financing education.

Or take the case of the college graduate himself. His education has cost $6,000 to $12,000, paid partly by him and partly by the school. As a result of this investment, however, his earning power has been increased by 50 per cent—or by at least $100,000 over his earning life. Is it totally unrealistic to expect of him that he split this increase nine to one with the school—that is, to return, over a period of forty years, $10,000 to higher education?

It is the fashion today to stress the tremendous dangers to educational values this educational explosion is creating, and the obstacles it will throw up against the superior education of the exceptional individual. Certainly these dangers are real. But in our justified concern with them, we had better not overlook the audacity of the very idea of higher education as *general* education—its challenge and opportunity, the achievement that made it possible even to entertain it, and the national commitment to the value of education which it implies.

Perhaps we are also too frightened today by the financial and economic problems. We should not forget that they are the result of a noble aspiration: to make higher education in America a "classless" education. We are still trying to solve the financial problems by finding new "class" sources of income, especially in the big business corporations. It is proper that business enterprise, our new center of productive wealth and financial power, should support education; business as an employer is a major beneficiary of higher education and could not exist, let alone prosper, without it. But even in the short run, business alone could not provide the financial blood transfusions needed to keep higher education alive. In the long run, reliance on any one source is a mistake if what we honestly strive for is a "classless" higher education. For this there can be only one foundation: support by all the people.

JOHN BETJEMAN

THREE POEMS

Drawing by Heidi Lenssen



The Weary Journalist

HERE, on this far North London height
I sit and write and write and write;
I pull the nothings from my head
And weigh them round with lumps of lead
Then plonk them down upon the page
In finely simulated rage.
Whither Democracy? I ask
And What the Nature of her Task?
Whither Bulgaria and Peru?
What Crisis are they passing through?
Before my readers can reply
Essential Factors flutter by,
Parlous, indeed, is their condition
Until they find a Key Position.
To keep their Tendencies in Check
I push them through a Bottleneck
From which they Challenge me and Frown
And Fling their Tattered Gantlets down
And Vital Problems sit and trill
Outside upon my window sill
And Lies are wrapped around in Tissues
And oh! the crowds of Vital Issues.
I ache in all my mental joints
Nigh stabbed to death by Focal Points.
But all the time I know, I know
That ev'ry twinkling light below
Shines on a Worker in his Vest
(True symbol of the Great Oppress'd)
And he, like all unheeding fools,
Is filling in his football pools.

Seaside Golf

How straight it flew, how long it flew,
  It clear'd the rutty track
And soaring, disappeared from view
  Beyond the bunker's back—
A glorious, sailing, bounding drive
That made me glad I was alive.

And down the fairway, far along
  It glowed a lonely white;
I played an iron sure and strong
  And clipp'd it out of sight,
And spite of grassy banks between
I knew I'd find it on the green.

And so I did. It lay content
  Two paces from the pin;
A steady putt and then it went
  Oh, most securely in.
The very turf rejoiced to see
That quite unprecedented three.

Ah! seaweed smells from sandy caves
  And thyme and mist in whiffs,
In-coming tide, Atlantic waves
  Slapping the sunny cliffs,
Lark song and sea sounds in the air
And splendor, splendor everywhere.

A Child Ill

Oh, little body, do not die.
  The soul looks out through wide blue eyes
So questioningly into mine,
  That my tormented soul replies:
"Oh, little body, do not die.
  You hold the soul that talks to me
Although our conversation be
  As wordless as the windy sky."

So looked my father at the last
  Right in my soul, before he died,
Though words we spoke went heedless past
  As London traffic-roar outside.
And now the same blue eyes I see
  Look through me from a little son,
So questioning, so searchingly
  That youthfulness and age are one.

My father looked at me and died
  Before my soul made full reply.
Lord, leave this other Light alight—
  Oh, little body, do not die.



A Story by Sherry Mangan

Drawings by Oscar Liebman

A Question of PRINCIPLE

WHEN the barefoot maid asked, "Since Doña Maggie is so late, does the señor wish to dine alone?" Pat Callahan, refusing, remembered the last time she had been late. Then he had been overwhelmed by such tenderness that he had embraced her till she was breathless, rattling on about buttoning overcoats and crossing streets and wearing rubbers, and felt blissful and inexpressible gratitude for her existence and love. She had been as absurd as he, saying—and meaning—that she was a selfish gadabout to keep him cage-pacing about dinner and worrying about her. So when he had released her to arm's length, the sense of the already fifteen good years of it made their eyes fill before they sat down to table and fell into one of their usual hilarious arguments.

Now he opened the cottage's front door, pot-watching, and looked with unconscious hope at the big open gate. The night, moonless, was dark at eye-level though the Bolivian sky had that almost painful brilliance that only dry-season atmosphere at over a mile high can give.

"Come on, lamb, shake it up," he muttered in the vague direction of town, and went back to slide-rule the next step of the problem he had continued past working hours to dull his impatience.

He had pretty well lost himself in it for five minutes and was copying off a notation when, one on top of the other, came the motor sound, the headlights, and the scream—not just a scream scream, but the piercingest ripped-out explosion that human breath could produce. By the time he reached the front door he was running, but the headlights' dazzle prevented him from seeing past to where she kept crying, "Pat! Pat!" with terrified and terrifying urgency. He was moving so fast that he did not make the mental connection when Chummy, the landlord's white spitz, flashed past him with a bloody muzzle.

It was not till he had his arms about her that she stopped calling his name and told him, "I'd no sooner touched my foot to the ground than Chummy came from nowhere and bit me. To the bone—I heard his teeth grate on it. Oh, Pat, Pat, I'm frightened!" As he swung her up in his arms to carry her in, he noticed vaguely that it was Bob Anderson who had driven her home and was now making voiceless gestures of help. He put her in the big chair, kicked the pouf close for a footstool, and then knelt to look, surprised at the smallness of the mashed pulped area at the ankle. Their own puppy, the black cocker bitch Butch, was utterly panicked, leaped to her lap, and cowered whimpering; so that Pat had to wait over a minute till Maggie had calmed herself by calming the trembling thing.

Anderson had just started to ask, "Is there anything I can—?" when Pat cut in with, "Just

stand by," kissed the top of Maggie's head while he squeezed her shoulder hard, said, "Doctor Kugler, of course. Take it easy, kid, while I call him," and bolted out the cottage's side door toward the big house where the landlord had a phone.

As he ran through the hedge-lined path, he saw Chummy, not skulking but uncharacteristically snarling at bay, and though he thought rabies and felt murder, he was in too much of a hurry to kill him.

He did not even knock, but strode over to where Señor Prieto was staring up from replacing the hand-piece on the hall phone. As he dialed Kugler's number, with strokes so emphatic that their anger made him feel a little ridiculous, he said, "I haven't complained how Chummy picks the spot outside our bedroom window every night to bark all the other dogs in town awake. Nor warned you when that half of his face torn away in last week's fight didn't heal, and he began to act aggressively. But by God, now that he's bitten my wife, you go destroy him. And if not, I—hello, Doctor." He explained, tersely, and slammed back the hand-piece in time to see the face, beautiful even in its startled gawp, of the Señora Prieto appear over the banister high above.

"What," she asked, "has Rintintina done now?"

"Nothing, naturally, Doña Claribela," he snapped. "It was Chummy. Will you—" he stared at his landlord again "—deal with the dog? We'll need the brain." He waited just long enough to catch Prieto's sad slow nod, and was through the door again. As he pounded the path homeward, contempt toward the woman filled him: ever since the once that her children's characterless chow Rintintina had nipped back at her precious animated dishmop Glamorosita, any occasion served her to try to doom the poor thing.

ODDLY enough, grounds for contempt awaited him also at home, redolent of Sulfonaphthol and gabble. For Anderson, though he had had the sense not to await his return before organizing a basin of medicated boiled water, cotton batting, and alcohol, was revealed spreading newspapers over the carpet; while the maid Honorata, apparently feeling that they lacked a suitable sense of drama, was correcting their deficiency by explaining to Maggie that she was wounded, that it was terrible, and that the merciful Virgin alone knew what would happen. He felt like an apprentice saint for the restraint of his gesture dismissing her to the kitchen, a gesture in which the threat of an avalanche of kicks was nevertheless implicit; but felt ashamed of his jealous relief that Anderson because of his newspapers had not yet arrived at the point of touching her ankle. He gestured good-willing Bob to the decanter of cheap local brandy on the sideboard as he knelt to strip off the stocking.

By analogy with the surgeon's-taping he had felt on his own hog-bristle chest when he had pleurisy, he had the luck to jerk just right at the point of the wound, and was so relieved at her not reacting that he himself had to react by wisecracking about the third of a tumbler of raw spirits that she gulped down a minute later:

"Baby, I never knew you were such a sensitive plant about alcohol: why, I could palpate right through your ankle-bone the jolt that shot made when it hit your stomach."

As he squeezed and taped, he was grateful that his big hands were less clumsy than they looked, and supposed that it was because tenderness was controlling them. They did not jar even when he himself jarred at the outrageous slam, outrageously repeated, of nearby shotgun blasts, followed by shouts and the pound of running feet. The windows were by now flickering crazily with powerful flashlight sweeps, and when, at the sharper crack of what he supposed was a revolver, she stirred a little uneasily, he felt suddenly nervous for her.

"You all right?" he asked, looking up.

"Sure, I'm all right."

Unsatisfied, he put his palms high against her calves, pressed them lightly, and asked again: "*Really* all right?"

Her held breath sighed out in a relief that ended in a chuckle, and he felt her muscles relax:

"Yes, you mug, really all right." And then, as he looked up at her again in his own relief, she added, "I know the obstetricians say they've never lost a father yet; but maybe I should ask back, 'Are *you* all right?' "

Worry made him stupid just the split-second necessary to answer, "Sure, I'm all right," before he was made aware that he had led with his chin by her bursting into that wonderful guffaw that they called her silvery tinkle, and then, sheepish, he knew it was all really all right.

When he squeezed the surgical alcohol over the wound, she let her breath out again in a

different way; but it was only when he was dusting on the sulfa powder that she said, "And to think that I supposed, after all these years with you, that I knew about the effects of alcohol."

And, Bob or no Bob, he kissed the nearest point of a leg and thought, If I am not crying, I must be growing up at last. And then laid on the loose compress.



SO THEN they had time for a few easier breaths and looking around—a conjuncture seized on by Anderson to beat a panic but hearty retreat, which relaxed everything even further. Thus quite some minutes must have quietly passed when they heard the bracing sound of Kugler's car. With his elegant Czech-German formality, he greeted her as a woman before he even allowed himself to glance at the wound. Kneeling for a long careful look under the loose dressing, he finally approved the home-made measures with a nod, and limited himself to taping it on.

"Before we talk about it," said Pat, "thanks for being so prompt."

"No trouble except that I was alone with my little girl, so I had to bring her along in the car."

"Will she stay in it? Because there *is* a possibly mad dog loose. We're somewhat beleaguered here."

"Statistically there has been no rabies in this middle valley for twenty-four years"—Kugler waved it away—"so that . . ." A broadside of shotgun blasts interrupted him, and Pat could see his pupils dilate a little. "Of course. They would be hunting it. That *is* dangerous. These Bolivians. First they would kill her and then ask her whether she was a mad dog. Excuse me."

They waited. Pat looked at the petrified Butch and had an idea. So when Kugler returned with the seven-year-old, he whooshed her and Butch all noisy-excited into the big bedroom, and shivered a little as he heard another volley of shots ring out.

"We are very lucky," said Kugler, "in this benighted city where you cannot in ordinary practice get even a bacteriological urinalysis done, that there is for this the Inter-American Public Hygiene Service. Doctor Anastasio Savedra. An absolutely first-rate man who was previously helpless, but now with this new North American equipment . . ." He spread his hands. "If these hysterical Nimrods ever hit the accursed thing . . . You told them we shall want the brain? Good. But it is Saturday night, and Savedra is probably gone to the country. Ach. It may even have to be refrigerated till Monday morning."

Maggie's housewifely instincts visibly heaved, then she remembered and said: "Don't worry: they have two electric refrigerators, so they can concentrate all the food in the other one."

"If they want me to decapitate . . ." Kugler was beginning helpfully, when the next volley's being followed by shouts of triumph pulled him up.

"Ah. Good." Then, resuming, "No. It is not my dog: let them use an axe or something, or just stuff it in." He let it go, then unprofessionally took Maggie's nearer hand to say, "Señora Callahán, your natural shock need not be complicated by worry about consequences. The possibility of rabies is practically excluded. It seems to be the only plague that this unhappy country has been mysteriously spared. And the laboratory analysis will doubtless confirm the already overwhelming probability. Furthermore there is no hurry. Even in the unlikeliest case of a positive report, we have a safe period of fifteen days in which to start injecting the vaccine. So-o-o," he drawled out with the German zed, and smiled with sudden brilliance. "And even the pain should not go beyond a heavy throbbing." He looked at her keenly. "You were fearing cauterization? No. Relax."

A concentration of flashlights made Pat look at the window in time to see the Prietos' seventeen-year-old son carrying the body of Chummy,

and a trick of reflection from the porch light revealed him to be crying.

"Well," said Kugler. "I shall not bother you further. I shall make the laboratory arrangements directly with the Señores Prieto and Savedra. Phone me in the unlikely case anything unusual develops. But otherwise just rest and do not worry."

When he had collected his daughter, he was, with duly Teutonic formality, seen out.

And then suddenly it was all over and they were as usual and the chicken Tetrazzini wasn't spoiled after all and they had Chilean wine instead of local beer even if they couldn't afford it and Maggie told him the various comical wishful-thinkings the bridge-playing crowd were repeating about the coming counter-revolution and Pat was so tender and almost hovering that finally Maggie laughed at him and said, "Listen, fella, you don't have to *prove* you love me. If I hadn't been sure of it years ago, I wouldn't have put up with you all this time. Or maybe—" she looked a moment somber "—I couldn't have helped staying even so."

"You mean I'm just being self-indulgent to love you?"

"Yes. But if you think I really object to *that* . . ."

The moon rose just as they were turning in about eleven. They were very happy. He stayed awake a long time on one elbow watching in the moonlight from the window the confident peace of her face as she slept.

IN THE cheerful sunny morning Prieto was down early to report that he had arranged for anti-rabies vaccine to be sent by that afternoon's plane from La Paz. Honorata had just both touched and irritated Pat by babbling on about how many candles she had lit after Mass before the Virgin of Copacabana for the señora's recovery, but he was able to answer Prieto blandly enough:

"That was very thoughtful, but it will probably not be necessary. The analysis of the brain will tell."

"But, Señor Callahán, you will use this vaccine in any case."

"No. Why?"

"But naturally. To be safe."

Pat was disturbed:

"Do you mean that Savedra isn't first-rate, as Kugler thinks? that he's incompetent?"

Prieto waved the thought away:

"A most distinguished physician, Don Anastasio Savedra. But the test may be wrong."

"I don't get you," said Pat. "It's an open-and-shut kind of test, and if Savedra's competent, then . . ."

"But can we trust scientific tests?"

"Well, if not, what would you, as an engineer yourself, think we can trust?" Prieto looked uncomfortable. "Of course, vaccination would have the advantage that my wife could bite people for the next five years without endangering them," Pat threw in, and immediately regretted it, for Prieto's expression painfully reminded him that Bolivians found Callahan-brand humor macabre. Prieto made a slightly impatient gesture:

"We shall speak of it again later," he said. "Another thing. Do you not agree that we should destroy Rintintina, who was also cut up in that last week's fight?"

Pat put his hand warmly on Prieto's arm:

"Don Mariano," he said, "if I was rude last night, I apologize. I'm deeply sorry about Chummy. Tell your son, too, will you? He must hate me." Sentiment between males made Pat awkward, so he plunged on: "She's been behaving normally. And my impression—you'll have to confirm with Kugler, of course—is that, far from destroying her, they'll want her confined under observation. To check against the brain business."

It was only when Prieto groaned, "But if she too should bite again . . .," that Pat woke up to the fact that it was Doña Claribela behind this nonsense. His accumulated indignation burst into voluble argument, and after ten minutes Prieto was convinced. But his homeward pace was leaden-footed.

Pat, still irritated, explained it to Maggie, but she merely shooed him back to his slide rule. Yet, two hours later, Prieto was back with slightly refurbished arguments. This time Pat controlled his irritation with the thought that, though Prieto was ten times the man his wife was, she had some kind of Indian sign on him, perhaps through social snobbery; so he explained with the maximum of patience why killing Rintintina not only was needless but would defeat their purpose. Off went Prieto again, logically persuaded but personally miserable.

Maggie told Pat to forget it: "You don't have to go out to Kilometer 116 to look at your bridge until Friday," she said. "And what with reading that book on memorizing from phonograph records while you sleep, and playing your own physicist games, and—well, and me—it looks



like a specially nice few days. So just put these people out of your mind, pet."

"I'll do that," he said. And he did. Within half an hour she could see, from the way he was staring at the paper on which he had been assembling mathematical formulae, that he was happily out in time-space somewhere; and she began to hum in off-tune contentment as, favoring the bitten foot a little, she went round the sunny garden scissoring off one of her odder mixtures of flowers for the luncheon table. The morning passed on golden wings.

At one o'clock, she kissed him back out of the larger universe into their smaller but satisfactory one.

"I think maybe I see something new," he gestured at his papers, and she sensed that whatever it was had made him pleasantly excited.

Lunch was lovely, and after, when he stood behind her chair ruffling her hair, he said, "Say, I like this. Let's live forever." She said she'd try it if he would, and away he went and away went the afternoon better if possible than the morning.

About six, as the sun got low over the peaks, he put his stuff away and came out to the back terrace, where she was reading in the deck-chair with her foot up on the pouf.

"Gee, I've been a long way off," he said. "Out past Galaxy 116 at least. Did you miss me while I was gone?"

"I can't pretend I knew just where you were," she smiled. "But at least I could see you through the study window, so it was all right."

"Sorry it's such a short visit," he said, "because I'm off again. This time to the hen coop to collect today's eggs and leg-band the new chicks from Aunt Minnie's clutch. See you again some time. Soon, I hope."

"You're always welcome."

PAT WAS down on one knee in a breeding pen putting distinguishing tape on the newborn chicks' legs when there was an unbelievable explosion from twenty yards away, and as he stared open-mouthed toward it, buckshot-peppered leaves fluttered down around him from the lowest branches of the tree overhead. Along the path up the garden slope staggered Rintintina, weaving her head, making strange whistling noises, with blood pouring from her throat. As if blind to his presence she faltered past to the celery patch which was her favorite spot to finish bones, and collapsed there, wheezing and crying.

Pat hurried through the chicken-yard gate to where she lay, but one closer look told him she was doomed, though it might be still an hour's suffering to go. There was nothing he could give her but comfort, so, kneeling, he began to stroke her head. But she reacted with a bubbling growl, and he withdrew his hand with the thought: Perhaps one bite at a time is enough in one family. Instead, he started running down the slope to that point of the road from which the buckshot had apparently been fired.

There was nobody there, nobody in sight. Yet he would have seen anyone going from the spot to the big house. He went there, knocked and opened, saw Prieto standing, topcoat over arm, at the foot of the staircase.

"Rintintina's been shot. Did you do it?"

Prieto spread his hands:

"I couldn't do it myself."

"What did you do, then, just announce to the neighborhood that it was open season on her—and on me if I happened to be in the line of fire?"

Prieto took a humanitarian step toward him and asked:

"Señor Callahán, you have not been wounded?"

"I? As if . . . Oh, let it go. Who did this thing, Don Mariano?"

"It would have been Fulgencio Aspera who did the shooting, I think. The man up the road with the three cows who gave us Chummy. He sometimes works for me."

"He certainly does," said Pat, and was about to add, "There's one for somebody's collection of understatements," when there was Doña Claribela's head over the banisters again.

"Oh, Don Patricio," she said, "it all makes me sick at heart."

Pat opened his mouth but succeeded in closing it again without saying, "And you me, in another part of my anatomy." No. He just wanted out.

"Thank you both and excuse me," he said. "It is admittedly a complex and trying situation."

Halfway along the now twilit path to Rintintina, he stopped and cursed, long and unimaginatively. At other moments, he could have constructed endless lucid paragraphs on the inadequate and unimaginative nature of swearing, including how even the simple invocation of mere hell implies vestigial religious beliefs; but right now the stupid repetitive violence of it brought him somehow some relief. Rintintina was, unmercifully, still conscious and agonizing, though he thought the eyes were glazing a little. He could not prevent himself from stroking her head again, and, in lieu of a gun which he'd never dared keep, wondered fleetingly if there was some morphine left from that compound-fracture incident, but he didn't know dosages or even if they had a syringe, and, discouraged, he finally gave her a last pat and walked, suddenly exhausted, toward the cottage.

"About time," said Maggie, watching him close both doors and gesture warningly at Butch. "What was that awful bang?"

"Buckshot. Missed me. But got Rintintina. Point-blank. I'm miserably sorry; it just didn't occur to me you'd worry."

"No?" Maggie limited herself to a heavy stage accent of irony.

"I'll tell you in a minute," he said, unheeding. "But first I think we'll have a few *pisco* sours to give us an appetite for dinner. No, Butch, out only on the leash the next few days."

She could hear him in the kitchen knocking bits from the snowy lump of ice in the wooden chest, and he finally returned with the shaker already in motion.

"To get lemon juice I had to interrupt Honorata at her prayers," he mentioned mildly when he had poured their cocktails. "For you, I presume." And then, his voice rising, and his hands making gestures as if he were trying to claw his way out of a net: "Are they all trying deliberately to drive us nuts?"

"Not really. Each of them is just doing what he thinks is for the best."

He stared at her a moment as if he thought she was joking and he didn't get the point, then he suddenly relaxed into a chair with an outblow of breath.

"You're a genius at simplicity," he said. "You think of the strangest things and they turn out to be true. You ought to have a degree, too, say: 'Doctor of Realism'."

"I have what I want, Pat," she said. "A diploma wouldn't keep my feet warm in bed on a cold night."

But he insisted: "No, baby, you know things I'd never suspect, never dream of. And if I say degree, it's because you profess: you give your knowledge out so simply and clearly and generously."

She gestured toward the bookcase full of volumes of mathematics and physics: "You know some things I don't know," she said. "It's an age of specialization: everybody can't know everything. If I have any knowledge I can give you, it's yours, Pat. I can give you love too: that comes so easy. I wish I had money as well."

"Money?" asked Pat, startled. "Who threw that?"

"Well, I don't think you're really very interested in bridges, are you?"

"Oh, *that*," said Pat. "Heck, I couldn't be just thinking twenty-four hours a day. And bridges are built in the most interesting countries, don't you find? The climate too is so bracing. And the people are delightful."

She grinned at him finally and gave up. But she remained nervous. At dinner he was amiably broody, and had two national brandies with his coffee. And after, he couldn't even keep his mind to a detective story but spread out the three-pack solitaire layout he'd once invented

and set them up *piscos* and quinine water. She was afraid both that there might not be enough quinine water on hand and that there might be too much.

But the next morning he seemed calm and industrious again, and tensity went back to normal except that they didn't forget for many minutes on end that this was the day they'd hear the determinant word from the laboratory. The only thing that he didn't take in his stride was when the maid, leaving for late marketing, asked for an advance on her pay. Pat had cheerfully put his hand in his pocket, saying, "What did you see now, Honorata, a shawl or a skirt? Or earrings?" But when she explained, "I want to light some more candles for the recovery of the señora," he stopped short. He thought a fast minute, then said very gently,

"It's the first time I've refused you, Honorata. But you get too little money to spend it on candles. Don't worry: we'll take care of Doña Maggie's health."

After she had, much cast down, gone off, he could only shake his head pityingly. But when, on her return, he looked up from change-counting to become aware of the long puzzled way she had been staring at him, he got it, slapped his thigh, and said:

"Do you see it, baby? She thinks I secretly don't love you. What next?" And he clawed his way out of the net again, this time as a conscious gesture.

IT WAS four o'clock when Kugler came. Formalities completed, he smiled: "Negative. No rabies. The dog was crazy—to bite you, I mean—but not mad." As they leaned back, Pat's and Maggie's eyes met and they let out their breath simultaneously. Pat redundantly added, "Ouf!" and then, "No vaccine."

"Since I am here, just let me look at the foot," Kugler said; and, as he worked, went on: "And allow me to assure you that the vaccine would not have been pleasant for the señora. It is not subcutaneous or intramuscular, but a puncture in the abdomen—once each day for thirty consecutive days." He coughed. "One accepts even this because the disease itself, once it is too late, is incurable—and fatal." He stood up again, satisfied. "Señor Prieto still asks of me that the vaccine be given; but I do not think it necessary. He is, however, very insistent."

Pat glowered irritably a moment; then: "It is unnecessary?"

"It is unnecessary."

"That's final, then. Tell him to go be insistent about something else elsewhere. I don't get the guy. Such scientific certainty! How does he dare travel on his own railroads?"

After two days, and blessedly everyday days they were, Pat afoot ran into Kugler at a street crossing downtown. Kugler pulled the car over to the curb and shook his head at Pat in not-so-mock despair:

"Prieto has visited me twice and phoned me four times," he said. "He demands that I persuade you to have your wife take the vaccine."

Pat impatiently brandished his arms, as if to clear a space through jungle creepers:

"I'm sorry he's pestering you. He's avoiding me, I suddenly realize. Well?"

"Well?"

"It is unnecessary?"

"It is—" but this time Kugler paused a second and looked at him "—unnecessary."

Pat was for a moment speechless with exasperation, then blurted:

"And his wife no doubt is lighting candles."

"I believe she is. In fact, my wife saw her doing so."

Pat's sympathy surged up at the doctor's confession; but for the moment everything was too much for him. He threw up his arms, hastily shook hands, and left Kugler.

But this time it stuck. That night there was solitaire again, and Maggie, seeing him with a card suspended, staring at the wall thinking, began to feel nervous again. The next morning he did not enter his study, but carpentered an often-postponed wall-cage for broody hens. At lunch he was alternately very much there and not there at all, and in the afternoon he looked up once from the book he was studying and asked:

"You think we're right, don't you?"

She nodded.

"I should have known without asking. Forgive me, Mag."

AT FIVE Kugler turned up. After the examination, he sat down rather heavily and said:

"Prieto came again, and phoned twice."

Pat felt as if his head would explode. He said desperately:

"Get together with another doctor and certify him as a lunatic. What *is* this?"

Kugler shrugged in a discouraged way, and they sat a long minute silent before Pat startled to realize that Kugler's look was one of inquiry.

Doubting even Kugler's understanding, he blurted:

"At the risk of sounding callow, I'll try to put it in words. A man has to believe in something. I believe in man. Not his perfectibility, but at least his improvability. You know. Facts. Observation. Objectivity. Experiment. Scientific methods. Right now, especially, tests. Truth, I suppose, as close as we can get. Even progress, though I know that's a dirty word nowadays. I—well, I take my stand on that. It's a—a question of principle. How," he was going on, "can I make it clearer to you . . .?" when he realized that Kugler was embarrassedly nodding in agreement and sympathy.

"Of course," Kugler said.

"Then why were *you* looking doubtful?" asked Pat almost passionately. "Brass tacks. Cards on the table. Is there *any* chance of rabies?"

Kugler sighed: "Theoretically, none; practically, human error is never impossible. Say one chance in a thousand."

"At those odds, I'll bet my life."

"It isn't yours, you know," Kugler gently reminded him.

Pat sat stunned for what seemed forever.

"I guess," he finally said, in a voice so soft and inward that they could just catch it, "that I've been a little egocentric. You see, I always felt we were the same person. And we are, in most things. But in this . . ."

He looked at her, and she met his look completely.

"Now I'm finally awake," he asked, "what do you want to do?"

"Whatever you decide," she answered.

It made Pat feel strong and proud with love; yet he slumped a little at the decision.

"When can you start her, then, Doctor?" he asked.

"The material is in my consulting-room refrigerator," said Kugler precisely, "so I can drive her down, give her the first injection, and get her back in not much over half an hour."

They were all up and in motion, but Pat still had to grab her arm and say, "Don't take it too hard, kid: we'll beat them yet."

After she'd gone, he said to himself: Callahan, you're at such a loose end that you don't know which end is up, so maybe you can kill the time by tidying up that dog-killing matter. He got Butch on a leash, and asked Pedro the hour-a-day chicken-coop cleaner to come along as a legal witness. Pedro was visibly terrified, but opted for manhood and a firmed chin and came tagging along in proud surprise at himself.

They guessed the hut from the three cows, and Aspera was in fact there.

"I'm Callahan, Don Mariano's tenant in the cottage," Pat began. "You killed Rintintina—sneakily from ambush—and missed me by six feet. This is my wife's dog. Take a good look at



it: I don't want any talk later about misunderstanding or mistaken identity. You're responsible for this dog's life from now on. If anybody—anybody—kills her, even by poisoned meat, I'll kill you. Man or dog, I've never killed anybody yet; but with you it would be a pleasure. And don't think that in this country I couldn't somehow talk or buy my way out of it."

As he walked home, Pat felt the kind of relief that usually follows openly expressed anger, but wondered from whom in case of need he could borrow a firearm. That is, he thought a little tardily, remembering the cunning recessed hating eyes, if Aspera doesn't shoot first.

It filled the awkward interim anyway and he had not long to wait at home till he saw Kugler ceremoniously depositing Maggie at the gate. He'd left the front door open so he stayed standing where he was and waited. She came in, looking somehow defeated and not far from tears, stopped a second to murmer shamefacedly, "I'm sorry, Pat," before coming blindly into his arms to say, "It hurt any way you want to mean the word." And as, crying, she quieted a little within his arms, "Oh, Pat, it hurt like hell."

Anthony L. Wermuth,
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Twelve myths about AIRPOWER

A foot soldier runs a cold eye over some of the more super-heated claims of the air enthusiasts.

EVERYBODY these days "believes" in airpower. I doubt that you could find a military man in the country who doesn't share the concern about America's strength in the air so dramatically expressed this spring in the Congressional investigation headed by Senator Stuart Symington of Missouri.

But in all the worried discussion about how many bombers we have, we run the danger—a real and present danger—of forgetting that airpower isn't everything. It is a major factor in military affairs, but it is not the only major factor. Though the advocates of airpower have served us well by their demands for mastery of the air, they have often overstated their case. Around many airpower doctrines, advanced with an assurance bordering on certainty, have grown up luxurious myths and exaggerations. The more influential they become, the more we need to be reminded of the many essentials to national defense that airplanes cannot provide.

While airpower has significant capabilities, none are unlimited—some are profoundly limited. Below, for example, you will find a dozen ideas about airpower, selected from among many others but typical of the air enthusiast's point of view. Each has been followed with comment, not in any intention of saying the last word on this complicated subject, but only of indicating the degree to which these ardent beliefs can and must be qualified.

Airmen are a new breed of men. Only airmen are capable of developing sound modern strategy.

General Koller, the last Chief of the German Air Staff, wrote in his memoirs a passage which is frequently quoted by airpower advocates:

> The Air Force must be allowed to move its wings freely and must be relieved of the ballast of ground and naval forces. Future supreme commanders must have air officers in the decisive positions, men who can think in terms of the world and who have a wide horizon. Every soldier generally thinks only as far as the radius of his branch of the service and only as quickly as he can move his weapons. For this reason naval officers will rarely, and army officers almost never, be able to keep pace with the large-scale thoughts and wide horizon which the men of all the air forces in the world have more or less acquired.

This is to say that World War II Generals George Marshall, Douglas MacArthur, Dwight Eisenhower, and Omar Bradley, among many others, were inferior strategists to Generals Henry Arnold and Carl Spaatz, among others, because the former group were not pilots. It is an idea widely admired by airpower enthusiasts, despite its fundamental nonsense. A military combat pilot has unique competence in two fields only—operating flying machines and fighting air forces in the air—and the ability of a man's mind to keep pace with "large-scale thoughts and wide horizons" is hardly contingent upon his proficiency in these two fields. The minds of Alexander, Aristotle, Da Vinci, and Goethe ranged the world without their owners leaving the ground. For that matter, many members of the land and sea forces, particularly the top leaders, fly in airplanes a great deal more today than do most members of the air forces, including pilots. Some do not. What effect does it have on their qualities as strategists?

The boundless medium of air is less limiting to those who use it than land or sea are to those who use them. To an airman aloft, the entire surface of the earth is laid bare.

Space itself is not without one impenetrable boundary: the surface of the Earth. An airman aloft sees so much of the surface of the Earth at one time that he may develop a kind of delusion that he controls it. On the contrary, the air-spaces above defended surface areas are

no more free than are the defended surface areas. An airplane has the general advantage of speed —although speed is sometimes a disadvantage. The user of the air medium is handicapped, in his medium, by the disadvantages of instability, inaccuracy, impermanence, lack of maneuverability (as speed increases, maneuverability decreases), dependence on good weather, and lack of versatility. Fundamentally, and outside the airplane's transitory role as a weapon, the only reason man uses an airplane is to get from one point on land to another point on land. There is nothing in space worth having, unless it bears some important relationship to land, where everything important to man is done or is located.

Long-range bombing will be the dominant strategy in the event of war, because atomic weapons are certain to be used. Even if such weapons were outlawed by agreement, a nation going down to defeat would, in desperation, use them anyway.

This is based on a possibility, not a certainty—and a decreasingly likely possibility, at that. It seems to me that the fighter who is being battered about the ring is in no position to start fouling. The nation going down to defeat is in *the least favorable or likely* position to initiate the use of outlawed weapons. If the nation is going down to defeat, it is off-balance, hard-pressed, at disadvantages of time, space, and power. The winning nation has the advantages of time, space, and power, and should be in a position to counter, much more easily than at earlier stages, any form of force an enemy brings to bear. In any event, if atomic weapons are used, the air vehicle has no monopoly on their delivery, for atomic warheads can be delivered by gun artillery, missile artillery, submarine, or satchel.

Winning the air battle must precede all else.

Without belaboring the issue, one can recall that in Korea at no time did the Communists win any air battles, yet they proceeded to fight offensively and defensively with prodigious effect, inflicting 125,000 casualties on UN forces, principally in battles between land armies.

Airpower is indivisible. In the past it has been shackled to "surface strategy," as in World War II, and must be separated from surface operations in the interests of national security.

Taken literally, this means that tactical support aircraft fighting in Korea are more closely related to air operations in Europe than to land operations in Korea. If it does not mean this, then airpower is *per se* divisible and the thesis is open to question. Its most explicit refutation is the success of the Navy in keeping a large proportion of American airpower, since its inception, divided from that of the Air Force.

In addition, while separation of air operations from surface operations has been advocated as a national policy by various spokesmen, it is by no means our only accepted policy. We currently support, and pay for, two contradictory policies. On the one hand, the Army is denied control of most of the aviation directly related to land operations, and the Air Force is permitted to establish the terms on which its support of Army operations is to be provided. On the other hand, the Navy's surface operations are related to air operations in *exactly the same way* as the Army's are. Yet the Navy, and the Marines, maintain full control of their related air operations, since they still own the airplanes involved. Air Force spokesmen continue to disparage surface control of supporting air operations, which has nevertheless proved itself time and again; while the separation advocated by the Air Force has been found wanting on many occasions.

Samuel Eliot Morison, the distinguished historian of the Navy, touched on this point while describing certain World War II operations in the Mediterranean area: ". . . the real reason that the Allied Air Forces refused to co-operate was the current doctrine of their leaders that they should not co-operate; they did not wish to support ground or naval forces at a beachhead. The top air commanders of both countries were trying to prove that airpower, alone and unco-ordinated, could win the war. They almost managed to prove the opposite."

If the United States tailors its military forces to one particular pattern, such as emphasis on airpower, which is different from that of the Soviet Bloc, our pattern will dictate the course and duration of a war.

The same point is sometimes argued like this: "The Soviet Bloc outnumbers us in manpower. We can never compete with their masses of men. Why should we play their game and attempt to match them by maintaining great masses of ground troops? Let us build our forces so as to exploit our strengths and their weaknesses. Let's not fight their way; let's force them to fight *our* way!" This argument sounds reasonable in principle, although it misrepresents our relative manpower potential. We could match Russian manpower, if we wanted to. But do we? Quality

is a factor in such equations, as well as quantity.

In any event, the argument is reasonable only up to the point at which we develop the capability of fighting only one kind of war—for example, an air war of mutual nuclear destruction. To plan to exploit an enemy's weaknesses is sound; to predicate all plans on the assumption that we will be able to do so is to invite disaster. The annals of military history are filled with successful operations accomplished by commanders who did just what they were expected not to do, who tested their own theories—not those of their opponents.

And we must be careful, in this same connection, to avoid the specious lure to American public opinion of the so-called "immaculate war," in which machines will be the American contribution to overseas battlefields, while the dirty ground-fighting will be done by the forces of friendly countries. With such an offer facing them, how many countries are likely to remain friendly? What happens to nations that "hire" others to do their bloody fighting for them in pursuit of the chimera of cheap victory?

Surface forces can be reduced, in view of their decreasing importance.

In the fall of 1953, General O. P. Weyland, USAF, wrote in the *Air University Quarterly Review:* ". . . I think the record definitely shows that effective employment of air forces can permit a great reduction in the size and composition of friendly ground forces . . ."

In a January 1955 editorial, *Aviation Age* said: ". . . defense is going to cost us a lot of money . . . it is costing us a lot more than need be . . . The two older services—Army and Navy—could be a lot less gigantic. Some of the money saved could be added to the third—air power. [Note how this sentence ignores the fact that a large proportion of U. S. airpower is outside the Air Force] . . . The mistake we are making is that it seems to be assumed the surface military forces have a large and growing future role in war. The fact of the matter is the future for them is one of diminishing importance. . . . Even less tenable is the Army's position that it will remain a large major part of the military establishment. For the time being that notion . . . prevails. It will cost us considerably. . . ."

This theme has been dinned into the American public, not only since the advent of the atomic bomb, but since the advent of the airplane. For its support, there exists little historical, military, or other evidence. It is based on conjecture and wishful thinking.

The argument was advanced just as confidently before World War II as it is advanced today; World War II was its greatest test and failed by a very wide margin to substantiate it. Even in Korea, despite all the advance deprecation of land forces, the brunt of United Nations resistance was borne, as usual, by land forces, who suffered 96 per cent of the casualties. The weight of the evidence is that no form of military force can stop a powerful land force except another land force.

Moreover, the wars we may have to fight in the future are increasingly likely to be "small wars," more or less on the order of Greece, Korea, and Indochina—primarily land operations. A long-range bombing force is a most important element among our major deterrents of the "big" war. But if only the "big" war is deterred, our massive retaliatory capability loses some of its significance; and other major elements, particularly landpower, assume even greater significance. If we do not have balanced land, sea, and air power capable of responding less than "massively," we may be faced with an intolerable dilemma: submit to piecemeal aggression against the weak margins of the free world, or touch off the massive nuclear war that may well destroy much—perhaps most—of our own United States.

The Army retarded the development of military aviation in general, and of a separate air force in particular.

Actually, it was the Army which *developed* land-based military aviation in all its aspects—communications, medicine, training, armament, and others, as well as the aircraft themselves.

The record shows that the government set up a dozen or more eminent *civilian* committees between the world wars to consider various aspects of airpower, among them the establishment of a separate air force. Every one of these committees recommended against a separate air force. As a matter of fact, until World War II, while various elements of military aviation and their supporting interests outside the military beat the drum for independence, the responsible leaders of the Army Air Corps—such as Generals Foulois, Andrews, Westover, Arnold, and Eaker—shied away from actually establishing a separate air force. Speaking in 1937, just prior to his untimely death, General Oscar Westover, Chief of the Army Air Corps, said:

> We of the arms and services must bear well in mind that there sits at the seat of government a group of men who have impartially

> at heart the well-being of all of us and whose perspective is not clouded by too close an association with any one element. . . . For several years now I have been in a position to be conversant with the War Department's plans and policies for military aviation and I can say positively, I cannot emphasize too strongly that the military leaders are fully conscious of what the nation needs for air defense and they are sparing no effort to provide it.

Incidentally, when the separate Air Force was finally established, not all the know-how in the employment of airpower departed from the Army. Much of it is still there; for that matter, much of the know-how was in the Navy, and is still there, too.

Disagreement on the capabilities of airpower results from the fact that airpower has never been studied, especially in its application, to any degree comparable to the study devoted to other forms of military power.

After World War II, the United States set up the Strategic Bombing Survey, devoted to an assessment of the effectiveness of strategic bombing. The Survey was composed of 350 officers, 500 enlisted personnel, and 300 civilians. For almost two years the Survey exhaustively analyzed the records of both sides in the war, and analyzed physical damage on the spot all over the world. The Survey made its report in 208 volumes devoted to strategic bombing in Europe and 108 volumes devoted to the strategic bombing operations against Japan. No comparably limited aspect of war has been, at that or any other time, subjected to such searching analysis. Incidentally, despite the heavy contingent of airmen from both the Navy and the Army Air Forces on the Survey, and despite the somewhat overly favorable tone of the two summary volumes, the hundreds of detailed survey volumes show that strategic bombing did not match in performance the advance predictions. The gist of the whole Survey is that strategic bombing was one of the decisive features of World War II, a conclusion no military man of any persuasion has attempted to gainsay.

An outstanding example of the Army's historical lack of appreciation of airpower was its martyrdom of the far-sighted prophet, "Billy" Mitchell, because of his heretical (but correct) views on airpower.

This belief has been carefully nurtured by a generation of airpower proponents. Today, after the production of many partisan books, articles, and a motion picture telling Mitchell's side without contradiction, the legend is almost, despite the facts, beyond challenge.

In August 1955 a news story in the Washington *Post and Times Herald* carried an account of the annual convention of the Air Force Association which adopted a resolution to "petition the Air Force Board for the correction of military records to 'review the injustice' done to Mitchell and expunge from his record the verdict of the court-martial rendered December 13, 1925." The news story reported the Association's opinion that "Mitchell's court-martial conviction was influenced by the conflict between his airpower theories and the doctrines then current in the War and Navy Departments. It is said the thirty years since the court-martial have proved that Mitchell's aviation theories were correct and have now become the cornerstone of national policy."

Colonel William Mitchell was a forthright, flamboyant, opinionated man, with some attractive personal qualities that won him a following. After World War I, Mitchell, a convert to aviation with all the intensity of the convert, became Assistant Chief of the Army Air Service. He organized a carefully rehearsed demonstration of aerial bombing which sank several obsolescent naval ships anchored like sitting ducks off the Virginia coast. Considering the times, it was an impressive exhibition and its significance was widely hailed and understood.

Mitchell was far from being the only student of airpower, but his advocacy was by far the most vocal. He drew extreme conclusions, many of which, far from becoming the "cornerstone of our national policy," were invalidated by the acid test of wartime experience, and are probably beyond validation at any time. For example, he stated flatly that navies could never again fight on the surface of the seas, a conclusion hardly borne out by World War II. He scoffed at anti-aircraft, though more U. S. airplanes were shot down by anti-aircraft in World War II than were downed by other airplanes—a fact that is too little known.

His superiors were long suffering; it can be said that it was Mitchell who "persecuted" them, not vice versa. He came to demand that they take actions in conformity with his concepts, which in some instances contradicted their best judgment. He lectured, wrote books and articles, and was always ready with statements castigating his superiors, far beyond the bounds of tolerance for a man in uniform. He was relieved of his post as Assistant Chief of the Air Service and

ordered to Texas (not Siberia)—but still to an airman's job. Suddenly he seized on the crash of the Navy's lighter-than-air ship *Shenandoah* as an occasion for one of the most outrageous statements ever made to the public press by an American soldier. He made it carefully and deliberately, apparently seeking the platform of a court-martial. His statement accused the heads of the War and Navy Departments, by their alleged neglect of aviation, of "incompetency, criminal negligence, and almost treasonable administration of national defense."

He got his court-martial, and he was tried not for his theories but for conduct unbecoming an officer. He used the trial, a dramatic event of great controversy, as a platform for additional accusations, but the verdict was "Guilty." What else could it have been?

The defeat of Japan is an example of airpower's dominance. Airpower compelled the surrender of a modern nation whose forces were still intact, without the necessity of invasion by one land soldier.

This notion has been pushed ever since Japan fell. The document *Air Campaigns of the Pacific War,* prepared at the Air University in 1947 stated: "Airpower demonstrated its capability of achieving the capitulation of an enemy nation without surface invasion. This third-dimensional occupation and domination of Japan by airpower forced unconditional surrender without surface invasion, while the Japanese home armies were intact and undefeated in battle."

And it is grossly misleading. Japan was defeated by the land-sea-air team, in which sea forces in the form of submarines played perhaps the critical role by cutting the sea lifelines of the Japanese home islands. How could any of Japan's forces be considered to be "intact?" Who were those hundreds of thousands of enemy soldiers, sailors, and airmen who had fought to their deaths in Malaya, Burma, New Guinea, China, Guadalcanal, the Coral Sea, Kwajalein, Tarawa, the Philippines, Iwo Jima, Saipan, and Okinawa?

Japan had made peace overtures at least as early as February 1945. Overwhelming land, sea, and air forces were poised, *ready to strike.* Japan surrendered to the threat of further application of all forms of military force.

One further caution should be kept in mind in drawing such a conclusion as this from the defeat of Japan: At the time, Japan had no atomic weapons of its own with which to retaliate.

All missiles beyond a very short range should be controlled by airpower agencies.

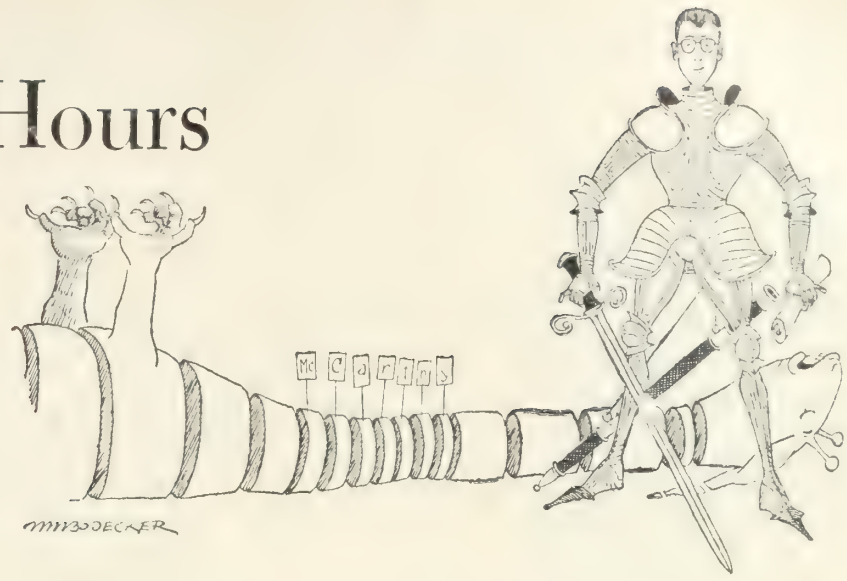
Bombs are weapons of airpower, of manned aircraft, but surface-launched missiles have nothing to do with airpower. The design and fabrication of missiles are ordnance problems. The firing and use of land-launched missiles are artillery problems. Survey, fire direction, fire control, ballistics—all such missile-firing problems are simply extensions of centuries-old techniques.

Nor is there any intelligible basis for the claim now hopefully advanced by some airpower agencies that long-range missiles, even land-launched ones, are somehow of exclusive interest to airpower agencies because their long range makes them "strategic." Airpower agencies have so far been assigned priority only in strategic *airpower* matters, and have no monopoly of either long-range or strategic matters per se. In World War II, for example, the strategic Allied *land* invasion launched from the continent of North America against the continent of Africa was a strategic operation at very long range.

Airpower's chief reason for existing independently is the oft-repeated fact that in the twentieth century "man has learned to fly." That is what airpower is: manned aircraft. But missiles are not manned and are not flown—they are fired. They antecede the twentieth century by more than twice twenty centuries. Land forces projected missiles for millennia before man could fly, and probably for centuries before man put out to sea. In launching an unmanned projectile—a missile—from land, you act as a land soldier, no matter what insignia you wear. Why do we need other forces for this than land forces, which have centuries of experience?

IS THERE an alternative thesis that holds greater promise for the balanced security of this nation? The kind of world we live in requires military flexibility on the part of the United States. Our first objective should be, and is, to deter war from starting. Our second objective is, should war start, to win it. Until the happy day when no form of war is possible, the world should not be locked into the certainty that its next war will be one of nuclear destruction, simply because no other form of power is in being, ready to use. Our military programs should produce powerful, versatile forces of land, sea, and air—based on the principle of assisting each other according to the requirements of war, and not that of emphasizing the abstract and doubtful virtues of "dominance," "indivisibility," or "independence."

After Hours



CITIZEN

EACH year, come May, I get mad all over again at the Pulitzer Prize Committee. They hand out the yearly quota of Good Conduct Medals, but where is the sense of journalism setting itself outrageous standards? The rivers run into the sea, yet the sea is not full; and no matter how deserving their choices I refuse to be placated until they make one that looks really difficult. They have categories for everything—with a standard for the news story, and for the judicious editorial, and for much else, but none for the man who hurls himself headlong into the moral dilemmas that those two journalistic subdivisions were invented to solve—to be precise, the columnist. I wish they'd invent a prize for the category in between, and then I wish they'd give it to Murray Kempton.

It is an open question how much of a nuisance you have to make yourself before you can safely be labeled a curmudgeon and be smothered in automatic applause. Mr. Kempton, a four-day-a-week columnist for the New York *Post*, has not yet attained the unhappy state of being as famous as he deserves, which may be one reason he deserves it so fully and writes the best column in a paper too full of columns in a city too full of newspapers. In fairness, it should be said that a book of his had good enough reviews last year to make him uncomfortable, and that the Amalgamated Clothing Workers gave him a Sidney Hillman award in 1950; but even in fairness to Kempton, Amalgamated, and Simon & Schuster, that is not exactly nationwide fame—just enough so that when it does come he will know the shape and smell of it, and take to the hills.

Mr. Kempton, within the construction of the act, is a labor columnist. What he works out to be in practice is the kind of social critic who looks on society's performance with the same detachment as though it were last night's Broadway opening. He judges the show—say, a labor leader's reluctance to serve labor—in its own terms. While his beat is national, he specializes in those tarnished champions of the working class who exploit the downtrodden somewhere within a day's drive of Princeton, New Jersey, and he gives them a miserable time of it. But his interpretation of his mandate is not a narrow one, and for a by-lined reporter with the assimilated rank of pundit his legwork is extensive. He covers the waterfront, and he is just as likely to turn up at a Louis Armstrong concert, a Madison Square Garden conclave of the local McCarthyites, or a poetry reading at Carnegie Hall by Lou Nova, the retired pugilist. Four years ago the *Post* wisely put him on the road, covering the Presidential campaign, and he still wanders where the stories lead. As far as a reader can judge, he has interviewed every White Supremacist in the state of Mississippi.

The daily column is at best an ephemeral art form—quickly written, quickly read, quickly consigned to the oblivion of back-issue files. Mr. Kempton has a nice sense of how much effort to give to it; he throws himself away, and blows material in a paragraph that his more economical competitors would stretch into a ten-part series, but he gives also the necessary impression of not trying too hard. No column can afford to be too much in itself, but must convey the full impact of the writer's continuity—of his momentum of work, of his own special flavor, of his force as an individual. Kempton seems almost born for this, as though he thought naturally in thousand-word boxes, and could think no other way. His style has all the virtues of excess. You can't complain that he sometimes overdoes it. He *always* overdoes it.

But he writes the best lead paragraphs in the business. Here he is last August: "Harvey Matusow is almost our only true subversive; every time you turn your back on him he is in jail again. He is one proof that, unless you're lucky, the good life and the bad alike bring meager returns."

Or during the Army-McCarthy hearings: "A purported copy of an alleged summary of a putative FBI document on suspected pro-Communists at Fort Monmouth, so secret that members of the U. S. Senate studiously abstained from reading it even privately all day, was in the hands of Walter Winchell yesterday."

Or on the occasion of this year's National Book Awards: "It does not seem possible for a group of private

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. . . with all the good things to make her life a full and happy one . . . Or, she might belong to a family impoverished by the tragedy of war, born in the rubble of its aftermath. She might lack even the most essential clothing and food for this formative first year.

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citizens to gather anywhere to do honor to culture or liberty or any other abstraction of which the politician is the natural enemy without having a politician come by to swing a little incense and shill the city desk."

The last is pure Mencken, and there is much Mencken in Kempton's prose style—as there was in Benny DeVoto's. But it is not the total of Kempton's score to say that he has caught the rhythm and understands that a journalist must be the central actor in a drama of his own contriving, where he struggles to pin down the passing moment with ungainly words before it slips away. He has put the Mencken pose to different uses, some of them beyond the abilities of its originator, and he will leave it a more pliant and subtle instrument than he found it. While he may lack Mencken's gargantuan appetite for life, he has a greater capacity for objective indignation, of a hardness that reveals much of Mencken's ferocity for the camouflaged good humor it was. And, while he lacks Mencken's extraordinary delicacy of phrase, he is capable of extraordinarily delicate and complex effects.

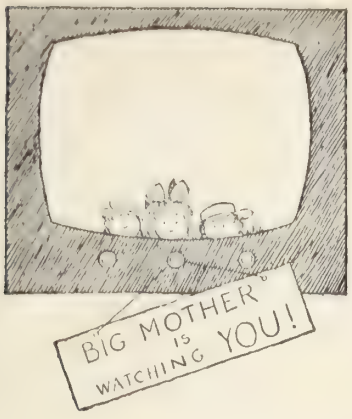
IT IS not only that Kempton is literate. He has read a book. He can throw a quote from Thomas Wolfe with the best of them, and right into his account of the first day that Joseph Welch began to dismember the McCarthy myth. But Kempton spotted it the moment it happened and nailed it down. "The McCarthy fans may not think so," he wrote, "but McCarthy does. It is his wont after hours to greet even his enemies in the jackal pack with various quips and pranks and wanton wiles. After hours yesterday, he could only snarl. The first round was Joe Welch's. You can't kid Joe McCarthy when it comes up snake-eyes. The wind was rising and the rivers were flowing. You can tell Roy Cohn to smile and put his hands in his pockets, but all the same, Senator, you're in a bearpit with a killer. They finally, God knows where, found your match."

And certainly he is the only columnist with his dues fully paid who can write about either Harry Truman or Adlai Stevenson without sounding as though he had made them up out of whole cloth. He has enough affection for both to draw them with the blemishes on, which is more than you can say even for their enemies, let alone for the fastidious commentators whose first message on any topic is that they personally haven't been taken in. Kempton serves it straight. "My daughter," he wrote last time, "is flirting with a Comsomol offshoot called the Juniors for Stevenson; any citizen subjected to one of her campaign talks has my permission to turn her over his knee." And this time he follows her candidate's progress with a wondering glow of ruefulness—as in this comment, from a Harrisburg ginmill: "It is one of Stevenson's great charms that he cannot radiate contentment while studying a night club menu in half-darkness with an orchestra playing 'Stompin' at the Savoy' in two-four time at his back."

But he is at his best when he is angry, and angry especially over the hardening of moral sense that sees only categories where there are human individuals. When, recently, a hoodlum named John Dio was hauled off in handcuffs and harried by the law for passing a school bus, Kempton harried back: "What is there in the tradition of equal justice so comforting to a disturbed society as the thought that, whatever else the John Dios get away with, the law is a terrible swift sword when they park overtime?" And on the small, casual indiscretions of injustice he turns a wrath that draws lines where lines must be drawn—as when the Treasury agents who seized the *Daily Worker* removed an egg, among other items of evidence, from the premises, "I know all about Joe McCarthy and Jim Eastland, but did either of them ever steal an egg out of a Communist's refrigerator? The government has become a shyster, and we do not even see its face. Tired and timid men sit up late at night seeking little dodges to harass the poor and the shabby; somehow a tyranny of cowardly pickpockets seems so much worse than a tyranny of bully boys, and Big Brother is so much more terrible when he is not a face but an all-concealing blur."

If they don't give prizes for that, what are prizes for?

AFTER HOURS



I WAS well informed on the public attitude toward the New York Coliseum before I ever got there to see for myself. A taxi-driver had said to me one day as we drove past it, "What do you think of that?" His tone of voice clearly meant that he didn't think much of its sheer walls of cream-colored masonry. "They should have got in an architect to design it for them," he added.

My other information also came from a taxi-driver when I asked to be taken there to look at an exposition called "Showcase for Better Living."

"It's a flop," the driver said. "Why should people want to go there and pay good money when they can see all that stuff at Macy's for free?"

I got in on a press pass, but I almost didn't get by a program seller without having a program rammed down my throat. "Here you, take this," he said, "and gimme a quarter." I scuttled past him, across a great hall dominated by signs proclaiming in red letters a couple of feet high and lighted from the back that this was indeed some show. I stuck my head through a door and found myself faced with a battery of refrigerators in colors like modern plumbing fixtures, green and pink and blue and a sort of rich light brown. I wondered what had happened to white refrigerators, and I looked until I found one. It was baby blue inside. Not far from the refrigerators was a man demonstrating a machine that whirred and converted vegetable into pulp. "People put too much bulk in their stomachs," he declared into a microphone strapped to his chest. I went and looked at the General Electric house and its splendid kitchen.

General Electric had set up its kitchen in a one-story house the

HOW WIDE IS THIS PAGE?

Go ahead, guess. Is it seven inches? Nine? Five? How can you know? You can't — until you take a ruler and measure it.

How can you come to agreement with others who guess the width of this page? Only by using the same ruler! *Guesses may vary, but truth is the same everywhere.*

Apply this principle to religion. Think of the contradictory opinions about such questions as: How does one become a Christian? How should we worship God? What happens when we die? Yes, there are many opinions. Obviously, we need a dependable ruler to bring about unity!



That "ruler" is the Bible, *God's Word.* It is God's inspired message. *It is non-denominational and designed for all men!*

"All scripture is given by inspiration of God; and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness: that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works." *II Timothy 3:16, 17.*

The use of this "rule of faith" will bring about the unity Christ desired when he prayed "that they may all be one . . . that the world may believe that thou hast sent me." *John 17:21.*

Since we could never agree on any *man's opinion,* let us get out the *"ruler."* Division abounds because of an appalling ignorance of God's Word.

Jesus said: "Ye do err, not knowing the Scriptures, nor the power of God." *Matthew 22:29.* Test all opinions by God's "ruler." "Study to show thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly *dividing* the word of truth." *II Timothy 2:15.*

The Bible is divided into the *Old and New Testaments.* The Old Testament is a history of God's dealings with man *before Christ.* God's message through His Son is recorded in the New Testament. *Here is the place to find God's will for you in this Christian age!*

In the first four books of the *New Testament,* we find the life of Christ "written that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God . . ." *John 20:31.*

In Acts of the Apostles, we are told what *believers* are to do to be saved: "Repent, and be baptized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ *for the remission of sins . . ." Acts 2:38.*

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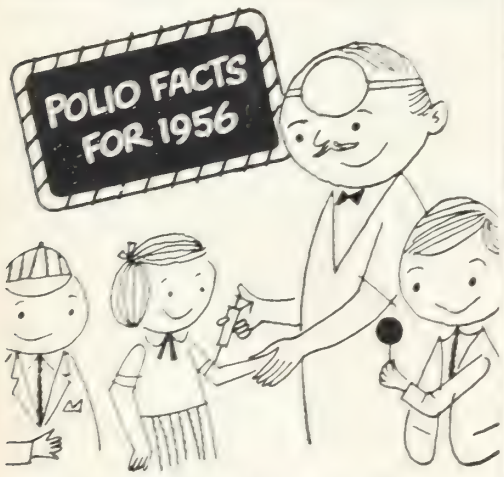
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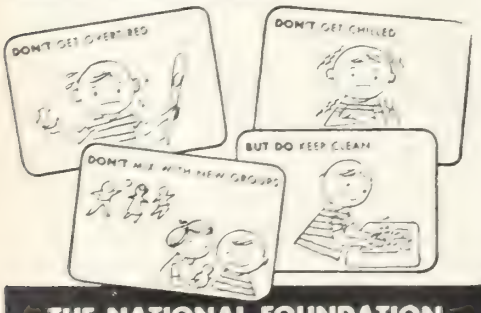
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exterior walls of which were partly cut away. You could look at most of the interior of the house without going in it at all, which meant that it didn't have the trampled-underfoot look of most of the other house exhibits in the show. But the kitchen was a room you could get into, and in its way it was glorious. The refrigerator, for example, was three compartments set into the wall at a convenient height so that there was no need to bend over. The oven was set at the same height. It's nice that design has finally come the full circle and got the oven off the floor again. The stove was tremendous: a solid block of small tiles about five feet square with burners and warmers set in it. It had a fine copper hood over it and could be approached from three sides. There was plenty of room to put things down. The surface was easily cleanable. Two people could work on it at the same time, from different sides, without getting in each other's way. As long as you don't have to be one of the people, what more could you ask?

There was one gadget, however, that gave me a feeling of being old and tired. It was a television screen in one corner of the room with a camera that fed it a picture from outside. The purpose of this, it said, was so that mother while working in the kitchen could see the children playing outdoors and know just what they were up to. "Big Mother Is Watching You," I thought and wondered if this was any atmosphere in which to bring up children.

I didn't linger too long in the arms of GE. There were four floors of this exposition, and I was determined I'd get to the top of it, even if I did it on the dead run. So I ran.

The exposition floors of the Coliseum are big enough to make one tired in anticipation, and there didn't seem to be any apparent order in arrangement of the exhibitions, so that the whole had a sort of miscellaneous air with strong overtones of honky-tonk.

Some footsore souls took refuge from better living by curling up on comfortable chairs in the TV demonstration booths and watching the ball game. A couple of demonstrators in one booth were passing the time with manhattans (you could tell from the cherries). In one of the demonstration houses a private cop in a pale blue uniform with his cap on the back of his head lounged on a sofa in a room that was roped off from the public. The public stared at the cop; the cop stared back; and the public went off and ground their cigarettes butts in the carpets of the adjoining room.

On the third floor I saw a helicopter in the distance and made my way to it wondering what this had to do with beautiful living, though I was ready for anything by this time. I'd never seen a helicopter up close before. This section of the "Showcase," I discovered, was a military display dedicated to Armed Forces Week. It was orderly, good-looking, and imaginative, and the attendants (men in uniform) looked as though they weren't as bored with their assignment as most people there.

I took the fourth floor in three minutes, fifty-eight and two-tenths seconds and wasn't even breathing hard when I got back to the elevators.

If this is better living, I thought, things have been pretty bad. Don't let anybody tell you that taste is improving. It isn't.

EVERYBODY'S LADY FAIR

YOU can, I'm told, get tickets for "My Fair Lady" for about $125 apiece. I got there a short time ago for less than that, but if you have to sell your air conditioner second-hand in August in order to buy tickets, I recommend that you do. It is a curiously American play to have been based on George Bernard Shaw's "Pygmalion." This is an American dream . . . how to become a lady in six months. It is something the British know is impossible and that every American believes happens all the time. Hard work, the right clothes, the help of "Mr. Right," and before you can say "The rain in Spain stays mainly in the plain" you are as good as Mrs. Astor and prettier than her plush horse. It is the straight and narrow path from bricklayer's daughter to her Serene Highness, except that whereas there was something tawdry about that this is sheer beauty from start to finish.

—Mr. Harper

the new BOOKS

PAUL PICKREL

The Stream and the Self

THE "stream of history" is a metaphor so deeply embedded in the language that probably nothing will dislodge it, but in fact it is not a very good guide to the world we find ourselves living in. The metaphor worked pretty well as long as we thought of what had happened to our particular tribe as the mainstream of history, and of whatever had trickled in from lesser breeds without the law as tributary. Then it was at least possible to regard feudalism as something that took place a long time ago or the Stone Age as a disagreeable interlude "before the dawn of history." But it turns out that several million of our contemporaries are still living in feudal societies and even the Stone Age is still doing business in some parts of the world.

The "stream of history" metaphor suggests a progression, with one period of history flowing into another in an orderly and perhaps inevitable way. But—thanks to the enormous improvement in transportation in the last century or so—we are now living in a lot of historical periods jumbled together. Boston spinsters decorate their apartments with aboriginal masks that Charlemagne would have found regrettably primitive, and men whose own people have not yet invented the wheel ride in airplanes. The face that history wears for us is less like a broad and placid stream than like a vast and noisy supermarket where you can buy everything from penicillin to powdered bats' wings. Such a variety spread before us doubtless ought to make us happy, but it enormously increases the difficulty of making a coherent whole out of life, both for an individual and for a society.

COME THE CARGO

WHAT it means for a whole society to try to jump from one historical period to another is the subject of Margaret Mead's fascinating book, **New Lives for Old** (Morrow, $6.75). In 1928 Miss Mead went out to Manus, one of the Admiralty Islands off the north coast of New Guinea, to study a group of head-hunting Stone Agers. (They are called Manus too—it is a very accommodating word; it means a place, a people, and a language; it is both a noun and an adjective and both singular and plural.)

By 1928 the Manus already had some experience of the white man and his ways. They had lived under German colonialism before the first world war, and later they had been mandated by the League of Nations to Australia. Some of the boys had gone away to work for the white man and returned. There were Christian missions. But the Manus were still a people without a calendar or any measurement of time external to their own lives, without a history or even much of a mythology. They had a currency of dogs' teeth, no written language, and an incredibly harsh and charmless pattern of social relations based upon wrath and debt.

In 1953 Miss Mead visited the Manus again, and she found that in a few years they had tried to make a leap that covers millennia in our own stream of history. What happened was that nearly a million Americans poured through the Admiralties during the second world war, and they provided the few thousand natives with an exposure to the modern world on such an impressive scale that the Manus simply wouldn't go on tolerating their old society.

The Manus loved the Americans. They admired their possessions and the generosity with which surplus goods were given away. (Their own society was highly possessive and property-ridden.) The Manus took to machinery like a duck to water; they didn't see it as a threat to craftsmanship (they had little) but as a way out of cruelly hard work. They liked the easy-going, offhand manners Americans used in dealing with them and with each other, and they were fascinated by American readiness to waste property to save life or alleviate suffering. From American movies they got the idea that relations between the sexes could be tender and enjoyable, and that marriage need not be the bad-tempered institutionalized rape they knew.

So when the Americans went home the Manus produced a very touching religious movement called the "cargo cult," a messianic expression

of their terrible exasperation with their own lives. Word got around that a wonderful cargo of white man's goods was on its way to each village, and in fits of religious frenzy the Manus started throwing into the sea all the pathetic chattels of their own culture—their dogs'-tooth money, their polished shells, their magic bones, their very cooking utensils.

Of course the cargo didn't come, but there did arise a gifted native leader, one Paliau, a kind of Neolithic Atatürk. Under his leadership the people set about building a new culture to take the place of the one they had thrown away. In the village where Miss Mead chiefly worked the Manus abandoned their houses on stilts in the lagoon and built a housing development on land; they conscientiously and to the best of their ability adopted Western romantic marriage, though one old man complains that they still don't know how to commit adultery properly; they became much more self-conscious about rearing their children, sending them to school and drawing up rules for child care; they established a New England town meeting of sorts as their method of government; they undertook to live together in democratic amity and produced a displaced aristocracy of one man. In short, they embraced a set of social ideals that would seem perfectly normal to any American suburbanite in good standing with his local PTA. Today Manus translations of Spock and Gesell should do very well, and in another ten years they will be ready for Russell Kirk.

The new culture is still precariously thin. It needs more content, more ideas and more pomp and circumstance. Life is duller than it used to be. But nobody can lament what the Manus threw away, for it was a brutish mode of existence, and their achievement is an extraordinary testimony to the potential for social improvement.

The most striking conclusion Miss Mead draws from her observations is that anthropologists have probably been wrong in their notion that primitive people should go slow in borrowing from the white man, taking a few items at a time from his civilization. She thinks the Manus' experience shows that it works better to borrow a whole culture at a single stroke, because then it all hangs together. This may very well be so, but her analogy with the swift transformation of immigrants in the United States (another group of people who adopted a new culture as a whole) is somewhat misleading, because the immigrants were set down in the midst of a going society and most primitive peoples cannot be.

Miss Mead is not an austerely self-denying writer; she puts down everything she has to say, which turns out to be quite a lot and on a considerable variety of subjects. She is not very good at telling a story—she repeats and gets sidetracked; some things become clear as she goes along and some never do. But she charges on with such indefatigable energy, with such a mixture of insatiable curiosity and boundless good will, that she is really irresistible. When she left the Manus in 1953 they ended their farewell song to her with the charming lament, "Now, like an old turtle, you are going out into the sea to die and we will never see you again." But *New Lives for Old* shows that there is plenty of snap in the old turtle yet.

THE CARGO THAT CAME

THE United States too has its groups of people estranged from their past and in search of a viable future. The largest is the Negro. For the American slaves the white man's civilization was not a miraculous cargo that would come to make life better; rather the slaves were the cargo that came to make life better for the white man. They found themselves set down in a new society thousands of miles and thousands of years from their own society in West Africa, but unlike the voluntary immigrants, they were not free to enter it. They had been pulled out of one stream of history and denied admission to another. They lived in a cultural no man's land, and many of their descendants are still trying to find their way out.

J. C. Furnas' **Goodbye to Uncle Tom** (Sloane, $6) is a collection of somewhat disparate essays on American slavery and its consequences. Two of the essays are quite good. One is a long descriptive account of how slaves lived—what they ate, what they wore, how they worked, and so on. It is an enthralling subject, and Furnas has brought together a mass of telling detail. The other is a valiant attempt to survey the subject of race in the light of modern science, chiefly genetics and psychology. The conclusions are a good corrective both to those who argue that "there is no such thing as race" and to those who argue that the concept of race necessarily implies the inferiority of some races. Furnas does not pretend to be either a historian or a scientist, but he is a conscientious popularizer, and so far as someone who has even less pretensions to scholarship can judge, he has done a thoroughly creditable job in these sections.

But he has chosen a shabby device for unifying his book and catching the reader's attention; he tries to tie it all together with the preposterous argument that by writing *Uncle Tom's Cabin* Harriet Beecher Stowe set off most of what is wrong with relations between the races in America. When he talks about Mrs. Stowe his prose froths at the mouth in a way equally offensive to good taste, good sense, and good writing. Furnas' condescension is quite misplaced; the only reason for his being better informed than Mrs. Stowe is that between them

stands an army of scholars and researchers whose work he can borrow from. On some points his moral awareness is so inferior to hers that he simply cannot qualify as a critic. He manhandles quotations from her work.

Fortunately Furnas more and more neglects this unseemly feud with Mrs. Stowe as he goes along, and his book pretty steadily improves. His conclusions are intelligent and reasonable. It is certainly regrettable that a study on so controversial a subject, a study that has a real contribution to make to our education, should have been presented in a framework so easily discredited. (A Book-of-the-Month Club selection.)

OTHER ENCOUNTERS

PETER ABRAHAMS' **A Wreath for Udomo** (Knopf, $3.95) is another book about a primitive people trying to find their way in the modern world, but this time the approach to the subject is fictional rather than reportorial. Abrahams calls the country he describes Panafrica; it is probably most nearly like the Gold Coast, since the central character in the novel, the Udomo of the title, bears at least a family resemblance to the Gold Coast Prime Minister, Kwame Nkrumah.

Udomo's ideal for his people is not unlike the Manus' ideal for themselves; he wants Panafrica to be a self-governing modern democratic state. But in order to achieve his objective he must defeat not one but two distinct and powerful pasts of his country—the past of nineteenth-century British colonialism and the past of prehistoric savage tribalism. Of the two he finds British colonialism the more tractable; the British colonial officers are portrayed as skilled, imaginative, and patient. But tribalism is another matter. Udomo discovers that he cannot survive politically without the support of the tribalists but that he cannot accomplish what he feels is necessary for his country so long as they remain in control of his party. It would be quite possible to draw from the situation as it is presented the conclusion that the best thing Panafrica could do would be to remain a British colony for a while longer, but that is obviously contrary to the intention of the author, who is a South African Negro living in London.

The first part of the book, which deals with Udomo's early days as a student in England and his love affair with an Englishwoman, is rather tastelessly conceived and written. This section offers some interesting material on how Africans live in England but not very much, and the heavy emphasis on sex is unfortunate. When the scene shifts to Africa the novel picks up considerably, and the rest of the story has at least a lively journalistic interest. Curiously enough, the evils of tribalism, which are so important to the book's argument, are never described.

IN **A Single Pebble** (Knopf, $3) John Hersey portrays two men from different streams of history who meet on a junk going up the Yangtze River. One is a Chinese riverman called Old Pebble; the other is an energetic representative of America in the 1920s, a young engineer who has gone to China to find a site on the river for a great dam.

Hersey develops these characters as symbols of two different ways in which men and societies relate themselves to the world. The Chinese is immersed in the traditional life of the Yangtze: he accepts its mysterious ways without any desire to change them or even to understand them. He finds his fulfillment in a kind of triumphant submission to the decrees of the cruel and beautiful world of his senses. The American, on the other hand, thinks that his life will have meaning only to the extent that he uses his powers of abstraction and manipulation to change something; for him to submit to the world as given would mean to abandon the goal of progress and therefore to fail.

Hersey's book is so high-minded, so assiduously researched, and so carefully fabricated that one is reluctant to say that it is dull, but it is. The trouble is that the two characters never come together in any way that has meaning, and so at the conclusion no issue has been clarified, no emotion defined, no decision taken. It is as if Hersey had tried to make a novel out of Northrop's

EDITOR AT LARGE



I live in a town on Long Island Sound and many of my neighbors are weekend sailors. On summer Saturdays and Sundays they are the saltiest of salts who come ashore only at cocktail time.

Then on Monday they turn up on the train in their pin-striped summer suits and their straw hats, and for five days resail the races of the preceding weekend.

In winter they re-resail the races of the summer before; they "luff" and "jibe" and "come about" all the way to New York. Their lingo gets so nautical I even heard a young advertising man refer casually to the "nor-noreast wind" that had blown against his bedroom panes the night before.

I'm not a sailor myself (as you may have gathered), but I like to read about ships, and I've just finished a book by one of the great living writers about men and the sea.

It is "The Age of Fighting Sail," a nonfiction account of the Naval War of 1812, by C. S. Forester, author of the "Hornblower" books. This new addition to the Mainstream of America Series tells about the *Constitution* and the *Constellation;* the fighting in Chesapeake Bay and the burning of Washington; the battles on Lakes Erie and Champlain; and the exploits of American ships in waters all over the globe.

It's a part of American history not as well known as some, and Forester has made of it a book both for those who go down to the sea in ships and those who prefer to go down to the sea in books.

L. L. Day
EDITOR-AT-LARGE

"The Age of Fighting Sail," by C. S. Forester ($5.00), is the sixth book in the Mainstream of America Series, books which retell in narrative form the history of this country. All of these books may be obtained from your bookseller or at any of the 30 Doubleday Book Shops. For a list of all Mainstream titles, plus information about two new ones by Irving Stone and Bruce Catton, to be published later this year, write to L. L. Day, Dept. H-7, Doubleday & Company, 575 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y.

Meeting of East and West and left out the meeting. It all ends in a vague generalized regret, a wish "that things might have been otherwise," but what things the author would like changed, or how he would like them changed, the attentive reader cannot discover.

THAT people from different cultures who live together become inescapably involved with one another is the theme of Dan Jacobson's **A Dance in the Sun** (Harcourt, Brace, $3.50). Jacobson is one of the youngest and most talented among the impressive group of South African novelists who have emerged in recent years. His short stories, especially those about the Jews of South Africa, are already pretty well known in this country, and his first book, *The Trap,* was a brilliant stark novel of the veldt.

A Dance in the Sun starts with two light-hearted college boys hitchhiking south to Cape Town, intending no harm to anybody, least of all themselves. When the time comes to put up for the night they find that there is no room for them in the single hotel in the isolated village where they have stopped, and so they go a few miles out of town to a lonely house on the plain. There they become aware of a taut situation between their white hosts and a black man, and the story is an account of how their awareness turns into involvement and their involvement into responsibility.

Jacobson's way of telling his story is unnecessarily complicated and theatrical, and he attempts to build up more suspense than his revelations will support. Consequently the book is a little forced. But the picture of the empty sun-bleached South African landscape is excellent, and the novel ends with a fine irony when the black man, who has proved to the college boys that they are not the innocent bystanders they had thought themselves, throws away their timid support and relies on his own strength.

LEAF ON THE STREAM

WITH our increasing awareness of the differences between various streams of history has come a corresponding increase in our awareness of how much any individual's life is shaped by the particular time and place and style of life into which he is born. Sometimes it seems as if any single life were no more than a leaf borne along by whatever stream it happened to fall upon, and such was the argument of the environmentalists in their heyday. But now there is a widespread protest against the absolute tyranny of the environment. At its popular level this protest takes the form of an outcry against conformity; in learned circles it takes the form of a reawakened interest in the self, in the inalienable nature and needs of the individual no matter what the external circumstances of his life.

A generous sample of contemporary thought on this subject is provided by **The Self: Explorations in Personal Growth,** edited by Clark E. Moustakas with the assistance of Sita Ram Jayaswal (Harper, $4). It is an anthology of essays by psychiatrists, psychologists, philosophers, and anthropologists; and most of the clichés about anthologies apply to this one: the contents "vary greatly in interest," it is too heavily weighted in one direction (the psychiatric), it omits important approaches to the subject (the theological), the editor's effort to pull the diverse material together is a very moderate success, and so on. But at least half the book is distinctly illuminating. Some of the essays are brilliant, and every essay has interest of one sort or another, though not always of the sort the author thought it had.

EXPLORATION of the self continues to be a favorite province of fiction, and two novels published about this time are excellent examples of the novelist's skill in such exploration. One is **Amelie in Love,*** translated from the French of Henri Troyat by Lily Duplaix (Simon and Schuster, $4.50), and the other is **The Lonely Passion of Judith Hearne,** by Brian Moore (Atlantic-Little, Brown, $3.50).

Amelie in Love is a quietly distinguished novel of French life in the provinces and Paris in the years 1912-14, the first of a series of books Troyat is writing about the same characters. In all essential respects it could have been written decades ago, but it is neither dated nor old-fashioned; it is an excellent example of an excellent tradition in fiction.

The story is very simple in outline. At the beginning the young girl who is the central character feels that she will never marry. She is devoted to her parents, but the tur

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bulence of their marriage puzzles and offends her; she cannot understand why two people who mean so much to each other cannot live together placidly. An unofficial engagement to a pleasant young man who really fails to interest her only increases her disdain for the tempestuous and untidy world of adult emotion. Then she falls in love with another man and through him discovers her own capacity for feeling.

What makes Troyat's story impressive is his skill in evoking passion. Sometimes it seems as if the modern writer's greater freedom in dealing with the expression of the sex drive had lessened his ability to deal with the drive itself. Troyat is neither prudish nor licentious in describing overt sexuality, but he begins further back: he portrays the emotional unfolding of the self as a whole, and very effectively.

Brian Moore's *The Lonely Passion of Judith Hearne* moves in the opposite direction from Troyat's; it is the story of a woman's discovery of her own emotional poverty. Judith Hearne has been brought up by a selfish old aunt who bullied and used her, then left her with a set of snobbish pretensions to gentility and a hundred pounds a year. By the time we meet her she is living in a Belfast rooming house precariously maintaining her image of herself as her aunt's niece. But one by one her pathetic evasions of what she is fall away, and she is left with the naked horror of a life untouched by love.

This would be almost unbearably grim except for Moore's skill in varying the tone. There is a good deal of comedy in the book, bitter but nevertheless funny, and the well-drawn minor characters provide variety. The picture of Belfast suggests that all of us who live elsewhere have something to be thankful for. *The Lonely Passion of Judith Hearne* is Moore's first novel, and though occasionally it shows a certain indecision in approach, it is a convincing picture of a certain kind of person.

CAPTIVE CRITICS

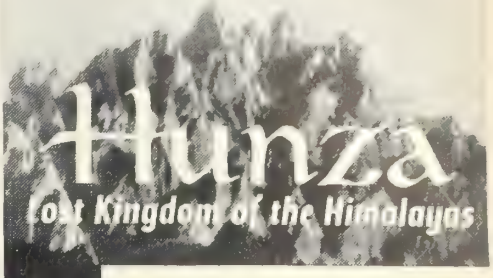
ANYONE who has speculated on the relation between the self and the stream of history must have been struck by the irony that some men who have thought of themselves as most at odds with their environment seem to aftertimes most representative of it, or even most its victim. Some of this irony doubtless arises from our own ignorance; we know the past through its unusual men, yet we want to think that what we know is typical.

But often the man at odds with his own time is nevertheless defined by it. This is true of certain figures out of the American 'twenties, as the recent publication of Donald Elder's life of **Ring Lardner** (Doubleday, $5.50) and the posthumous publication of H. L. Mencken's notebooks, **Minority Report** (Knopf, $3.95), remind us.

Mencken and Lardner were friends and held one another's work in high esteem. In their different ways they were savage satirists and critics of the era in which they achieved their greatest fame. Mencken invented the phrase "the booboisie" to characterize Americans as he found them, and Lardner, boring from within, donned the mask of what his biographer calls "the wise boob"—the quarter-educated, sometimes shrewd but never wise oaf—to write his stories and columns.

By the time Mencken compiled the notebooks now published (they were finished before his illness in 1948), he no longer often used the word boob to express his contempt for his fellow men; in these pages he usually refers to them as dolts, imbeciles, quacks, chiropractors, and residents of Mississippi. Yet Mencken's assumptions were not very different from those of the dullards he excoriated; he simply moved their assumptions onto higher ground and used them as a base for attack. For instance, no stockbroker among his contemporaries could have been more completely committed to the profit motive than Mencken was, but he turned the profit motive into a philosophy of history to discredit the stockbroker. He argues that nothing in human existence has any value whatever except profit, though true profit is not money but extraordinary accomplishment. When the human race produces a Goethe or a Beethoven, it turns a profit—or, as Mencken would say, makes a contribution to progress. Everything else is just a waste of time. Mencken's

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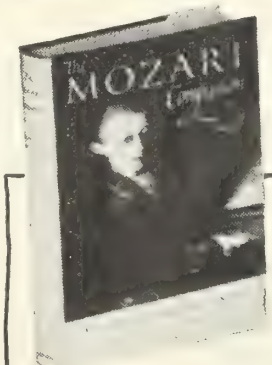
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quarrel with God boils down to the conviction that there can be no God because the universe is not run on sound principles of accounting—the profit is too small. So Mencken could only dismiss most of existence as a "massive irrationality," at the same time declaring himself perfectly satisfied with rationality as a way of viewing it.

In the course of these notes Mencken makes two observations about himself that define the opportunity he had as a writer and his failure to grasp it: he says that he writes just as well as ever and that he never changed his mind about anything. Both, as nearly as I can judge, are true. The style of *Minority Report* is a model of vigorous clarity. It is a pity that such a gift for language was not at the command of a mind growing and exploring and enlarging its sympathies.

IN SPITE of his biographer's conscientious efforts, Ring Lardner remains an enigmatic figure. Like Mencken, he became the captive of his own satirical powers, and the mask of the boob he wore as a writer still obscures his real face. To some extent he resembled the mask—he was a prudish suburbanite without ideas, suspicious of highbrows, a sentimental parent, a great believer in life insurance. But he was also a man of acute sensitivity, often ill and unhappy, sometimes drinking heavily and sometimes contemplating suicide, always self-depreciating and uncertain of his work, and finally self-loathing.

Lardner had tremendous talent. Though he left behind no large work and he often fooled away his gifts on trifles, the sardonic brilliance of his comic imagination at its best is unsurpassed in American letters; though he is little noticed in contemporary criticism, he is still a vital influence on some of our best young writers—J. D. Salinger, for instance. His manipulation of language would have entitled him to the company of the foremost experimental writers of his time; his dazzling nonsense plays are among the earliest and best surrealistic literature produced in this country.

But for some reason Lardner chose to remain the boy from Niles, Michigan, who could deplore *Rhapsody in Blue* as a sign that Gershwin had "gone highbrow." All his life, according to his biographer, he "was fascinated by local poets, the Sweet Singer of Michigan, the Poetical Policeman of Toledo, the Poetical Coroner of St. Paul, whose most memorable line in an ode to his mother was 'If by perchance the inevitable should come.'" Perhaps he felt kinship with such provincial poetasters, for by choosing "to speak only a small portion of his mind" (as his friend Fitzgerald said he did), he surrendered his larger opportunities in order to remain behind the boob's mask: the Sardonic Singer of Niles.

BOOKS *in brief*

KATHERINE GAUSS JACKSON

FICTION

Mama I Love You, by William Saroyan.

But what the little girl really calls her mother, whom she does indeed love, is "Mama Girl." What Mama Girl calls daughter is Frog, or Grasshopper, or Twink. And the whole book is full of this kind of embarrassing, intimate whimsey. Mama Girl, ex-actress, is divorced from Frog's father. On an impulse she and her daughter (aged nine) pick up and go to New York to seek Mama's fortune on the stage. Instead it is Frog who gets a part. Then the play is rewritten to include Mama Girl and from that moment on little Frog leads them all to sweetness and light—and, of course, success. Father, a composer, even writes music (*wonderful* music) for the play and comes home from Paris for the opening. Then, having made the play a success Frog knows she can leave the stage to her mother because what she *really* wants to be is—yes—pitcher for the Giants. The book is full of sentimental moments: "Mama Girl stretched out on the bed and took me in her arms and hugged me and said, 'Nobody is ever a child, Frog, and nobody ever stops being one. That's how it is.'" Great actors and the stage may be able to carry such scenes, but flat on the pages of

book they cause more than a slight *risson* and in the end I'm afraid one's teeth are really on edge.

Atlantic, Little, Brown, $3.75

The Second Man, by Edward Grierson.

It's up to us readers to decide whether this refreshing little novel of suspense will appear in cloth binding. At the moment it is in paper covers, at about ⅓ of the usual novel price, acting as guinea pig for a new publishing venture. Alfred Knopf has several novelists whom he considers excellent writers, but whose works are not yet popular enough to justify the publication of a large cloth-bound edition. So he is trying out these authors in informal dress. If the paper edition is successful the book will be reprinted and bound—and priced—in the usual way. Why? I'm afraid I like this one so well that I'm going to help raise the price. It is an exciting English courtroom murder mystery, excellently written, with characters one cares about and a love story on the side. The plot is intriguing but not hard to follow; the suspense holds out to the very end; and the lawyer is a lady. The cover of the paper edition is very smart; biographical and jacket copy are bound in; and it's awfully easy to handle on trains and subways. *Please,* Mr. Knopf.

(Need we say?) Knopf, $1.25

NON-FICTION

Souvenir: Margaret Truman's Own Story, by Margaret Truman.

In its lack of any side, or any pretentions, this is a charming book about a vital and natural person. Because her life brought her into contact with many of the VIPs of the world, it is also a very interesting one. What she has enjoyed she has enjoyed heartily, and she cares a great deal about a great many things that everybody cares about. She loves her family and her many relatives. Life in Independence was a delight—especially at Christmas. But the disappointments and disciplines of a young girl's life are not forgotten. Even in the White House, Mrs. Truman tried for a time to reset the effects of red carpets, red roses, and limousines (Margaret loved them) by seeing to it that her daughter continued to wash her own personal things and her own hair. When she missed the last train after a dance at West Point and finally got a milk train into Washington at dawn in her evening dress, an irate President who had been pacing the platform for hours was there to meet and scold her. Whether describing her clothes, her frivolities, her mistakes, her career, her parents, or her fiancé, there is an engaging and large directness that make it all a pleasure to read.

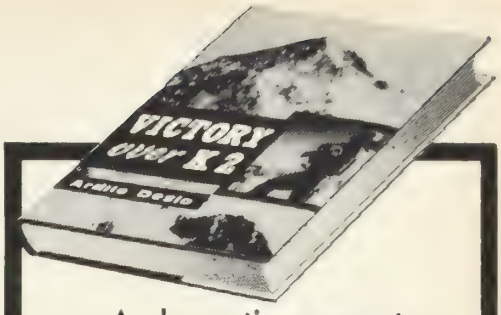
> I know [she says] that much that is trivial and frivolous has found its way into these pages. Triviality and frivolity are part of most lives. They have been part of mine. Much that was grave and important in the world I lived in will not be found here. It has not been my intention or even my province to deal in such matters. . . . I am aware that there has scarcely been a more dramatic, earth-shaking, and often terrifying time to be alive than the second quarter of the twentieth century. . . . I knew that civilization tottered, and that even here at home, we lived with "the nettle danger." . . . I knew it the way your sister or the girl next door knew it. . . . I have no thought of writing history.

But it is a delightful footnote to history just the same.

McGraw-Hill, $3.95

Captain's Bride, General's Lady, by Maurine (Mrs. Mark) Clark.

Mrs. Clark tells of her Muncie, Indiana, girlhood, of her Washington romance, and of the joys, responsibilities, and excitements of being an Army wife, from the establishment of their first little house at Fort Benning—when Captain Mark Wayne Clark, like all other Army men, "wore his salary on his shoulders" and they were hard put to it to spend it suitably—right down to the dramatic signing of the Korean armistice and the General's retirement. All the accounts—of her childhood, the romance, life at the posts, life during wartime, of separations and reunions, life in Tokyo, work for Korean orphans and wounded soldiers—are unadorned, often sentimental, and always heartfelt. Indeed the book wears its heart on its sleeve right below those four stars, and will be the more affectionately regarded for it by those who like to know that



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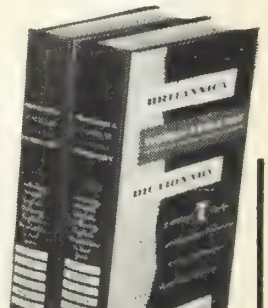
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FORECAST

Women

Houghton Mifflin's fall list is emphasizing heavily the female of the species. In August they publish a book called *Women in Politics* by Marion K. Sanders (*Harper's* readers will remember an article of the same name by the same author). In November comes *Women and Children First* by a very special *Harper's* author, Bernard DeVoto, though this is a collection of the pieces that he did for *Woman's Day*. And in the same month they will publish a large cartoon book called *Women Are Wonderful* collected and edited by William Cole and Florette Robinson.

Biography

The fall lists are also nicely seasoned with biographies, and biographies of women not the least of them. In September McGraw-Hill will issue Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr.'s biography of his mother, now running in the *Ladies Home Journal* under the title of *The Vanderbilt Feud*. The book will have a different name. Also in September comes *The Nun's Story*, by Kathryn Hulme, the actual story of a member of a famous nursing order who gave up marriage to enter the convent and went finally to Dr. Schweitzer's African hospital. A Book-of-the-Month selection from Atlantic, Little, Brown. Roosevelt shares the honors with the ladies in two biographies. Houghton Mifflin announces that October will see the first volume of *The Age of Roosevelt* by Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., and Harcourt, Brace is heralding as one of its major fall books, *Roosevelt: The Lion and the Fox*, by James M. Burns.

Entertainment

Somewhere between biography and theater comes *Richard the Third* by Paul Murray Kendall (August) and its publisher (Norton) suggests that after seeing the Laurence Olivier film you reserve judgment as to the real character of Richard till you read the book. Real theater, if not legitimate, will be Bosley Crowther's *The Lion's Share*, "the dramatic story of American movies as an entertainment and an industry as revealed in the evolution and personalities of one big company, Loew's-Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer." From Dutton, in the spring. . . . Anyone who has seen "My Fair Lady" with his costumes or "The Chalk Garden" with his sets will look forward to Cecil Beaton's *I Take Great Pleasure*, a book of his impressions of America during a recent speaking tour, illustrated with the author's own sketches. From John Day in September.

Women, Biography, Entertainment

Cecil Beaton will also be the illustrator (with Karsh), this time in photographs, of a short biography of Marilyn Monroe, by Pete Martin, which Doubleday plans for the fall. It is called *Will Acting Spoil Marilyn Monroe?* Roy is publishing at the beginning of the fall a biography of Marlene Dietrich, "a personal portrait of the glamorous grandmother" with twenty-four photographs. It will be called *Blond Venus* and is by Leslie Frewin, an English film executive. Two more fall books about two very different women of the entertainment world are Marian Anderson's autobiography, at the moment entitled *My Lord, What a Morning*, from Viking; and from Duell, Sloan and Pearce, Eartha Kitt's own story, called *Thursday's Child*. There'll be no need to ask anybody to give *these* little girls a hand.

And Don't Miss

An English girl, Nancy Mitford, started such a tempest in the social teapot a few months ago with an article on upper-class British manners that she was attacked right and left by people like Evelyn Waugh, Christopher Sykes, "Strix," and John Betjeman. Such good and witty fun boiled to the top that all the articles have been bound in a July book for the American audience called *Noblesse Oblige*. Illustrated by Osbert Lancaster, introduction by that authority on taste and manners, Russell Lynes (Harper).

the new RECORDINGS

Edward Tatnall Canby

THE GOLDEN VOICES OF EDISON

The old Edison "hill-and-dale" record is back again—transcribed to modern LP. And with it come some wonderfully revealing prospects into the lengthening span of musical history covered by recording.

The Edison records, both cylinder and thick disc, are unplayable on ordinary phonograph equipment using the side-to-side type of groove that has been standard for a half-century. Until our present methods of copying were introduced, these old records, dating from the very beginning of the art until as recently as the late 'twenties, remained mostly out of circulation. Even in their greatest days of perfection the Edison discs could be heard only by those who owned the Edison machines with their superior diamond-point reproducers to play the up-and-down vertical grooves.

It has taken us almost a decade to get around to Edison in our gradual expansion of LP repertory. But now the Edison company itself—the original Thomas A. Edison, Inc., which makes Voicewriter dictating equipment—has discovered its own history and is offering on modern LP a series of Edison records, never before published. (See below.) Another Edison collection on the older cylinders, of recordings made actually in the Metropolitan Opera House in the very early 1900s, is also appearing on LP (below). Other Edisons such as the numerous news-style spoken cylinders featuring famous voices of the day, are reappearing here and there, in LP transfers.

The Edison hill-and-dale records, notably the later flat discs, were far ahead of their time in sound quality, as we now at last can hear. Transcribed on LP, Edison's 1910 disc experiments show a wider, fuller tonal range than most conventional records of the day and a smoothness, a lack of distortion, that is really astonishing. They aren't quite hi-fi, these discs, but it takes a very small historical perspective to realize that here is vocal reproduction that gives us a far more literal insight into the singing of the Golden Age than we have had from those much-beloved old scratch-heaps, the standard operatics of the day.

A curious singing age it was, too, so far removed from ours. Golden, indeed, not so much for its famous-name artists as for the generously high level of all professional opera singing and for the enthusiasm and intensity of its opera performances. It is this which strikes us in the Edison discs, where singers with unfamiliar names perform vocal miracles. The tonal control, the accuracy of rapid notes, the impetuosity of delivery, the sensitive feeling for exact pitch (between swoops), all defy the best standards—for the same music, of course—that we have today.

But I think most listeners will marvel even more at the change in singing styles that has occurred in fifty-odd years. No one could mistake these voices for mid-century ones. Though in plenty of ways the singing is far ahead of most of ours, there were liberties allowed which horrify and amuse us now. Such glorious slides, glides, wide-open yowls,

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Shostakovich: Preludes and Fugues for Piano, Op. 87 (1951). The Composer at the piano. Concert Hall CHS 1314.

Bach: Fifteen Two-Part Inventions. Concerto in D Minor (prewar recording). Wanda Landowska, harpsichord. RCA Victor LM 1974.

Rameau: Complete Harpsichord Works. R. Veyron-Lacroix. Westm. WN 3303 (3).

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and chesty mutterings you have never heard! Breathing, phrasing, was evidently grist for personal eccentricity. Musical lines of wonderful length are mixed with gasps and sighs at unheard-of places where, today, a tyro would not dare inspire for air. Moreover, the ladies of that day rejoiced in the very hallmark of feminine maturity, the lady-baritone break, a tonal register that is unthinkable nowadays.

Most of all, we hear in these old records a kind of exultation, an almost naïve vocal exuberance, a seemingly reckless abandon, that has an oddly childlike quality to it. There was less vibrato then and what there was is faster, more intense in effect. Production was much more open and forward, high notes were let out with a delightful and heartfelt emotionalism, and many that brought down the house would make today's audience curl with embarassment. In a word, they sound amateurish. But of course they weren't.

It was a youthful age, musically, and a great one in its uncomplicated way; we will never be able to produce and to understand such sounds again. For better or worse, we now are older and wiser, more demanding of complexities and sophistication, less appreciative of simple things and simple emotional directness.

They Breathe Again

Edison Originals. (Unreleased Edison opera recordings, 1910-11.) Thomas A. Edison, Inc. FS 889 (10″).

This LP, first recording issued by Edison since 1929, encompasses six extraordinary items from an experimental series of twelve-inch hill-and-dale discs cut several years before Edison launched his Diamond Disc in 1913. The twelve-inch size was never put into production, and so this is the first public appearance of the recordings, forty-five years delayed.

The music is well enough known but the singers, aside from Emmy Destinn, are unfamiliar: Carmen Melis, Marie Rappold, Lucette Korsoff, Celestina Boninsegna, Dinh Gilly, Maria Galvany. It's the more remarkable that the singing here is so excellent. The music includes two Verdi excerpts, two Meyerbeers, a Mascagni, and a Puccini; and there is an excitement and freshness to the performances that make us quickly realize how young and new this sort of music still was at that time. Perhaps, one can't help thinking, the days of this kind of opera *are* numbered, the present-day performances already tired in comparison to this incandescence! If you doubt, listen yourself.

Note the then-unusual length of these unpublished discs. One number, "Ritorna vincitor" from "Aida" (Melis), plays for just a second under six minutes, unbroken. This was possible because the Edison grooves did not wiggle sidewise and so could be crammed into a very close spiral on the disc.

If unavailable at local dealers, try the local Edison Voicewriter agency, which should have information.

Echoes of the Golden Age of Opera (Recorded in the Met. Opera House 1901-03). Edison cylinders by Lionel Mapleson. Int. Record Collectors' Club IRCC L-7006 (10″). *(318 Reservoir Ave., Bridgeport 6, Conn.)*

Lionel Mapleson was the Met. librarian in the early 1900s. He must have been an enthusiastic if not too knowledgeable gadgeteer; in 1900 Edison himself lent him a cylinder recorder which Mapleson turned on, from some relatively convenient spot in the Opera House, for a series of minute-long excerpts of actual opera performances. These must have been the very first "concert-hall" style recordings—unwittingly—that is, the first to include *liveness,* the sense of space that comes from hall reverberation.

The Mapleson recordings are almost unintelligible and the accumulated scratch and distortion is extreme. But just the same, there's enough faint musical content to enthrall, and plenty to convey the sense and spirit of these actual performances. The soft spots are mostly lost, the orchestra is audible mainly in the louder brass. The percussion is a welter of noise. Even the great voices fade away to inaudibility now and then beneath the constant rapid hiss-hiss-hiss of the turning cylinder. But the occasional climax, the bits and pieces that carry on the continuity, make a reconstruction easy enough if you know the music and the style. And how exciting it is to hear actual applause, a half-century old, rising up as Gadski and Edouard de Reszke finish a duet from "Les Huguenots"!

The most effective item technically is a brief and undamaged excerpt from the opening chorus of Act II in "Pagliacci," taken at a breathless pace by a chorus as light-footed, vocally, as today's are often turgid and heavy. Performing honors go to Melba, again in "Les Huguenots," but other great names—Nordica, Sembrich, Homer, Calvé, Jean de Reszke—sing both wonderfully and amusingly, as suggested by the above account. There is again that same tension and excitement, here in the Met itself, that comes through so convincingly on the more artificially staged commercial studio recordings. Some of the shrieks and shouts, too, must be heard (however faintly) to be believed.

Worst of all is the Wagner. Could this have been Wagner's golden age? Not by a sob and a gasp! Here, at least, later artists of the stature of Lotte Lehman or Flagstad would seem to have realized the musical sense far more convincingly. Wagner seems still to have been too new and unsettled, in the midst of the great Italian and French excitement, to show both the tension and the long heroic line it must have. Try Nordica and Anthes in their almost hysterically short-breathed Love Duet from "Tristan."

It's too bad that Mapleson didn't think of using two Edison machines, recording first on one and then the other, to get down on cylinder the whole of an aria or even an act. But we must understand that in order to play such a two-machine monstrosity, an extremely impractical kind of co-ordination in the playback (on the same machines) would have been needed. And, in any case, the mere idea, in 1901, of recording any opera at all *in situ* was radical enough.

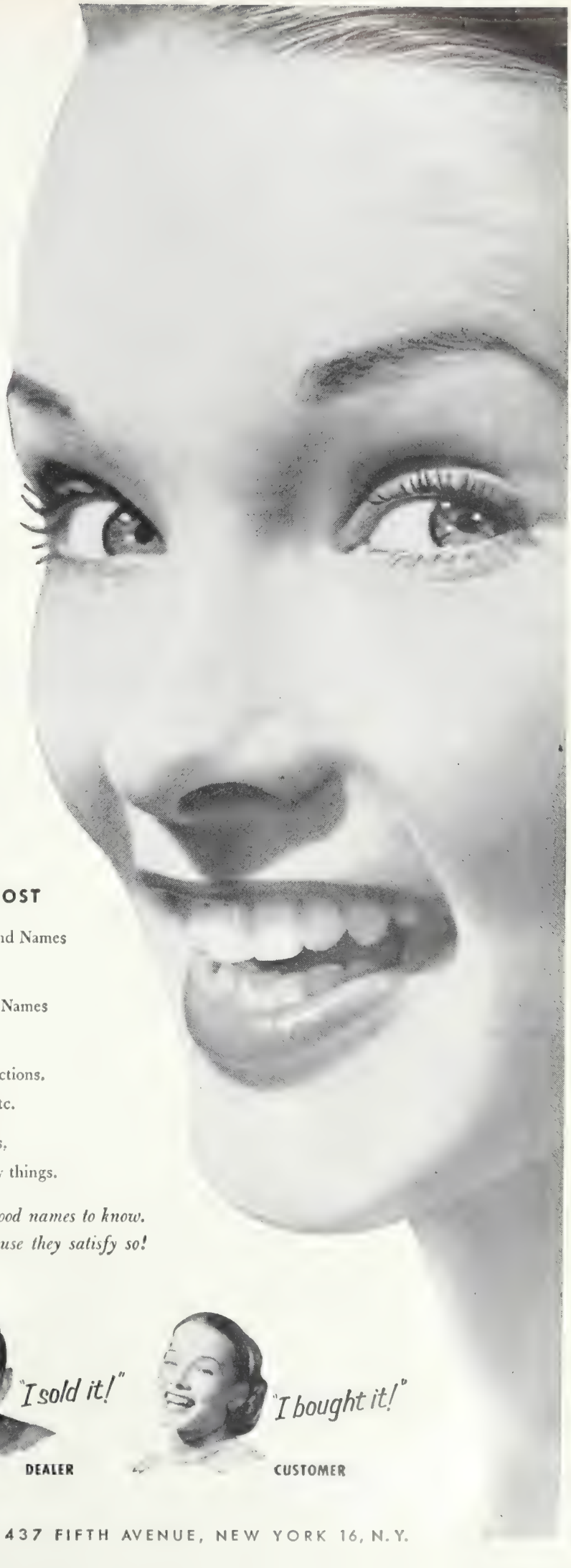
Voices of Freedom, 1910-1950. Narr. R. McCormick; music by Emerson Meyers. (Actual voices of Bryan, Edison, Taft, Peary, T. Roosevelt, F. D. Roosevelt, Truman, etc.) Ed. Services ES 1 *(1702 K St. N.W., Wash., D. C.)*

Some years ago, Educational Services of Washington made several tries at using a collection of old Edison spoken cylinders; this was one and there was another on early paper-back tape rolls. The core of each little musico-dramatic act here is a minute or so of actual original speech, and the first LP side with Bryan, Taft, Edison, Peary, and Teddy Roosevelt is, I think, entirely from Edison cylinders. The accompanying inspirational material for hi-fi narrator and humming chorus may interest super-patriotic organizations but to my ear is pretentious twaddle, patriotism quite aside. The earlier tape productions, based on the same old recordings, were different but still no more palatable.

Nevertheless, the recorded voices of these men are extraordinarily interesting to hear and the tonal quality, again, is astonishingly good for the period, the first decade of the century. It is a shock to hear on side two, in contrast, the distorted and blurry recording (presumably on film) of F.D.R.'s First Inaugural in 1933 with the famous "fear itself" phrase; Edison's own voice in 1908 is much clearer.

It's possible that better use may have been made of this collection since this 1950 disc, or that a more sensible format might still be attempted. Write to Educational Services yourself.

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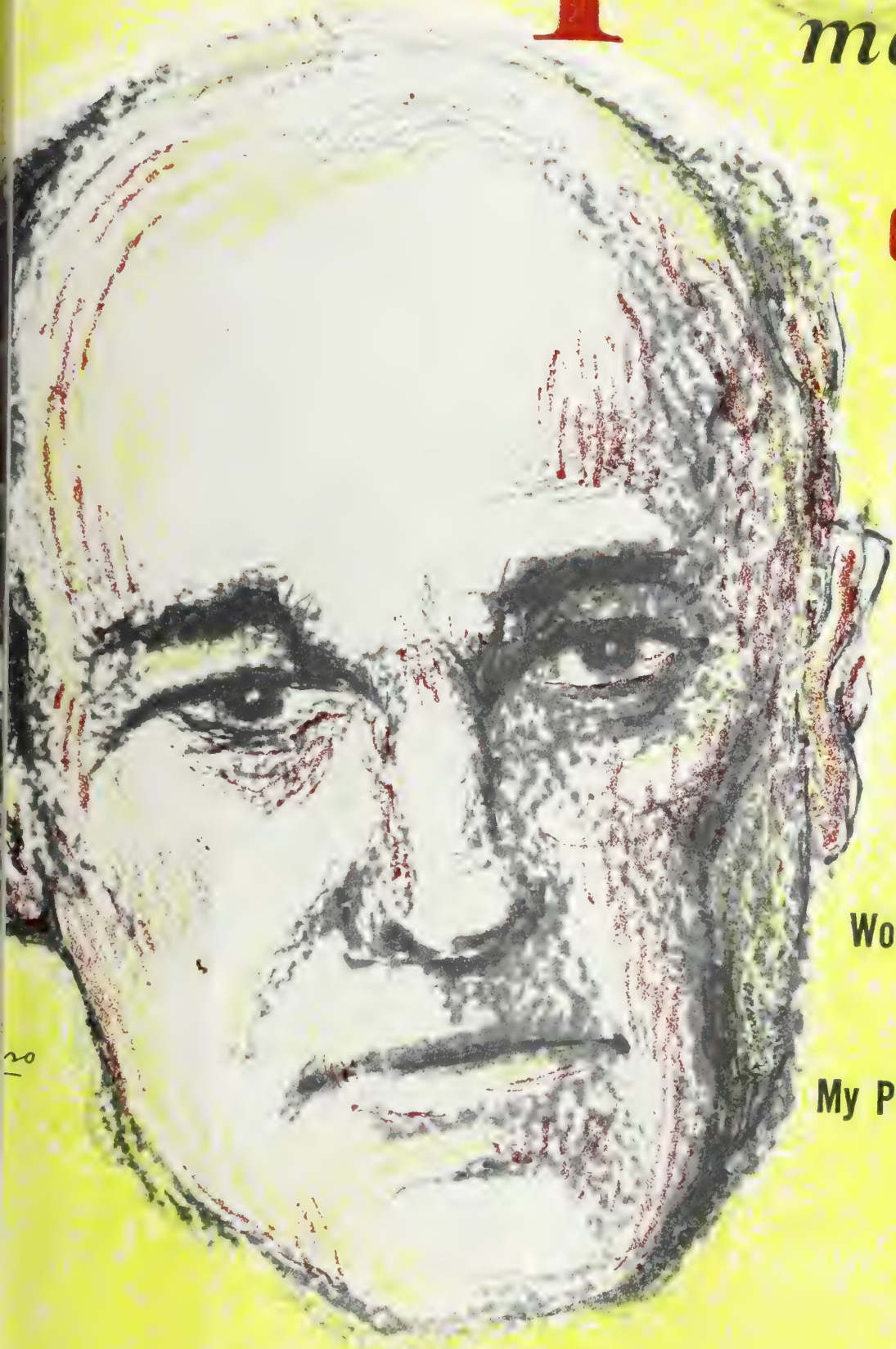


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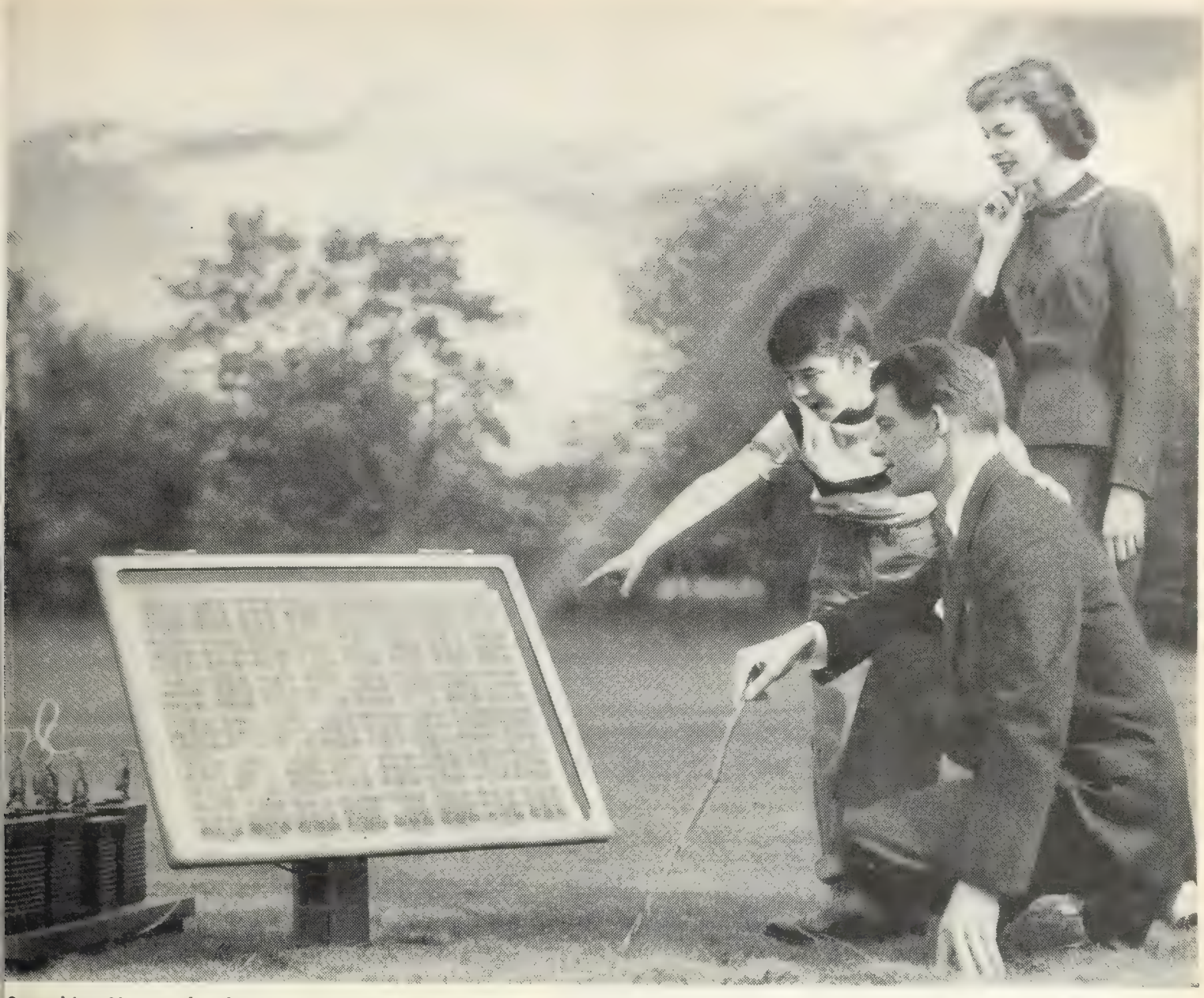
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LETTERS

On Fear

To the Editors:

There is nothing in William Faulkner's article ["On Fear: The South in Labor," June] that I can disagree with. A few months ago a woman columnist for a Tennessee weekly paper said that Faulkner doesn't understand the Southern people. I would say that he understands them as well as any man living.

I have close kinsfolk who devoutly hold to the separate-but-equal doctrine.

It seems there should be a rational defense for segregation, since it has such a hold on so many good people. But I haven't yet read or heard one. . .

L. F. Acuff
Chattanooga, Tenn.

. . . Nobody can be better than Faulkner is when he tries, and this time he did.

Anne Goodwin Winslow
Raleigh, Tenn.

Faulkner lets his obsession with the moral aspects of his problem betray him into a terrible over-simplification.

He is right as far as he goes, but he doesn't go far enough to touch the most serious phase of the problem of the South. That is not the ethical or the intellectual but the visceral reaction.

Faulkner, essentially a Calvinist, or at least a Jansenist, is persuaded that the problem of right and wrong plumbs the depths of social relations. Possibly he would admit that there is a prehistory beyond good and evil, but he has the civilized man's abhorrence of admitting that goblins from that prehistory still intrude into modern life. But they do, and the task of exorcising them is difficult to the last degree.

Jeremiah 12:9 touches the problem of Mississippi in 1956 in his observation that when a speckled bird appears "the birds round about are against her." For incalculable ages "alien" and "enemy" were synonymous terms, and that racial memory is latent in us all. Nowhere in the world—I repeat, *nowhere*—has racial tolerance been established except where one race was obviously impotent. The Citizens' Councils in Mississippi are merely the Englishman in India, the Frenchman in Senegal, the Dutchman in Indonesia, or, to go back a bit, the Mongol in Muscovy, and the Turk in the Balkans.

Our task is to break this evil tradition. It is imperative, but don't think it is easy. It cannot be accomplished by repentance, no matter how rough the sackcloth and how abundant the ashes. It can be accomplished only by recognition that we are wrestling with an apparition out of the far distant past, a goblin more horrible than anything even Mr. Faulkner's imagination has conjured up, a biological urge that is as definitely present in the Negro as in the white man.

Race hatred will not be eliminated in the predictable future, but its outward manifestations can be removed, not by preachments but by cold analysis of the facts followed by unemotional adoption of a policy based on the facts.

Gerald W. Johnson
Baltimore, Md.

Segregation was and is an accepted means of regulating relationships between two wholly incompatible groups. It is preference not prejudice.

Faulkner and his Negro friends have the inalienable right to go North if not satisfied with the Southern status quo.

M. Wright
New Orleans, La.

That Sable

To the Editors:

Mr. Russell Lynes' sermon on the good old bad times ["Take Back Your Sable," June] is helpful as far as it goes. But like many good sermons, it just scratches a bit, like a man using a hoe on the side of Mount Vesuvius, saying, "Can you hear it rumble?"

If what he observes is true—and I think it is—then basic assumptions about progress are wrong. And if we must reappraise our conception of progress, we must ask ourselves: What kind of good-for-nothing butterfly have we been chasing these past hundred or so years?

Hans Rosenhaupt
New York, N. Y.

Three rowdy cheers for Russell Lynes.

Garwood Pyne
Crescent Park, N. J.

At first blush one might find Russell Lynes' article amusing as satire; however, the editorial comment on his article is disturbing as well as his basic premise.

Anyone who lived through the Depression and has not forgotten the terrible waste of human resources might find the article offensive. One has only to remember the ten million unemployed and their families, to whom the very necessities of life were in doubt for almost a decade. Also one should recall the hundreds of thousands of professional people unable to practice their professions. . . . It is also hard to forget the Silver Shirts and other Fascist fringe groups that caught on and nearly swept the country, feeding at all times on despair.

Surely no one could debate the fact that today we are making the best use ever of human resources. There are more youngsters in college, more children in public schools, and a better standard of education than ever before. . . .

Up close "the good old days" were not really very good.

Harold A. Mandelbaum
Scarsborough, N. Y.

Mr. Lynes certainly hit the bull's eye with his commentary on the costs of services being exorbitant in comparison to the net results derived. We are in the midst of furnishing our new apartment and can't fathom how people can remain in business doing the slipshod and incomplete job they do on most anything they touch. . . .

Milton Blitzer
Jamaica, N. Y.

Brainwashees

To the Editors:

Reading Mr. Kenneth Lamott's article on his experiences interrogating Japanese prisoners in World War II ["Memoirs of a Brainwasher," June] brought back a flood of memories. As a language specialist, I, too, had occasion to converse with hundreds of Japanese POWs.

The reactions of these men were invariably similar to those of the prisoners encountered by Mr. Lamott. . . . I think one reason for this generally cooperative attitude was the lack of security training of the Japanese soldier. He carried his diary and letters into battle. As he was not supposed to be taken prisoner, he had not been cautioned to tell only his name, rank, and serial number. He did not know how to conduct himself as a prisoner. . . .

M. Eugene Smith
San Luis Obispo, Calif.

Ferrari Brakes

To the Editors:

As one seriously involved in motor racing, I should like to comment on the Lafores' article rather unhappily titled "Slaughter by Sports Car" in June. . . .

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LETTERS

I would like to take issue with the general conclusion that nothing further can be done to improve safety conditions in motor racing. The Los Angeles International Motor Raceway has been specifically and scientifically designed to meet the challenge posed by modern racing cars. . . .

There is one flagrant factual error in the Lafores' article: I don't know who suggested to the Lafores that Enzo Ferrari is unconcerned with brakes. . . . The list of Ferrari victories, *which were due primarily to superior braking power,* is too long to give here, but an example was this year's international twelve-hour endurance race at Sebring, Florida. The Sebring course is the worst brake killer in international competition. Ferrari placed cars first and second. The Jaguar threat vanished some two hours before the finish. Reason: brake failure. . . .

JEFF COOPER
U. S. Automotive Testing, Inc.
San Marino, Calif.

We agree with Mr. Cooper that Ferrari has been making an impressive record. The fact remains that five Ferraris started last year at Le Mans and all withdrew before the race was half over. Laurence Pomeroy, F.R.S.A., M.S.A.E., in an article in the authoritative British publication the *Motor,* attributed their poor showing to inferior brakes. . . .

The same writer previously predicted that Ferrari would have brake trouble and expressed the belief that" . . . the drum brake has become obsolete for long-distance sports-car racing, especially at Le Mans. . . . "

Sports Illustrated in an article entitled "Watch for Mercedes" dismissed Ferrari as a serious threat with these words: "The Ferrari's brakes are considered weak. . . . "

ROBERT W. LAFORE
LAURENCE LAFORE
Swarthmore, Pa.

"Giveaways"

TO THE EDITORS:

Warren Unna in the May issue of *Harper's* attempts to convey the patently false impression that he is providing a "fair and public weighing" of the charges and facts on the "giveaway" issue.

This is not the case. . . . The following brief presentation of the facts on the six cases he cites as major instances of federal property or national rights having been passed, sold, or surrendered to private hands will serve to demonstrate his slanted and inaccurate handling of the issue.

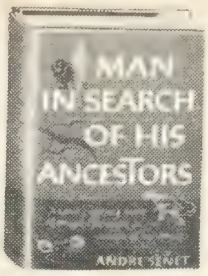
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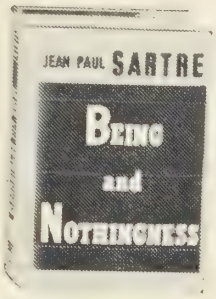
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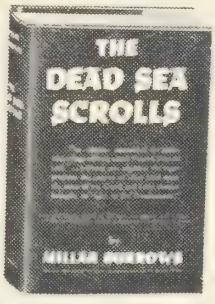
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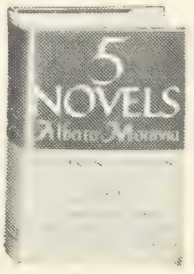


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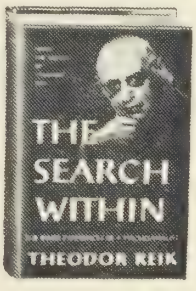


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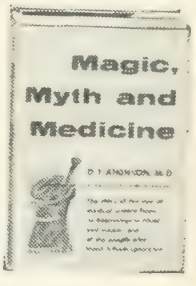
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heretofore sacrosanct, have been opened up to the drilling rigs of the oil industry." . . . Oil leasing on wildlife areas has been authorized by Congress since 1920. Before the Eisenhower Administration took office, more than 250 leases had been issued. . . . The regulations of the previous Administration did not, in Secretary McKay's view, provide the full protection of wildlife values he felt was essential and at his direction new regulations, providing the greatest protection of refuges in history, were developed.

Mr. Unna cites as "double talk" the fact that 274 leases were issued during the "stop order" period. Most of these leases were on game range lands which were not subject to leasing restrictions under the regulations of the previous Administration and not subject to the stop order. To strengthen further the protection of wildlife values, Secretary McKay ordered this year that game ranges be subject to the same stringent leasing requirements as wildlife refuges.

Mr. Unna finds it "curious" that the leases in the Frankfort case were "backdated." . . . *Long standing* regulations under Congressional statute provide for optional dating of leases on the first of the month in which the leases are issued when there is a prior written request. The Frankfort Oil Company had made such a request.

(2) "A sizable parcel of National Forest timberland in Oregon is now being cut over by a private company, under the legalistic guise of complying with the federal mineral laws." . . . Under the mining laws, a miner who stakes his claim on public lands and files on it, spends $500 in developing it, and proves he has a valid discovery of minerals is entitled to a patent. There is no reference to timber in the mining laws. Whether timber is present has no bearing on the case as a matter in law. And the Department's obligations are based in law.

As a matter of policy it might be that Congress should prohibit mining claims within national forests. It has done so with respect to some forests, but not with relation to the Rogue River National Forest in which the Al Sarena mining claims were located. . . .

(3) "At least one parcel of the National Forest in Minnesota has gone into private hands through a secret long-term lease." While International Nickel holds five prospecting permits in Minnesota's Superior National Forest, no lease has been granted. . . . The act of requesting that a lease be issued does not mean it will be issued. The company's evidence will be reviewed by the Geological Survey and the Forest Service before a determination is made.

Mr. Unna does not mention that the five prospecting permits were issued before the present Administration. . . .

(4) "The Federal Power Act has been rewritten through a sort of 'administrative fiat'." The "administrative fiat" is the decision of the Federal Power Commission, an impartial tribunal created by Congress. After a comprehensive review of thousands of pages of engineering testimony . . . the Commission determined that licensing of private development in the Hells Canyon area of Snake River in Idaho through the construction of three dams was in the public interest.

The Department of the Interior abides by the Federal Power Commission decision. . . .

(5) "The government's $35,000,000 synthetic fuel plant in Louisiana, Missouri, has gone to the Hercules Powder Company for $5,000,000." The plant was closed because it had reached a point of diminishing returns and the information to be gained by further operation would not be commensurate with the cost of operation. . . . The property was returned by the Department of the Interior to the Department of the Army in accordance with the Act of September 1, 1951, and the subsequent disposition was effected through the Army Corps of Engineers office at Omaha.

(6) "The traditional 'wheeling' regulation—which required private power companies using federal power to transmit some of the power over their own lines to such 'preference' groups as cooperatives and public power companies—has been abrogated." The compulsory interconnection regulation . . . was first put into effect in 1948 and never invoked by either Administration. The New Deal and Fair Deal Administrations, in short, waited sixteen years to put the regulation into effect and then failed to utilize it. . . .

For crucial engineering reasons the regulation was clearly impractical. Unless such interconnections are bulwarked by a carefully documented contract, either user can "steal" energy and all reserve capacity is made so uncertain the owners of the line never know whether they have reserves or not. . . .

CLARENCE A. DAVIS
Under Secretary of the Interior
Washington, D. C.

Unna's Reply

It is difficult to know whether to feel flattered that the Under Secretary of the Interior has gone to the trouble of answering my article, or grieved that he has chosen to refer to so few of the "giveaway" charges itemized. Of those he does mention:

In the oil leasing on national life refuges, he ignores the poi the article that prior to Interior's order," private oil leases were gr on only two conditions: (1) previous owners never did surr their mineral rights to refuge lan (2) where the government entered co-operative agreements with oil panies which were drilling nearb prevent them from sucking out a oil from under government land.

After hearing that the Frankfor Company contract was not only ously" backdated to one day befor new regulations permitting it had promulgated but actually signe month before, the House Mer Marine & Fisheries Committee—posed of seventeen Democrats twelve Republicans—delivered a u mous report declaring: "Such incre activity in the issuance of leases by Secretary of the Interior, or by t under his immediate supervision, only result in serious damage to wildlife refuge system."

In the Al Sarena "timber-min award, Mr. Davis fails to say that "legal duty" did not *compel* him parcel off the national forest—no ma how many legal guises might have b undertaken to comply with the fed mining laws. Hearings before a j House-Senate investigating commi last January pointed this out.

In the Superior National Forest c the article conceded that the fifty-y lease had not yet been granted but an *option* for it, an irrevocable c mitment, had been made with Inter tional Nickel. Since Mr. Davis' m tion of the contract represents the f public admission of its consideration the Administration, the article may h performed some service.

In the Hells Canyon case, Secret McKay was under no legal compulsio withdraw his predecessor's objections private development of the Snake Ri Gorge and instead recommend to Federal Power Commission that would be nice if the contract were gi to the Idaho Power Company.

In the Hercules Powder Comp case, Mr. Davis seems to be saying t the company did indeed get a $35,0 000 synthetic fuel plant for $5,000,0 but it was the Army, not his Dep ment, which signed it away.

In the "wheeling" of power, Davis has been far more candid w the editors of *Harper's* than he has far with Congress. He obviously does like Congress' idea that private pow companies using federal power be quired to transmit some of this pow over their own line to public "pref ence" groups.

WARREN UN
Washington, D.

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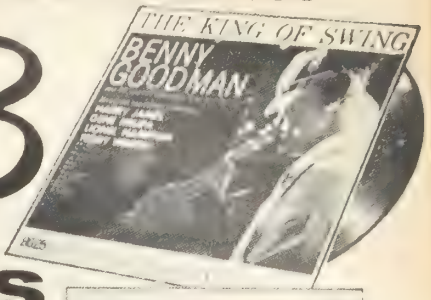
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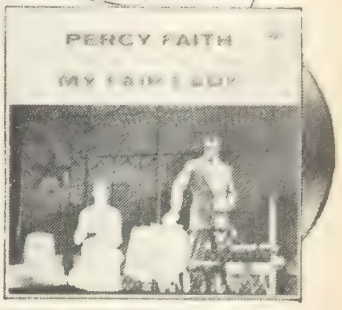
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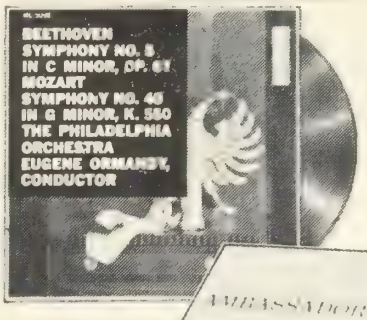


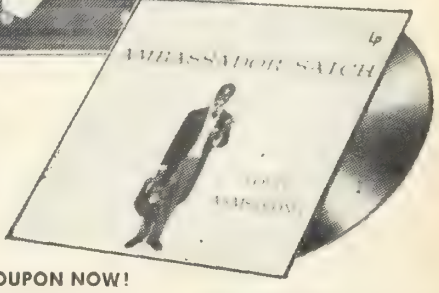












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JOHN FISCHER

the editor's EASY CHAIR

Thomas E. Dewey's Guide to the Conventions

THE next voice you hear, any time during the next four weeks, is likely to be a TV commentator making fun of the national conventions. A lot of editorial pundits, political philosophers, and plain reporters also will be throwing their harpoons into this scarred and ancient institution.

Correspondents from foreign countries, in particular, will lift their hands in pious disgust at the goings-on in Chicago and San Francisco. They will ask their readers: How can anything good come out of such a bedlam of parades, intrigue, heat, brass bands, hard liquor, ambition, funny hats, sectional rivalry, horse-trading, jealousy, publicity stunts, frayed nerves, bad temper, and worse oratory? In this ridiculous fashion—they will report—the Americans try to select their national leaders. From this confused uproar they hope to distill wisdom and high policy.

And many foreign journalists in the galleries will conclude that the political convention is a final confirmation of their favorite dogma: *i.e.*, that Americans are an immature, irresponsible, and undignified people.

Our native journalists will not go quite so far. Since most of them—unlike most of their foreign colleagues—know something about American history, they will remember that the conventions have, in fact, generally produced pretty good leaders for both parties. Moreover, the brand of wisdom that has trickled from these political stills for the past 125 years has not been wholly unpalatable.

Nevertheless, a good share of them will stick to the journalistic tradition set by H. L. Mencken. Old Henry—who held that politics was beneath contempt, and therefore never tried to comprehend it—always reported a national convention as an amusing but shameful kind of burlesque show. He regarded it as conclave of frauds, quacks, dipsomaniacs, and "extraordinarily protean rascals"; and his disciples (who throng the newspaper offices from coast to coast) describe political gatherings in much the same light to this very day.

Consequently, it might be a healthy thing, just before the conventions start, to listen to a word on the other side.

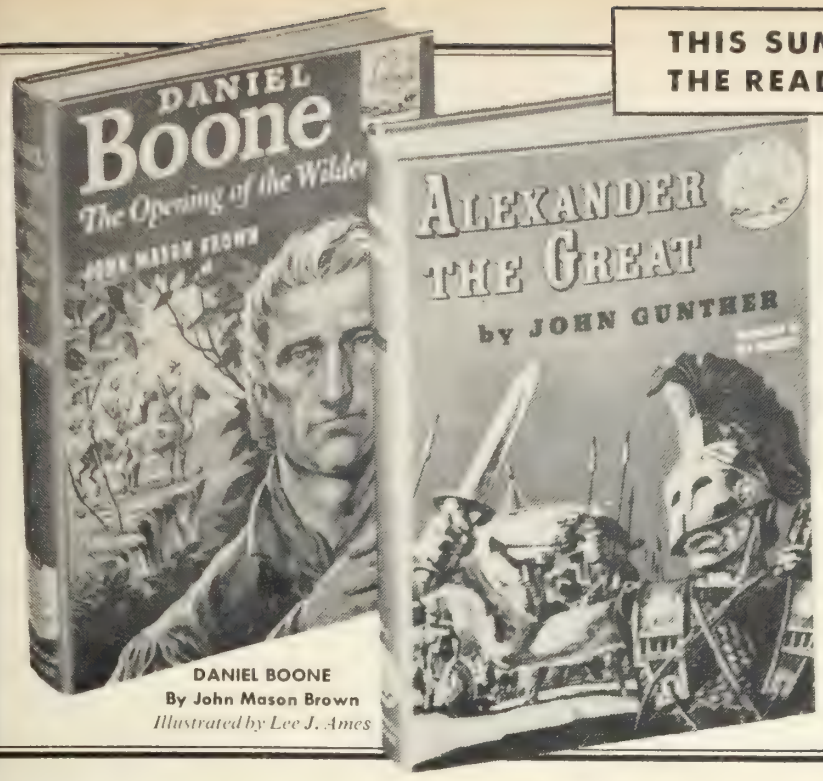
The most interesting case for the defense that I know of was offered by Thomas E. Dewey—one of the ablest advocates who ever stepped into a courtroom. He also knows as much about conventions as any man now living. Twice he has persuaded the assembled Republicans to nominate him for the Presidency; he cracked the biggest whip at their 1952 convention, and was primarily responsible for their nomination of Eisenhower; and he will be pulling levers behind the scenes, as usual, when they meet at San Francisco on August 20. His conclusions about the convention system, therefore, deserve considerable respect.

Such a view was set forth—with surprising frankness and good humor—in a series of lectures which he delivered in 1950 at the Woodrow Wilson School of Public and International Affairs of Princeton University. Because he spoke before an academic audience, and because his political fortune was then at a low ebb, his remarks attracted relatively little attention. They are, nevertheless, perhaps the best available guide to what is about to happen in the not-so-solemn councils of both parties. Here is the gist of what he said:

"EVER since Andrew Jackson invented it, the convention has remained pretty much the same. Many people say it is an archaic institution. They say conventions are unrepresentative and often boss-ridden. They speak of smoke-filled rooms. . . . The point is also made that, too often, strong and able candidates kill each other off because none can achieve a majority. Then, it is said, a few leaders select a compromise candidate who is a weak or colorless figure, with the unlovely virtue of having stood for little and made no enemies.

"All these criticisms have a certain amount of

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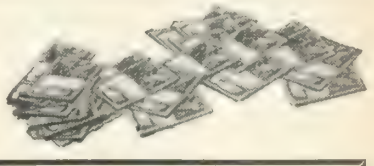
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merit. . . . Some of the speeches can be very dull and I can assure you that some of the freak stunts and street parades can be thoroughly irritating to those who are engaged in the serious business of the convention.

"Conventions of all kinds, however, are an integral part of the American scene, whether they are political, American Legion, Elks, or Rotary Clubs. There are hundreds of conventions going on all the time—of jewelers, buttonhole-makers, lumbermen, economists, university professors, and farm organizations. The convention is as thoroughly American as corn-on-the-cob. . . .

"The spirited atmosphere of our national political conventions has another important purpose. It is part of the tested process by which the major national parties compete for popular support and popular imagination. No one has invented a more effective way of bringing concentrated attention to political matters of the greatest importance to the country, and of bringing about ultimate agreement on policies and candidates.

"Agreement must be reached—and perhaps there is no better way than jamming two thousand hot, weary people, who are running short of cash and time, into a jury room as big as a convention city and keeping them there until they make a decision. Behind all the sound and fury lies the massive common sense and accumulated wisdom of our free system.

"In the shaping of the party platform there is much more hard work and useful clash of ideas than ever appears to the casual observer. Weeks in advance of the convention the National Committee selects a tentative chairman of the platform committee who assembles a staff and goes to work. Conferences are held with members of the party from all ranks and with groups from all parts of the country. Platform drafts are ready by the time of the convention. The full platform committee is selected at the beginning of the convention and then the real fights start. The members of the committee work day and night, thrashing out the issues and the way in which party principles should be stated. The controversy often boils over on the floor of the convention, where it is fought out again and settled by votes of the delegates.

"The leading candidates for the nomination influence the platform considerably. Sometimes one candidate is in control of the National Committee and is able to dictate the membership of the platform committee. Then other candidates with differing views must make their opinions felt through the weight of their supporters. I have been in both positions.

"It is interesting historically that out of the conflict of views the more liberal position usually prevails. Both platforms on which I ran in 1944 and 1948 were generally good and progressive documents. On the other hand, some provisions of both platforms were so vague on some points, as a result of compromises, as to justify the frequent assertion that the party platform means what the candidate says it means.

A GOOD deal of mystery has been made of the manner in which nominations for President are brought about. Rather than mysterious, it is a complicated business; but that is because the parties are complex and so is human nature.

"First of all, who are the delegates who make the decision? They are about a thousand men and women, plus a thousand alternates, selected from each of the states, the three territories, and the District of Columbia in a proportion fixed by the rules of the party. . . .

"Note that they are all picked on a state basis, not a national basis. Indeed, I seriously doubt whether there is a genuine national party of either name. The forms of national parties exist, but the substance is very shadowy. One party has a President in office, so people think they can judge what that party stands for by his actions. They rarely read the party platform and if the members of the Congress of the President's party do not go along with him, the average citizen just writes it off to cussedness or the lobbyists. The press encourages this illusion by cartooning the Congress as an ignorant or muddle-headed or lazy fellow.

"Who speaks for the party out of power? It has its last nominee for President who is called the 'Titular Head of the Party.' I have twice held that title, and I still have some doubts about what it means. . . .

"There are others who also speak as for the party. There is the National Committee, with two elected representatives from each state. . . . There are the members of the House and the Senate of the party out of power. I know from close experience that many of them believe that they are the sole and only trustees of party policy. Here the difficulty is that they are seldom unanimous and they sometimes appear to vote contrary to the platform adopted at their last National Convention.

"In the final analysis one is forced to the conclusion that each party reflects the opinions of millions of people and of hundreds of leaders. Nearly everyone will find men who represent practically everything he disagrees with. The total of a party is the total opinion of many people. It changes constantly. It is never wholly represented by one man even when he is President. Often a party majority opinion is actually misrepresented by the minority or the wrong-headed who are the loudest and get the most headlines.

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PARTIAL CONTENTS

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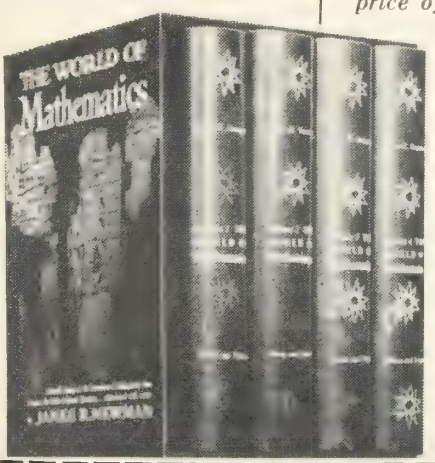
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"Much has been said and written suggesting that nominations are secured as a result of unconscionable bargains, private commitments, and actual purchase of delegate support. In my own experience this is certainly not the case. In the National Conventions in which I have been involved, while I may have been fortunate or naïve, I am in a position to know that no private commitments were ever given on my behalf. Nor was the support of any delegate ever purchased or the promise of a public office ever made to anyone. . . .

"Frequently delegates are pledged in advance to a given candidate by action of their state conventions or by the results of Presidential primaries. Others have promised a candidate their votes on the basis of personal friendship or old loyalties. Still others are committed to favorite sons either on the basis of state pride or as a temporary hiding place until they can see which way the wind is blowing in the convention.

"The managers of each candidate arrive in advance of the convention and the delegates are furiously buttonholed and bombarded as they reach the convention city. Sometimes the various managers have collected a list of the friends and associates of many of the delegates and try to get them to influence the delegates to support their candidate. As the party leaders arrive many of them announce their choice of candidates and each announcement has an impact upon convention sentiment.

"By the time the convention opens the claims of the managers of the candidates usually become more realistic and the members of the press are busy scouting out their own estimates of the strength of the various candidates.

"When the balloting starts, every candidate wants to show enough strength to be one of the leaders on the first ballot. But he also wants to have enough strength in reserve so he can gain on the psychologically important second ballot. For example, in 1940, I led on the first three ballots out of six—the wrong three. I lost ground on the second ballot. That was the beginning of the end and everybody knew it.

"As the balloting progresses, favorite sons withdraw and the swing of votes usually makes a trend clear. Before long there is a rush to the bandwagon of the indicated winner. When it is all over, everyone is eagerly or grimly establishing party harmony to go forward to win the election.

"Now, where does the 'smoke-filled room' come in? It comes in when there are enough strong candidates to prevent anyone from getting a majority and there is a stalemate. When that happens there are frantic conferences to create a coalition between two leaders, usually with one for President and one for Vice President. If this effort fails because the two are willing to get together or are able to transfer their support, the stalemate is complete.

"Then there are efforts in many smoke-filled rooms to reach agreement on a compromise candidate. By this time rivalries and bitterness have reached a point where the candidate who is finally acceptable to all factions is likely to be one who has aroused neither great enthusiasm nor great enmities. Fortunately, this unhappy process has not occurred too often.

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"Why do the parties have these bitter internal fights? And why must they achieve their own coalitions? Because there are wide divergences of opinion in each of the two great parties. And why are there these wide divergencies of opinion? Because each party really represents a composite spectrum of roughly similar interests. Each contains farmers; each contains industrial workers; each includes businessmen; each it-

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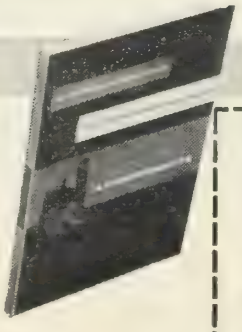
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"IT IS only necessary to compare the last four platforms of both parties to find how similar they are. But this similarity is highly objectionable to a vociferous few. They rail at both parties, saying they represent nothing but a choice between Tweedledee and Tweedledum. I must say that I have most often heard this view expressed by people who have no experience in government and are either reactionaries or radicals who want a neat little party to carry out their special prejudices; or these people are pseudo-intellectuals or just plain obstructionists. None of them contribute much to the sober, tough business of modern government.

"These impractical theorists with a 'passion for neatness' demand that our parties be sharply divided, one against the other, in interest, membership, and doctrine. They want to drive all moderates and liberals out of the Republican party and then have the remainder join forces with the conservative groups of the South. Then they would have everything very neatly arranged, indeed. The Democratic party would be the libéral-to-radical party. The Republican party would be the conservative-to-reactionary party.

"The results would be neatly ar

ranged, too. The Republicans would lose every election and the Democrats would win every election. It may be a perfect theory but it would result in a one-party system and finally totalitarian government. As you may suspect, I am against it.

"SOME have proposed that in order to eliminate all of the defects of National Conventions in one fell swoop, the present convention system should be abolished. They propose that party primaries be held in each of the forty-eight states with the results binding upon the delegates. Such a proposal would make the nomination for President nothing but a popularity contest in each state. If one candidate should win a majority of the delegates from all the states, he would be nominated automatically and the convention, like the Electoral College, would merely ratify the results. Otherwise there would be a deadlocked convention made up of delegates instructed for a variety of candidates. Then, presumably, the delegates would all be free to shift their votes and the smoke-filled room would really take over.

"More than this, who could possibly run in ten or twenty primaries, to say nothing of forty-eight? Nobody could stand the physical strain of such widespread travel and continuous speaking.

"Moreover, no candidate could possibly devote himself so exclusively to the pursuit of the Presidency unless he were either very wealthy or unemployed. Certainly, no one holding responsible office either in the Congress or as Governor of a state could ever again be nominated for President under such a system.

"The expense would also be prohibitive. The cost to each candidate would run into many millions of dollars and if such sums could be raised, which I doubt, their expenditure would create a public revulsion.

"Among all the suggested alternatives, it appears to me that the convention system is still the best. It can be and should be improved but despite its defects, no one has yet produced a better method of declaring party policy and selecting nominees. I rather doubt whether they will."

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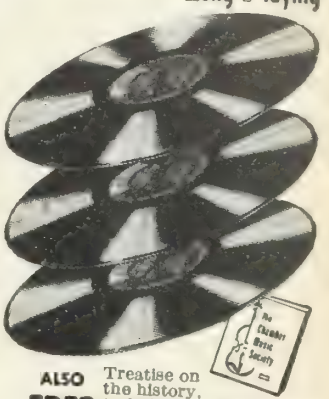
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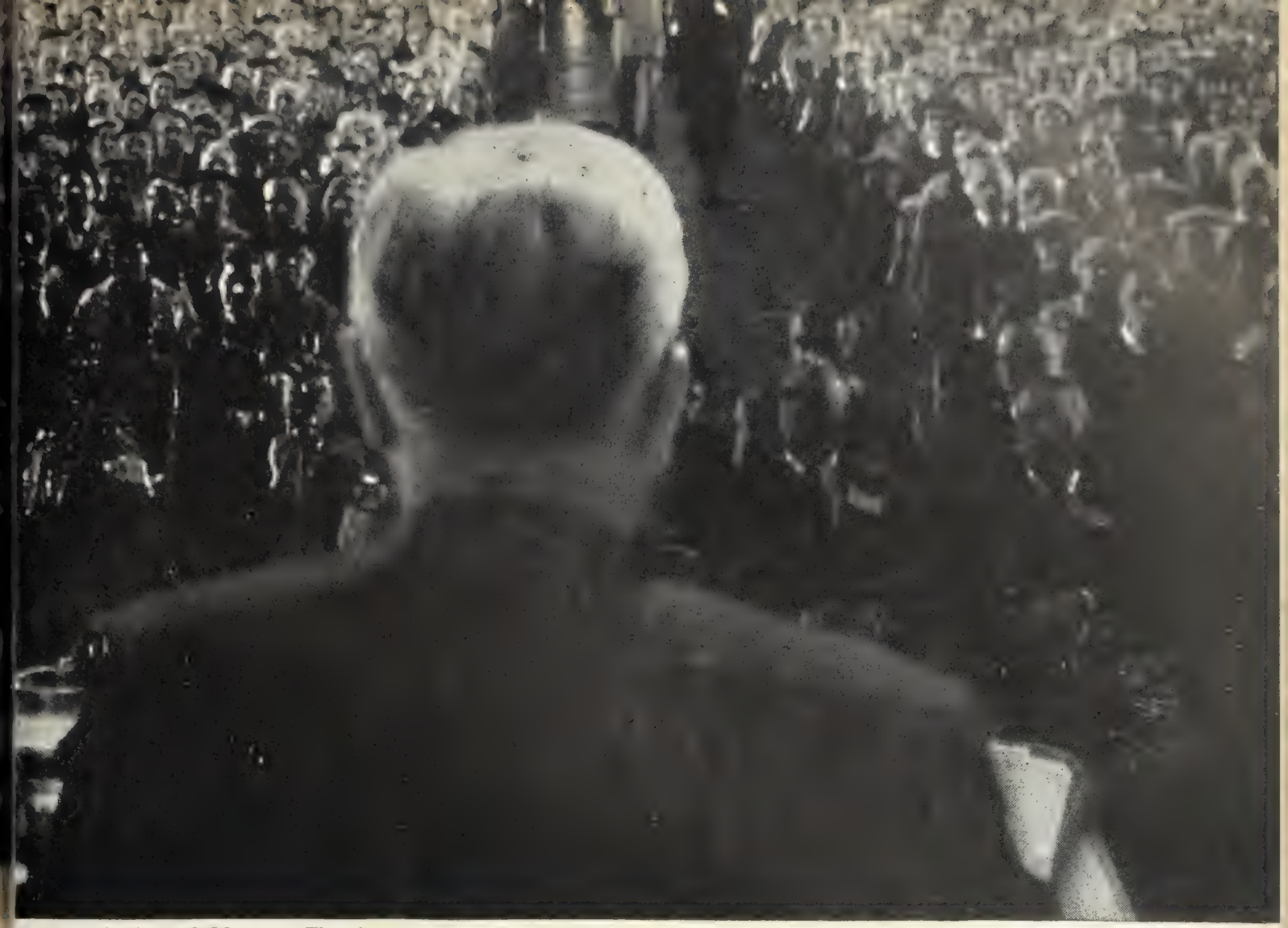
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X Plus Nine

NINE years ago last month the scholarly journal *Foreign Affairs* brought out an article signed only by "X" that came to be recognized—and later widely attacked—as a guide to official American thinking about Russia. It was shortly understood that X was **George F. Kennan,** then the State Department's top policy planner on world affairs. Mr. Kennan—who was later U. S. Ambassador to Moscow and who had previously served under Presidents Hoover, Roosevelt, and Truman in increasingly important foreign posts—advanced in that article the so-called Theory of Containment. In his words, the main elements of our policy should be a "long-term, patient but firm and vigilant containment of Russian expansive tendencies . . ." designed "to confront the Russians with unalterable counter-force at every point where they show signs of encroaching upon the interests of a peaceful and stable world."

Not only was Mr. Kennan's analysis taken as descriptive of American aims and methods; it also provided the Republican party with one of its chief campaign targets in 1952.

Mr. Kennan's new article, "Overdue Changes in Our Foreign Policy," in this issue of *Harper's* (p. 27) was developed from a speech he made in May this year to the World Affairs Council of Northern California in San Francisco. He speaks now without official or party attachment—and even, he says, apart from his present scholarly occupation at the Institute for Advanced Study at Princeton, where he is working on a new book, *Soviet-American Relations, 1917-20.* The first volume, *Russia Leaves the War,* will be issued by the Princeton University Press on August 27.

In view of the drastic changes in the Communist world since Mr. Kennan wrote as X in 1947, it is worth noting that he accurately predicted the broad outline of what has happened.

"It would be an exaggeration to say," he wrote, "that American behavior unassisted and alone could exercise a power of life and death over the Communist movement and bring about the early fall of Soviet power in Russia. But the United States has it in its power to increase enormously the strains under which Soviet policy must operate, to force upon the Kremlin a far greater degree of moderation and circumspection than it has had to observe in recent years, and to promote tendencies which must eventually find their outlet in either the break-up or the gradual mellowing of Soviet power. For no mystical, Messianic movement—and particularly not that of the Kremlin—can face frustration indefinitely without eventually adjusting itself in one way or another to the logic of that state of affairs."

. . . An editorial note in the November 1955 issue of *Community,* "An International Quarterly Journal" published in Colombo, Ceylon, sounds a challenge not often heard in the days of audience-reaction ratings and mass communications:

"Just by the way, a word to critics who want to know why we do not write *down* to the public: The reading public are not congenitally lazy, ignorant, and narrow-minded. If we assume that, we are playing the game by which commercial publishers fleece the public. *Community* is a serious journal which any intelligent person can read, provided he takes the trouble. Its purpose is furtherance of truth and understanding (of peoples, of moral facts, of works of genius, of oneself!), the providing of opportunities of free debate and for the publication of original thinking. . . . We *could* produce a popular, or conventional, or academic journal. But what for?"

Edited by C. R. Hensman, *Community* is one of those struggling, earnest, vibrant young enterprises that come and go in the publishing field the world over. It shocks our Western provincialism to read in it pieces which could well have appeared in *Partisan Review* or the *New Statesman* or the *Prairie Schooner.* In its unadorned pages, Colombo, Ceylon, looks like a crossroads of the culture of East and West.

Most of the contributors are unknown in the United States; many are anonymous. One **J. Mamoulkis,** appearing in the July 1955 issue as the author of a purported journal of a timber merchant in Iran, has something so striking to say to Americans about their much harried Point Four program that *Harper's* publishes it in this issue under the title, "5,000 Years Older Than Santa Claus" (p. 34).

From Mr. Hensman, the editor of *Community,* we have learned that "Mamoulkis" is the pen name of a young Swiss, Nicolas Bouvier, who stayed in Ceylon for a time during a three-year trip he is making around the world. We later reached Mr. Bouvier in Japan, where he is now writing for magazines and keeping an eye out for a way to work his passage to the United States. He is 27, a law and history graduate of Geneva University, and he has learned English from Pakistani truck-drivers, Indian station masters, and Anglican missionaries whom he met on his way.

. . . "Won't Somebody Tolerate Me?" (p. 36) is **Elinor Goulding Smith's** personal interpretation of freedom of thought and her first serious essay to be published. Born in New York, she lives in the suburbs, is married to Robert Paul Smith, a writer, and has two sons. Mrs. Smith's other writings have been humorous, and her first book—to be published this fall—will be *The Complete Book of Absolute Perfect Housekeeping.*

. . . Growing up on the Philadelphia Main Line and graduating from Vassar College did not prepare **Cynthia Flannery Stine** for the vicissitudes of her "Private War with Dr. Barnes" (p. 40); but undeniably the rugged job put her in trim for a very active career later on.

Mrs. Stine got married, she tells us, during her third summer at the Barnes Foundation while Dr. Barnes was in Europe. After she left a

during her two children's early ears, she wrote articles for *Baby Talk* and *Two to Six*. When her ather died she plunged for three ears into the field of construction n order to complete some large in- lustrial buildings which he had tarted. After that initiation, she eturned to writing, and she has had rticles in *Reader's Digest* and other nagazines and newspapers.

. . A child at fifteen is likely to e—according to Dr. Arnold Gesell restless, dissatisfied, apathetic; at ixteen he turns sweet again. But n the mysterious byways of our cul- ure—which may be as close to you s the house next door—an untold umber of youths wind up on the ooks as so-called juvenile delin- uents. In "What Nobody Knows bout Juvenile Delinquency" (p. 7), **Ruth Doyle** challenges the ex- erts on why the problem seems to e growing in the 1950s.

Mrs. Doyle is the wife of a Madison, Wisconsin, attorney, and he mother of four children. She rves on the Madison Mayor's Com- ittee on Juvenile Delinquency and n various Dane County committees n health, child guidance, and wel- re. She was a member of the Wis- nsin legislature from 1949 to 1953.

. . A sculptor who works success- lly in granite, marble, and hard- oods sometimes, it seems, wants to ork with words. **Eaton G. Davis** ves in Vermont because it is a ulptor's paradise and writes occa- onal stories. His third in *Harper's* "Bridgeport Lullaby" (p. 51).

. . The vicious big-city boss exem- ified by that nineteenth-century gue, William Marcy Tweed, is ead and gone. Even in the genial odern model of Frank Skeffington, ero of *The Last Hurrah*, he is only ghost. For, as **Frank Hawkins** ints out in his article on Mayor wrence of Pittsburgh (p. 55), a ccessful city boss today has to win ajority support among the rank- nd-file and co-operate with civic tterment forces as well. Graft and tronage and the ignorance of the ople will not sustain him now.

Mr. Hawkins is a Georgia-born wspaperman who came to Pitts- rgh from the Atlanta *Journal*

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early in 1945, the week before David Lawrence became Mayor and just about the time when Pittsburgh's rebuilding program got under way. He is editor of the *Post-Gazette's* editorial page.

. . . Churchill's Lady was Mrs. Winston Churchill when the events described in "F.D.R., Lady Churchill, and the Brussels Sprouts" (p. 62) occurred. **Mrs. Kermit Roosevelt,** who narrates the anecdote told by her distant cousin-by-marriage, the President, is the daughter of Joseph Willard, the first American Ambassador to Spain, and the widow of President Theodore Roosevelt's second son, Kermit—who fought in two world wars even before the United States entered.

Mrs. Roosevelt collected the Brussels Sprouts receipts and presented them this spring, with the story, to Lady Churchill in a privately printed volume.

And—by the way—when the Prime Minister retired in April 1955, he and Lady Churchill entertained Queen Elizabeth at a gala farewell dinner with the following menu: turtle soup, fresh salmon, saddle of lamb with Brussels Sprouts and potato croquettes, fresh peaches and cream, coffee and liqueurs.

. . . Television has been slugging the pugilist's profession, blurring the delicate distinctions between bruisers and boxers, and removing the rowdy judgments of the crowd from the arena to the home or corner bar. How all this has affected the fight business is analyzed (p. 65) by **Charles Einstein,** free-lance sport writer and novelist. Mr. Einstein has recently completed work on an anthology of baseball stories which Simon & Schuster will bring out in the fall. He was collaborator with Willie Mays on the latter's autobiography, and one of his novels, *The Bloody Spur,* was made into the movie "While the City Sleeps."

. . . When you go to buy a car today, the salesman who offers you those irresistible inducements is not the brash and confident man he used to be. According to facts reported by **Hubert W. Kelley, Jr.,** in "Mutiny of the Car Dealers" (p. 69), the man who pressures you is carrying a load

of troubles himself. He has gone—by invitation—to Congress for redress and has opened the automotive industry to public investigation.

Mr. Kelley is a Washington correspondent who specializes in covering stories for a number of trade and business publications. His prize-winning study called *Disaster Rehousing* was published by the Urban Land Institute.

. . . "The Rock Climb" (p. 76) is the first published story by **Don Moser,** a twenty-three-year-old Army veteran who is now in his senior year at Ohio University. He calls himself a rabid amateur naturalist and has done summer jobs for the Cleveland Museum of Natural History and the U. S. Forest Service. This summer he is a seasonal ranger in Olympic National Park.

. . . **Gerald W. Johnson,** Baltimore newspaperman, prominent defender of civil liberties, and author of many books, takes over as critic of "The New Books" (p. 85) this month while Paul Pickrel is on vacation.

COMING NEXT MONTH

It is very difficult these days to find an article on John Foster Dulles that is neither a blurb nor an out-and-out attack. Few people who know him at all view our Secretary of State dispassionately. But **Joseph C. Harsch's** portrait of "A Very Complicated Man" paints a many-sided picture—and leaves the reader to reach his own conclusions.

An obscure Alabama truck driver, whose vehicle was taken over when he failed to meet a single payment, has started a fight against high interest rates that could eventually save money for millions of installment-plan buyers. **Ruth** and **Edward Brecher** tell his story.

In a mood that may recall her popular "Lady Mondegreen," **Sylvia Wright** discusses the settings of some well-known novels—as she personally sees them.

We often speak of the "scientific method"—but since all scientists are not alike, the methods they use are not alike either. Physicist **John Rader Platt** takes up the unexpectedly important matter of "Style in Science."

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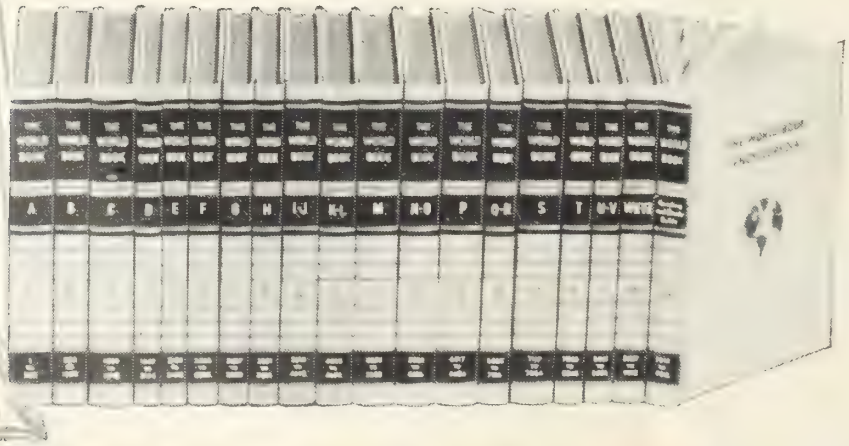
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OVERDUE CHANGES IN OUR FOREIGN POLICY

GEORGE F. KENNAN

A leading authority on Russia—formerly Ambassador to Moscow and chief of policy planning for the State Department—analyzes the changes under way in the Soviet world and what they mean to us.

I SHOULD like to make it plain that writing about contemporary problems is not at present my business. I am a historian; and the field of my present inquiries lies nearly forty years in the past. I claim no special knowledge or competence to speak of the things that are happening in the world today. I have no more than a newspaper reader's knowledge of them; and I must confess that I don't even read the newspapers with the care I should; for I find it pleasanter and more profitable to endeavor to disentangle the webs of error and necessity in which our country found itself enmeshed four decades ago than the ones in which it struggles today.

I should also like it understood that I do not have any thesis to peddle. I am not bursting with any messages for humanity. I feel no certainty about anything in this great complex of international affairs. I know of no simple way out of these dilemmas. The thoughts I am about to present flow from anguish of mind rather than from any brimming conviction—from bewilderment, and from the consciousness of much ignorance.

With this preface, I would like to make a few observations about the recent changes and the present state of affairs in Russia and the bearing of all this on the problems of American foreign policy.

I think we ought first to have a brief look at what these changes in Russia since Stalin's death have amounted to. And the best way to begin this examination is, I think, by noting one thing they have *not* amounted to.

I refer here to what seems to be a rather common impression that Stalin was a man of war, aiming to launch a military onslaught against the non-Communist world, whereas his successors are men of peace. Proceeding from this assumption people argue that whereas it was right for us, several years ago, to orient our policies exclusively to the danger of war, we now no longer need do so.

This is a great oversimplification. Stalin was not what you would call a nice man, and his intentions toward ourselves were strictly dis-

honorable. But these intentions, I am convinced, did not include the determination to unleash a third world war in the grand manner. The image of a Stalinist Russia poised and yearning to attack the West, and deterred only by our possession of atomic weapons, was largely a creation of the Western imagination, against which some of us who were familiar with Russian matters tried in vain, over the course of years, to make our voices heard.

In this respect the change that has recently come about has been more a change in the American interpretation of external reality than in that reality itself.

I do not mean to say that there have been *no* significant differences between the outlooks of Stalin and his successors in their bearing on the prospects for war or peace. Stalin, though not desirous of having another world war, was probably more skeptical than some of his successors of the possibility of avoiding one. He was more suspicious, I think, of the Western powers—more cynical about their motives—more incredulous of the possibility of having any relationship with them other than one of the most embittered and deadly and dangerous hostility. Like all truly evil people, he rationalized his own hatred of humanity by cherishing the belief that the rest of mankind were no better than himself.

His behavior was affected, furthermore, by his extreme—and even pathological—jealousy and concern for the security of his own power. The outside world and a good portion of Soviet society were absorbed, as he saw it, in the desire to overthrow his rule and do away with him. He, however, would out-trick them. He would dissemble, bide his time, and exploit the differences among his enemies. In this way, he would, as he thought, have his revenge on them all in the end.

In the face of these preoccupations—which in the final years of his life took on many of the aspects of a full-fledged persecution mania—Stalin was not prepared to believe that there could be any point at which the interests of Soviet society and those of the outside world could legitimately meet. In his view there was no such thing as proper and politically-innocent contact between peoples. Art, learning, science—those things which in ages past had been the great unifying factors in the experience of mankind—all these areas of universal community were in Stalin's view only battlefields on which were fought out, with unbelievable duplicity and hyprocrisy, his dark encounters with the hostile forces by which he believed himself to be surrounded.

Against the background of this attitude, Stalin contrived to make of his own regime the most profound and sinister sort of conspiracy—a conspiracy not just against the outside world but also against the Soviet peoples themselves and, in a sense, against the very Communist movement by which he was supported. And by the same token, he contrived to communicate to Russia's relations with the outside world a climate of tightness and fear and antagonism so total and so terrible that it lay for decades, like a great black cloud, over the face of international life, and only the most naïve and wishful of people could bring themselves to hope for any lightening of the atmosphere so long as Stalin remained alive.

This was not a desire for war. It was not an intention to attack the West by force of arms at the earliest moment. It was not to be confused with the reckless plans and military timetables of a Hitler. But it was something so infinitely malicious—so cruel, so relentless, so menacing—that it is small wonder many people were unable to distinguish it from a desire to make war: small wonder the Western world, and this country in particular, responded—once the aftermath of the war had made all this clear—with urgent measures of military defense: small wonder a considerable portion of Western public opinion was brought to the belief that war was inevitable: small wonder the world hovered, for half a decade, in a state of extreme military nervousness and tension.

THE LENIN TRADITION

ARE Stalin's successors any better? Do they not also entertain this same deadly hostility toward the outside world? Do not the principles of the political movement from which they have sprung render them just as dangerous, just as unreliable, as Stalin himself?

All these questions could be correctly answered with a simple "no"—but it would be misleading to leave them with that inadequate answer.

Let us remember, first of all, that Stalin's Russia was not the original Soviet Russia. His Communism was not Lenin's Communism—despite the superficial similarity of much of the ideology. I have no wish to appear as an apologist for Lenin, whom I consider to have been grievously wrong in his ideological convictions and misguided in the methods by which he put them into practice; but I think I do him no more

than justice when I say that he did not desire to see the triumph of Marxian Socialism take on the form of a totalitarian nightmare. He did not wish that people should live in perpetual terror and misery everywhere. Whatever the actions to which he may have been impelled by the necessities of dictatorial power, he had no desire to suppress Russian cultural life, and he suppressed—in truth—very little of it. In particular, he did not believe that the struggle for world revolution (to which he was much more sincerely committed than Stalin ever was) need involve the severance of the cultural and intellectual ties between the Russian people and the rest of the civilized world. Lenin, in contrast to Stalin, felt himself a part of the world cultural community. There was, therefore, another Communist tradition; Stalin's was not the only one.

Secondly, let us remember that there were probably no men in the world who received a more bitter instruction in the horrors and errors of Stalinism than some of those who were closest to him. They lived not only in terror of their own lives (for there was always the possibility that Stalin's deadly suspicion might arbitrarily come to rest on one or another of them); they lived also in the constant fear that he, with his excessive violence and cruelty, would eventually wreck the Soviet regime and the world Communist movement itself. And even if these disasters did not mature, some of these men were convinced that by failing to pursue a more flexible and liberal policy—in both domestic and foreign affairs—Stalin was forfeiting important advantages that could have been gained for the Party and the movement.

This being the case, it was only natural that these men, once Stalin was dead and the responsibility theirs, would try to change his course and to return to something more closely resembling what they pictured Lenin's ideals to be. And that, indeed, they seem to have done.

Now at this point a second question will be raised. It will be argued that the change these men have effected is only one of method, not one of objective; that the objective remains the triumph of the world Socialist revolution; that the present tactics, insofar as they are more subtle and effective, are actually more dangerous to us than those of Stalin. Should we then, it will be asked, be any the less on our guard?

Since this line of reasoning involves several components, there are several things to be said about it.

It is quite true that there has theoretically been no change of objective. But there *has* been a very significant change of method. And this change of method, let us note, is one which, on our standards, we can only approve. There is far less terror, internally. There is a really far-reaching relaxation of the restrictions on cultural activity within Russia. There is much greater liberality with respect to cultural relations with the outside world. There is a much more liberal attitude toward the satellites. There is greater maturity, confidence, and courtesy in the approach to relationships between governments, on the diplomatic level; and this, let us remember, is extremely important for the transaction of international business. We are witnessing, in other words, the evolution of the Soviet structure from the most nightmarish sort of modern totalitarianism to something resembling a traditional authoritarian state, oligarchically governed.

What more do we want in three-and-a-half years? Of course the objectives have not changed, but the objectives are only the ends; whereas the methods are the means. And who are we to exalt the ends above the means? As a nation bred in the Christian tradition, we should understand something of the importance of method. We, of all people, should know that it is method—not the objective—which, in the last analysis, determines the outcome.

It is true of all of us, I think, that our achievements are more often conditioned by the manner in which we behave ourselves than by the foolish daydreams and illusions we so often accept as our goals in life. This is why manners are of such overriding importance everywhere both in personal life and in the affairs of nations. The individual cannot do anything about the beast in himself; but he can help a lot, and make life more tolerable for his friends and neighbors, by trying to act as though the beast did not exist. Just so the nation may not be able to alter—at least not abruptly—the unreal or absurd or outdated purposes to which it seems to be the habit of nations to be theoretically dedicated; but it can, by its behavior in practice, do much to enhance the prospects for a more stable and peaceful and hopeful world.

Let us not turn up our noses, then, or profess ourselves doubly afraid, over changes in Soviet behavior that are surely in the general direction we should like to see followed by political society at large. Let us not, after having criticized the Russian Communists all these years for being too totalitarian, pour scorn and ridicule upon them the moment they show signs of becoming anything else.

Let us not, in particular, discourage evolution in this new direction by receiving it with wild boasts that it represents the triumph and vindication of our policies and an ignominious defeat for the Soviet leaders who have introduced these changes. The victories of democracy occur not when men are destroyed, but when they are illuminated and made wiser and more tolerant. If greater liberality now comes to the Soviet world, the victory belongs not to us but to the forces of health and hope that live—thank God—in men everywhere; however they may at times be thrust down and discouraged; and if a defeat has been suffered, it was not really by the men who brought about these changes, but by those tendencies within their own system—perhaps within their own minds—that were unworthy of any great people and unresponsive to men's deepest needs. Let us have the humility to recognize these things, let us remember we are the agents, not the authors, of the eternal verities in which we profess to believe, and let us not take personal credit for what is in reality the power of these verities themselves.

THE BUSINESS OF POWER

WHAT *are* these Soviet objectives that so disturb us? We must learn to distinguish here between the things people would theoretically *like* to do and the things they may reasonably expect to accomplish within their lifetimes. We must also distinguish between a belief that something is bound, by the laws of nature, to occur sooner or later, and a determination to bring that "something" about in the immediate future by one's own efforts.

The present Soviet leaders believe quite sincerely, I think, that the capitalist system is an episode in world history; that it cannot last; that it contains within it contradictions and weaknesses which will eventually prove its undoing; that it must sooner or later make place for a new order, which they call Socialism, and which will be marked primarily by government ownership of the means of production.

But how soon do they really expect this change to be accomplished? Khrushchev is said recently to have observed to a lady from the West that *she* might not be a Communist and her daughter might not be but her granddaughter certainly would. Another of the Soviet leaders, Mikoyan, I think, is said to have asserted that within a hundred years all of the Western world would be Communistic. Well, we, too, could speculate about what Russia will be, a hundred years hence; and I don't suppose the Soviet leaders would relish our speculations; but I doubt that they would tremble very violently over the realization that we had these awful things in mind.

Now in addition to having their misguided ideas about what the future is bound to bring, the Soviet leaders are also in business. They are in the business of national power. They have inherited the governmental responsibility for a great state—one of the major traditional units in the contemporary international family—with its people, its history, its traditions, its aspirations, its prejudices, and its rivalries. Like others who are in business, they like to win friends and influence people. They like to do better rather than worse. They like to see their own prestige and fortunes enhanced, their dangers lessened, their security increased, their power augmented. And international life being, like any other business, a competitive matter, it happens that these blessings can often be obtained only to the disadvantage of one's competitors.

Now the Soviet leaders have never concealed the fact that they consider themselves in competition with us; and I must say that I doubt we would let them forget it even if they were inclined to do so. They play, furthermore, a hard game; and they take whatever comes their way. If 30 or 40 per cent of the French electorate choose to believe Soviet propaganda and to be guided by the Soviet political line, the Soviet leaders are certainly not going to rebuff them and tell them to forget it and run along and be good Frenchmen. If large sections of the Asian public entertain the wildest prejudices against America and like to indulge themselves in the belief that the Soviet experiment holds the key to rapid economic development, no one in Moscow is going to rush to disabuse them of these illusions. And if nationalist leaders in the Middle East come to Moscow with soundings for military assistance that seem to offer attractive possibilities for the expansion of Russian influence in that area, these stirrings are certainly not going to be brutally discouraged at the Russian end.

Now this sort of thing is serious, of course, because Russia *is* our competitor and in many ways the strongest of world powers. But I don't think it can be taken as proof of any new or special aggressiveness on the Soviet side—of any aggressiveness that should cause people here to despair of meeting the problem short of war or to embrace panicky and extreme solutions. For one thing, this is all too similar

to the way other great powers have behaved and still behave. The differences are relative. But beyond that: the openings—the breaks—of which the Soviet leaders take advantage are all too often ones of our own making, or ones we would have a good chance of closing, and denying to them, if we would only conduct our own affairs to that end.

Just how, after all, and in what ways, are Soviet policies considered to threaten us? What is it we are faced with? I think we would agree on the main items. We are faced, surely, with the peace campaign (which, incidentally, long preceded Stalin's death); with the appeal to the neutrals; with offers of trade, not aid; with the claim to be sincerely interested in economic development and to know how to carry it out; with a merciless exploitation of the colonial issue; with a similar exploitation of the color problem; and, last but not least, with the rapid and effective development of the Soviet military-industrial potential.

These, I repeat, are the things we are faced with on the Soviet side. And we must ask ourselves whether there is a single one of these issues in which we have not led with our chins?

Is it not we who have rendered ourselves vulnerable to the peace campaign by the overmilitarization of our entire approach to world problems in these recent years—by our obdurate preoccupation with a war that might or might not come—by a concentration on this possible war so exclusive that it was bound to leave us empty-handed and devoid of suggestion if, in fact, war did not come?

Is it not we who have estranged the neutral world with our self-centeredness, with our lack of understanding for the very principle of neutrality, with our demand that everyone stand up and be counted either on our side or on the side of our adversaries; with our ill-advised efforts to corral all sorts of countries into military pacts—of which the implications were bound to be widely unwelcome to their peoples and the necessity obscure?

Is it not we who have set up the Soviet leaders in their slogan of trade not aid—by our exaggerated efforts to stifle East-West trade—and by our unbending attachment to all these vestigial remnants of protectionism that do so much psychological damage and so little practical good—by our tariffs and subsidies, our "Buy American" acts?

Have we not played into Soviet hands by our overemphasis on military aid to the detriment of economic aid, and by the unfortunate manner in which we have consistently portrayed our economic aid efforts as moves in the cold war—as bribes of sorts, rather than as the expression of a sincere interest in economic development for its own sake? To this day, our officials continue to describe various of our aid programs as efforts to "counter" Soviet moves here and there. How long will it take us to learn that if we wish to be effective in this field we must have the consistency to do things for their own sake and not for ulterior purposes? If we believe that economic development in this or that part of the world would be a good thing and worthy of American support, then let us support it for that reason and not wait for the Russians to frighten us into doing so. And if we do not believe this, let us not be pressured into doing things we don't believe in.

POISONING WORLD OPINION

AGAIN, the Russians exploit the colonial issue—yes; and there is much unscrupulousness and much injustice involved in this exploitation. But we can hardly say that the Western world has yet fully faced up to the issues involved. Great stupidities continue to be committed in the name of colonial, or quasi-colonial power, not by ourselves, to be sure, but by our Allies. And I would question whether the great hordes of officials we Americans maintain in the countries emerging from colonialism have yet learned to live there in a manner that does not exasperate in a hundred little ways the sensitivities on which anti-colonialism feeds.

Similarly, the color problem. We are all aware of the vicious distortions and exaggerations peddled by the Communists throughout the world about the state of race relations in this country; and I have no desire to condone the terrible irresponsibility that causes people to try to mislead other men by such means. But can we deny that we are continuing to pour oil on these fires in no small way? I do not mean to suggest that I think this problem susceptible of any easy and quick solution here at home; nor do I mean to make light of the feelings involved on either side of the controversy.

But what do we suppose is the effect on hundreds of millions of colored people in other lands of the direct reports from this country of what goes on here in the field of race relations? What do we suppose is the effect of the news photograph of Authurine Lucy's car surrounded by the mob with a man jumping up and down on its roof, apparently trying to break it in with

his heels?--and all this purveyed to the world as an example of what happens to a colored girl who tries to get a higher education in this country? That one photograph is worth more to the Communists than all the lies they could invent in a decade. Who is poisoning, here, the wells of world opinion? The Russians or ourselves? Both of us, no doubt—we by inadvertence, they by design; but we are doing our share.

Finally, we are faced with the assertion that Soviet military-industrial potential is growing more rapidly than our own. Well, there are—in this proposition—certain over-simplifications and certain exaggerations which I will not go into here. I doubt that the Russians are gaining on us quite so rapidly as some think. I suspect that they have greater troubles ahead than is often supposed. But I am prepared to accept, generally, the judgment of the economic experts that their ability to make war is already beginning to surpass our own in certain ways and will probably continue to grow in the coming period at a rate more rapid than ours.

Once more, I must point out that we are ourselves a vital factor in this disparity. We have in this country the resources that would permit us to outproduce the Russian twice over in military hardware any time we really wished to do so. And the disparities in the respective educational systems, by virtue of which they appear to be outpacing us in scientific and engineering competence, are also ones we have it in our power to overcome in the course of a few years, should we wish to do so.

SELF-INFLICTED HANDICAPS

THIS disparity is thus in part a matter of our own choice. It is our own habits and predilections, from which we do not wish to depart, that handicap us in this race. Ours is a high-cost country. We like it that way; and we have no intention of having it any other way. And for this reason our armed forces establishment is a high-cost establishment. It will remain that way. One might say that we have priced ourselves out of the race for military preeminence.

And our shortage of engineers and the deficiencies of our educational system are reflections of our aversion to every sort of regimentation and of the factors that lie behind the decline of educational standards in this country generally. I am not inveighing here against these weaknesses or arguing, at this point, for their correction. I am merely saying that they exist; that they are relevant to our competition with the Russians; and that we cannot ascribe entirely to Soviet aggressiveness disparities and reverses that are in part attributable to the weaknesses of our own performance.

The fact is, whether we like it or not, that in the Soviet challenge to our world there are two components: one composed of Soviet strength and another composed of our own weaknesses and deficiencies. And I would like to point out that there is none of these weaknesses or deficiencies that did not exist and cry out for attention long before Stalin's death. It should not have taken the very relative subtleties of Khrushchev and Bulganin to bring it home to us that an overmilitarization of approach to the cold war was losing us the sympathies of world opinion; that petty protectionism is foolish; that the race question within our country needs our most prayerful and courageous attention; and that we have a huge problem on our hands in our relations with the undeveloped side of the world.

For these reasons I do not find that the things that have occurred in Russia in these last three or four years change anything very much in the necessities that govern American foreign policy. They merely accentuate and make more urgent the demands that already rested upon us, and leave us less time, and perhaps less room, to do the things we ought long ago to have been doing.

And what are these things?

(1) Let us by all means remain militarily strong and alert. In doing so, let us have in mind not the thought of victory over someone else; for surely there can be no such thing in the day of atomic weapons. Let us rather be concerned to maintain such strength as will make it a profitless and dangerous undertaking for anyone else to attack us.

(2) Being strong, let us—for goodness' sake—not talk so much about it. Military strength is a thing to have, and not to talk about. Above all, let us endeavor *not* to convey to the outside world the impression that we expect a war to come and are blind to all other possibilities.

(3) Relying for defense on our strength, let us handle the Soviet problem by learning to look away from it. Let us stop being paralyzed, like a bird before a snake, by the sight of a power that rejects our philosophy and denies our values. Let us recover our composure and turn resolutely, and with confidence, to the doing of those things—both within our country and with

relation to the outside world—that we ought to do, and ought to have been doing, even if Communist power had never reared its menacing head above the horizon of our world.

Being always prepared for the possibility that things may not work out this way, let us assume that there will be peace—let us set our sights by this assumption and proceed to the execution of that tremendous task that would lie before us—at home and abroad—even in a world wholly untroubled by the faintest suggestion of another major war. This is the task of learning, and of helping others to learn, how man can live in fruitful harmony with the natural environment God gave him to live in—and, what is even harder, how he can live in fruitful harmony with himself.

If we were to follow this course for ten years, and if, at the end of that time, our Russian friends were still an ugly and dangerous problem to us, I would then be prepared to join in the demand that we despair of the prospects for coexistence, and cast about for more drastic and dramatic expedients. But I am morally certain that this would not be the case. I think we would find at the end of these ten years that this specter of Soviet Communism—like so many of the other apparitions of this world—would largely have ceased to be a specter when we refused to regard it as such and went resolutely about our business in spite of it. And I suspect that the American historians of a later date, as they looked back on the Khrushchevs and Bulganins of this era, would have to speak not without appreciation for the effect of their influence on American life. Let us remember Shakespeare's profound observations on the debt one owes to one's enemies:

> There is some soul of goodness in things evil,
> Would men observingly distil it out.
> For our bad neighbor makes us early stirrers
> Which is both healthful and good husbandry:
> Besides, they are our outward consciences,
> And preachers to us all, admonishing
> That we should dress us fairly for our end.
> Thus may we gather honey from the weed,
> And make a moral of the devil himself.
>
> —*Henry V, Act IV, Scene I*

JOYCE HORNER

FROM THE NORTH

I come from the north, but where am I going?
Out of the country of beck and of fell,
Where deep under rock dark rivers are flowing,

I walked in the morning with all the cocks crowing.
No prayer to the moor, no word of farewell;
I came from the north, but where I was going

All one to me then; no turning or slowing,
I fled the grey ledges, the heath and harebell;
Though deep under earth dark rivers were flowing,

I drowned the rough sound of their voices echoing.
Now in a region where no one can tell
I come from the north, where I am going

I ask of the stranger, not knowing, not knowing.
This is the old bridge that crosses to hell,
And deep underneath the dark river is flowing.

By J. MAMOULKIS

Drawings by John Lawn



5,000 years older than Santa Claus

TABRIZ, MARCH 1954

I HAVE seen much of Roberts, the American engineer, in the course of the last week. He has lost his good spirits. He is no longer the same man. Yesterday evening we dined together and I found him exasperated. When I asked if there was anything wrong he replied, "It is the whole country that is wrong." He had just returned from a tour of inspection in a village: in one month the work had not progressed an inch and the peasants received him badly.

The administration of American Point Four in Persia resembles a little two-storied house where two different kinds of activity are going on.

In the first story, at the political level, men are occupied in combating the Communist menace and procuring for the rightist government a working majority; this by the usual diplomatic means—influence, promises, propaganda.

In the second story, the technical level, a large staff of specialists is occupied in improving the living conditions of the Persian people. Roberts is in the second story. Politics hardly interests him. He is engrossed in wireless, photography, and building. He is a technician, but also a naturally benevolent man, and the idea of doing a job so useful to humanity pleases him enormously. Therein his disillusion.

"What do you think," he told me, "I go out there to build them a school, and when they see me coming, the urchins pick up stones." In an incredulous voice he added, "A school!"

I believe that Americans in general like schools; above all the primary school which is the most democratic. Perhaps among the "Rights of Man" none seems to appeal more to them than the right to be educated. It is natural in a socially well evolved country, where other rights are so well guaranteed, to take such a right for granted. In the recipe for American happiness education plays a fundamental role and in the American imagination a country without schools must be a backward country.

But recipes for happiness cannot be exported without being a little modified. Here, America has not sufficiently adapted its own recipe, and it is from this fact that difficulties arise. For there are things that are worse than countries without schools; there are countries without justice or hope. Thus Tabriz, when Roberts arrives with his hand overflowing and his head full of philanthropic ideas to which the reality of the town (for each town has its special reality) gives the lie each day.

But let us return to Roberts' school. This is the procedure. Point Four offers free the land on which to build the school, all the materials, the plans, and the advice. For their part, the inhabitants of the village, all of whom are in a way masons, will furnish the labor themselves and without payment construct the school to which they will go to be instructed. An agreeable system, which will function marvelously well in, say, a German or Finnish community. Here it will not work, because the inhabitants do not have the public spirit which has been attributed to them.

The months pass, the materials disappear mys-

Robert W. Wells

Wordwise, I am Fedwise Up

"AS FAR as I'm concerned," a reasonably literate friend said to me, "I'm optimistic." And then he added, in an explanatory footnote: "Situationwise, that is."

On another recent occasion, I was standing in a crowded bus. Two young women were talking. "Stylewise," the one nearest the window began, "it's perfect." The other nodded in complete comprehension. "You can't beat it," she agreed. "Fashionwise."

I moved quickly out of range of their voices, but the words had done their damage. Had the young women, I found myself wondering, been speaking hatwise, dresswise, or possibly, just possibly, girdlewise? Husbandwise, would they be in the clear when the bills arrived? Or would the crass fellow protest that shoppingwise things were going from bad to worse, moneywise? I got off at my stop and went muttering away.

When the jargon of the advertising belt invades my dreams, nightmarewise, I feel it is time to raise a feeble bleat of protest. Futile protest, I am aware, because numberwise I'm at a disadvantage that's insurmountable. Influencewise, too, alas.

There are various theories about the originator of the pervasive noun suffix that has crept across the land from its spawning grounds among the midtown Manhattan canyons. It is generally agreed that it began, as so many things do, among the communications experts—their own term—who infest Madison Avenue. But the name of the hero who turned, ran a pudgy hand through his crew cut, and softly uttered for the first time the word "mediawise" is apparently lost, posteritywise.

Though the corruption's father is unknown, there is no doubt that the orphan offspring is flourishing. I have not yet heard a farmer remark, "Cropwise, we ain't had enough rain," but I am expecting to. I did hear a waiter, a man of dignified mien and lordly bearing, say to a fellow servitor in a gloomy conversation about the untrustworthiness of customers that "Tipwise, these matinee days are for the boids." And a friend who teaches at Columbia swears that he overheard a student remark to a girl in a blue sweater: "Bookwise, I'm beat."

The "wise" suffix generally seems to be used instead of the phrases "in the matter of," "when it comes to," or something equivalent. Presumably it grew out of the need felt to lead with your ace, a practice that, speaking both bridgewise and advertising agencywise, has its following. By tacking on the suffix it is possible to get the gist of the sentence at the very beginning, somewhat in the manner of a newspaperman's lead paragraph.

Suppose that you want to say "Lastbagel owes his astonishing success to his skill at pretending sincerity." (I'm speaking for instancewise.) You could, by employing what I have begun to think of as the Madison Avenue single wingback, declare, with an appropriate raise of the eyebrows: "Sincerity wise, Lastbagel's first."

IT DOES not pay to brood about the matter as I've been doing, however. I found myself lying awake staring into the darkness last night trying to imagine what might have happened if Shakespeare had been exposed to the mania.

"Questionwise, is it to be or not to be," I found myself having Hamlet soliloquize. "Mindwise, is it nobler to suffer, adversitywise, or . . ." But that way lay madness. The gaunt figure of Lincoln pushed Will's ghost aside and began declaiming: "Peoplewise, you can fool some of them some of . . ." No, I had to get a grip on myself.

Nounwise, I concluded, I am surfeited with the hybrid newcomers. Lying there in the gloom, I vowed that the next fellow who calls me up and begins, "Lunchwise, how are you fixed?" is going to get a receiver slammed in his ear. And if the horrid syllables are pronounced in my presence, I am going to let fly the most desperate roundhouse right that has been seen since Lou Nova took up poetry.

That is, I amended quickly, unless the user is the husky kind who might retaliate, musclewise. In which case I will stand firm, principlewise, grinding down my disgust as best I can, repeating to myself the old motto:

"Goldwise, silence is 24 carat."



My private war with Dr. Barnes

Cynthia Flannery Stine

Drawings by Richard J. LeBlanc

THE first time I met Dr. Albert C. Barnes he was clad only in a steam bath cabinet. There was no one present to make the introduction, but I had no trouble finding out why he was known to everyone who had ever heard of him as "The Terrible Tempered Dr. Barnes."

Barnes is dead now, or I wouldn't dare tell my story. He drove his car through a stop sign without stopping. A tractor trailer hit him. He had spent his life going through stop streets without stopping, not only vehicular streets but personal ones. This was the only time, so far as I know, that he didn't win.

Dr. Barnes was the inventor of Argyrol, a stormy petrel of a man, snubbed by the medical profession for patenting an essential drug, and snubbed by the society of Philadelphia's Main Line. As a vast fortune rolled in from the drug, he began to assemble a collection of paintings which he hung in a splendid Renaissance palace in Merion, a Philadelphia suburb. The reputation of the collection and of the Barnes Foundation, as he called it, grew fabulous; no one could quite believe that he had more than a hundred Cézannes, dozens of Renoirs, and hundreds of other treasures of the highest quality. All sorts of people tried to get to see the collection and failed. There were rumors that behind the paintings were microphones which picked up the comments of the very few who did gain admittance, and if Dr. Barnes didn't like what he heard he would descend on the visitors and throw them out. He commanded the gate of his paradise of art like a malevolent and quixotic St. Peter.

I not only got past the gates of the Foundation, I worked there. It was the middle of the Depression when one hastily obeyed orders if they warranted an honest dollar. I had just finished business school and I put an ad in a Philadelphia paper, listing my virtues in their entirety: "SECRETARY—grad. of Peirce Bus. Sch. and Vassar Coll. Working knowl. Fr., Germ., Ital. Call Ardmore 0958."

Although replies came by the dozen bristling with the nonremunerative words "on Commission," one also came from the West Philadelphia office of the Barnes Foundation. Miss Nelle Mullen, Dr. Barnes' assistant, made an appointment for nine o'clock the following morning.

By 9:06 the conference was over. I was to start the next day. I had neither met nor seen Dr. Barnes. Miss Mullen, who I later discovered had worked for Dr. Barnes for at least thirty years, made no mention of pay, of duties, of hours, but in 1936 a job was a job.

Clad in an immaculate new woolen dress, with my hair beautifully waved and set, I arrived at the majestic house on Spruce Street in West Philadelphia that served the Foundation gallery in Merion as an office building.

I climbed to the second floor and studied the room I was to share with Miss Mullen as an office. I was barely settled when noises rose from the front hall and, with other footsteps mounting to the third floor, Miss Mullen burst into our office.

"Take a pencil," she blurted and, without removing her coat or hat, grabbed a stenographer's notebook and handed it to me. "Doctor will . . ."

A thunderous "Miss Flannery" reverberated from the third floor.

Miss Mullen never finished her sentence. I never caught my breath. A commanding, demanding voice had summoned me, and I ran for the stairs; the rest of the world ran too, I learned later, when Barnes summoned it.

At the top of the flight four doors faced the hall. Where was Barnes? I ignored the closest one, the bathroom. Was he in the front room, over our office? I hesitated at the threshold; it was empty.

"Here, Miss Flannery, here!" the voice roared. "Here."

I passed by the bathroom door, down the hall, to the middle room.

"Mi . . . i . . . iss Flannery!" bellowed from behind me. "I'm here. What in heaven's name are you doing?"

I stopped. Business school had never said anything about dictation in a bathroom. Clearly there was a lot about office procedure at the Barnes Foundation I had not been taught.

I hesitated at the bathroom door. "All right, all right," came across the room from a head protruding from the white metal steam cabinet planted securely in the farthest corner. "Got a notebook?"

"Yes," I mumbled, searching for a place to sit. The toilet seemed the only solution.

"Over here, over here," Barnes ordered. Your notebook'll fit on this cabinet."

The top was flat with a ledge encircling the opening from which his head emerged, a strong handsome face, a wealth of white hair, heavy black beetling eyebrows meeting across his nose's bridge. His eyes were pale blue and clearly nearsighted.

I balanced my book on the metal top that rose to a surprisingly convenient height for shorthand—at least for those first five minutes I thought it was convenient.

During those five minutes I jotted down his dictation, slowly, clearly pronounced. His mood was mellow and his letters well worded. Then halting momentarily he briefly queried me about my training and education. The cabinet was growing warm and my new wool dress was beginning to itch.

"Very, very interesting," he said. "We'll be glad to have you here. And now more letters."

He talked faster now, longer words, more complicated thoughts. My pencil raced on. The cabinet was getting hotter; steam rose at Dr. Barnes' neck; perspiration stood on his forehead. I glanced at my watch—9:12.

"My face," he interrupted. "Wipe it." I grabbed a towel, and his sentences raced on.

My own hair was getting damp; my brand-new woolen dress clung to me; my left sleeve, resting on the cabinet, was sopping.

Dr. Barnes' words became short-tempered, his thoughts erupted in wrath and resentment, his first businesslike letters were supplanted by savage, rabid ones. His face was red, perspiration rolled steadily down his cheeks, and repeatedly he snapped "towel" at me.

My pencil stumbled, my glasses steamed, my hair hung in dampened ringlets. I could barely see what I was writing. His words were many-syllabled, his ideas contorted and deformed, his thoughts steadily more malevolent and spiteful.

"The shower," he snapped suddenly in the middle of a sentence. "Lukewarm. Instantly."

I dropped my notebook and raced for the built-in marble shower. A half-dozen handles confronted me, a powerful-looking head, a needle-ridden spine, a series of encircling ribs. Hot? Cold? Which was which?

They were all water. Steaming, boiling water hurtled out, soaking the right arm of my lovely new dress and its skirt.

"Lukewarm?" Barnes demanded.

"Not yet," I called back and, reaching across the scalding water for another valve, twirled off the HOT handles and grabbed COLD ones. For a split second the water was placidly warm, then ice water burst forth.

"What's wrong?" Barnes bellowed. "For God's sake, can't you run a shower?"

"Just a second, just a second. It's too cold." I twisted the COLD backwards, the HOT forwards. Boiling water leaped out again.

"You fool," he screamed, and I glanced at his face. It was brilliant red, bursting with an apoplectic look. The lid to the cabinet snapped up. "I'm coming, you fool," he roared. "I'm coming!" and the twin doors to the bath exploded open, his brilliant red body bursting from the machine.

The shower door slammed as I tumbled down the stairs. Was he burning or freezing to death? I didn't care. With tears starting from my eyes, I fled into the second-floor bathroom and locked the door.

"Anything I can do, Miss Flannery?" It was Miss Mullen's voice.

"No," I said, catching my breath. "But thanks a lot. I'll be out in a minute."

And many were the times later on she would sit in our adjoining office listening to my sobs—or I, in there, suspecting hers.

My day-old permanent hung in kinks, my new skirt in water stains, my right sleeve shrunk as a constrictor. That was my first morning of working for Barnes and the second and ensuing ones varied in no degree. As perspiration began to roll from his forehead and vituperative words from his tongue, apoplexy would stalk, and

every phrase he dictated would be libelous. Half an hour later, showered, rested, relaxed, he would nod at the invective I read back to him, but never once did he mitigate his abuse or hesitate to add still more defamatory words.

THE COMPETENT FORGER

AT MY business school we were taught to leave room on a letter for the employer's signature, but not how to forge it; how to file carbons, but not to padlock them in a cabinet; and how to stow stenographic notebooks, but not in a safe.

During my first week at the Foundation I was taught the art of skillful forgery by Dr. Barnes, who stood over me twenty minutes daily instructing me how to sign "A. C. Barnes." The letters he had me sign were ones he could later deny that he had dictated or sent, and, though the recipient would swear that the signature was authentic if the case reached court—and oh, how Barnes loved his fights to reach court!—the handwriting experts could, of course, testify to forgery.

Barnes was just as fussy over the way I signed the names of his make-believe secretary, Peter Kelly, and his dog, Fidele-de-Port-Manech. Peter, who existed only in Dr. Barnes' imagination, would fill his letters with stinging insults, usually at people who wanted to visit the collection, while Fidele, a small mongrel, chatted gaily and fatuously around almost any subject. Dr. Barnes demanded perfection in these letters as he did in his own.

Another concern, or maybe I should say, lack of it, at the Foundation, was insurance. The paintings at the gallery were reportedly worth thirty millions. I had no reason to doubt it. But we did not carry one cent of insurance that I ever heard of, nor did Barnes allow agents to give him a single reason to consider it.

At that time the collection contained more than 150 Cézannes. Barnes had bought a few of them for $20 or $30 apiece before Cézanne's name was known, but in 1925 without hesitation he invested $105,000 in "The Card Players." At about the same time he refused to spend $200,000 each for "The Man with the Skull" and "The Bathers," but a few years later, with dealers downtrodden by the Depression, he acquired them for $50,000 and $70,000.

Late in the 'thirties there were more than two hundred Renoirs in the Foundation, dozens of Picassos and Matisses, paintings by Van Gogh, Chirico, Soutine, Pascin, Glackens, Utrillo, Rouault, Toulouse-Lautrec, Derain, Modigliani, Rousseau—almost any name you could think of, which—and the *which* is underlined—Barnes admired. There were also old masters: El Greco, Giorgione, Tintoretto, Veronese, Titian, Rubens, van Goyen. There were scores by Manet, Monet, Degas, Seurat—over a thousand paintings in all. But they weren't insured.

"Why insure them?" Barnes demanded. "If they are damaged or destroyed by fire they could never be replaced." If by any chance one should be ruined, he had only to reach in his bank account for a substitute.

The matter of a million dollars or so for a painting didn't bother the Foundation, but one day a three-cent stamp almost cost me my job. City letters required only two cents and Dr. Barnes, thumbing through a healthy pile of mail ready to be sent out, landed on one city letter—bearing a three-cent stamp! Slamming it down before me, he thundered about wasteful carelessness, lack of training, and the stupidity that allowed me to squander money he had worked so hard to acquire for the Foundation. He stood by me while I steamed that three-cent stamp off that envelope and replaced it with a two-cent one.

I hadn't been working long at the Foundation before I learned that admission to the gallery was one of the world's most coveted wishes—and the one least likely to be fulfilled. The gallery was not open to the public.

"Admission to the gallery is restricted to students enrolled in the classes" was printed on cards sent by me to thousands who wrote for permission—but only when the request was accompanied by a three-cent stamped self-addressed envelope. If Dr. Barnes was in a very rare benevolent humor I would be told to mail a card to an applicant who had sent a stamp but no envelope. If the request was enticing enough to induce one of Barnes' diatribes, he might even invest in his own stamp and envelope. The more prominent the applicant and the more assured of gaining admission, the faster the application hit the trash.

While the number of sight-seers who requested admission was high, we heard also from many who wished to join a class—a comparatively easy matter for those who fulfilled the requirements.

And they were all negative ones. If you wrote on fine stationery engraved with your estate, if your name lurked in the social register, if you belonged to outstanding clubs and schools, you were out. But if you lived in South Philadelphia, the scene of Dr. Barnes' emergence, if you wrote

on cheap paper, misspelling words, and your name was Italian or Jewish, you had a nine-to-one chance of being accepted. At least you were given an interview in our office.

Early in the courses Barnes would weed out some students. Two absences, whether caused by appendectomies or funerals, automatically expelled the student. Anyone who came late to class, or left early, was thrown out, as were those who spoke unwisely or questioned Barnes' opinions.



REVOLT AT LUNCH

ONLY once did I, myself, ever make a sustained effort to defy Dr. Barnes. It was in the matter of luncheon. Promptly each day, at the second stroke of twelve (a half-dozen clocks would strike simultaneously), we would descend invariably in the same order down the stairs.

In the kitchen, Paul, the general factotum, would stand poised, ready to squeeze Doctor's orange juice as he slid into his chair, so that not one single Vitamin C could be lost. The vitamins assigned to the rest of us were not subjects of interest.

During the five years I worked for the Foundation lunch for Barnes, and for the rest of us, was chopped up tomatoes and lettuce in large soup bowls, no dressing, just salt and pepper. His experimentation with other dishes could have been counted on one hand.

I had been at the Foundation twenty months when I reached my twenty-fifth birthday. That day, having been powerfully egged on by my father, my two sisters, and my husband-to-be, I decided to show the stuff I was made of. When Paul came up for our daily luncheon order—which had not varied in those twenty months—I screwed up my nerve. "I'll have peas today, Paul, please. Just peas."

Miss Mullen's typewriter stopped abruptly, and Paul's hand, reaching for the usual lunch money, halted extended.

"Peas?" he asked numbly, his jaw dropping.

"Peas?" Miss Mullen questioned, her hand to her mouth.

"Peas," I stated firmly. "Today is my birthday, my twenty-fifth, and I'd like to have peas."

"Peas," Paul repeated, and I could hear him mumbling to himself as he picked his way down the stairs.

"Peas," Miss Mullen said, shaking her head, and went back to her typewriter, but her typing was erratic and her eraser active.

"Peas," I muttered, clenching my teeth, and started in on my own machine. Every key I hit was wrong; my pulse soared. "I'm going to eat peas," I said to myself, crowding back the tears that welled in my eyes. "I'll be damned if I'll eat one more tomato!"

The clocks struck ten in perfect unison. "Two hours to lunch," I counted. "One hundred and twenty minutes." My hand shook, my teeth chattered and, with eyes blurring, I couldn't decipher my symbols.

"Miss Mullen . . ." I started.

"Yes, Miss Flannery?" Her voice was hopeful. "You've decided to eat lettuce and tomatoes?" I nodded. "Very wise," she smiled. "Tell Paul."

I rose silently, tension loosening, and went to the head of the stairs. It was our second man, Jim, who answered my hail. "Paul's left for market," he answered. "Anything I can do?"

"No . . . thanks, no." My voice trailed off.

Stiffening my shoulders I returned to my desk.

Perspiration rose again on my forehead as the clocks struck twelve and we descended the stairs. Unobtrusively I slipped into my seat; my plate was piled high with brilliant green peas, gleamingly richly in butter. Paul must have shelled two pounds.

I waited for Dr. Barnes, seated at the head of the table, to plunge into his own salad, but his eyes were on my plate. "What have you there?" he demanded and, reaching out, put a fork loaded with my peas into his own mouth. Wordlessly he rolled them around, savoring what I so happily anticipated. Then his arm shot out, and he exchanged my plate for his.

"They're absolutely delicious," he announced. "Let's change."

Once more tears welled, but I nodded, smiled, and plunged my fork desperately into his lettuce

and tomatoes—no dressing. Just salt and pepper. And it was my birthday!

Next day I determinedly ordered peas again, and again Barnes exchanged our plates. The third day, ditto. I asked him in the morning of the fourth, before the steam cabinet had cooked him over a minute, if he'd like Paul to fix peas for him too.

"They're fattening," he replied unequivocally, "and starchy. I'll have salad."

"Ha!" I muttered to myself. "Now, I've got him where he belongs. Today I can eat my own peas."

He ate them. Next day I returned to tomatoes and lettuce, and for the following three years my order never wavered.

There was no subject on which Dr. Barnes was not opinionated. But on some he was more so. One of these was food. Another was furniture. In my early years at the Foundation he plunged into antiques. For most collectors, acquiring them is an enchanting, delightful, and relaxed hobby, but for him it was a serious undertaking.

Daily, at 12:21 P.M., his tomato salad and orange juice stowed away, Barnes would head into the countryside, and the next morning a check for $5 or $500 would be entered in the checkbook—but not necessarily to stay there.

Late the afternoon of the day an article was bought, it would without fail be delivered to the Foundation workshop. Barnes would have been told that it was a perfect original, no planks replaced, no nails used. Any other buyer would have paid his money and put the purchase happily into service.

In our workshop, manned by experts, the piece would be carefully taken down to make certain that every part was authentic. Let one screw, a strip of new molding, a replaced bit of wood be found—and back the article would hurtle to the dealer's shop. To bear out the Doctor's assertion, many articles went back still torn apart, while others were shoved indifferently together. To the bank would go our order to stop payment on the check.

If the dealer was humble and contrite, Barnes was back the next day to make a new purchase. But if the man asked one question, or offered one explanation, he was instantly blackballed.

Purchasing of early American antiques was a simple procedure but finding room to place them was a serious problem. The best furniture, of course, was placed in the gallery, the next best in Barnes' house and after that in the homes of two of his staff and in our city office. Each morning when I arrived, men were carrying in new pieces and hauling out replaced ones—a pine corner cupboard, perhaps, pushing my typewriter desk into a corner, or a dry sink forcing files into the hall and an adding machine into the bathroom. China was installed on shelves that had held reference books, wrought-iron hinges replaced calendars, and my posture typing chair gave way to a squat milking stool.

THE RUSSELL AFFAIR

BARNES' obsession with antiques led him into a memorable duel with Lady Russell, third wife of the philosopher Bertrand Russell.

That year, 1940, Russell had been barred by the Supreme Court of New York from teaching at City College because of his unorthodox views on morals and sex. Had Barnes been deep in another fight, Russell, whose name had never been mentioned before at our office, would undoubtedly have slipped by unnoticed. But Barnes was free at the moment and, engaging Russell for the Foundation, he plunged into the conflict with delight. The newspapers grabbed the news that according to Doctor's standards, Russell's firing was a blast at academic liberty, and that his hiring by the Foundation was a signal to the world of education that our approach to culture was aesthetic and unbigoted.

Our acquisition of Russell met with no obstacles; we reached him in California, received his signed contracts, and life went merrily on. But we hadn't asked for the signature of the then Mrs. Russell.

Anyone who wanted to work with Barnes knew he had to submerge his own personality and obey every order. Mrs. Russell didn't realize this, or wouldn't.

So happy was Barnes about picking furniture for a new farmhouse he had recently bought that he took equal delight in choosing pieces for a century-old one in Chester County that he had chosen for Russell who, with his family, was due to arrive in about six months. He wrote them all about it. Mrs. Russell replied by air mail, special delivery. She told us in clean-cut phrases that she would choose her own house and fill it with her own taste in furniture.

Our answer was polite, jovial, and friendly, but quite, quite firm. Her return letter landed in our office like a bombshell. The house, she had heard, was on a low spot, near a creek—and she was not going to live there. For the benefit of their young son their home was going to be on a hilly windswept spot with sun baking it on every side. The house was going to be her

own choosing; the furniture equally so; and she would settle where she wanted. From Mr. Russell we received no letters that I remember now.

On the fall day of the Russells' arrival at the Foundation, Mrs. Russell remained at the wheel while her husband went in for an interview. I never found out whether Doctor refused to let her in or she refused to enter.

The next chapters in the conflict were headlined regularly in the papers. Chapter I could be entitled "Storming the Gates." Mrs. Russell had never applied to join her husband's Foundation course and was, therefore, never accepted as a student by the Foundation. But each week she marched determinedly through the front door and seated herself firmly in her husband's lecture room. Never before had husbands or wives dared imagine that such privileges belonged to them. Barnes' wrath was smoldering but temporarily he kept it damped.

The next chapter would be "Prestige," for although Lord Russell did not use his title of Earl, Mrs. Russell chose to call herself "Lady Russell." She failed, rather emphatically, to ingratiate herself with the gallery staff.

"Knitting Needles" wrote finis to Mrs. Russell's admission to the gallery. Not only did she enter her husband's class without recognized permission, but she actually chose to knit during it, completely disrupting, said Barnes, the harmony of the group.

An emergency meeting of the Board of Trustees at the Foundation barred Mrs. Russell in the future from the building. As the Board of Trustees was made up of paid employees of the Foundation, who concurred without question in the Doctor's slightest wish, he seldom bothered to convene them but dictated his own choice of minutes to a secretary.

Russell himself continued happily at the Foundation for a couple of years but, as was expected, came to cross purposes with Barnes—as did everyone of character who had relations with him—and was forced to sue him for salary still due on his contract.

SITUATION DETERIORATES

I CANNOT say that I continued happily at the Foundation, nor even that I had a chance to sue Barnes for salary due me. We, too, had reached a point after five years where we were no longer sympathetic. He liked it there. I didn't. One of us had to go.

The easiest thing to blame our troubles on was war clouds. Certainly they annoyed Doctor.



Hadn't he gone to Brittany each summer for his vacation? How could Hitler deprive him of it? However, getting rid of me, apparently, was easier than getting rid of Hitler. It was still 1940. America was not at war. Barnes and I were.

The basic cause was simple—Barnes was bored, annoyed, and needed something to do. Suddenly and quixotically, he bought a gigantic cut-and-dried mansion in Merion, and, before we caught our breaths, our city offices were transplanted to the suburbs, less than a mile from the Foundation gallery. Too close. Much too close. When we were in the city office Barnes had pulled out for good each day at 12:21, but the handy location of this new building had him dropping back at any time. In town he had been the isolated emperor of his third floor but here his headquarters were in his sitting-room less than a quarter mile from my typewriter.

By far our worst problem was the new location of his steam bath and shower, which he had built into the bathroom directly across the hall from our office!

My first morning in Merion is just as vivid as the first one I worked for Barnes in town—with every detail centered on the steam cabinet and shower, but now his temper was five years older, five times as unmanageable, and I was at least twenty-five years older. At the steam bath, I was doing well enough, and when the usual word "shower" exploded, I dropped my notebook, leaped across the room, and shot my hands into the shower. Automatically I twisted the six valves, with water as always running down my forearms but no matter how I turned them, the temperature continued to rise. Back I reversed them. Forward again.

"Ready?" came Barnes' voice over the rushing waters.

"Not yet." Far to clockwise I swung the valves.

"What's wrong" he blasted.

"Just a sec," I yelled back. "Too hot."

"And so'm I." And over the roar of waters the door slammed open and Barnes, brilliant red as always, bounded across the room. Soaking and blinded I fled through the door.

In town I hadn't been able to hear all of Barnes' screaming as he cursed me out, nor see him as he emerged from the shower. Here, I had no choice. I wasn't deaf and I wasn't blind as he garbed himself for his sofa. As the days went by, I lost weight, and Barnes got closer to apoplexy.

Each afternoon that Doctor was away I devoted hours to those valves, but the water was invariably too hot or too cold. Each morning I was more nervous, more upset, less able to interpret my shorthand. And at home my disposition was vile.

"Shower sounds crazy," my husband muttered one night as my tears again burst forth. "Bet those hot and cold handles are switched. Some plumber was nuts."

It sounds so simple now. Hot water traveled to the handles marked COLD, and in two cases cold to those stamped HOT. The pipes were torn out and replaced. I needed only ten minutes to practice on them. But I had lost ten pounds.

Yet I couldn't relax—nor could Barnes. My work improved considerably; his disposition struck an evener keel. But in Europe Hitler was being less thoughtful of Barnes and Brittany, and in Merion the draft board was calling men to the Armed Forces.

A young Foundation teacher drew one of the early numbers and his draft board summoned him. He notified Barnes, and hysterically Barnes rushed to me. A letter must instantly be sent, explaining that teaching art at the Foundation was of greater importance to the world and of greater value to the United States than the young man would be to the Armed Forces.

"No," Barnes burst as I grabbed for my shorthand notebook. "There isn't time. Take this right on the typewriter," and standing at my shoulder he dictated the letter to me. As I neared the end of each line he would grab for the platen wheel and twirl the paper two spaces down. Never before had he done this. My nerves were on edge and his dictation was demanding.

"And now quote those sentences from Dewey's book," he commanded, "the ones I always send." I knew them well—praise from the philosopher Dewey on the Barnes Foundation. I typed them in. Barnes ripped the letter from my machine, along with the carbon and, rushing down the stairs, sent the young teacher dashing to his draft board.

Details of the next morning are perfectly clear. The clocks struck nine and I heard Miss Mullen mounting the stairs.

"You alone?" I asked. "Doctor not with you?" It was almost the first time in five years that Barnes and Miss Mullen had not arrived at the same time.

Miss Mullen cleared her throat. "He won't be here till later, maybe ten o'clock."

"Ten? My gosh. He's not sick, I hope?"

She still had on her coat, her hat, her gloves. "No, he's not sick"—she was avoiding my eyes—"but he is upset." Then her words burst forth. "He says . . . he says he's got to have another secretary . . . one who can type correctly . . . who never makes mistakes."

My mouth fell. "Mistakes? Type correctly? You mean my typing's poor?" She nodded. "You mean . . . I typed something wrong?"

"A quotation mark yesterday. In that letter to the draft board. You left one out."

"But I never got a chance to reread that letter. Doctor yanked it out of my machine and raced down the stairs. I couldn't go over it."

She shook her head. "It doesn't matter. You put in a quotation mark when you started to quote Dewey, but none at the end. Just a period." She unbuttoned her coat. "Doctor must have a secretary on whom he can count. He is sorry. So am I. Your work was good till we moved out here . . . but lately . . . well . . . he would like you to leave before he gets here. Please gather your things."

I sat there, staring across the room. "I just don't understand," I muttered.

"No, it's unfortunate, but better get ready now," Miss Mullen repeated. "Collect whatever you own. Doctor wants you gone before he gets here."

But I wasn't. That morning, for the first time in five years, he had no steam bath, no shower. I was still gathering my things when I heard him mount the stairs slowly and go into his front room. He didn't ask me to join him. I didn't want to do so. But, somehow, I found myself there. He raised his head.

"I just wanted to say good-by," I said. Then, stared at him. Tears, yes, tears, were streaming down his cheeks. I dug in my bag for a handkerchief. Tears were dripping from my eyes, too.

Ruth Doyle

What nobody knows about Juvenile Delinquency

Do you have any idea what happens to a "bad" boy in your town . . . whether he actually has done anything wrong . . . and whether the treatment he gets helps or makes things worse?

A ROMAN father could sell his children, or kill them if he wished, without punishment. Hundreds of years later, the Plymouth General Laws intoned:

> If any Child or Children above sixteen years old, and of competent Understanding shall Curse or Smite their Natural Father and Mother; he or they shall be put to Death, unless it can be sufficiently testified that the Parents have been very Unchristianly negligent in the education of such children. . . .
>
> If a Man have a Stubborn or Rebellious Son . . . such a son shall be put to Death, or otherwise severely punished.

The Roman and the Plymouth colonist had power of life and death over their children. But they also had the sole responsibility for their care, upbringing, education, and discipline. Times have changed.

In 1956 America, while parents retain a large share of the ultimate responsibility for their children, much of it is delegated—to schools (by law), Sunday Schools, park recreational directors, policemen, movie ushers, ten-cents-store clerks, neighbors, parents of children's friends, Scout leaders, probation officers, music and dancing teachers, settlement house workers, bus drivers, second-hand-car dealers, employers of part-time help. For many hours each week, our children's lives are shaped by people we do not even know.

And, as these influences on children's lives have become more varied and complex, society has assumed ever-increasing responsibility for dealing with the very special behavior problems of children.

In 1819, the New York House of Refuge became the first institution exclusively for the custody of children. Most of the state correctional institutions for juveniles were established before 1875. Special provisions for hearing juvenile cases have been made in most court jurisdictions, beginning in Boston in 1870. New York State adopted the country's first probation statute in 1884. The first true juvenile court was established in 1899 in Illinois. By 1925, forty-six states had statutes setting up juvenile courts. The Federal Juvenile Court Act was passed in 1938.

With these expanding facilities three new ideas grew up: (1) Treat the child, don't punish his crime. (2) Spare young offenders jail contacts with hardened criminals. (3) Above all—don't brand children with court records.

And so our treatment of juvenile behavior problems has developed—to provide institutional commitment sometimes, formal probation more often, and, far the most frequently, "informal supervision" of the child in trouble with the law. It is a judge who orders the commitment or the formal probation in a regular, though unpublished, proceeding. But, outside the court chamber—in the probation officer's office, without formal charges, without court appearances, without judges' decisions—"informal supervision" has mushroomed to ease the burdens on judges and to insure privacy in juvenile cases. Informality, improvisation, flexibility, confidentiality—this is the dominant motif of all treatment of juveniles. Because obvious humanitarian impulses account for this emphasis, it is escaping scrutiny and criticism. Yet, it lies at the heart of our difficulties.

Despite all the whoop-de-do in the public press about it no one knows the real extent of juvenile delinquency.

Everyone has a theory.

It is *estimated* that 1,250,000 children had contact with the police in 1955. Of these, about 500,000 were referred to juvenile courts. These are *estimated* figures, published by the Children's Bureau of the United States government. In my own state, nearly half the counties provide *no figures at all* on juvenile cases in their courts.

The definitions of delinquent behavior and the interpretations of the law differ so widely from court to court, from probation officer to probation officer, from policeman to policeman, from judge to judge (and even from day to day) that the figures on which the Children's Bureau bases its estimates may be almost meaningless. Further, within counties which do report their statistics, there are an unknown number of cases adjudicated by town marshals and justices of the peace which never reach the probation officer's knowledge at all.

Nor can we say with any assurance how the problem now compares with that of another generation. Everyone has a theory about that too. An ancient wise man (Plato) said, thousands of years ago:

> The children now love luxury, they have bad manners, contempt for authority. They show disrespect for elders and love chatter in place of exercise. They no longer rise when elders enter the room. They contradict their parents, chatter before company, gobble up dainties at the table, cross their legs and tyrannize their teachers.

One need not completely discount Plato's appraisal to ask: "Is he speaking of all the children? 50 per cent? 25 per cent?"

The man who says that this younger generation is going to the dogs doesn't know any more about it than the man who says that kids nowadays are sissies compared to those of his day. If the nation-wide statistics on juvenile crime are sketchy now, they were nonexistent twenty-five years ago. In Wisconsin, for instance, five (of seventy-one) counties reported juvenile court statistics seven years ago. Last year, thirty-five counties reported. This year, it is hoped, seventy-one counties will report. In another generation, in Wisconsin we may (within certain limits) be able to hazard some comparisons. We cannot today.

In the words of *Wisconsin Welfare,* published by the Wisconsin Welfare Council, September, 1955, discussing proposals for new records: ". . . the planners realized only too well that the statistics bandied about in the press, in articles, and even in the chambers of the U. S. Senate were, at best, educated guesses, and at worst, downright confounding."

HOW TO RUIN A BOY

THERE is controversy and misunderstanding about the proper functions of juvenile courts and their probation departments. There are cries that the whole process produces delinquents rather than rehabilitates them. There are speeches by the score about "getting tough" with the kids. Another large group thinks we should be more understanding and gentle with delinquents. This distrust of the services offered can be attributed in large part to the confusion in the use of these services throughout the country.

On the one hand, the juvenile courts are tied to the criminal court system, with an obligation to decide guilt and innocence for offenses specifically stated and formally charged. On the other, they have the obligation to provide treatment, supervision, and guidance to youngsters in trouble without respect to the crimes of which they are accused. These two conflicting assignments must be carried out—quite properly—in an informal, private way, which will not stigmatize a youngster during his formative years.

And, as the courts' preoccupation with the latter task has increased, the former (that of dispensing justice) has retreated, with the result that grave injustices are bound to occur.

What happens in most cases is this: A youngster, suspected of breaking a window or shoplifting, is questioned by the police. His name and address, the nature of the alleged offense, and other pertinent information are recorded before he is released to his parents. Or he may be detained in jail or some lockup until interviewed by a probation officer. (In some places boys are sometimes held for weeks in this uncertain state.)

It seems that half of all youths who come in contact with the police are released with a warning. Of those referred to juvenile courts, more than half are never seen by the judge. In my own community, more than 90 per cent are either kept on "informal supervision" or released by the probation officer. "Informal supervision" can mean a number of things: it can be (and frequently is) simply a perfunctory weekly or monthly interview with a probation officer. It can involve exhaustive investigations into the pri-

vate life of a child and his family, as well as serious limitations—such as curfew and boundary restrictions—on a child's behavior, under threat of being taken to court for violations.

The decisions are reached in informal sessions—there is frequently little attempt to establish guilt. The police sometimes act as witnesses; sometimes their written reports are the only evidence. The child and his parents, much more often than not, are not represented by counsel. There is no record kept; *if an injustice is done, there is no way to correct it.*

And don't be fooled that no one knows of a juvenile's contact with the police, simply because his name doesn't appear in the paper. His parents know, his school knows, the police know, his neighbors know, especially if a squad car brings the officer investigating the offense. His contemporaries know, the people around the police station know, the complainant and *his* friends know. Most important of all, the child himself knows.

And if he is not guilty? Is there a chain of informants to pass the word along to all who are in on the secret? In some cases, the police are not even informed of the court's disposition of an alleged juvenile offender. The school doesn't find out, except by chance. The neighbors are never fully informed; the child's contemporaries may or may not take his word that he is innocent. The bystanders at the scene of the offense or around the police station have no way of knowing.

Who is to repair the damage done to the helpless boy whose sense of justice is thus outraged? Who will restore his reputation? And what about the child locked up, only to be dismissed without any formal hearing when the case against him collapses? Who will make amends to him?

WE NEVER KNOW

I RECENTLY talked with the mother of a chronic delinquent boy. Her son had had over twenty contacts with the police in a six-year period. He is obviously a well-known troublemaker. About half the time, his mother reported, she knew that he was guilty of the offenses of which he was accused. Some of the time, she knew absolutely that he was innocent. Yet "informal supervision" had been his constant sentence. They never had a formal hearing; they never had a lawyer. When this boy reached eighteen and was arrested for an offense which carried a sentence to the reformatory, it was reported in the paper that he had been picked up for twenty previous juvenile offenses. On that basis he was sent away. Would his sentence have been different if the charges against him as a juvenile had had to be proved?

A competent policeman told me recently that he had referred nine hundred boys to juvenile court last year for offenses ranging from traffic violations to armed robbery.

"How many of those were guilty as charged?" I asked.

"Oh," was his reply, "we never refer them unless we are pretty sure they are guilty."

"How many were proven guilty and what disposition was made of their cases?" I asked.

"We never know," he said. "Juvenile Court records are confidential."

An adult accused of a specific crime has the right to be considered innocent until he is proven guilty. It doesn't matter how many times he is picked up by the police. If he is innocent, he is vindicated. Or if it can't be *proved* that he is guilty, he is acquitted. Are our children entitled to less than this?

It's time for the experts to get on with a study of this puzzler. When I recently wrote to the American Civil Liberties Union to inquire about its work in this field, I received, by way of reply, a treatise on the rights of publication of salacious comic books!

When I searched—mostly in vain—for advice in state publications, I came across this from the Texas Youth Development Council, in a handbook for juvenile courts entitled, *The Community, the State, the Delinquent Child*:

> Attorneys. For the most part attorneys are not a part of juvenile court procedure. If one is employed, it should be explained to him that he must refrain from applying criminal court tests in admission of evidence and strict constitutional rights, that juvenile court procedure is by law different from criminal court procedure. In other words, he should enter into the spirit of the juvenile court procedure the same as the judge and probation officers.

There are hopeful signs—in at least three states—that this problem is receiving increasing, expert study. The new Children's Code, adopted in 1955 in Wisconsin recognizes the need to deal justly with children to a much wider extent than the previous law. It even provides for a jury trial for juveniles, if it is demanded, and sets forth legal machinery for informing an accused juvenile and his parents of their rights under the constitution.

A pamphlet describing the *Connecticut Juvenile Court—Its Structure, Its Philosophy* outlines its procedure:

> Where a child has denied his delinquent act there should clearly be an adjudication of innocence or guilt before a widespread invasion of his personal privacy and that of his family is undertaken. Legally this is desirable because it is the only practice consistent with fundamental principles of our common law, principles which most parents naturally expect to operate in their favor even though the child be ignorant of them. Any other approach no matter how well intentioned will almost inevitably fail to foster that essential confidence in the justice of the court which must be the foundation stone for all that is to follow. . . .
>
> This does not and should not mean a trial embroidered with the encrusted criminal procedures of the centuries. Let it be emphasized however that an informal and relaxed atmosphere is not inconsistent with those rules of law and evidence controlling the situation.

The *1956 Report of the Temporary Commission on the Courts to the Governor and the Legislature of the State of New York,* published February 15, 1956, says this of the Juvenile Courts:

> In tribunals of this kind, the social worker should have a specific role and so should the judge. But their two functions should not be commingled. As the courts presently operate, the judge often assumes the duties of a social worker. On the other hand, the probation officer not infrequently attempts to make judicial decisions.

Once the basic conflict is clearly recognized, we can work toward a solution of the problem—one which will give the benefits of expert social service and provide justice as well.

IN YOUR TOWN?

WE CANNOT tell how well those to whom we have entrusted the vital task of rehabilitating our wayward youth are doing their jobs.

It follows logically that in protecting a delinquent child from public censure for his acts, we are also protecting the probation workers from public scrutiny of their work. How can we know they are doing a good job, when we can't find out specifically what they do? Admittedly there are thousands of heroic souls engaged in this discouraging and thankless work. But we know there is a need (again an estimate) for thousands more probation officers to supplement the 7,000 in the field; we know a large percentage of the 7,000 are untrained for their duties; we know they are grossly underpaid and overworked. So it may be safe to assume that their total performance leaves a great deal to be desired.

Now for what's to be done. No federal law will cure it. No edict from the Supreme Court will guarantee the protection of the rights, and the successful treatment, of our unknown number of delinquent juveniles. It has been shown that there are areas in this problem crying for expert study.

Let the good citizens around home take it up too. Years ago there were children's protective societies to give aid and solace to the dependent, neglected, and delinquent child. In most places, this job has been undertaken by regularly constituted public and private agencies. This does not mean that the citizen need no longer care.

What happens to the children in your town who are picked up by the police?

Do they get a chance to prove their innocence?

Are they informed of their constitutional rights?

Do they have attorneys to speak for them to their accusers?

Is your probation staff a competent one?

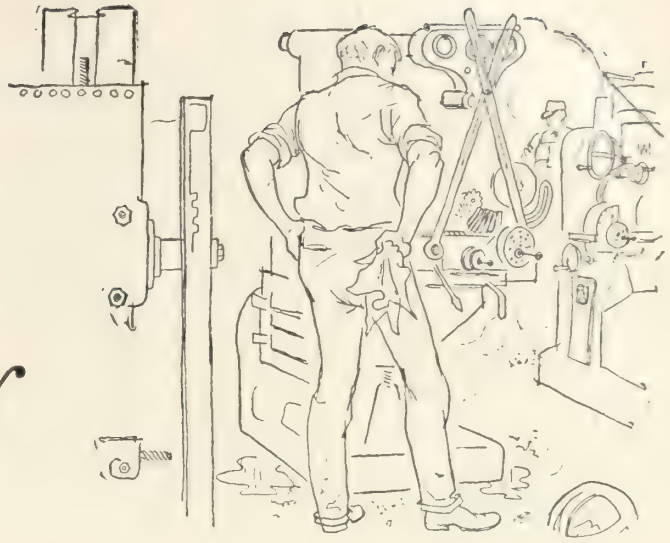
Does it make regular, comprehensible reports?

Do the children in need of supervision get careful, experienced help?

There are—thank God—millions of American children who have no difficulty adjusting gradually to the rules and customs of the adult world. There are some—who knows how many?—who need the services of an alert society to insure their good behavior and to protect us from the dangers they present.

Juvenile courts and probation departments established for this purpose vary from community to community. Their effectiveness is shaped by the state laws which establish their framework, by the people hired to administer them, and by the interest which the citizens take in their functioning. Most of us never have direct contact with them. It takes effort to discover how they operate in our town. It takes clear thinking, guidance—and painstaking work—to improve them.

BRIDGEPORT LULLABY



A Story by EATON G. DAVIS

Drawings by Joseph Escourido

IT WAS cold—suddenly and unreasonably cold for Connecticut—fifteen below, and nobody was dressed for it. The day-shift was just coming out as Dennison approached the factory gates. Most of their cars were frozen, and as Dennison found out later, it was three hours before some of them got home that night.

Dennison had always felt sorry for the day-shift because they spent their lives in darkness, like the dwarfs who used to work for Thor and Odin. It was still dark at 6:55 A.M. when they came to work, and dark again at 7:00 P.M. when they got out, eyes and fingers still twitching with the rhythm of the machines. Then nothing to do but go home and eat and sleep, in the dark. And then get up and go to work again, in the dark.

The factory was well designed, with windows arranged to let in the most light possible, but it didn't seem like daylight. The windows were translucent, and even on bright days the light could never penetrate to the interior of the plant. No one, except the traveling-crane operators, had ever seen the ceiling. The two-hundred-watt bulbs were burning all day long; and the impression was that of being underground.

The night-shifters led a different life, and they themselves were of a different race from the day men. They were younger, unsteady in their habits, and socially impossible. They were amateurs. High-school boys, most of them, natural mechanics, who had learned to operate and repair farm machinery when they were children. They were of many nationalities, including both East and American Indian, all waiting to come of age to be drafted.

There was also a sprinkling of ex-automobile salesmen whose activities had been put a stop to by the war. Although these were comparatively elderly men, thirty years old or more, not used to working with their hands, they were quick to master the intricate ritual of machine operation. They brought an artistic conscience to the unfamiliar work, and they made almost no scrap, an innovation which did not endear them to the old professionals on the day-shift.

The man who ran the gear-cutting machine next to Dennison's was one of these. He was a Polish Jew, with a name so lacking in Western vowels, and of such length, that he had decided to change it to a simple Henry Simons. He was a scholar, a connoisseur of music, and had a knowledge of Semitic folklore and history which seemed to be limitless.

During the long hours required to cut one of the main gears for the big turret-lathes which were the only product of the factory at the time, Henry would keep everybody alert by telling stories of Gilgamesh, the Semitic hero, whose exploits were so like those of Hercules that some students have concluded that they were the same person. Henry was tickled by this theory. Hercules was to him a sort of Johnny-come-lately, about like Jack Dempsey.

THERE was a special sense of hearing to be acquired in order to maintain normal relationships in a machine shop. Nerves don't break. They get abraded away, as if by a dentist.

There was one sound which affected not only the ears, but the whole body. It was made by the housings of the turret-lathes (hollow shells of cast iron, nine feet high and four feet in diameter) being cut down to size on the horizontal turning-lathes which had been built for that purpose. The resonance of such a shell is about that of one of the larger Buddhist gongs, and when a heavy steel cutting-tool is biting into it as it revolves on a spindle, the scream that comes out is like the sound made by a giant with broken fingernails, scratching a blackboard. This, combined with the steady clack of the gear-cutters, the noise as of thousands of fish being split produced by the broaching machines, and the roar of the traveling-cranes, is at first impact an unbeatable obstacle, blocking thought and speech.

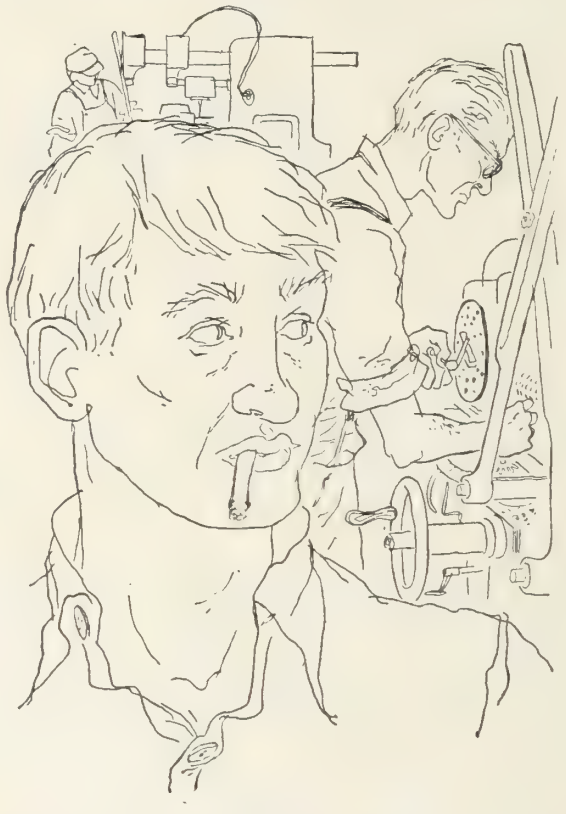
After a week or two the sounds blend into a whole which is far away, somewhere up near the invisible ceiling. Voices which in reason should be smothered by this continuous explosion are able in some way to separate themselves from it, to run under it, although the sound they make is not human. It is the sound of another machine.

Dennison lifted his gear blank and put it carefully on the spindle. It weighed a hundred and fifty pounds and so did he, but he could handle it easily. There is a knack.

He secured it, firm on the spindle, and adjusted his machine, 144 teeth, 6 pitch, 2 hours and 40 minutes. Time to smoke and talk, always keeping an ear cocked and an eye ready for any change in the rhythm of the machine. The main gears were costly, and although machine operators were hard to come by in the early days of the war, a man who scrapped one of them was likely to be fired, or at least watched. Being watched in an atmosphere of nervous tension which was already almost past endurance was not something to look forward to.

Henry Simons did not have one of the big gear jobs this night. He had a nasty little thing with tiny teeth which required a special, and irreplaceable, tungsten steel cutting-tool. He was concerned about it. He was not afraid of dismissal. Every cent of his pay, which was quite serious money what with the bonus and the overtime, went into war bonds. He had tried his best to get into the armed forces in some capacity or other, but since he had bad eyesight, asthma, and flat feet, they had politely told him to go do some war work. He was working a twelve-hour shift in a factory as a penance for being a crock. He didn't want to break that tool because he admired it as a work of art, which it was.

At the same time he was angry at having been given such an assignment. A younger man should have had it. Henry had to stop his machine, take off the little gear, clean it, test it, put on another one, and start the machine again, every five minutes all night long.



Dennison, with his easy task of the big gears, wanted to have conversation on topics of general interest, such as love, music, and the Russian front, but Henry would have none of it. His feet hurt and he hated the smell of the cutting-oil which had to be kept constantly running over his little gears in order to prevent that priceless tool from overheating. The stuff is vegetable oil, and as if that weren't bad enough, it is used again and again, running into an open tank by the side of the machine, from which it is pumped to the top and started down. After a month of this the stench is almost tangible.

Henry knew that his hands would be soaked in it all night, that it would inevitably go from his hands to his trousers and from there to his shirt, so that by morning he would be saturated. He would have to go to a Turkish bath, where he kept a change of clothes for these emergencies. He had a perfectly good bathroom in his apartment, but he couldn't bear to go in unless he was clean. To anyone who has ever smelled that oil, this is not so eccentric as it seems.

He was in a real temper, and consequently

kept making scrap, which cut down on his bonus. All in all, it was a bad night for Henry, slipping and slithering on the greasy floor-boards.

The night, like the Good Soldier Schweik, kept right on keeping on. Dennison had finished three of his big handsome gears—eight hours and eighteen minutes, allowing six minutes apiece for changing and testing. A soft job. Eighteen minutes actual work in eight hours. But unwavering vigilance is work too, though Dennison didn't realize it. He had no one to talk to, and the terrible shrieking whine of the iron housings was beginning to get to him, though he didn't realize that either. He had considered changing jobs with Henry for a while, but decided that Henry would never permit it because of spite and rivalry. By going well over his quota, he could earn not only more money, but the bitter hatred of the day-shift.

He wasn't making it this night. His hands were beginning to shake, and Dennison knew from experience that behind his oil-smeared glasses his eyes were filming over. He wasn't securing his gears properly, and time after time a piece would be hurled into a scrap box. A man forty-three years old, tall, but very frail, with a weak chest—he should not have had the job.

Three hours to go. Dennison fidgeted and opened his fourth pack of cigarettes.

DIRECTLY across the aisle was a man named McArdle, who operated a machine which made helical gears. On these the teeth are not cut straight across the face of the blank, but spirally, like stripes on a barber's pole. The machine which makes these is necessarily complicated, and the mentality of the operator must match it. Therefore McArdle, intelligent, experienced, and high-strung to the point of breakage at all times, was in charge of one.

He had been brought up in a machine shop. Although only thirty-two, he had spent seventeen years at the machines, beginning at part-time jobs when he was still in industrial high school. He could operate and repair any kind of machinery, whether or not he had ever seen it before. He was even a skilled toolmaker for his age, and intended, after he had retired from plant management at the age of sixty, to follow that remarkable and little-known profession. He treasured the lesson of one of his teachers in industrial high school, a toolmaker.

"It goes like this," the old gentleman had said. "First you read everything you can find about the old clock-makers, armorers, goldsmiths. Look at pictures of what they did. After that, study mathematics through plane trigonometry. Then enough physics and chemistry to give you some notion of the properties and composition of metals, and what heat and pressure can do to them. And then," the old man had said, in very deadly earnest, "you can maybe begin to learn to use a file."

McArdle's exterior did not agree with all this. Face and body together made a composition of rocky promontories, durable but not threatening.

He stopped his machine, took off the work, and held it up to admire it, sparkling clean and beautiful in the artificial glare. It was a helical gear in the shape of a truncated cone, and a really good piece of abstract sculpture. Like the spear of a narwhal, thought McArdle, or the shell of a turreted snail. He put it reverently in the clean box reserved for finished pieces.

The cleanliness was no doing of his. It was caused by the cooling agent used for his kind of work, which was not an oil at all, but a thin white liquid smelling of chalk. It cleaned everything it could reach, including McArdle himself and even the floor around his machine for a distance of several feet. His fingers were pink and puckered, and his clothes were wet but thoroughly laundered.

Even with three hours to go, he was way beyond his quota. He decided to take it easy for an hour. Being an experienced professional, one of the few on the night-shift, he knew that his quota would be adjusted if he worked too hard. This would discommode him financially and increase the strain on his nerves. A peculiar system.

He took a cigarette from his waterproof case and started vaguely off in the direction of the washroom. Halfway across the aisle he was heavily bumped into by Henry Simons.

Henry was in a pitiable condition. He had probably caught cold on his way to work, and his asthma was getting serious. Dennison had tried to take the job away from him, without effect. No, Henry had said, you'll break the tool, and I will be held responsible. Then for God's sake shut down the machine and go home, Dennison had said. You're dying, man. But Henry would not.

Therefore it was with something of relief that Dennison saw the collision of Henry and McArdle. There would be a break of some kind.

There was. Henry let out a blast of Yiddish invective that burned Dennison's ears, though

he understood no word of it. Then Henry, wheezing and desperate, swung the filthy cloth that he was supposed to wipe his gears with, and slapped McArdle full across the eyes.

McArdle was the only man there who had not been affected by the pandemonium of the factory. It was his natural habitat. But he was Irish, he was always at the highest pitch of tension, and above all he was a powerful young man who had been kept at the irritating task of running a delicate machine just a little bit too long.

He picked Henry up by one of the straps of his suspenders, and began pounding him up and down on the floor.

"Henry," he said, "you're a greasy little Polack," and continued pounding.

Dennison knew that McArdle had meant no insult by this wholly accurate statement. He



was just letting off steam. Still, it was an excuse. Dennison walked over and hit McArdle as hard as he could on the cheekbone.

McArdle was enchanted. He put Henry gently aside and went after Dennison.

It was really no contest. Dennison was strong for his weight, but so was McArdle, and there was a difference of some sixty pounds. He banged Dennison around a bit, and then, annoyed and bored by a cut he had received on the bridge of his nose, caught him a nice left hook under the ribs which lifted him off his feet and slammed him against the back of Henry's machine.

Dennison slid to the floor, dazed and bruised, but by no means out of action. His head cleared in a few seconds, and he sprang up to see McArdle shaking Henry up and down the way a bartender shakes a cocktail. Quickly, but with deliberation, he picked up his heavy machinist's hammer. He wrapped the head of it carefully in one of his cleaning rags, and struck McArdle smartly between the shoulder-blades.

This blow, if delivered with full strength, can paralyze a man for a long time. Dennison had done it just right. Not too hard. It brought McArdle to his proper senses. He dropped Henry and turned to face Dennison.

"What the hell," he said, and began to grope in the muck for Henry's glasses, which had fallen off. He found them and took them to the lavatory, where he cleaned them thoroughly. He came back and handed them to Dennison, and then picked up Henry as a mother would her baby, took *him* to the lavatory, and washed him as best he could.

Dennison had shut down Henry's machine and taken off the last gear, which of course was no good, and thrown it in the scrap box. McArdle came back, guiding a much restored Henry by the elbow. Dennison went and swiped a bench from the grinding bay, and the three of them sat down, for the first time that night, and smoked.

THE day-shift finally began to creep in, their faces like porcelain with the pallor of very cold men who have not seen the sun for three months. McArdle changed Dennison's one-hundred-and-fifty-pound gear for him, a task which he accomplished with the delicate ease of a lady putting a valuable plate away in a cupboard, patted Henry on the shoulder, and went home.

Dennison put on his jacket and went out to his car. It was twenty below, but the car was well protected. He opened the glove compartment and took out a mason jar half full of homemade applejack. This he drank in long thirsty gulps, never taking it away from his mouth. Feeling better, he went to Marco's and had a hot pork sandwich and a bottle of ale.

By the time he got home the sun was up. He took a shower and climbed into bed, happy to see the blessed sunshine spilling in the window.

As he was snuggling his sore shoulders into the covers, he laughed aloud.

"Battle fatigue," he said, and went to sleep.

Frank Hawkins

Lawrence of Pittsburgh:
Boss of the Mellon Patch

The most durable of the old-fashioned political bosses runs his kingdom on new-fashioned lines . . . and he will have a lot to say about the choice of the Democratic Presidential candidate this month.

AT SOME point in the Democratic party's proceedings in Chicago the amateurs, the favorite sons, and assorted dignitaries will step aside and the professionals will nominate a Presidential candidate.

When that occurs, those who know the party best will look expectantly to a few key figures. Senator Lyndon Johnson of Texas will be one. Chairman Jacob Arvey, of Cook County, Illinois, Harry S. Truman, and Carmine G. DeSapio, leader of New York's Tammany Hall, will be others. A fifth, and perhaps the shrewdest and most experienced of the lot, will be the least known—Pittsburgh's Mayor David Leo Lawrence.

Most durable of the Democratic party's big city bosses, Dave Lawrence is a veteran of more than fifty years in political life, most of them spent quietly and effectively pulling strings behind the scenes. He is also one of the nation's most successful municipal administrators, the principal governmental expediter of his city's $1,500,000,000 redevelopment program and an expert mediator of industrial strife.

It came as no surprise to his fellow citizens in May 1955, when the United States Conference of Mayors gave Lawrence its annual award for distinguished service. Chosen for "outstanding contribution" both in Pittsburgh and the nation, he became the first mayor so honored.

Nor will Pennsylvanians be surprised to see Lawrence play a leading role at the Democratic convention this summer. They have long known him as a king-maker—most recently in the fall of 1954 when, under his tutelage, an obscure young chicken farmer was elected Governor of Pennsylvania and the Democrats were restored to state power after a forlorn interval of sixteen years. With that victory, Lawrence did more than return his party to control; he also completed a remarkable personal comeback from the brink of political ruin.

When the Democrats last ruled Pennsylvania, from 1934 to 1938, Lawrence was the power behind the throne. As Democratic State Chairman and Secretary of the Commonwealth, he ran the administration of playboy Governor George H. Earle. The Earle administration came down in disgrace. Lawrence and two other members of the cabinet were indicted for alleged malfeasance and one of them was convicted. Lawrence was cleared by Republican juries at sensational trials in 1939 and again in 1940, and he came back stronger than ever. Since 1940, he has been Democratic National Committeeman from Pennsylvania. In 1945, he was elected Mayor of Pittsburgh—an office to which he has been re-elected twice to become the first third-term mayor in the city's 198 years. And in the ten years of his administration, a once grimy and obsolete industrial district has undergone a redevelopment program which has set the national pattern for municipal renovation.

Lawrence is the undisputed leader of the Democratic party in Pennsylvania. In February 1954, when party leaders met to shape a ticket for the spring primaries, it was he who advanced the name of State Senator George Leader, a thirty-seven-year-old York County poultryman. Leader had caught Lawrence's fancy in an unsuccessful race for State Treasurer in 1952. Nominated in the primary, Leader went on to score an upset victory in the face of a Republican registration lead of nearly a million.

Although Leader has since proved a disappointment to Lawrence on several scores, the 1954 victory put the Mayor at the height of his power in Pennsylvania and boosted his already considerable influence in the party's national affairs. He will be an even more potent force at the convention this year than in the past. He not only has the skill and prestige acquired during more than half a century in public life, but he will continue to control most if not all of Pennsylvania's seventy-four delegates in 1956 as he did in 1952, when he was one of Adlai Stevenson's most effective backers.

Mayor Lawrence and James Finnegan, then president of the Philadelphia City Council, and former Pennsylvania Senator Francis J. Myers were the first professionals to get behind the drive to nominate Stevenson. Lawrence had been won over to the Illinois Governor early in 1952. While recuperating from an eye operation, he heard Stevenson on a "Meet the Press" radio program. When it was over, Lawrence called his friend Jake Arvey and asked him to keep Stevenson from closing the door to the nomination. At Chicago, Lawrence declined to become Stevenson's floor manager, but Myers and Finnegan took over successfully.

Lawrence is still strong for Stevenson, whom he describes as "the best qualified man for the Presidency I've known"—an impressive tribute since he has attended every Democratic national convention in some official capacity since 1912, when as a page boy at the age of twenty-three he helped nominate Woodrow Wilson. He has been a delegate to every convention from 1924.

Over that period, he has shown remarkable political prescience. Beginning in 1928 he has backed the eventual nominee at every convention. In 1932, after supporting Al Smith at two conventions, Lawrence abandoned him in favor of Franklin D. Roosevelt, and—with the assistance of the late Senator Joseph F. Guffey—swung the majority to FDR, over the opposition of a faction which favored Smith because he was Catholic and more conservative.

Lawrence also helped send Harry Truman to the White House. At a crucial moment during the 1944 convention, when it looked as if Henry Wallace would be nominated for Vice President if the balloting began, Lawrence made a successful motion for adjournment. He also split the Pennsylvania delegation away from Wallace, who had heavy labor backing, and threw it to Truman. As the voting for Vice President got under way, Lawrence and the Missouri Senator were sitting together in offices under the convention floor. It was a tense moment for the Mayor but Truman was calm. He turned to Lawrence and demanded: "What are you chewing your nails for? I'm going to make it."

Truman again enjoyed Lawrence's support in 1948, when few of the professionals gave him any chance of winning. Arvey, the late Edward J. Flynn, boss of the Bronx, the late Frank Hague, boss of Jersey City, and others panicked and wanted to draft Dwight Eisenhower; but Lawrence and Frank Myers stood firmly behind Truman.

The Mayor had found an earlier opportunity to befriend the President in October 1947, when Margaret Truman made her concert debut in Pittsburgh's ornate Syria Mosque. "About a week before the concert," he recalls, "I had a call from Mrs. Strickler [Margaret A. Strickler, of Kansas City, Miss Truman's instructor and, at that time, manager]. She was worried because she didn't know how to get things organized and she asked to see me."

After huddling briefly with Mrs. Strickler and a local booking agent, the Mayor realized that virtually nothing had been done to sell the recital.

"Look," he said, "this is the President's daughter. We can't let this thing flop. How much are the cheapest tickets?"

"A dollar twenty," replied the agent.

"I'll take a thousand," said Lawrence.

He divided them equally among the public and parochial schools for distribution to pupils interested in music. Then he got women's organizations behind the recital and arranged a post-concert reception for Miss Truman at the Twentieth Century Club. Miss Truman sang to a full house of 4,000. When the Mayor visited in the White House soon after the concert, the President thanked him warmly.

"You turned a concert into a political rally," Truman said, "I'll always be grateful for what you did. You know, she's all I've got."

Lawrence likes to turn that over in his mind as a lapidarist might re-examine a precious stone for some new facet.

"Can you imagine," he asks, "a man sitting in the White House saying, 'she's all I've got'?"

LOVABLE IS NOT THE WORD

TO SOME Western Pennsylvanians, Lawrence is "Mr. Democrat." To others, he is known sarcastically as "David the King." Nearly all of them, however, recognize him as the complete political animal. He lives politics

twenty-four hours a day, with little time out for anything else.

At sixty-six, Lawrence is sturdy (five feet, nine and a half inches; 180 pounds) with thinning white hair and astonishing energy. His ruddy face eases readily into a smile as he greets acquaintances on one of his frequent walks through Pittsburgh's Golden Triangle. When bracing an offending ward worker, however, his manner is less genial. His blue eyes stare stonily from behind rimless glasses and he chews the offender out in language that might do credit to Harry Truman.

Lovable is hardly the word for Lawrence. He rules through respect and fear rather than affection. "He meets the model of the crack-the-whip type of politician who knows what he wants and walks over anybody who opposes him," according to a Pennsylvania Republican leader, "and that includes members of his own party."

Of Scotch-Irish ancestry, Lawrence makes a great show of being Irish. He tells Irish and Catholic stories as if he were fresh from County Mayo. But actually the Scotch predominates in his brusque personality. At noon on weekdays, Lawrence strides briskly to the downtown YMCA for a shower, a sunbath, and perhaps a workout on the Exercycle. At noon on Sundays he takes up collection at St. Mary of Mercy Catholic Church. He has little social life, except for taking bows at civic functions and proffering the city's keys to visiting celebrities. He doesn't smoke and for most of his life has been a teetotaler. Only in recent years has he begun to relax with an occasional whiskey sour or glass of wine before dinner. By and large, he leads an existence as lonely as is possible for a man surrounded by people driven to him by the exigencies of an insatiable political machine.

Lawrence has a strong sense of identity with the city in whose redevelopment he has played such an important role. He was born on June 18, 1889, in a modest home at what was then Greentree Alley and Penn Avenue. That is in the Golden Triangle, formed where the Allegheny and Monongahela Rivers converge to become the Ohio and provide a gateway to the West. Like a hardy weed, Lawrence took firm roots along the riverfront in the lower forty of the Mellon patch. He grew up to become the political boss of what has been described cynically as the world's biggest company town. (Four of the city's five tallest skyscrapers house interests of the vast Mellon family banking and industrial empire.) The site where Lawrence was born has at last been cleared of commercial blight to become part of a thirty-six-acre state project known as Point Park. This $12,000,000 park adjoins another twenty-three acres which were also cleared to permit construction of Gateway Center, one of the most spectacular urban redevelopments in America.

Pittsburgh's face-lifting program began about the time Lawrence took office as Mayor in January 1946. The extent to which he can be credited with the success of the program is always a subject of lively debate at election time. The Mayor's detractors argue with some justice that he just happened to take office at a time when the Pittsburgh district's civic planners and financial leaders were ready to make the city over. Without the initiative of the Mellon family and other big business interests, they contend, Pittsburgh would have accomplished little.

Nothing shakes the district's GOP leaders more than the hateful sight of a smiling Lawrence taking bows and making statesmanlike little bipartisan speeches at ceremonies marking improvements made with all that Republican money. They suffered *in extremis* one September day in 1953 when Richard K. Mellon, current head of the banking dynasty, figuratively draped an arm around the broad shoulders of the Mayor, then running for a third term, and praised him publicly at a ground-breaking ceremony. At that dreadful moment the Republican pulse in Allegheny County, long faint, became almost imperceptible.

But it can't be denied that state and local legislation was essential to most of the development projects. Nor can it be denied that Lawrence provided the leadership that produced the legislation both in City Hall and—with the cooperation of the Republican Martin, Duff, and Fine administrations—in the Statehouse.

In ridding Pittsburgh of smoke, in winning legislative permission to create an Urban Redevelopment Authority, and in other undertakings, Lawrence has had the whole-hearted co-operation of his traditional political rivals, the wealthy industrialists and financiers who support the Republican party. Lawrence and the city's business leaders faced a formidable task. Pittsburgh was a used-up city, unattractive physically and unpromising economically because of the trend toward industrial decentralization. The Golden Triangle, principal source of municipal revenue, was in a decline. Property valuations were falling.

Here, clearly, was a situation calling for concerted action of leaders in business, labor, and government. In the light of Pittsburgh's history

of industrial strife and its rigid social stratification, this might well have seemed impossible. It was not at all odd in pre-1945 Pittsburgh—which still had medieval overtones—that its political boss, Lawrence, and its patrician banker and industrialist, Mellon, had never met until they had to join forces to save a city dear to both.

To this day a Democratic politician or labor leader is exceedingly reluctant to be seen entering the Duquesne Club, sanctuary of the district's rolling-mill aristocracy, lest he be suspected of selling out to the "interests." Political distrust has been subordinated, however, to civic rescue. To this common endeavor Mellon brought prestige and professional planning talent. Lawrence contributed the co-operation of a by-then firmly entrenched Democratic political machine and the confidence and support of organized labor. Between them, they accomplished what neither could have done alone.

Although Pittsburgh's business leaders are for the most part identified with the GOP and have been reluctant to speak well of a Democratic Mayor, there is no doubt that Lawrence is generally respected for his ability to get things done. His control of the nine-man City Council is such that if he makes a commitment he can deliver. He never backs down on pledges.

Lawrence's manipulation of the Council is, in fact, a vulnerable point at which the opposition never ceases to hammer. "There is no legislative representation at the local level," one of the County's few Republican officeholders complains. "Council is completely dominated. It could operate as well from Kokomo, Indiana."

In selecting Councilmen, the Mayor displays a sensitive regard for special group interests, if not for talent. Although Catholics on the Council outnumber Protestants five to four, Lawrence has seen to it that Negroes, Jews, Italians, and Irish are all represented. The same policy governs judgeships and other local offices. Thus the Pittsburgh pattern is, in microcosm, that of the political parties nationally.

Mayor Lawrence has a fine grasp of practical politics and public administration.

"He has an amazing facility," says a Pittsburgh business leader, "for quickly understanding your problem and arriving at a solution."

The Mayor is not a student, in the academic sense, and his formal schooling was limited, but he learns readily in daily contacts with people in all fields. He reads little except the newspapers, which he follows avidly.

However, aside from his role in the city's redevelopment—into which the city itself has put little money—Lawrence's record is not an unalloyed success. The public-health program and the parks and recreation department have been improved, it is true, but there are complaints about the quality of basic city services.

"The Mayor's great weakness," says a Republican critic, "is as a municipal housekeeper. The city's streets are full of potholes. Garbage collection is poor. The water system is worn out. The police are controlled by district inspectors who are purely political stooges. The budget is a phony, loaded with people who don't work but stand around on street corners and fix up traffic tags. Pittsburgh is like a shiny red apple that is rotten at the core."

BOY OF ALL CHORES

THAT extreme appraisal must be discounted somewhat by partisanship and the limitations of municipal finance in a period of inflation. Like most cities, Pittsburgh never has enough money. Consequently, some services suffer more from lack of funds than from negligence. In recent years, policing has been pretty good. The rackets, for example, are kept well under control. Nevertheless, Pittsburgh is probably the only city in the country where hoodlums can beat up cops and get away with it. There was the time a few years ago when an officer was thrown down a flight of stairs for nosing into a gambling establishment. Nothing was done about it. More recently, a police inspector was slapped around when he blundered into an earnest dispute among a party of numbers racketeers. When newspapers pointed out that the inspector had made no arrests in reprisal, he was suspended for fifteen days.

It is not as a municipal housekeeper, but as a governmental expediter and political strategist that Lawrence shows his real strength. In the latter role, his experience began, theoretically, as far back as Lawrence can remember. He was born into a home where politics was, like potatoes, a staple in the diet. His maternal grandfather had been a county assessor. His father, Charles B. Lawrence, was in the hauling business and later worked for the county as a warehouseman. At the age of fourteen, having completed a high-school commercial course, Davey's practical experience began when he became a stenographer in the office of William J. Brennan—lawyer, Pittsburgh Democratic Chairman, and prominent figure in the party nationally. In Brennan's office, Davey became a boy of all chores. He was so apt a pupil that in 1920, at

the age of thirty-one, he succeeded the late Senator Guffey as Allegheny County Democratic Chairman. In the interim, he had served briefly as an enlisted man in the office of the Judge Advocate General in Washington. Defective vision, which has handicapped him most of his life, kept him out of the draft.

After the war, Lawrence returned to Pittsburgh and went into the insurance business. Today he receives a comfortable living from the Harris-Lawrence Company, a general agency of which he is president but whose operation is left to an associate. His salary of $20,000 a year as Mayor does little more than cover his political expenses. But Lawrence is far more interested in power than in dollars.

When Lawrence took the county chairmanship in 1920, the Democrats were a rather pitiful minority. For years Lawrence had to content himself with filling jobs that went to the minority party by statute. When Roosevelt made his first bid for the Presidency, however, Lawrence and Guffey conducted the campaign which reversed the political tide in Allegheny County. FDR carried the county, but not Pennsylvania, and Lawrence received his first political reward in 1934 when he was appointed a Collector of Internal Revenue. A year later he assumed the state leadership as party chairman, which he surrendered in 1940, when he became Democratic National Committeeman.

The Great Depression undoubtedly contributed most to Allegheny County's switch from Republican to Democratic. In 1933, some 300,000 of the county's 1,500,000 were on relief. The heavily industrial district eagerly embraced the New Deal's promises of recovery. Organized labor received much encouragement. And Lawrence was astute enough to take advantage of the New Deal trend and consolidate its gains locally under his own management.

After directing George Earle's successful campaign for Governor, he was appointed Secretary of the Commonwealth. In that post he literally ran Pennsylvania from behind the scenes. He was the unofficial "whip" who drove the "Little New Deal" legislation through the Legislature. And it was then that he made the major political mistake of his career—one which brought the Earle regime down in disgrace and himself to the verge of political destruction.

Trouble developed around the controversial figure of Charles J. Margiotti, a Pittsburgh criminal lawyer. Margiotti at that time was a Republican. He had run for the GOP gubernatorial nomination in the 1934 primary and, although defeated, had made an impressive showing. Now, against his better judgment, Lawrence assented to Margiotti's appointment as Attorney General, assuming that much of his following among Pennsylvanians of Italian extraction would be converted to Democratic ranks.

Margiotti's ambitions to become Governor were encouraged by the appointment. But when it became clear to him that he could not expect Lawrence's support for the Democratic nomination in 1938, he sought the nomination anyway in a primary campaign enlivened by his charges of scandal against various officials of the Earle administration, including Lawrence. The top law-enforcement officer of the Earle administration became its chief prosecutor. The upshot was a grand jury investigation which returned indictments against Lawrence and several others.

The next two years were the blackest in Lawrence's life, years in which he marked time between trials. On December 8, 1939, a Dauphin County jury, after deliberating six hours, acquitted him of three counts of conspiracy, one of statutory blackmail, and one of violating the election laws. The trial ran for twenty-three days, with a jury of nine Republicans, two Democrats, and one Independent.

The charges involved complaints that Lawrence had conspired with John J. Verona, a former Pittsburgh ward leader, to cheat and defraud the state by permitting substandard gravel to be bought by the state, to permit specifications to be drawn in favor of the Pioneer Materials Company, and to influence state officials for those purposes. The state also sought to show that Lawrence had extorted $5,000 from Spurgeon Bowser, head of the Pioneer Company, as a campaign contribution, and then in violation of the law had failed to turn the money over to the Democratic State Committee.

A cheering crowd met Lawrence at the train that brought him home from Harrisburg. But the following spring he had to stand trial again on a charge of conspiracy to extort money from the state payroll, an offense known in Pennsylvania as "macing." While macing, or forcing campaign contributions from payrollers, is a common practice of both parties, it is nonetheless illegal and thus affords an opportunity for the party out of power to make a great show of political morality just before elections. In any event, Lawrence stood trial for another seventeen days; an all-Republican jury deliberated four hours before acquitting him and seven other Democrats. In both trials, the juries put the costs upon the county.

Still Lawrence's sorrows were not over. Just two years after his second trial, in April 1942, his oldest sons, sixteen-year-old Brennan and thirteen-year-old David L., Jr., were killed when an automobile in which they were riding was wrecked on a highway near Middle Lancaster, thirty-nine miles north of Pittsburgh.

THE NIGHTMARE YEAR

AFTER the death of his sons, Lawrence smothered his grief in renewed political activity. He tried in 1942 to regain control of the state, lost in the debacle of the Earle administration, but failed. Then he began to withdraw and concentrate his activities in Allegheny County, except for the 1944 Presidential campaign, in which he worked loyally for Roosevelt's fourth term.

Under Lawrence's management, the Democrats had in 1933 captured control of Pittsburgh's government for the first time in twenty-four years. As party boss, he installed the late William N. McNair, an eccentric single-taxer, in City Hall. But Mayor McNair, who sold apples in the lobby of City Hall and sawed soberly on his violin at night-club openings, refused to play ball. He defied Lawrence on patronage, taxation, and policy until the outraged Democratic leader threatened to have the legislature rip him from office. In 1936, McNair resigned and turned the city government over to Lawrence to control from that time, first through Mayor Cornelius D. Scully and later by his own administration.

By 1945 it was clear to Lawrence that the Scully administration, for all its progressive ideas about city government, somehow lacked ability to sell its program. He realized that if the Scully administration went down to defeat, his own battered prestige would suffer a perhaps fatal blow. In the course of deliberations over a successor to Scully, one morning in 1945 Lawrence met his late neighbor, James O'Toole, aged seventy-six, and the irascible O'Toole asked him if the party was going to nominate a certain judge for Mayor.

No, Lawrence replied, party leaders hadn't been able to agree on a candidate.

"What about me?" asked O'Toole.

"We could go farther and do worse," Lawrence conceded generously. Some hours later the newspapers announced that Lawrence had decided to take the nomination. Next morning, the neighbors met again.

"Well," said O'Toole, "I see they went farther and did worse."

Lawrence was elected by 14,000 votes in a Democratic sweep of City Hall. It was his first elective office; he had been defeated by 9,000 votes in a bid for county commissioner in 1931. As he looks back on it now, Lawrence realizes that from one point of view he could hardly have chosen a less propitious time to become Mayor of Pittsburgh. It was a year of great unrest as the nation made a turbulent economic transition from war to peace. Strikes were the order of the day, especially in the Pittsburgh district.

A little more than a month after he took office on January 7, 1946, the Mayor was confronted with the first in a series of industrial crises which were to make his first year in office a nightmare —a walkout in the Duquesne Light Company, which provides electric power for Allegheny and Beaver counties. Lawrence got City Council to proclaim a state of emergency, unavailingly asked White House Assistant John Steelman for government seizure, and after nineteen and a half hours talked the union into returning to work while a three-man negotiating committee, including himself, sought to adjust wage differences.

In September, he obtained an injunction to halt another power strike, which was simply postponed until the following month, when the union walked out for 27 days. That same year Lawrence had to wrestle with a 26-day steel strike, two coal strikes, a 115-day walkout at Westinghouse, a 53-day hotel shutdown, several bus strikes, and an assortment of 81 other work stoppages.

"I fervently pray," he said toward the end of 1946, "that the other three years won't be like the first—if I last."

He has lasted much better than might be expected of an official caught in the middle of recurrent labor-management strife whose bitter roots can be traced at least as far back as the bloody Homestead riots of 1892. For more than ten years he has functioned as a mediator in labor disputes involving the public welfare. That is a delicate, if not dangerous, role for a politician and particularly in Pittsburgh, where a Democrat must have labor support or he isn't elected. The fact that Lawrence has somehow retained the confidence and respect of both labor and management is a tribute primarily to his courage. Inevitably he angers one side or the other but thus far he's gotten away with it.

Although much of his first year was devoted to labor crises, the Mayor also plunged into the co-operative attempt to halt the decline of Pittsburgh. Soon the results were visible everywhere. Skyscrapers rose in smokeless skies. When Pitts-

burgh had fog, it now was fog, not smog. A $150,000,000 Penn-Lincoln expressway crossed the city and the Monongahela River, linking east and west. By 1955, property valuations were up to $1,115,996,148 from $961,000,000 in 1947, when the decline had been reversed. The tax base had been broadened, and the burden on real estate had been eased.

Today the city has begun, with a stern mayoral warning to the "professional slum landlords," to enforce a new housing code aimed at upgrading residential areas and arresting blight. And this year the city, in co-operation with sixty-odd neighboring communities, began construction of an $87,000,000 sewage disposal system in compliance with the state's program to clean up the rivers.

END OF THE BOSSES

WHATEVER Lawrence is denied in the way of political and financial support by the industrial barons is more than compensated for by his following among the rank and file. When he first ran for re-election in 1949, he received a record majority of 56,000 votes; in winning his third term in 1953, he received a 55,000 majority which, because of a lighter vote than in 1949, actually constituted a higher percentage of the total vote cast. This wide acceptance of his leadership sets him apart from the old-fashioned bosses in the tradition of Tweed, Curley, Hague, and Pendergast.

There is, in fact, unconscious humor in Lawrence's disparaging attitude toward political bossism. Like an actress who reads the lines in a rival's face as signs of age but thinks of her own in terms of character, the Mayor, as a senior member of the Democratic National Committee, observes with approval that most of the old bosses are no longer around.

"The new members of the committee are of a different caliber," he says. "They are progressive young people like Archibald Alexander of New Jersey."

Lawrence gives and demands loyalty within the party. A trustworthy and hard-working employee can expect nice promotions; the defaulting subordinate can count on a scathing tongue lashing if not dismissal. The Mayor is also quick to go to the defense of persons whom he feels are falsely accused. He went voluntarily before a special committee of the County Bar Association to defend an assistant district attorney who had been suspended because of alleged Communist associations. In like manner, he defended Roy Harris, composer and musician in residence at Chatham College, whose alleged Communist sympathies came under attack by a Democratic Pennsylvania Supreme Court Justice, Michael A. Musmanno.

Unawed by anyone in or out of public life, Lawrence will speak his mind bluntly on any issue. His enforcement of the smoke law and the injunction he obtained in a power strike are evidence that the Mayor dares to do the unpopular thing. In 1954, he did it again when he reversed his earlier position to impose a one per cent levy on wages—thus avoiding higher taxes on real estate. He has also given the back of his hand to some of the city's department-store operators for refusing his offer to mediate a strike that lasted for more than a year.

But if Lawrence is at times hostile to privileged groups, he is exceedingly diligent in the protection of more defenseless minorities. In a city in which Negroes make up about 13 per cent of the population, jammed mostly into Hill District slums, race relations have long been good. In 1946, the Mayor organized the Civic Unity Council, an agency devoted to improving race relations. In 1953, he pushed through a fair employment practices ordinance. In January 1954, Lawrence appointed Paul F. Jones as the first Negro to serve in City Council. And in the fall of that year he appointed a Negro reporter from the Pittsburgh *Courier,* Paul L. Jones, as his public-relations secretary.

For himself, Lawrence has no ambitions beyond those of Mayor. Before giving the nod to George Leader for the party's 1954 gubernatorial bid, he considered seeking the nomination himself; it was his for the acceptance. A hard-headed realist, however, he concluded that a Catholic could not be elected in Pennsylvania because of the heavy rural vote, which he believed would be attracted to a Lutheran farmer. Similarly, Lawrence passed up the Senatorial nomination this year in favor of former Mayor Joseph S. Clark of Philadelphia.

There is, in fact, only one development which could set the capstone on his career. In 1956 he would like to help put a Democrat—preferably Adlai Stevenson—into the White House. With Democrats in control of Pittsburgh, Allegheny County, Harrisburg, and Washington (an irreverent associate feels that this should also include the Papacy), Lawrence could ask little more of life. That, as he figures it, is about the way things should be. The opposition would be careless indeed if it underestimated his attempts to bring it off.

As Related by President Roosevelt

to Mrs. Kermit Roosevelt

Drawings by Vic Volk



F. D. R., Lady Churchill, and the Brussels Sprouts

THERE had been cocktails and immense quantities of Mr. Stalin's black caviar served in the President's study on the evening of March 2, 1945. We had dined quietly in the West corridor of the White House. We had heard accounts of travel and adventure, laughed at official dilemmas, listened to details of the Yalta Conference.

As we reluctantly rose to say good night, I asked for news of Ambassador Winant.

"Oh," said the President, "sit down again. Didn't I tell you Gil is very angry with me?" I sat down eagerly on the sofa beside him, aware from the twinkle in his eye that F.D.R. was preparing to amuse himself and me.

To repeat exact wording is difficult. To recapture the flavor of one of F.D.R.'s anecdotes is impossible. I have tried faithfully to produce the substance of his story.

The President began:

MRS. CHURCHILL, last summer in Quebec, asked me when I was going to England.

(Parenthetically, I do want to go to England, and by the way expect to go after the San Francisco Conference ends—perhaps while it is still going on.)

I said to Mrs. Churchill: "I love England—I love the English as I hope that you and Winnie and the British people all know. I like London—I like the English country—I don't mind even your English climate. But there is one reason I do not want to go to England. I do not like the way you cook your vegetables."

Mrs. Churchill expressed surprise and pain.

"Take Brussels Sprouts for instance," I said. "Why," I asked, "do you boil them, but if you must boil them, why do you leave the water in them when they are served? Why don't you throw away that gray, saltless, tepid water before sending the Brussels Sprouts to the table?"

Mrs. Churchill was indignant. An argument ensued. Mrs. Churchill is charming but determined, so, with sudden inspiration I proposed a compromise.

"I'll come to England if you will promise never to boil my sprouts."

"Not boil your Brussels Sprouts!" she exclaimed. "How else would you cook Brussels Sprouts?"

"Why," I responded, "there are dozens of ways—hundreds of ways to cook sprouts. You can make soup of them, and salad—and soufflé.

Copyright 1956 by Mrs. Kermit Roosevelt



They can be roasted, baked, fried and sautéed. Perhaps the broiled Brussels Sprout, however, is the best."

Mrs. Churchill was incredulous—and so was I, myself! Nevertheless I continued rashly, delighted with my own imaginative power:

"The sprout, when properly prepared, arouses enthusiasm in even the most fastidious epicurean because of its extraordinary flavor, which is lost in boiling—accentuated in the broiling. Unless you have tasted broiled Brussels Sprouts, you can have no conception of the true delicacy of the sprout."

Mrs. Churchill was interested. "How," she inquired, "do you broil Brussels Sprouts?" I was getting in deeper and deeper, but dismissed the subject airily by saying:

"Of course I am no cook—never have cared for cooking myself. Ask somebody else. All Americans love broiled Brussels Sprouts—it's a favorite dish."

Mrs. Churchill never forgets. On her return to 10 Downing Street she sent for her great friend, the American Ambassador.

"How do you broil Brussels Sprouts?" she asked Mr. Winant.

"How do I broil Brussels Sprouts?" inquired the startled Ambassador. "Why, I've never heard of broiled Brussels Sprouts. Who ever heard of broiled Brussels Sprouts?"

Mrs. Churchill is renowned for her serenity, but she was obviously annoyed.

"You have never heard of broiled Brussels Sprouts?" she repeated almost angrily. "Why, Mr. Winant, how amazing. Your President tells me it is a common and favorite dish in America."

Mr. Winant is very quick. He is a good Ambassador and a loyal friend. He gathered himself together and explained that he was the last person in the world to consult about food.

"You see," he went on humbly, "I really don't know what I'm eating. I don't notice how things are prepared or cooked—nor even what they are. Of course, now I think about it, broiled Brussels Sprouts is almost our national dish. I will bring back the receipt to you from America."

The next time I saw Gil Winant he was preternaturally grave. His demeanor and expression indicated an international crisis. "Mr. President," he said, "I must beg for an immediate leave of absence."

"A leave now, at this time?" I exclaimed in consternation. "Why, Gil, what is the trouble—what has happened?"

"Well, Mr. President," he pronounced solemnly, "if a knowledge of cooking is part of diplomatic training, and if you are going to put me on a spot with the Prime Minister's wife, I must take a course of cooking at the Cordon Bleu—or resign as Ambassador to Great Britain."

I had a really bad time placating him. I offered to create a new Cabinet post—appoint a Secretary for Brussels Sprouts or set up another government agency. Gil was against any such ideas. He insisted on a more tactful approach. He thought we should devise a method of simultaneously educating the British and ourselves in cooking and appreciating the sprout.



The picture of English-speaking peoples throughout the world pledging themselves to permanent friendship over plates piled high with the once despised Brussels Sprout appeals to me

—the sprout cooked to perfection in fifty-seven different ways—tender, fragrant, succulent and served always and forever without water!

EPILOGUE

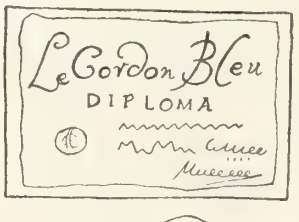
DON'T YOU love it?" asked the President. He chuckled as he paused reflectively—then added: "Gil may think he is on a spot with Mrs. Churchill but what about me? I'm in a pretty awkward predicament myself."

"I can do something for you," I interrupted, suddenly fired with enthusiasm. "You don't have to create a new government agency. I will collect receipts, past, present, and future, for cooking Brussels Sprouts."

F.D.R. did not allow me to forget—hence the following receipts gathered from all parts of the United States.

During the following weeks the President inquired many times regarding the progress of the necessary research; and on March 24, 1945, specifically urged that work be hastened in order that he might, himself, present a little book of receipts to Mrs. Churchill on his impending visit to England.

That trip, of course, was never made, and the receipts below are published here for the first time.





Creamed Sprouts

1 quart sprouts
2 cups cream sauce
chopped parsley
chopped chives
salt
pepper

Sauce:
3 dessert spoons butter
3 dessert spoons flour
1½-2 cups of milk
salt
pepper

Melt butter. Add flour, salt, and pepper. Slowly add milk while stirring. Bring to boil and cook 3 minutes. Clean sprouts and cook in salted water, and drain. They should be tender but not soft. Mix with cream sauce. Season to taste and sprinkle with chopped parsley and chopped chives. For six people.

Broiled Sprouts

1 quart sprouts
6 tablespoons olive oil
grated cheese
paprika
salt
pepper

Clean and cook sprouts in salted water. Drain and season to taste. Place sprouts in flat pan and cover with olive oil. Sprinkle with grated cheese and paprika. Place under medium flame in the broiler until brown. For six people.

Sprouts au Beurre Noir

1 quart sprouts
2 tablespoons flour
½ sliced onion
2 tablespoons butter
½ cup white wine
salt, pepper

Cook onion until yellow. Slowly brown flour and onions in butter, then add the white wine. Season to taste. Clean sprouts and cook in salted water until tender. Then drain and place in dish. Pour the above mixture over the sprouts. For six people.

Sprout Soup



1 quart sprouts
2 cups water
1 tablespoon flour
4 teaspoons butter
5 cups seasoned chicken or veal stock
2 egg yolks
2 tablespoons cream
1 tablespoon chopped parsley
¼ teaspoon salt
grated nutmeg

Clean sprouts, cook in salted water until tender, and drain. Rub butter into flour and add one to two tablespoons warm stock. Pick out and reserve best sprouts. Blend remaining sprouts with stock and allow to cool, adding flour mixture. When slightly thickened, press through strainer and return to pot. Add cream and reserved sprouts and heat. Beat two egg yolks and add to mixture, taking care they do not cook. Sprinkle with parsley and grated nutmeg and serve in tureen. For six people.

Sprouts with Mushrooms

1 quart sprouts
1 cup sliced mushrooms
½ cup butter
⅓ cup brown stock
2 teaspoons sugar
½ teaspoon beef extract
½ teaspoon salt
cayenne pepper

Clean sprouts and cook in salted water until tender, and drain. Sauté sprouts and mushrooms separately in butter. Place ¼ cup butter and sugar in pan and cook, stirring constantly, until well browned. Add mushrooms, and continue cooking until they are browned. Add sprouts, stock, and beef extract, and season. For six people.

Spanish Sprouts

1 quart sprouts
6 tablespoons olive oil
1 clove garlic
paprika
salt
pepper

Clean and cook sprouts in salted water, then drain. Fry olive oil with garlic—when garlic is brown take it out. Cool oil—put in pinch of paprika, salt, and pepper. Pour over sprouts and cook for three to five minutes. For six people.

(Nineteen other receipts available on request.)

Charles Einstein

TV SLUGS THE BOXERS

How the camera's evil eye is jinxing the ancient fisticuffs industry . . . by changing its style, its audience, its promoters, and its box-office take.

ALONG Jacobs Beach, that section of New York City's West Forty-ninth Street where members of the fight mob are wont to lean against Madison Square Garden and take the sun, there is a saying nowadays that compared to boxing, nothing else comes over television so bad so good. In free translation, the good part is that boxing is a superb medium for the television camera, not only for its compact nicety of physical dimension, with all of the action occurring within a twenty-foot square, but for the known concentrate of audience—in this case, beer-drinking, cigar-smoking, razor-wielding males—so dear to a sponsor's heart. The bad part is that television has decimated boxing as a business and all but ruined it as a sport.

The job that TV has done on the fight game is nothing if not thorough. The ranks of professional fighters have been depleted, according to a recent and certainly authoritative estimate by editor Nat Fleischer of *The Ring* magazine, by 50 per cent; the number of big-time promoters has been reduced, in the opinion of many including the Department of Justice, to one; and the once-flourishing small-city club circuit, where almost every town of any size at all had its own fight night once a week, has been wiped out altogether.

Equally significant, however, have been the notable effects of television's boxer rebellion on the style, the condition, the ability, and even the ambition of the fighter in the ring today. "It's got so if I want to see a good counter-puncher work I got to tune in old-time fight movies on television," a former fighter said not long ago. Editor Fleischer, who has seen them all in this century, told me, "We have no men of real ability coming up now. Today's fighter is primarily a slugger. The boxer, the hitter, the combination man—we don't see him. The sponsor doesn't want him. The sponsor wants a man who'll sell his product . . . somebody popular, somebody colorful. The sponsor is not looking for ability."

Even if the sponsor were looking for ability, there would be no place for it to be developed as it could have been in the climate of prewar years. Most of the few smaller fight clubs still in operation are in effect strictly television studios, used for staging bouts to be telecast locally rather than on the networks, and here alone today's ring hopeful gets the only real training now available—here and on the preliminary cards at the big fights. If he goes well, he will be catapulted into camera range in main events long before he is ready.

One or two observers feel that the fall-off in quality may be exaggerated by critics. John Barrington, sports editor of the International News Service, has taken the view that a good deal of disappointment may have been caused not by quality of performance but by the mean realities of television itself.

"Before TV," Barrington explained, "how did anybody get to learn about a big fight? He saw fight newsreels, with the dull spots edited out, or he listened to the blow-by-blow on radio. You know—'He's up—he's down—he's up—he's down . . . and it's a right—and another right—and another right—six straight rights to the jaw of the champion!' Suddenly television came along and the guy watching at home found out it wasn't like that at all. There are still some pretty good fighters in the ring."

THERE are indeed, but it seems to be something of a rule that the better the fighter, the less he is seen on television. This can best be exemplified by the case of retired heavyweight champion Rocky Marciano. Only one of his title bouts was televised. Even then, home viewers were denied all but a fleeting glance at the heavyweight champion of the world, since the bout, Marciano's title defense against former

champion Jersey Joe Walcott, ended in the first round. Such, in fact, was the interposition of Mr. Walcott between Marciano and the camera that the home audience never even saw the only punch of the fight.

Here in practice is an interesting theory of degree, namely that once a fighter is good enough for television he can become too good for television. In Marciano's case, the promoters were wedded to the belief that there would be more to gain from the exploitation of assorted side rights, such as newsreel rushes and a closed-circuit telecast of the fight piped to paid audiences at movie theaters, than from selling the contest for general public telecast. They believed, too, that without television enough people would want to see the fight to fill an outdoor ball park. The sponsor who buys his air time in advance usually likes his boxing indoors, where the weather can't get at it.

But with the exception of a scattered handful of major title bouts, usually in the heavyweight class alone, a method has been worked out whereby a fight can still bring live spectators through the turnstiles despite television. The stunt is to black out television of the bout in the immediate surrounding area even when the rest of the country can watch it at home. This has resulted in a greater number of important bouts being held outside New York so that millions in the Northeast can look on over TV without hurting gate receipts or the sponsor's biggest audience potential. A big fight may go on at 7:00 P.M. in Los Angeles—ten o'clock, fight time on television, back East.

"You start in daylight," a cameraman told me, "wind up under the stars, and you're supposed to have constant lighting throughout."

THE WHITE TRUNKS

INDEED, the mechanics of putting a fight on television involve a new phalanx of problems, extending even to dress. The old-time practice of having one boxer wear purple trunks while the other wore black—aesthetically satisfying, since neither hue showed blood—has been changed for the sake of the television viewer, and now one contestant inevitably dons white trunks, for contrast. Even so, it is not always easy to tell who is doing what in the fight. In at least two examples—both title fights, one between Joe Walcott and Ezzard Charles a few years ago, the other a more recent contest between Carmen Basilio and Johnny Saxton—storms arose because home viewers clearly saw the fight going one way while ringside officials unanimously were voting the other.

"It's a problem," an agency executive, in charge of the Friday night network fights, told me. "Obviously there are some fights that seem to go completely differently depending on what side of the ring you're watching from. But what can you do? If you put more cameras in, so you could watch the fight from all angles, that would mean total confusion. You have to orient the viewer so he knows whose corner is whose."

The fixed setting of camera on ring also eliminates, as a general rule, all but the first row or two of working press from camera range. Fans have come to learn that they will not be seen on television, which cuts down the waving of hands. Occasionally, as in the case of a visiting German middleweight named Peter Muller, the fighters themselves like to wave at the camera. Muller did so during a bout with Basilio, and Basilio flattened him in cheery mid-wave.

Another knockdown by the same Basilio brought about the greatest crisis television men can remember in their young history of covering fights. It was an evening in 1953 in Syracuse, Basilio's home town, where the local hero was scheduled to go against Kid Gavilan, then champion, in a title bout. Ordinarily, sponsors of fights on television are protected against early knockouts—that is, against the idle air time an early knockout will produce—by an extra emergency bout, known in the trade as the "if-bout," where two other fighters wait in the wings, ready to go on only in the event the main program ends early. On this particular evening, however, every preliminary bout on the card ended with an early knockout. To keep the customers entertained until the main event (which, because of air time, could not itself be moved up), the promoter put his if-bout on before the Gavilan-Basilio match.

"So here came the main event," a network official recalled, "and all of a sudden out of nowhere, second round, bang. Basilio hits Gavilan such a shot! Gavilan goes down and he just lies there. We look at each other. We bought this air time, we been on five minutes, the fight's over, we ain't even got an if-bout to put on. What are we going to do in front of the television camera? Sing songs? We got nothing. There's the whole city of Syracuse screaming at Gavilan to stay down and half a dozen guys from the television screaming at him to get up." The network man mopped his brow. "He got up," he said. "At nine."

As might be suspected, television of boxing

matches entails close liaison between promoter and sponsor, and the promotion of major fights has settled in the main in the hands of one firm, the International Boxing Club. Even at the time it was formed, seven years ago, the IBC officers included those in control of several key big-city arenas, including the two biggest indoor houses, Madison Square Garden and Chicago Stadium. Some three years later, the government filed an anti-trust suit against the combination, charging that the IBC had promoted all but two of twenty-one title fights since its inception, that it excluded other promoters from staging championship fights, and that it thus prevented others from marketing television, motion picture, and radio rights. In January 1955, the United States Supreme Court ruled that boxing was in fact engaged in interstate commerce, and the suit reached trial in April 1956.

Both sets of purveyors—the sponsors and the promoters—are of course interested in the public's dollars, although the promoters, in utter fairness, are interested in the sponsor's dollars too. "Who'd he ever beat?", the classic question between matchmakers, now applies not only to a fighter's ring record, but to his Trendex.

Fan reaction has had some extraordinary results. In one nationally-telecast bout from New York a few years ago, welterweight Joey Giardello was awarded a split decision over Billy Graham. A chorus of boos greeted the verdict, and suddenly, without preamble, Mr. Robert Christenberry, then chairman of the New York Athletic Commission, came forward, along with a fellow member of the Commission, and changed the scorecard of one of the judges, thus giving the decision to Graham. The bemused Mr. Giardello took it to the New York State Supreme Court, and some weeks later the court gave him back his victory.

Television played an unusual role here. It can be wondered, to begin with, whether Christenberry would have taken such an untoward action if the bout had *not* been televised—if, in other words, the displeasure of the onlookers had been limited to the confines of the Garden. That's step number one. Step number two was that the telecast of the contest ended with the officials' decision giving the fight to Giardello and blanked out before Christenberry's ruling awarding the triumph to Graham. In horrifying outcome, bookmakers from here to Vancouver wound up paying off both ways—on Giardello off the television and on Graham out of the next morning's papers. The only time I ever saw a bookie cry was when, weeks later, the court reversed the reversal and gave the duke back to Giardello.

"I should have known," the book sobbed. "My father always told me. Never take a bet on anything that can talk."

An even more striking example of fan reaction came early in 1953, when Tommy Collins, a young Bostonian with a great local buildup, was fed to a nationwide TV audience as the opponent of James Carter, the lightweight champion of the world. Pre-fight dope held it a question whether the veteran Carter, with his wiles, could withstand the lethal artillery of the brash newcomer. Carter, with his wiles, proved successful. He knocked Collins down ten times inside of four rounds, the fight ending when one of Collins' seconds, galvanized by mercy, vaulted into the ring, causing the referee to stop the fight automatically under Massachusetts rules. Medical examination showed that Collins was more outclassed than injured. He was not hit much more often than the evident minimum number of times, in this case ten, and spent a great part of the contest on the floor, which is not overtaxing. Ordinarily, therefore, this would have been the usual sports-page story of the Friday night fight in the Saturday papers.

What happened instead was a fantastic storm

ERIC BARKER

SUMMER TOURISTS

THE signatures
of their untidy lives
litter the beaches, foul the rocks.
Here in the Big Sur, we must wait
late autumn's high cliff-reaching surf
to annul the dirtiness of human behavior.
Then overnight the sea will work like fire;
in the morning the immaculate sand
will receive the prints of killdeers and gulls,
impressions natural and beautiful
as the patterns of shells.
Then we can walk clean, for a whole season
nothing is defiled. We can even forget,
on that first sea-drenched morning,
what stale infections fed the sun's increase,
the long slack degradation of the tides.
Meanwhile, think of that green rage,
that scouring water,
think what fire is.

of protest, smashed across front pages from one coast to the other. Doctors, statesmen, and those ministers who could spare reporters a minute while assiduously rewriting their Sunday sermons, vouchsafed their horror that such brutality be tolerated in this enlightened century. Boxing, one New York columnist wrote, had been set back a thousand years. One man telephoned his local newspaper to say he had been forced to send his wife from the room rather than have her witness the blood-letting; he himself was obviously so distraught that he could not leave with her, change the channel, or even, *in extremis,* turn off the television set. The evils of Massachusetts jurisprudence, dating back to Salem, were reviewed. Tom Rawson, the veteran referee, was hanged in effigy, despite his neoclassic explanation of why he permitted the fight to last as long as it did.

"I talked to Collins after every knockdown," Rawson said. "When I finally stopped the fight he protested and I had to hold him on the floor to keep him from getting up and fighting some more."

"I don't think Rawson should have stopped it at all," Collins chimed in. "I was still swinging, wasn't I?"

No one was hurt, and it must be left to others to judge how much of the public protest was by way of expiation for the possible secret joys of watching somebody get the begeorge kicked out of him. The main point at issue went completely overlooked. That was, simply, that Collins had no business in the ring with Carter—he had been brought along too fast, and the first time he stepped into the ring against a man of championship caliber, he was bound to have his head handed to him.

The speed with which fighters like Collins are dropped from television, like any TV quiz contestant who becomes America's sweetheart till he muffs the $16,000 question, can be genuinely unfair. A fighter with real talent, rushed into the cathode limelight, can have his career shot by one defeat. The case of Chuck Davey is in point. Davey, who had the built-in personality gimmick of being a college graduate, had won a good number of fights, but he was sent forth before his time to do battle with Kid Gavilan. Gavilan knocked him out in the tenth round, and because the fight went that far the Cuban Keed stood accused of being, in Lewis Burton's happy phrase, the greatest carrier since Typhoid Mary. Thus ended the saga of Chuck Davey, who lived up to the pre-fight quote mulcted from a dean of students at Michigan State: "When I first met him, he seemed more the intellectual type. You couldn't visualize Chuck spending his life in the ring."

ERSHER'S BOY

AT THIS time, the big build-up boy is Tommy (Hurricane) Jackson, an extraordinary heavyweight. Just as Davey's hucksters pitched their man for television sales as a college graduate, Jackson is celebrated up and down the land for never having gone to school at all. Hurricane likes to tell people that he comes from a family of eight—"I have four brothers and four sisters." When told that this totals not eight but nine, he replies mystically, "The four brothers includes me."

Frank Graham, the accomplished columnist, has recorded another interview with Jackson:

"Is it true you never went to school?"

"Yes, sir! They couldn't get me in school!"

"How about the truant officers?"

"They couldn't catch me. I run too fast for them."

"What were you doing when you weren't in school?"

"Running in the streets and on the beaches."

"What were you running for?"

"I like to run."

"Ever fight in the streets?"

"No, sir! Just run. Sometimes I borrow a bicycle and go riding. One night, I smash right into a car and dent it."

"You dented a car with a bicycle?"

"No. With my head. I put a big dent in the side of the car with my head."

"What became of the bicycle?"

"Got smashed."

"Who taught you to box? Leonetti?"

"No, sir. Ersher."

"How do you spell it?"

"Ersher. Just put it down. Ersher."

"Who is he?"

"A man saw me."

"Where did he see you?"

"Running in the streets."

Jackson has an awkward style and a seemingly utter unwillingness to protect his head while fighting. But he is A Personality—a star on television. Like Collins and Davey, his reputation precedes him, though they will exit together. Boxing has fallen upon distressed times. It is fitting to observe that when, on October 26, 1951, Joe Louis was knocked out by the rising star Marciano, he went down with his back to the camera.

HUBERT W. KELLEY, JR.

Drawings by Reese Brandt



MUTINY of the Car Dealers

When you buy a car you may get caught —and financially mangled— in the strange fight between the men who make autos and those who sell them.

NOW before Congress are a number of bills intended to protect a group of merchants from the industry which makes their product. These businessmen are anything but believers in government interference with free enterprise. Quite the contrary—they are the car dealers, the most typical of prosperous, local entrepreneurs and by reputation the most contentedly conservative. But recently they have been in such a desperate, mutinous mood that they cried out to Congress for help, and the form in which that help is going to be extended—if and when—will be of interest to anyone who owns, or plans to buy, a car.

The automobile industry, as everyone knows, is not doing as well this year as its official optimists expected. One factory executive who first set 1956 sales at 6,500,000 cars has dropped his estimate to 5,800,000, and the actual total may be even smaller. Layoffs in car plants have risen steadily, involving 185,000 workers by May. When spring sales should have been rising, car dealers were crushed under stocks of 900,000 new automobiles, twice the normal inventory; and in May salesmen fell short of their quotas by 25,000 cars. But even last year, the biggest in auto history, the warning flags were up. The men who actually sell automobiles were even then in a state of near-revolt.

Last fall the Senate mailed a special questionnaire to America's 42,000 new-car dealers, in the hope of finding out—among other things—whether persistent complaints of trouble in the industry represented a majority view. By any survey standards, the response was overwhelming. Twenty thousand dealers replied, and nearly three out of four said that their marketing problems were so serious it would take the government to solve them. A scant 10 per cent definitely opposed federal intervention. Since this mandate came from businessmen usually wary of any meddling in their affairs, many Congressmen assumed their plight to be desperate.

Long before the retailers were polled, there had been other signs of trouble brewing in the auto business. Reckless advertising, for example. In a recent issue of the Shreveport *Journal,* a firm called Superior Buick said it was "Volume Mad and Trading Crazy." Beneath this banner, it advised shoppers:

"Before you buy a car—in any price class—check our figures. We beat any deal. Superior

don't care! . . . Down payment? Superior don't care! Monthly payment? Superior don't care! Trade-in allowance? Superior don't care!"

A Los Angeles Ford dealer saluted readers with this militant statement: "The fight's on. If other dealers want to give their profits away, we will, too."

For the past three years, consumers have been deluged with such absurdities. Obviously, a car salesman likes to make a profit as well as the next businessman and, unless he really *is* crazy, he cares a great deal about credit terms. One credit mistake can mean a repossession and the loss of hundreds of dollars to the retailer who has to resell it. Nevertheless, ads denying interest in either profit or sound financing are commonplace today. Many of them are deceptive, as Better Business Bureaus will testify, and most of them are designed to confuse shoppers. Their sole aim is to bring prospects to the showroom.

Since 1953, trade-in allowances have borne no relation to resale values. Even when a Washington dealer promised over the radio to allow a customer at least $700 for a car that had to be towed in, he failed to arouse much enthusiasm among listeners. Most of them thought his offer only fair, in spite of the fact that a car that won't run is worth about $35 at current junk prices.

A new kind of enterprise—the new car supermarket—has sprung up on highways near big cities. While more conventional auto dealers sell one or two makes produced by the same manufacturer, the supermarket operator sells every make he can get. Johnnie Eagle's, a lot near Wichita, Kansas, recently advertised 1956 Plymouths, Dodges, Chryslers, Fords, Lincolns, Chevrolets, Pontiacs, Buicks, and Oldsmobiles, all backed with factory warranty. Eagle boasted that his low overhead meant savings to customers. He even told the source of his merchandise. Unable to buy from auto factories, he purchased his cars from franchised dealers.

Most supermarket owners used to be used-car dealers, and the majority still skip such luxuries as enclosed buildings, replacement parts, and repair shops. Generally, their principal asset is a neon sign; their biggest expense, advertising. When they talk about low overhead, they aren't kidding. But if something goes wrong with a car they sell, it's up to someone else to fix it.

Some of the danger signs are less obvious to consumers. One is the prevalence of packing, the practice of adding from $200 to $500 to the suggested retail price of a new car. As a rule, the "pack" is the secret behind offers of $1,000 for a car worth less than half that amount. It provides dealers with bigger trading margins by lifting their possible profit on a new car from 22 per cent to around 40 per cent.

But the pack has other uses, too. Most industry experts agree that maximum credit terms for a new car should not exceed a down payment of one-third of the purchase price, with two years to pay the balance. Following that rule, a $2,700 automobile requires a down payment of $900. Suppose, however, that a prospect with a yen for the $2,700 model has no ready cash and an old car worth only $700 on the resale market. For an enterprising dealer, it's no problem at all to arrange credit for this customer. He simply adds $300 to the purchase price of the new car and $300 to the trade-in allowance, lifting the new car price to $3,000 and the valuation on the old car to $1,000. On paper, at any rate, the customer has made his down payment of one-third, and he can swing the deal without an extra penny of cash.

HOW TO GET SINGED

IN PRACTICE the pack is added before the prospect begins negotiations, and the over-allowance is offered immediately. The danger of this sort of tricky arithmetic is obvious. For many months, the customer often owes much more on his note than his car is worth. If the dealer is forced to repossess, he suffers a serious loss. If it happens often enough, the whole car market can go into a downspin.

There's little doubt that customers with a proclivity for haggling have been getting good buys for their money in spite of the pack. Under the slightest pressure, dealers give it right back to them—and more. But the few who still believe retailers mean what they say are getting singed badly. One dealer told me about a prospect who entered his showroom and asked the price of a de luxe model. Looking him straight in the eye, the salesman quoted a figure packed by about $400. To the dealer's subsequent embarrassment, the customer whipped out his pen and wrote a check for the padded price.

"What could I do?" the dealer asked. "If I'd told him the price was phony, he'd have walked out of the showroom. When he finds out later that he's been clipped, he'll tell everybody I'm a crook, anyway."

The supermarkets have their secrets, too. While factories deliver new cars to franchised dealers by rail or truck, cars bound for new-car "department stores" are often driven to their destinations with speedometers disconnected. A

large number have been driven too hard and too fast, then resold to unsuspecting bargain hunters as "new cars." Franchised dealers have played a key role in this new traffic by selling, or "bootlegging," surplus cars to supermarket operators for a quick profit of $25 or so.

In most states, it is perfectly legal for a dealer to sell cars to anyone he chooses, but in practice bootlegging has become a twilight traffic. It often involves falsifying registration records, and franchised dealers escape the important responsibility of putting new cars in safe running condition.

LOSING MONEY THE HARD WAY

BY LAST fall, in spite of all the chicanery, the dealers weren't doing very well. After selling a record 7,200,000 new cars in 1955, their profits were near the vanishing point. According to the National Automobile Dealers Association, auto dealers last year reported an average profit before taxes of only 1.7 per cent of sales. That was just about the most pitiful showing of any group of retailers in the nation. Dun and Bradstreet figures disclose that dealer bankruptcies rose 55 per cent in the first four months of 1956 over the same period last year.

A number of economists have argued that all these changes in auto retailing are only symptoms of a revolution in merchandising. At the national convention of auto dealers in Washington this year, Dr. Charles Franklin Phillips—college president, part-time GM dealer, and World War II rationing chief—warned his audience that they were playing a new kind of ball game.

Gone are the postwar days of high profits and long lines of car-hungry customers, he said. The principles of volume selling—which were adopted in selling groceries, notions, and electrical appliances—have finally hit the auto business. Dealers had better face that fact and adjust to it.

Thousands of retailers who heard Dr. Phillips' address sat on their hands when he finished. In their opinion, and subsequently in that of many Congressmen, the retailing revolution was more like a reign of terror.

One dealer who had managed to survive the new era fairly successfully was an Albany Pontiac salesman named M. H. Yager. Last fall, he wrote a long, emotional letter to Senator Joseph C. O'Mahoney, acting chairman of a Senate antitrust subcommittee investigating the policies of General Motors.

Yager was sick of the automobile business. Among other things, he charged that the retailing revolution was inspired, not by the vagaries of the market place, but by a handful of executives in Detroit. GM's "present administration," he said, had been trying to "brainwash" its dealers to force them into unethical distribution methods.

Senator O'Mahoney promptly invited his correspondent to Washington and let him confront GM President Harlow H. Curtice and thirteen GM vice presidents in a Senate hearing room. He had been warned, Yager said, that his testimony might mean business suicide. Nevertheless, he minced no words in telling Senators what he thought of the company that made his cars. After years of developing a reliable dealer body under the leadership of Alfred P. Sloan, he testified, GM suddenly became a booster of "razzle dazzle carnival huckster" merchandising techniques.

He accused GM personnel of urging him and dealers like him to "pack" prices. He said the factory had given its tacit approval to misleading advertising, and he denounced its agents for using a "gun-in-the-ribs" approach in forcing dealers to take more cars.

Yager's last charge was echoed by thousands of retailers selling all makes of cars. When the Senate auto-marketing questionnaire asked dealers to check the primary cause of new-car bootlegging to supermarkets, 13,581 checked "overproduction," and another 10,992 marked "pressure from factory to take more cars."

Some Senators couldn't understand why dealers bothered to purchase cars from their manufacturers if they couldn't sell them profitably. One witness had a short reply. "We were driven by fear," he said, "fear of being put out of business by our factories tomorrow."

There was good reason to be frightened. First of all, there are few manufacturers of passenger cars left. In the sixty-year history of the automobile, 2,600 different American makes have come and gone. Three years ago, only seventeen remained, produced by nine corporations. This year, the number of makes has dropped to fifteen, produced by five industrial giants—General Motors, Ford, Chrysler, American Motors, and Studebaker-Packard. Packard and Studebaker merged recently, as did Nash and Hudson to form American Motors. Kaiser and Willys combined, too, but dropped out of the passenger-car race last year to concentrate on utility vehicles.

But that isn't the whole story of concentration. Of the five remaining car companies, the so-

called Big Three—GM, Ford, and Chrysler—accounted for more than 95 per cent of the '55 production. General Motors alone made more than half the cars. When a retailer loses one of these suppliers, he will have difficulty finding another.

A dealer's security, therefore, rests solely on his ability to keep one of these corporations happy. Unlike a member of the United Automobile Workers, he is an employer, not an employee. He invests his own capital, or the bank's, in sales and service facilities in his home town, meeting rigid specifications laid down by his supplier. In return for this investment, which averages $100,000 among U. S. dealers, he receives permission to buy cars from his factory for cash. With few exceptions, the car sales which boosted GM's net profit after taxes to one billion dollars last year were made only to independent dealers.

It's up to the dealer to make his profit through sales to motorists. In theory, he buys only as many cars from his factory as he thinks he can profitably sell in his home town, and lets it go at that. But in testimony before two Senate committees, dealers said the business didn't work that way. To keep operating, they have to retain



the right to purchase cars at wholesale. This privilege is granted by each auto maker in the form of a selling agreement, or franchise. Until recently, whenever an auto factory felt that one of its dealers was falling down on the job, it could cancel its agreement with him on ninety days' notice without specifying any cause for its action. In the case of General Motors, contracts ran for one year, and the factory could drop a retailer simply by failing to renew its agreement with him. Among most auto makers, such contracts are still the rule.

As one Senator observed, the right to cancel dealers without cause helps manufacturers keep them in a state of economic serfdom. Needless to say, few would deny factories the right to choose the men they want to represent their products. But beginning in 1953, dealers told Congress, the manufacturers' termination privilege became a coercive weapon rather than a safeguard. In essence, retailers complained, they were ordered to become volume salesmen, using Detroit-approved techniques, or get out of business.

KEEP THE CARS MOVING

IN THEIR sworn testimony before a special Senate subcommittee last spring, the dealers described the new sales system in detail. A New Hampshire Pontiac retailer, admitting he thought price packing was risky, said a factory agent had told him to add up to $212 to the prices of his cars. An ex-Mercury dealer from Reno testified that he was required to pad prices and to conduct cut-rate, "blitz" sales, confining his profit to the rebate on inflated finance and insurance charges.

An ex-Chevrolet salesman said he was shipped cars that he hadn't ordered, and was then pressured to keep them. When a Chicago Ford dealer protested doubling of his annual sales quota, he said he was told that he could sell his cars in Texas for all the factory cared, just so long as they were registered in Cook County, Illinois. He continued to protest, however, and was finally canceled.

Letters from retailers who had tracked down the source of bootlegged cars went unanswered by factory offices, even though Detroit had announced its opposition to bootlegging. But one witness said there were seventeen cars of his make in a supermarket at a time when he could get no deliveries from his factory. One manufacturer, he said, actually requested a franchised outlet to send him a quota for bootleggers.

The charges of coercion went on for days. Several witnesses claimed that divisions of Ford and GM had requested dealers to register cars falsely in the names of their relatives and employees, to help win the sales race for first place. One man complained he was forced to help buy elaborate gifts for retiring factory personnel, such as blooded palomino horses and diamond rings. A number said they were made to buy unwanted advertising materials from sources specified by the auto makers.

Worst of all, in the opinion of many dealers, the treatment they received at the hands of their

factories was degrading. Men who had been in the business for decades were now brushed off with curt notes from management. Oklahoma's Senator A. S. Mike Monroney, who directed the spring auto probe, said he had read letters from factory sales executives to dealers that he wouldn't write to a criminal.

Obviously, not all dealers were innocent of personal cupidity. Many admit that the business has always been somewhat piratical, and a sizable number of car buyers will never forget the gouging they took right after World War II when cars were in short supply. Certain retailers have been composing deceptive ads for years, and there has always been a little quiet bootlegging.

But in the new era, unethical dealing was becoming the industry rule, not the exception. In the old days, a wise customer could avoid dealers with sloppy service and gyp reputations. Now it was getting hard to do. Dealers who assumed their own experience was the best barometer of market trends at home found they were invariably wrong. They were told to suspend their personal judgment, and to accept national sales quotas calculated in Detroit. The important thing was to keep cars moving.

Those dealers who persisted in standing up for their rights as independent businessmen were accused by industry economists of standing in the way of retailing progress. That was infuriating. If packed prices, supermarkets, and nauseating advertising were what customers really wanted, many old-line dealers felt they could beat the blitz artist at his own game. But they refused to believe that cars could be sold like cans of beans, especially since their factories continued to talk about their faith in the franchised dealer system. If there were going to be a major change in the method of distributing cars, most reliable retailers thought the auto makers should be the first to announce it.

REWARD FOR LOYAL SERVICE

A FEW who fought the Detroit treatment too hard found themselves out of business. "There is no mercy shown by any large automotive manufacturer when it comes to canceling a dealer's contract," scribbled one anonymous retailer on the back of his Senate questionnaire. The experience of J. Edgar Travis, Jr., was a case in point. Until he was terminated in late 1955, Travis had been a GM dealer for thirty-five years in the small Missouri town of St. Charles.

Appearing under subpoena, Travis brought with him an engraved silver tray which Buick had once awarded him for his years of loyal service. In spite of this touching remembrance, however, he realized that he was in serious trouble with the factory in the fall of 1954. At that time, Buick's St. Louis zone manager presented him with an addendum to his annual contract and asked him to sign it. The addendum was a confession on Travis' part that he wasn't doing a proper selling job for his division. The retailer refused to sign. A month later he received his 1955 franchise with the addendum attached. Finding Travis uncooperative, the zone manager had signed it.

From that time on, Travis said he was subjected to continuous harassment by Buick. He was criticized for not finding enough things wrong with cars brought in for service. He was pushed to hire more salesmen. He was even rebuked for choosing an inappropriate time to attend a football game. But the division's principal charge against him, he said, was that he wasn't selling a high enough percentage of Buicks compared to sales of other makes in town.

Travis contended that local registration figures were off about 28 per cent, due mainly to meddling by dealers in the bootlegging racket. Furthermore, he pointed out that St. Charles was a conservative town of only 14,000, and he thought it was absorbing all the new Buicks it could.

The axe fell in June. Travis, who also sold Pontiacs and GMC Trucks, was told by zone managers for all three divisions that his franchises would terminate that fall because he had failed to become a volume salesman. He was "amazed." Until that day, he claimed, he had never heard a word of complaint from either Pontiac or GMC.

Travis took his case to the top. His last court of appeal was the General Motors Dealer Relations Board, headed by Harlow Curtice. Travis said he argued his case doggedly until a chance remark of Curtice's during the "trial" tipped him off that the case had been decided against him in advance. His cancellation stood, and he was trapped with an expensive business and nothing to sell.

The Travis affair aroused a tremendous amount of public sympathy. Missouri's Senators Stuart Symington and Thomas Hennings and Representative Clarence Cannon testified from personal knowledge to the dealer's reliability and high moral character. The Missouri Automobile Dealers Association, in a formal resolu-

tion, denounced GM for the "shabby treatment" it had accorded Travis.

Other victims of the 1955 purge followed Travis to the stand. A few days later, Curtice arrived in the Senate with his retinue of vice presidents. He was fighting mad. The statements made by dealers, he charged, had grossly misinformed the public. Blaming dealers for bootlegging and other evils, he appeared astounded at the suggestion that any of his field personnel were coercing retailers. He denied sending cars to dealers that they hadn't ordered, and snapped that GM does not force unwanted merchandise on anybody. William F. Hufstader, GM's vice president in charge of distribution, made specific reply to Travis. General Motors, he explained, had never questioned the dealer's character. Cancellation was simply a matter of good business.

But Frederick J. Bell, head of the National Automobile Dealers Association, didn't think it was good business at all. Continued factory pressure, he told Congress, had forced retailers into unwise and unsound practices, dangerous to the economy, to dealer profits, and to consumer confidence. The factories, he said, "have somehow classified their dealers as being part of an over-all system of automation, as not being flesh and blood people, but instruments to be controlled by pushbuttons."

By late spring, both Republican and Democratic support for dealers had snowballed. But the support of legislators, while impressive, was somewhat formless. Eager to gain favor with angry dealers back home, Congressmen dashed off bills hastily, paying little attention to possible effects on the industry. Some thirty measures were introduced, and Representative Abraham Multer alone thought of eight different ideas to slow down auto makers. Many of the bills, had they become law, would have done the industry and consumers irreparable harm.

THE BOSS BACKS DOWN

SUDDENLY, the tiger smiled. One by one, the presidents of the auto manufacturing companies filed before the auto marketing committee and admitted that they were ready to negotiate an armistice.

In a startling switch from his bristling posture before the O'Mahoney group last fall, Curtice appeared contrite and candid. He told the Senate that he had started looking into the matter of car distribution problems right after his first Congressional encounter. In what some dealers considered the understatement of the year, Curtice said that where there was so much smoke, he thought there might be a little fire.

As a result of his personal investigation, he had just announced sweeping changes in GM's selling agreement with dealers. Nearly every alteration was in favor of retailers, and they included giving dealers their choice of three different types of contracts. The practice of sending insulting "deficiency letters" had been halted. He even switched the head of Buick Division to a new post—executive vice president in charge of dealer relations.

In announcing his new contract to dealers, Curtice accepted responsibility for most of the things he had previously denied. He confessed that "pressure from competition" had caused him to condone price packing in 1953. He conceded that some GM divisional representatives had encouraged unethical advertising and bootlegging. Some dealers, he acknowledged, had been losing money, and dealer morale as a whole was very low.

Curtice then pledged himself to do all in his power to put an end to price packing and misleading advertising among his dealers. Henry Ford II said he, too, was firmly opposed to shady merchandising, and a Ford Motor executive said he was talking with dealers about franchise changes. In his testimony, Chrysler's L. L. Colbert admitted he had erred in having too little contact with his dealers, but would correct that in the future. The present system is sound, he assured everybody, and there's no real danger of the supermarkets' taking over.

On the whole, dealers were jubilant. It seemed to many that a little bad publicity and the mere threat of restrictive legislation could do a lot to equalize conditions between industrial giants and small retailers. There's a good chance, too, that the management cadre, insulated in their bureaucracies from the day-to-day problems of their salesmen, simply didn't know how much the production race was hurting them. Whatever the reason for Detroit's change of heart, Congressmen were certain they had forced action by putting the factories in the public spotlight.

But as layoffs and cutbacks this year have shown, the problems created by the 1955 production tour de force in the auto industry are not going to vanish overnight. Furthermore, there is nothing to stop factories from starting the cycle all over again when the time is ripe, with even more serious consequences. Had the current depression in Detroit hit our economy

at a time when other industries were not quite so prosperous, the results might have been disastrous.

Mike Monroney and Joseph O'Mahoney, the two Senators who conducted the long auto investigations, have kept this in mind. They know that the Detroit executives who granted dealers these new concessions can take them away again. To make sure they don't, they introduced two bills after most of the others had been tossed aside as impractical.

The O'Mahoney bill, passed in June by the Senate by a seventy-five-to-one vote, would simply give auto retailers the right to sue their manufacturers in court in the event of capricious termination or intimidation. Complementing this measure, the Monroney bill sets down several ground rules for equitable dealings between retailers and suppliers. Among other things, it would make it an unfair trade practice for a factory to cancel a dealer for any reason not spelled out in its contract with him. It would also prevent factories from coercing dealers into accepting unwanted merchandise of any sort.

Early in June, chances for enactment of these measures looked slim. Nevertheless, the fact that they existed at all had a significance beyond an effect on one group of retailers. As long as even the chance remains for unfair pressure on local merchants, their status as independent small businessmen is little more than a myth. In dealing with their suppliers today, they have far less real independence than a union worker and are totally unable to perform the irreplaceable function of middleman in a market economy.

As the best local experts on buying power and changing taste, dealers in all commodities serve as a necessary brake on excesses of production. They, better than anyone else, should know how many automobiles or anything else a community can absorb. But this important function of theirs is meaningless when, through coercion, they are denied the right to exercise it.

JEAN PEDRICK

HEY, WHO PUT THIS HOOFPRINT ON THE COUNTERPANE?

THE witch doctors, I have it on authority of intuition,
Are in the employ of Beelzebub, called, in serious veins,
Mephistopheles. They are prone to suggest
Hoof and mouth disease to the better stallions,
And insinuate gout among dancers. Nothing is true,
But it's amazing what their victims do.

One *modus operandi* is to prick the skin
Of anyone's effigy of himself. More wind goes in
Than blood goes out of the little wounds, and thus
Even illusions catch their death of cold,
Rise to their fevers, take a fright, grow old.

Actually it's not so bad to be had
By the prince of darkness, if the advocate's eyes
Are like weed water, and your bloodcount was low,
And there wasn't much playing in the theaters. Still
One can grow awfully lonely for one's will,

And wish the witching over. Wish to burn,
Press or hang up the tall tormentor, wish
At least to have as well as be had, yearn
At last in duress, Oh to exorcize
The devil one would rather exercise.

A Story by DON MOSER

THE ROCK CLIMB

WE WENT down into the woods toward the stream, Mel swinging easily ahead of me through the open pine forest. I watched his back, the small pack high on his shoulders and his left arm hanging awkwardly, and I had to hurry a little to keep up, like always.

Yesterday climbing Mt. Mansfield I had taken the lead so that I set a pace I could keep. Whenever he led I hated to ask him to slow down and I always got blown pretty fast. Mansfield had been easy, just like walking upstairs for a few miles with nothing dangerous about it. We sat down on the rocks on top and had a cigarette. I was glad for the chance to relax—for three days Mel had been pushing me just as he had pushed his squad in Georgia. We stretched out there on the rocks and looked over the spread of the Green Mountains and the blue slash of Lake Champlain, and I felt happy that I had decided to transfer to a college in Vermont.

On the way down we had stopped at the foot of a rock face and worked two or three pitches. Mel taught me some of the climbing lingo and showed me how to tie into the rope and how to make a belay and three or four different holds. Then he did a layback on a short pitch but I said that I was too tired to try it. He didn't press me, but he looked at me and then at the rock as though he didn't quite believe me.

This morning we came through Stowe and drove several miles on side roads before Mel pulled the car off and parked. He said there was an easy climb a mile back in through the woods. I thought it would be nice just to take the binoculars and the camera and follow the stream down, but Mel said if we were going to do Katahdin I'd better get a couple of easier things under my belt first.

When we hit the stream we had to follow it for a mile or so before we finally found a place where we could cross on the rocks, and even then there was a lot of white water and the rocks were small and far apart. I was a little wary of it and I said, "This doesn't look very good."

Mel looked at me and rubbed his bad arm and frowned. He slipped out of the pack straps and sprawled his lean body on the pine needles at the edge of the stream. He twisted the wire from his hearing aid around his finger, then said, "When you looked me up last week I thought you really wanted to do some climbing. When we used to talk about it back in basic training you said you wanted to learn and I thought you meant it."

"Well, I do." I kicked at the pine needles with my boot. "We climbed yesterday, didn't we?"

"I know, but we only have a few more days before you start school and I go back to banging algebra into ninth-graders again. Of course we can just go for a walk along the stream and look for wild flowers or something, if you want to."

"Look, Mel, I'm not in the shape I was in basic training—I haven't done any daily dozens in a long time. I wasn't any platoon leader running around the Korean hills, remember. I sat on my can in Georgia and administered intelligence tests for two years."

"We could cache the gear," he said, standing up again. "And it would be easier to cross and we wouldn't have to carry it."

I hesitated for a moment, kicking up the pine needles with my boot. Mel looked at me and rubbed his arm slowly. "I'm not in the shape I was in basic either," he said.

That got to me, when I thought about the arm and the hearing aid he'd brought back from Korea. "Should we leave the rope too?" I asked.

Mel grinned at me. "Sure. We won't need it for anything up there."

We put the rope and the knapsacks and the camera under the trunk of a down hemlock and then we crossed the stream, jumping from stone to stone fast because if you don't keep your

momentum you wind up in the water. The woods were open, mostly white pine once we got away from the stream, and we walked without having to fight much brush, but I still got winded before too long. Then I watched my feet because when I get winded I start stumbling over things. It wasn't hot there in the woods but after a while I felt sweat on my back and I started wiping it out of my eyes with my sleeve, and when Mel stopped I walked right into him.

"Whoa, now," he said. Then, "I didn't remember this being here, but last time I crossed a mile down stream."

I looked across the clearing at the rock face and it looked pretty bad. I was going to say so but instead I clamped down on my tongue and didn't say anything. I might as well have said it though, because he could tell just looking at me. He could always tell. I hoped he would say we shouldn't try it but I knew damn well he'd want to.

"We don't have to do it. We could go around it pretty easily," he said.

I looked at it and thought about it for a while. "Well, I don't—" I began.

"What? Wait a minute." He fooled around with his hearing aid. I knew there was nothing wrong with it. "Go ahead now."

"All right, let's do it," I said.

HE GOT the glasses out and scanned the face, sitting down with his elbows braced against his knees. I looked at it, too. The cliff was about two hundred feet high. There was a slope of loose scree at the bottom and the crest was at a shallow angle with some scrubby cedars growing out of cracks. The part that really looked bad was the hundred feet near the top.

Mel put the glasses down and began rubbing his arm again. Then he looked over at me, his thin face solemn.

"I think it will go," he said. "There's a crack that seems to hold out through the bad pitch. We don't have to do it if you'd rather not."

He handed me the 6 x 30's and I looked at the face. Up near the top that crack didn't seem to amount to much. On both sides of it the granite was smooth and perpendicular without any holds that I could see.

"It doesn't look very good at the top," I said, and then thought, "Dammit, I always have to say something like that."

"We could go back and get the rope if you like," he said.

I thought about walking all the way back and crossing the stream and then re-crossing and coming back to the cliff, and then I thought I'd show him that I could do something just once. "Do you think we'll need it?" I asked.

"Well, I don't think so."

"Okay, the hell with it then."

THE first part was easy, climbing the scree slope and over the blocks of fractured rock, but after a while it got steep and we had to use hands and feet. There were a couple of short stretches of ten or fifteen feet where I went ahead and Mel directed me from below. Then we hit the steep face. I stood still for a minute, well balanced, and wiped my hands on my trousers.

"You don't want to quit, do you?" Mel said.

"No. Hell no, I'll try it."

"Well, you go ahead then and I'll follow and help you where I can," he said.

The crack was about a foot deep and seven or eight inches wide and I started up the perpendicular face by shoving my right foot into the crack and twisting it sideways until it jammed and held my weight. Then I stood up on it and jammed the other foot and felt around for handholds. It went pretty slowly but it went. Then I got careless and made a step up when I didn't have a good handhold and the jammed foot slipped and I slid down a foot before it caught.

"Don't get in a hurry," Mel said quietly from a few feet below me. "Always use three-point suspension."

I was shaken and embarrassed from the slip and I did what he said and made sure I had three limbs anchored before I moved the fourth one. We kept moving up slowly, and in the rough parts Mel spotted holds for me that I couldn't see, and sometimes he gave me one with his hands, but I was doing well and I hoped that he knew it.

Once I got my foot on a chockstone that was caught in the crack and it was good and solid so I turned to look out from the cliff. I could see way across the valley to Mansfield and past there, and then I looked down and didn't like that because the cliff seemed a lot higher from here.

"Now don't do that," Mel said. "There'll be plenty of time to look down when we get to the top." He sounded just like the high-school math teacher he was.

So I started again, not wanting to look down any more, and about ten feet farther up I began running out of things to hold onto. The crack was petering out and it was just wide

enough to get my foot into and it was starting to get shallow. Water ran down the rock from a spring up above and algae grew along the crack. It was slippery as hell and the soles of my boots were wet and slick. Mel helped me more and more from below, guiding my feet with his hand. The face was much smoother now; there were few projections to cling to. Those there were were wet and slippery. Then there weren't any and I couldn't go anywhere.

"I'm stuck," I said. "There's no handholds."

"Use opposite pressure."

"What?"

"Opposite pressure, like I showed you yesterday."

I remembered now. I was always forgetting but he never said anything. I did as he said, putting one hand on each side of the crack and then pulling apart, and it worked. I moved up a little.

It went on like that for the next twenty feet, me getting pretty scared and not being able to figure out what to do, Mel talking me up the pitch foot by foot. I stopped once to take a breather and relax my muscles.

"It's my fault," Mel said. "I should have known enough to bring the rope."

"That's all right," I said, wishing it were there so I could feel it across my belly, but knowing that it wouldn't be much good here anyway. We didn't have any pitons and there was no place to make a belay unless Mel stayed back at the chockstone, and I couldn't go any place without him right behind me.

"We could go back down if you like," he said.

I thought about it for a while. I was doing well and I didn't want to turn quits on it now when he knew that I could keep going if I wanted to. I looked down and then right back and I didn't have to think about it any more. Going down backwards and having to keep looking down over my shoulder would be more than I could take.

"No, let's finish it," I said.

I MADE it up another ten feet and we were pretty close now. The lowest of the scrubby little cedars was growing from a fissure only about a dozen feet above me. I was soaking wet from sweating and the water running down the rock. My fingers were tired and my left palm was bleeding and my ankles were sore from twisting my feet into the crack, but another dozen feet and we'd have it.

There wasn't much left of the crack, just room to jam a toe into, and the rock face to the left and right looked smooth and straight. There wasn't any place to go out there.

I moved up another foot. My right toe was twisted into the shallow crack and my left foot was on a small chockstone. I grubbed the fingers of my right hand into a crevice, then felt about with my left. Above my head the crack petered out to nothing. I felt around on the wet rock as far as I could reach above and to the left, but there wasn't anything there. I turned my head back to look. There was a knobby projection three or four inches across where the strata split up above my head. I stretched my left hand up as far as it would go but I was still a foot short.

"Look, I'm hung up," I said over my shoulder. "I've got to get up about a foot before I can reach a hold and I'm afraid to put all my weight on my left foot. This stone isn't very tight."

I could feel it wobble under my toe while I listened to Mel moving up below me. I was getting pretty tired. Then the muscles in my right forearm started to knot up. I rubbed it with my left hand.

After a while I heard Mel say from beneath my feet, "Listen, I can't get to you until you move off that stone. It's the only thing there is to hold."

"Well, I don't think I can go up any higher."

"Hang on then and I'll try to traverse around you and get to you from above."

I thought about the face on both sides and it seemed that he might as well jump off as try to do a traverse across that smooth rock. Then I looked up at the knob above my head and I wobbled the chockstone under my toe.

"Wait a minute," I said. "No, maybe I can make it. I'll see."

I rested there for a minute, thinking about it. Then I shoved up as fast as I could on my left foot with my fingers reaching for the knob. The stone slipped and I slammed down against the rock and my fingers held in the crevice just long enough to get my right foot in the crack and jam it. I hung there clinging and hearing the chockstone hit down below and then hit again and again and finally land rolling on the rocks two hundred feet below.

There was nothing for my left foot and nothing for my left hand. I was just clinging there all stretched out and wondering how long my grip was good for and knowing that if I moved I was going down there with the stone.

"I can't move," I said, with my face pressed right against the rock. "I can't move from here."

"I can't get to you from below," the voice came up. "How long can you hang on?"

"I don't know, not very long. I can't move at all."

"Just stay there. I'll do a traverse and get to you from above," he said, just like he was saying, "I'll see you in my office after school."

I knew damn well that he couldn't do it. There wasn't anything out there at all. "You can't do it," I said, but there wasn't any answer.

So I stayed there feeling my leg cramp up and my fingers start to give, with my face pressed against the rock and the algae slimy on my cheek, knowing all the time that he couldn't get around on that smooth face, that he couldn't get any place but down there on the rocks with the fallen stone. I knew I should say, "Go back —go down. You can't help me." I knew that I should at least say it, but I couldn't say it.

THEN I thought, but I didn't think about my whole past life or anything like that, but about the long quiet before the stone hit and the quiet before it hit the two times close together and the last one before it landed rolling on the scree.

I saw something out of the corner of my eye. It blurred and then came into focus a few inches away. It was a small water beetle, not much larger than a pinhead, one of the mottled crawling beetles you find on the bottoms of small streams. It was moving about in the wet algae, moving up slowly. I had kept others like it in aquariums when I was a kid, killed and glued them to paper tabs on mounting pins. And now this speck of brainless cells moved beneath my eyeball up the cliff as I would stroll along a sidewalk. And I counted seconds while my fingers held and Mel was crawling around out there where there wasn't anything but air and smooth granite.

I got mad then, so mad that I forgot to be afraid for a while. I wanted to crush the beetle under my thumb, but I couldn't move and I just watched it moving up through the algae.

My fingers started to slip a little. I didn't have much feeling left in them. I counted slowly to twenty-five, saying one thousand before each number to keep from going too fast. I got to twenty-five and then I started back at the beginning. Halfway through, my fingers slipped again. I was pretty far off balance now. I got to twenty-five again and I figured I had about one more time around.

"One thousand one, one thousand two—"

"Can you look up?" Mel's voice was quiet. It was above me! I turned my head back from the rock very slowly.

Mel was above me and to my right. He had reached the scrubby little cedar. He had his right hand on a root; with his left hand he held a long stick toward me.

"Can you reach it?"

It was a foot to the right of my right hand. I'd have to let go and grab for it but I thought that I could do it. But when I got it I'd swing out and all my weight would be on his left arm; the arm that had picked up all the shell fragments in Korea. I looked at the long thin arm with the muscles white along the stick, and then I looked up at the thin solemn face with the wire from the hearing-aid curling down into the shirt collar and I wasn't afraid. I knew he'd hold me and I laughed a little and said, "Hang on to me baby, I'm coming home," and I let go and grabbed for the stick and got it. My hand slipped and I grabbed it with my left and swung out on the face but I knew he'd hold me.

IT WAS all over in a minute and we were on top lying on the warm rocks and the juncos were whistling down the mountain and the cold wind was blowing over us. We lay there seeing all the way past Mansfield to Lake Champlain and white clouds over the Adirondacks.

"Look," I said, lying there beside him with my face on the warm rock, "how did you get around me? There just wasn't anything out there."

"I don't know. I had to. I got you into it, didn't I? You know."

"Yeah, I know. I couldn't have done it. I couldn't have tried."

"You got any cigarettes?" he asked.

"Here, I've got a few someplace," I said. I fished around and got out a half pack of Philip Morris, but they were all crushed and wet.

"Well, maybe I've got some," he said. He found one in a crumpled pack and cut it in half with his pocket knife. We lit up the short stubs and lay there on our bellies in the sun and looked out at Champlain and the Adirondacks. After a while I finished my smoke and ground it out on the rock. I let out a long breath.

"I don't think I'd like to try that again," I said.

"Maybe you'd rather not try Katahdin now," Mel said. "Katahdin will make that one seem easy."

"Yeah," I said after a long time. "I guess it will."



After Hours

CHARITABLE CHOO-CHOO

DEAR Taxpayers: I had a swell time at your party and just wanted to let you know how we all enjoyed it. The Press—I should guess several hundred strong—was transported to Princeton, New Jersey, in the Pennsylvania Railroad's new "tubular train." At the Princeton Inn we were treated copiously to food and drink, and then transported home again, with more drink on the train for anyone who might have felt neglected. Pretty congenial bunch. Everybody said the train was fine, which was about the amount of attention we gave it. Mostly we just sat around and talked, which was why it was such a nice party and why I wanted to assure you that your money was well spent.

What do you mean it isn't your money? If the Pennsy didn't spend it on me, they'd have to pay it in taxes, and in the long run the more they pay the less you pay. This is in no way whatever different from the doctrine the Reece Committee applied to the Tax-exempt Foundations, and I see no reason to apply it only there and nowhere else. "Because of the tax exemption granted them . . . ," stated three Republican Congressmen in the Committee's majority report in December 1954, "the foundations are public trusts, administering funds of which the public is the equitable owner." No more argument. The Pennsy was spending *your* money.

Like I say, we got on this train and took off for Princeton. Very smooth ride. For a while I sat next to a man who works for the Pennsy —operating side, too, not just public relations—and I thought we might have to talk railroading. But he wanted to talk about Hogarth. He said he'd been reading about Hogarth and the more he thought about it the more convinced he was that the eighteenth century was the most interesting period there'd ever been. That is, in his limited experience, he said.

"Rides nice," he said as we parted, "don't you think?"

Another way you could tell this was a fine party was the number of people there from the company. Presumably they knew that the tubular train rode nice, but they also knew a day off when they saw it. I will not go so far as to say that there were more Pennsy people along than there were reporters, but don't ask me to swear to the contrary. If they didn't have anything else to do they could talk to the models. There were four almost-but-not-quite-high-fashion models, supplied by the railroad, for the convenience of photographers who forgot to bring their own models—and very tasty they were, too. If the models didn't have anything else to do, they walked up and down the aisles pretending to be looking for each other, which lent considerable tone to the train. Your company does these things right.

At Princeton the "refreshments"—our invitations specifically stated: "refreshments"—were served on a terrace under a huge awning, look ing across a rich green lawn to quiet pond, with not one but tw kinds of ducks in it. "That's n swan," said the lady at my elbow "I've seen the movie." There wer three bars and at least four table groaning with canapés—mounds o huge cold shrimp, iced trays of tin clams, hot fried oysters and sausages slabs of smoked salmon and white fish. Many a junket have I travele on, and many a free load seen, bu this outshone them all. There wa even a receiving line to meet th president of the railroad. Not tha I am ashamed of my colleagues o the press, but we are by and large plebeian lot and most of us could b seen ducking the receiving line an heading for the drinks.

"Hard morning's work," I said t the business manager of a Baltimor newspaper. "Have a shrimp?"

"Thank you," he said. "I am no making up for some of the mea this outfit has served me in time past." So we talked about advertisin agencies, and agreed they are esse tially blinded to their real audienc by the commission system, whic causes overrating of mass medi Sound fellow. Finally went in t lunch (steak), herded by public-rel tions men, with representatives o both sexes from several financi publications who had been arguin the respective braininess of Ki Novak *vs.* Marilyn Monroe. Durin lunch the talk was about Har Truman. Everybody very sound, sai he was greatest President sinc Franklin Pierce.

AFTER HOURS

The point of all this being that body cared. Businesses aren't in siness any more. All they want is r you to feel happy, or like an un-teful wretch, as I do now, for not allowing their press releases along th their gin and tonic. They have come the successors, as John ooks has noted in these pages, of e old-style society party-givers. ey are prey to the same pathetic nger to be loved, if only for *gesse*—and the same petulant hurt lings if they are not loved—of their incely predecessors. Of course press rties are not quite the same as ead and circuses. They are in-nded to sway too small a group, d a group whose pride ought to sist in not being swayed. But netheless there is something so in-nsically human and appealing in e desire of the powerful to be pular that you can't really get rked up over the few thousand y blew on this picnic. *Largesse lige*. It's not really anybody's ney.

MOVIE MILESTONE

WITH the art of film in the state of general desuetude o which it has currently fallen, I ashamed to have to report that best film I've seen in several sons is Italian. Time was when alian"—or, before that, "French" as a synonym for excellence. me passed, and they turned into onyms for sentimentality. The happy Ending became not only a eotype but a standard of judg-nt, and European movies seemed devote themselves to elaborating theme of "We never had it so ." Meanwhile Hollywood was ap-ently rescuing realism from its nds, and burying in B-pictures stuff of genius. Or so I happily ught. This has not invariably n, may I now candidly confess, case.

The motion picture which forces to this reluctant admission is ed "La Strada." It concerns, to rsimplify, the picaresque expe-nces of a rather fey girl who be-nes the companion, on "the road" taly, of a brutal carnival strong-n. Superficially, it bears full re-blance to the hard-luck tales that the style—"Bicycle Thief" was

HER RICE BOWL WAS NOT BROKEN-



Ahn Wha-sil was found by a Korean railroad, her mother and father missing . . . her stomach swollen with hunger. How many days and nights she had tried to look out for herself, how long it had been since she had eaten and what, Dr. Oh, examining her a week after orphanage admittance, never found out. He didn't even know if good care could save her, if it was not already too late.

Last month a television photographer, taking movies of Dr. Oh's CCF Orphanage, was intrigued by Ahn. He writes, "Our only way of talking was to smile at each other. We became close friends. She hung on my coat sleeve throughout my filming and was such a pert, happy imp. Her warmth easily penetrated the bleak Korean winter. It was difficult to believe that the poor, sickly, emaciated little thing Dr. Oh had examined was this happy, lovable child. And to think it was only by a slim chance that she was lucky enough to be one of the few among hundreds to be picked up that day."



There are still 35,000 homeless refugee children in South Korea—neglected, friendless and wretched children. Korea is no longer on the front pages and it is so hard to get help for them.

No gift is too small to show a child a bit of mercy. Or you can "adopt" a pitiful, homeless child and have him placed in a Christian Children's Fund orphanage-school and given a decent chance in life. The cost, $10.00 a month, is the same in all of the following 28 different countries: Austria, Borneo, Brazil, Burma, Finland, Formosa, France, Greece, Hong Kong, India, Indochina, Indonesia, Italy, Japan, Jordan, Korea, Lapland, Lebanon, Macao, Malaya, Mexico, Okinawa, Pakistan, Philippines, Puerto Rico, Syria, United States and Western Germany.

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both good and bad enough to represent the type. "La Strada," like the rest, is low-life in context, somber in tone, and without hope in message. For once, the difference is almost purely one of art. To the extent that "La Strada" is *not* a work of morbid pseudo-realism, it reveals the difference between true cinematic feeling and the many kinds of plausible movie-making ability that try to take its place. This is a lyrical expression of self-confidence, in which the limits of technique are stretched beyond the ordinary by technicians who know precisely what they are doing. They are even able, in "La Strada," to build an entire picture around the sort of equivocal ambiguity that film conveys as no other medium can.

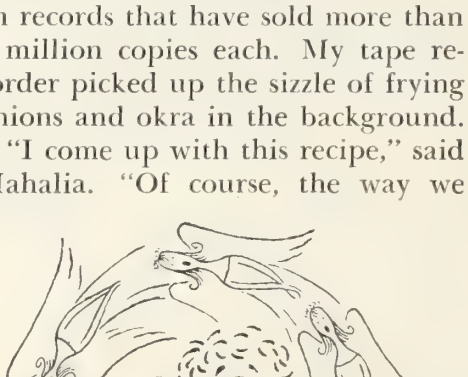
"La Strada" often borders on the sentimental—as it borders on fantasy and facile symbolism—but every time you think it is going over the edge it fools you. No character is quite what you have been led to assume; no incident has quite the obvious moral that you expected. The way "La Strada" moves within a consistent reality of its own creating, without fumbling or straining for effects, gives a suddenly new impression of what movie-making competence might be like. It does strain, and sometimes fumbles, but always for achievements of a fineness and complexity far beyond those that have hitherto been highly praised. It makes other movies seem self-satisfied, and for that alone should restore the lost laurels to the country that produced it. **—Mr. Harper**

A JOYFUL NOISE

For the paragraphs below you must thank Mr. Carlton Brown, of Hastings-on-Hudson, New York, who has been good enough to let me relay his account of an interview with the extraordinary lady who is our greatest "gospel singer."

MAHALIA Jackson, World's Greatest Gospel Singer—the title, which appears on her first Columbia LP, is uncontested—was preparing Creole gumbo in the kitchen of her five-room apartment on Chicago's South Side. She was being helped by her pianist, Mildred Falls, who has accompanied her in six jam-packed concerts at Carnegie Hall since 1950, on a hugely successful European tour in 1952, on her own radio and television shows, and on records that have sold more than a million copies each. My tape recorder picked up the sizzle of frying onions and okra in the background.

"I come up with this recipe," said Mahalia. "Of course, the way we



cook it down home in New Orleans, everything is fresh. I lived so close to the Mississippi River, you know. We'd go over there and catch us buckets of shrimps and crabs and fish and come on back home. We'd have enough to give some to the neighbors. We had chickens, we had pigeons. And you plant your okry in your back yard, your tomatoes, string beans, corn, mustard greens, cabbage. . . .

"People seem to think it's a little odd for a singer like me to do her own cooking and housework like I do, but this is the real part of me. I was doing this long before I ever thought I'd be a singer."

Mahalia is forty-five but, up close and at ease, she looks a good deal younger. Her satin-smooth complexion is unlined and her features and expression reflect nothing but serenity. Her "singing weight," she has said, tops two hundred pounds, but she carries it with easy grace. In Chicago, her untrained but phenomenal voice was first heard nearly thirty years ago in the choir of the Greater Salem Baptist Church, which she has belonged to ever since, and in the little store-front churches of the South Side. She worked as a laundress and hotel maid by days, beginning at $7.50 a week, and sang by night, earning from $1 to as much as $3 or $4 from the collection or a share of a 5¢ to 10¢ admission charge. She saved enough to study beauty culture and to open her ow beauty salon and then a florist sho and she bought the building th she lives in on the proceeds.

Ministers all over the count heard her—or of her—and asked h to sing at their churches, and sh traveled to almost every state of th Union in the 'thirties and 'fortie In 1946, she was asked to record h own song, "I Will Move on Up Little Higher," a glowing expressio of belief in the world to come. I total sales have gone over two m lion copies. Mahalia's first records more than fifty of them—were p out by the Apollo company, whic concentrates its distribution Negro neighborhoods. In 195 Columbia Records signed her a and issued two big LP albums f the general audience. A third, "Ble This House," has just been issue

GOSPEL singing is unlike a other kind of religious music, f while its words are fervent affirm tions of faith, its syncopated rhyth and its moaning, shouting inton tions are those of jazz and the blu But Miss Jackson, recalling a tim when preachers sermonized again jazz in the churches, has said:

"What they didn't realize—b they do now—is that gospel singi isn't new. When Christ was bor people went forth and sang in jo That was gospel music. Joy and th spreading of good tidings. That what it still is. It's doing what Dav said: 'Make a joyful noise unto th Lord. Clap your hands and com before His presence with singing'

There have been, and are no other popular gospel singers besid Mahalia Jackson. Yet it has take one such rare and glorious voice hers to restore gospel singing to i rightful place.

Today, Miss Jackson earns arou $50,000 a year from concerts a records, and donates much of h singing time to recitals in her ow and other churches and to fun raising appearances for a wide va ety of worthy causes. In brief ne accounts of her career, I had re that she had turned down offers as much as $10,000 a week to appe in night clubs and theaters, a refused to sing blues songs becau "they're sinful." She has turne down many such engagements, sh

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Why does Chrissi's mother cry?



Chrissi, at eight is a charming little lady, with pretty brown hair and sparkling eyes. She attends school faithfully and is adored by her family. Why, then, should Chrissi's mother cry?

The answer is simple. At night, Chrissi sometimes whimpers with cold and hunger. During the days she must keep active to stay warm. She has no toys, nothing to ease the cruel struggle against privation.

Home for this tragic family is a "space"—not a room—in a refugee camp near Athens. In poverty-ridden Greece, badly torn by war, Communist aggression, earthquakes and the austerity of economic rehabilitation, Chrissi's father earns $1.00 a day, hardly enough to provide even the most meager subsistence.

In a country where life is grim and painful, Chrissi's parents can only pray that someone — somewhere — will help their daughter.

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You can help Chrissi or another needy child through the Child Sponsorship Plan of *Save the Children Federation*. By undertaking a sponsorship, you will provide funds to purchase food, warm clothing, bedding, school supplies—and other necessities—for "your" child. The cost is only $120 a year, just $10 a month. Full information about the child you sponsor and a photograph will be sent to you. You may correspond with "your" child and his family, so that your generous material aid becomes part of a larger gift of understanding and friendship.

Your contribution in any amount will help. Send what you can today!

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told me, but not because of any sanctimonious disapproval of worldly amusements.

"There's no sense in my singing the blues, because I just don't feel it," she said. "In the old, heart-felt songs, whether it's the blues or gospel music, there's the distressed cry of a human being. But in the blues, it's all despair; when you're done singing, you're still lonely and sorrowful. In the gospel songs, there's mourning and sorrow, too, but there's always hope and consolation to lift you above it. I must sing a song that is an uplift to myself and can help lift the burden of others. If I sing 'Nobody knows the trouble I've seen, nobody knows but Jesus,' there is sorrow in it, but there is the uplift and redemption of His love. He knows the trouble I see and He alone will lift me above my troubles. It's not that you're lifted out of segregation or poverty or sickness, but it lifts your mind above, that you can endure those things. It gives hope that whatever may betide, whatever is wrong in the neighborhood or the world, tomorrow will be better.

"I have many fine friends who entertain in night clubs and theaters, but it's not the place for my kind of singing. They got enough out there. I don't think that people dancing and having a nice time and going to the theater's a sin. What I think is a sin is going against the commandment to love the Lord thy God with all your heart and love thy neighbor as thyself. You can *not* serve God unless you love each other. A person that's religious doesn't have to be a punk or a sissy because he loves the Lord; he loves Him because He loves *you* and *I*."

THIS combination of faith and magnetic voice is perfectly illustrated by an incident that occurred on Miss Jackson's first big concert tour. It was described to me by Mrs. Willa Saunders Jones, wife of the pastor of Chicago's Greater Mount Sinai Baptist Church, teacher of music and dramatics in the city's South Side public schools, and a friend and musical assistant of Mahalia's for many years.

Sister Jackson, as she is often called by church people, had given two sold-out performances in one day in a large auditorium in New York, and had gone on to Nashville, Tennessee, to fill another engagement. On their first morning in Nashville, she and her companions were getting ready to go out. Mahalia was curling her hair, and she looked down at the little white suitcase in which she kept her earnings while she was on tour.

"Willa Jones," she said, "that suitcase carries me back to my childhood days. My mother died when I was nothing but a little girl, you know, and I worked so hard. Coming up, I never had a Christmas tree, I never had a doll. But look at that suitcase. God has given me enough money to buy me a doll."

She stood with the curling iron in her hair and started to sing, says Willa Jones. "O-o-oh, my God! Listen! That woman sing so till the streetcar stopped in front of the hotel and all the people just come out of the streetcar and they were standing looking all in the window I never since I've been on earth... We couldn't stop her. She stood there for two hours and every time we'd try to stop her she said, 'But God gave me enough money to buy me a doll.' Oh, Jesus! My God! The people were shouting all out in the street—screaming—everywhere! We couldn't even dress her. You couldn't do anything with her. For two hours.

"I said, 'Mahalia, please!'

" 'God gave me enough money to buy me a doll!'

"She can't understand why people make such a great fuss over her," Willa Jones said. " 'You're Mahalia Jackson,' I tell her. 'So *what?*' she says. She hasn't changed one bit in all these years. She's just Mahalia just *'Halie*, any place she goes around here. 'Hey, 'Halie!' they call to her on the street.

"And there's nothing going to change her," Willa concluded. "I recall one time here on her own television show not very long ago. She was singing 'A City Called Heaven,' and as she got into it she closed her eyes and the tears came streamin' down her cheeks, and before she knew it she had cried out 'O, Glory!' on the air. Then she said, 'Pardon me, CBS—I forgot where I was.' The calls came in from *every*where."

the new BOOKS

GERALD W. JOHNSON

Lincoln, Lee, and Lesser Heroes

SPRING and early summer produced the customary flood of publications representing America scrutinizing itself, and they drift, as usual, toward two extremes. There are books written in the spirit of Socrates' dictum that the unexamined life is not worth living; and there are others that seem to have accepted the Eastern theory that umbilical contemplation is a path to wisdom. The problem of the judicious is to separate inquiry from self-hypnosis, and it is not always easy, for the shift of attention from the nation to the navel is often achieved by insensible gradations.

Unquestionably in the first class, however, and perhaps the most distinguished representative of that class is Zechariah Chafee's **The Blessings of Liberty** (Lippincott, $5). In point of fact it discourses, not of the blessings of liberty but of the curses of tyranny, but it is definitely a report, with recommendations, on the state of the nation and it bears no resemblance to an exercise in yoga.

Mr. Chafee is a hind let loose. Originally a lawyer, later a professor of law, he is now a professor of anything he chooses to teach in Harvard University; and, like the Scriptural hind, on whatever subject he takes up "he giveth goodly words." For many years his chief preoccupation has been with the erosion of individual liberty under the scarifying movement of events; it is his theme in this volume and it is handled with Chafee's characteristic clarity, vigor, and common sense. If there is any suggestion of self-hypnosis in it, it is Chafee's assumption that most men desire freedom more than they fear it. Grant that, and the rest follows with indefeasible logic; and it is a cheerful document, for the author does not believe that American freedom, although threatened, is already lost or necessarily doomed.

Even more cheerful—in this reader's opinion a shade too cheerful—is John Mason Brown's **Through These Men** (Harper, $4), a scrutiny of certain gentry who are more or less running things here and now. Mr. Brown finds merit in such disparate characters as Truman, Eisenhower, Stevenson, Lodge, Frankfurter, and Lippmann. The book has an occasional stiletto-thrust, but in the main it is eulogistic until it comes to those who made the attack on J. Robert Oppenheimer. Brown gives the case sixty pages in which he illustrates with horrifying clarity what Chafee has been talking about. In doing so he has produced an essay that as a model of its genre deserves to rank with Hazlitt's famous description of the prize fight—and for the same reason, namely, that with all the wealth of detail you are never in doubt as to the moment the deadly blow was struck. It is as delightful as it is rare to discover an important social document that is at the same time a superb bit of craftsmanship.

The publishers' lists include the usual stack of books on—or more or less on—Lincoln, three of which are especially interesting, first because they are all done by competent writers, but also because they illustrate the transition from history to hypnotism in examining the American record. They are respectively a philosophical study, a factual study, and an obsession: David Donald's **Lincoln Reconsidered** (Knopf, $3); Robert V. Bruce's **Lincoln and the Tools of War** (Bobbs-Merrill, $5); and Jay Monaghan's **The Man Who Elected Lincoln** (Bobbs-Merrill, $1.50).

LINCOLN AS A DEMIGOD

MR. DONALD'S thin little volume is irritating because, being very good, it could be and should have been made sensationally good, not by altering its content but by more attention to the mere mechanics of book-writing. The material was originally presented as a series of lectures and it has been left largely in that form. Appended to it is another lecture on an entirely different subject that has no place whatever in the book. The whole thing is loose-jointed and sprawling.

Nevertheless, it contains an idea and a book

with a genuine idea is so rare a phenomenon that ramshackle construction cannot ruin it. What Mr. Donald has written is a theogony. That word is heavy enough to sink *Gone with the Wind*, not to mention a work of non-fiction, and it would be wicked for a reviewer to apply it to any man's book without an explanation. But the fact is that Mr. Donald, like Hesiod, has written of the genesis of a demigod. It is to be hoped that he will not, like the original theogonist, get himself murdered for his pains, but he is bound to incur the hatred of the pious and it may be venomous.

There is, of couse, nothing original in his realization that Lincoln was long ago transmuted from an individual into a symbol. Donald's originality is in his approach to this phenomenon; unlike most of the others who have considered it, he is neither enraged nor enraptured by the transmutation, but sardonic, skeptical, and grimly amused. It is the kind of thing that happens constantly in the course of human events and reasonable men are content to understand it, without expecting to change it or to prevent it.

This is emphatically not a piece of debunking. Donald yields to none in his admiration of Lincoln, the man, and he knows why, for he has spent years studying the period and first came to public notice with his books on Herndon and Chase. But Lincoln, the symbol, strains his credulity and the reason is not far to seek. Although he is now a member of the Columbia faculty, he came originally from Mississippi and presumably in his early youth was immunized against the Lincoln mythology by a massive injection of Confederate antitoxin which, in its turn, was counteracted by his historical studies. Perhaps a Southerner compelled to study Lincoln carefully ends by having a clearer view of the man than any other can obtain.

Be that as it may, the book is full of surprises and tantalizing hints. Its theory of the Abolitionists as psychologically Displaced Persons is apparently supported by statistical evidence and deserves greater elaboration. So does its analysis of Lincoln's method of handling the Radicals, and its bare reference to his uncanny skill in manipulating public opinion could make a volume of immense value in the years immediately ahead. Perhaps all this will be treated in Mr. Donald's forthcoming life of Charles Sumner; at any rate, this book makes the reader look to the one on Sumner with great expectations.

MR. BRUCE'S dealing with Lincoln is, on the other hand, rigidly factual. He writes, indeed, much less about Lincoln than about the men who got in Lincoln's way and his bête noire is Brigadier General James W. Ripley, Chief of Ordnance for the army. Ripley was a textbook case of the ossification of the military mind. He hated innovation with a holy hatred and in his eyes the most loathsome of all innovators were inventors of new weapons. True, 99.44 per cent of them were crackpots, but Ripley opposed the breech-loading and later the repeating rifle, although both had been tested long before the Civil War. Dr. Gatling patented his machine gun in 1862, but the army did not adopt it until 1866 and only eleven were used during the late stages of the war.

Captain (later Rear Admiral) J. A. B. Dahlgren, Ripley's opposite number in the Navy, was not himself quite so rigid, but even he had to appeal repeatedly to the President in order to get the most obvious improvements officially adopted.

Lincoln, with his open and inquiring mind, was always hospitable to new ideas. It must be admitted that he entertained seriously a good many suggestions that were idiotic and some that were merely crooked schemes to loot the treasury; but Mr. Bruce has no doubt that he forced the breech-loader and the Spencer repeating carbine upon Ripley. The Confederates testified that the Spencer carbine was the ruin of their cavalry late in 1864.

This is admittedly a tale "of old, unhappy, far-off things" but it has a chilling undertone. The reader is left wondering, in view of our present dependence upon new weapons, whether there may still be Ripleys lurking somewhere in the service. The book heavily underscores Clemenceau's remark that war is much too important to be left to the generals.

FROM THE QUARTERDECK

JAY MONAGHAN has written a sprightly and entertaining book about the campaign of 1860, on which he has unearthed some new material in the papers of Charles H. Ray; but here is one reader who is not convinced that he has demolished Joseph Medill and substituted Ray as the real power in the Chicago *Tribune*, then known as the *Press and Tribune*. One's skepticism is reinforced by Mr. Monaghan's carelessness in checking minor details, as when he speaks of a gavel "made from a fragment of the battleship *Lawrence*, famous for Commodore Perry's defiant statement from the quarter-deck, 'Don't give up the ship.'" Except that the ship was a frigate, not a battleship, named *Chesapeake*, not *Lawrence*, commanded by a captain, not a commodore, named Lawrence, not Perry, who, mortally wounded and carried below, said the words there, not on the quarter-deck, this is presumably correct, but it raises some doubts about other statements not so easily



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EDITOR AT LARGE



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You probably buy books on the basis of reviews in this magazine or elsewhere, on the recommendation of friends (including your bookseller), or (I hope) from remarks here. Booksellers have to make their selections earlier and without benefit of the expert guidance you have. How then, you may wonder, does a bookseller know what books to order?

One answer is, he uses the "trade" reviewers who evaluate for him forthcoming books before they are published. There are four leading trade review media, and this is what they thought of some recent Doubleday books:

Virginia Kirkus, whose evaluations of new books is available to professionals only, said of "Afternoon of an Autocrat," a Norah Lofts novel of 19th Century England: "It is an oddly fascinating tale, in which period and place cast their magic over the interweaving of two separate stories."

In *The American News of Books*, a monthly estimate of demand for new books, Donald Gordon recommended Donald Elder's biography, "Ring Lardner." He thought it "highly distinctive," and found that the samples of Lardner's humor quoted in the book still "produce chuckles on sight."

Francis Ludlow, of *The Retail Bookseller*, warned that Vardis Fisher's "Pemmican," a novel about the Hudson's Bay Company, discusses things "never mentioned in polite literature." Nonetheless, he chose it as the month's "most remarkable book," because of "its irresistible narrative sweep."

And in *Publisher's Weekly* Mary Elisabeth Edes called Marguerite Steen's "The Unquiet Spirit," "a classical English horror story . . . filled with eerie suspense."

This is what four experts thought. You might find it interesting to pit your judgment against theirs. If so, all of these books are available through your bookseller. He will be interested in what you think of them. And so will I.

L. L. Day

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

Books mentioned above include "Afternoon of an Autocrat," by Norah Lofts ($3.95); "Ring Lardner," by Donald Elder ($4.75); "Pemmican," by Vardis Fisher ($3.95); and "The Unquiet Spirit," by Marguerite Steen ($3.75). All are published by Doubleday & Company, 575 Madison Ave., N. Y. 22, N. Y.

checked. As entertainment the book is excellent, but as history it must be accepted with great caution.

THE FEROCITY OF LEE

BURKE DAVIS' **Gray Fox** (Rinehart, $6) approaches the Civil War from the other side. It is a long book, but it is essentially a vignette, not a biography, of Robert E. Lee, starting in 1861 and ending in 1865. Davis is not in competition with either Douglas Freeman or Sir Frederick Maurice; the closer parellel is with Gamaliel Bradford, but his touch is distinctly different from Bradford's. The New Englander was a moralist first and an artist second; the North Carolinian is the reverse.

Naturally, he owes much to his predecessors. The extraordinary clarity of his presentation of Lee's complex tactical movements doubtless would have been impossible without both Maurice and Freeman. In particular, Grant's offensive and Lee's defensive from the Wilderness to Petersburg—the last and finally decisive campaign of the war—is portrayed so lucidly that any literate civilian can understand it and appreciate the qualities of the two commanders. It was brilliance opposed to power, both backed by steely resolution.

In his preface Davis makes the observation that "The kindly face, the fatherly beard, and gentle manner have concealed too long one of the fiercest of the great captains." It will astonish many and repel some, but by ferocity Davis means an unwavering determination to hit the enemy so hard as to destroy him utterly. But that is the art of war, and Lee's ruin was in finally meeting a general who in this respect was just as fierce and who also had more men and more munitions.

But the merit of this book is not as a military treatise; it is as a study not so much of the development as of the revelation of character. In 1861 Lee was distrusted and disliked by a great many Confederates; by 1865 he was idolized to a degree almost without parallel in history—and that in face of the fact that he had lost the war. It is to the exploring of this mystery that Davis sets himself, and his success gives the book its tone.

For he does succeed to a notab degree. We last see the defeate commander, mounted on Travelc riding slowly off the field of App mattox with an escort of Unic cavalry. He disappears, and that the end. Davis does not say th he was then riding toward a great magnificence as a man and a citize than he ever attained as a soldie But Davis does not need to say i You can guess it from what h gone before.

This is art; and as a sheer wo of art the book is as fine as anythi that has been done on Lee.

BONES VERY DR

INTO a nameless valley whi was full of bones went Ezeki "and behold, there were very ma in the open valley; and, lo, th were very dry." But the proph prophesied upon them and, for t moment of the vision at least, th became living men.

If one dared give a Harvard pr fessor the allegorical treatment t paragraph above might serve as a r view of Perry Miller's **The Rav and the Whale** (Harcourt, Brac $6.75). For this literary archaeolog has been laboring in one of the gre depressions of American intellectu history, the period between t Missouri Compromise and the Civ War. The bones there are astonis ingly many and Heaven knows th are very dry; but the incantations Dr. Miller serve to endow them m mentarily with the semblance of li which is very great magic as nobo can deny.

It is hard to recall another real superb book of non-fiction writt about such large numbers of su trifling people. As for the Rave Edgar Allan Poe, and t Whale, Herman Melville, the auth touches them but lightly; he was n trying to describe them, but the e vironment in which they did th work, and it was an environme crowded with nonentities. After a Poe and Melville are not skeletal mains; no sorcery is needed to evo them from the shades and Dr. Mill wastes none on them.

He spends his time loving articulating the *disjecta membra* worthies nobody in this generati ever heard of, but who in their ov

loomed gigantically over the
rary world. So stated this seems
esemble the dismal labor of some
lyte of Madame Tussaud, but it
ot so. Miller is no dull fashioner
waxworks. He is a veritable
romancer, equipped with philters
elixirs of wondrous potency—
ning, imagination, wit—which,
lied to his figures and reinforced
h a light galvanic shock of malice,
e them breathe and move.
or instance, he wires together the
ains of an editor with the fasci-
ing name of Evert Augustus
yckinck, who carried an incubus
ned Cornelius Mathews. Duy-
ck does manage to get into the
hospitable *Webster's Biograph-*
Dictionary, but apparently not
G. & C. Merriam ever heard
Mathews and it takes the colossal
tionary of American Biography
ncover him. But what can one
with this dreary pair? What
ler does is to tell against the
ground of Manhattan Island a
tale of Sindbad and the Old
of the Sea, but without the
py ending. Mathews never got
nk and fell off; he rode Duy-
ck to the somber end.
uyckinck's great rival as editor
critic was one Lewis Gaylord
k, who seems to have eluded
Vernon Parrington, but who
arently dominated the scene in
York for several years. None
lark's feats, amorous or in arms,
s to have left any perceptible
upon history, but in Miller's
ls he becomes a creation, a sort
carnation of Miching Mallecho
e most sinister interpretation of
doubtful term.
ark and Duyckinck (pronounced
kink, with the accent on the
syllable) are the protagonists
e piece. Clark represented the
ervative, more or less European,
tion, Duyckinck a group calling
selves Young America and de-
ined to distill a national litera-
not out of people, but out of
ntains, woods, and Niagara Falls.
is to say, Clark represented the
tors, Duyckinck the incompe-
, while neither took the true
urement of Poe or Melville.
ound these two swirls a mad
of attendants, gentlemen- and
s-in-waiting, and undifferen-
d sycophants, while in the back-

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ground pose the three great lords of literature, Cooper, Irving, and Bryant. It is a giddy show and some critics have complained, not without reason, that it made them dizzy, but nobody can say that it lacks color and life; which, considering its origin, is equivalent to saying that it is miraculous.

If Dr. Miller set out to prove that it is strange that Poe and Melville did any decent work in that vicinity he has made his point. But it is fairly evident that he enjoyed the show for its own sake and that in exposing the vacuity of New York criticism Cambridge felt no pain. But it is a good book, and if its depressing chief moral is, "What fools reviewers be!" oh, well . . .

PICTURE HISTORIES

AMERICA still examining itself, but rather visually than verbally, is the **Picture History of the U. S. Navy** (Scribner, $12.50), by Theodore Roscoe and Fred Freeman. It reproduces pictures of naval vessels and appurtenances thereto from 1776 to 1897. The pictures are excellent, but the text is too lavish with wisecracks and too careless of history. The pictures make the book lively enough; it did not need to be hopped up with bad puns. Then to end the account of the battle of the ironclads with, "After a futile attempt to ram *Monitor* under, the Confederate ironclad, damaged, leaking badly, veered off and headed for home." The fact is that *Monitor* her pilot-house wrecked and her commander blinded, took refuge in the shallows, while *Virginia* prowled up and down for two hours trying to get at her and only then, her coal running low, retired.

But if you seek history, especially contemporary history, in pictures don't overlook Jack Engeman's two books, **Annapolis** and **West Point** (Lothrop, $3.50 each), one a camera recording of the life of a midshipman, the other that of a cadet. The pictures were taken by a graduate of Annapolis who knew exactly what to look for at the Naval Academy and couldn't have been very far off at the Military Academy. Engeman allows the pictures to tell the story with a minimum of verbal explanation, and they do it handsomely.

BOOKS *in brief*

KATHERINE GAUSS JACKSON

FICTION

A House on the Rhine, by Frances Faviell.

The degeneration of a German family after World War II is the subject of this terrifying but wonderful story. When the husband returns home, the local government moves him and his family of eleven children and one adopted child, to a requisitioned house—the only one large enough—in a little village on the Rhine near Cologne. They are scornfully called "the bunker family" by the village folk because during the war the mother and her brood had lived in a bunker under the great cathedral. Now even in the big house, and even with the wages that the father and the older children bring home from the city, they live in crowded, untidy discomfort. But business in postwar Germany is booming, luxuries are available at a price, and the older children are not content to be without them even if it means joining a motorcycle gang and stealing and murdering to get them. The story revolves around the adopted child, Krista, who was found forsaken during a blitz and taken into the already overflowing household. It is a story packed with tensions and emotion in which all the characters live vibrantly alive in their vices and their virtues, none of them boring. It is a book of great perception and compassion. It is occasionally overdramatic. But it is written by a talented novelist and is well worth reading not only for its exciting story, but for its wisdom about people and its vivid picture of the pressures and temptations in a war-ravaged, conquered country under occupation.

Farrar, Straus & Cudahy, $3.50

Cassandra, by Frances Clippinger. This is a sensitive novel, written with intensity and passion, but why is it that incest makes such dull reading? The book is a tragic one of the tortured love of a brother and sister. She is a beautiful and attractive girl very popular in the social circles of New York. He is a student at Princeton. Their story is told with mounting suspense to its inevitable, dreadful climax. Is it because one tends to hear so little about incestuous relationships that it seems not only distasteful but implausible? But this is a serious, sympathetically handled treatment, freighted with the horror that those caught in such an unhappy predicament must feel.

Rinehart, $3

The Narrow Covering, by Julia Siebel.

In 1914 on a farm outside a small Kansas town, it was sixteen-year-old Ella Beecher who was the Cinderella of the family. Her stern, self-righteous, Baptist mother favored Ella's younger sister and frowned on any attempts by her ineffectual husband to brighten her elder daughter's work-ridden days. The father dies; the mother and daughters move into town; an older brother and his wife die; and Ella is left with their two small children to care for. Eventually she marries and has a daughter of her own. At this time the tensions loosen for a while and life becomes nearly normal, yet whenever the pressure is on it is always in work that Ella finds her tenuous security. (Presumably the sense of the title.) And in the end, even work is not enough. The writing is competent, the country descriptions are especially good, and all lives have their troubles, sure enough. But four deaths and two suicides among the chief characters (not to mention the oppressive work and the stern attitudes) are hard to make convincing in the span of one short novel except in terms of high tragedy which, alas, this is not. Winner of the Friends of Literature Award.

Harcourt, Brace, $3.50

The Vicarious Years, by John van Druten.

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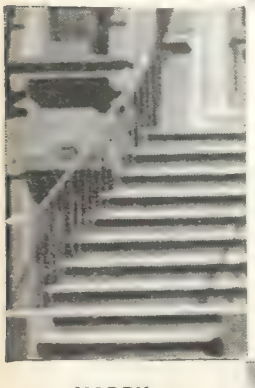
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BOOKS IN BRIEF

standards of one's own. This novel, set in the form of autobiography, is very difficult to disassociate from actual autobiography since the narrator is, as John van Druten must have been, a sensitive young Englishman who wants to write, and especially wants to write for the theater. Before the story ends he has written at least one successful play and several short stories, but to do it he has had to make painful discoveries about himself and about the people who had shaped his early values. But fact or fiction, the author of "Young Woodley," "The Voice of the Turtle," "I am a Camera," etc. makes the young man's voyage of discovery real and funny and completely absorbing. His reconstruction of the language and mores of pre- and just post-World War I, is wonderful.

Scribner, $3

NON-FICTION

Passionate Search: A Life of Charlotte Brontë, by Margaret Crampton.

There have been many studies of the author of *Jane Eyre* since Mrs. Gaskell's *Life* first made its appearance, and whatever each added to the story of this controversial woman, some mystery has always remained. How reconcile the loving and affectionate Charlotte of some of the biographies with the sharp-tongued, withdrawn woman of some others? Miss Crampton who has been interested in Charlotte Brontë since her own childhood has made good use of all the sources to illuminate Miss Brontë's frustrated and often tragic relationships with her family and friends and paints a vivid picture of the unhappy and talented woman which encompasses both aspects of her nature and makes both logical. It is written without much literary flair but it is competent and comprehensive. Her explanation of the controversial Heger relationship is particularly well done.

McKay, $3.95

Noblesse Oblige, edited by Nancy Mitford.

Some months back the Honorable Nancy Mitford wrote an article for the British magazine *Encounter* based on a study of the linguistic

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BOOKS IN BRIEF

abits of the English by Professor lan Ross of Birmingham Uni- rsity. In it she wittily categorized rious modes of behavior and ways speaking among the English aris- cracy, as Upperclass or Non-Upper- ass—U or Non-U. Naturally this t in motion a wave of self-examina- on, and a storm of criticism, also ry witty, broke over the London erary landscape. Such people as velyn Waugh, Christopher Sykes, trix," and John Betjeman put pen paper to define what they thought s important about the ways of the istocracy. Miss Mitford has col- ted the pieces for this challenging tle book, and Russell Lynes, au- ority on modes and manners and, *Harper's* readers know, author of Highbrow, Lowbrow, Middle- ow," has written an introduction tting the controversy into an nerican context. It is all topped th a frosting of eleven drawings Osbert Lancaster.

Harper, $3

Am Fifteen and I Don't Want to e, by Christine Arnothy.

Any reader who has never known ything remotely like the horrors of three-month siege of Budapest ls humble at having to judge an ount of it from a literary point of w, especially when the author was child of fifteen when she lived ough it. But, unlike Anne Frank, was not fifteen but at least a ade older when she wrote the ok based on her diaries and, al- ough the things the Hungarian l lived through were more terri , she did live to write her book. l so one is forced to judge and l it lacking in the talent and ential artlessness that give the tch girl's story so much impact. a picture of the dreadful siege ile the Germans made a last stand inst the Russians and the terrified zens lived in cellars with death l rubble all about them, it gives ivid sense of what it must have n like. One admires the resource- ness and courage, the capacity for and generosity in people forced ive like animals in a black hole days on end. One often admires author's perception of these gs and it is a book one would dream of setting aside until one ows the little family across the

What Strange Powers Did The Ancients Possess?

EVERY important discovery relating to mind power, sound thinking and cause and effect, as applied to self-advancement, was known centuries ago, before the masses could read and write.

Much has been written about the wise men of old. A popular fallacy has it that their secrets of personal power and successful living were lost to the world. Knowledge of nature's laws, accumulated through the ages, is never lost. At times the great truths possessed by the sages were hidden from unscrupulous men in high places, but never destroyed.

Why Were Their Secrets Closely Guarded?

Only recently, as time is measured; not more than twenty generations ago, less than 1/100th of 1% of the earth's people were thought capable of receiving basic knowledge about the laws of life, for it is an elementary truism that knowledge is power and that power cannot be entrusted to the ignorant and the unworthy.

Wisdom is not readily attainable by the general public; nor recognized when right within reach. The average person absorbs a multitude of details about things, but goes through life without ever knowing where and how to acquire mastery of the fundamentals of the inner mind—that mysterious silent something which "whispers" to you from within.

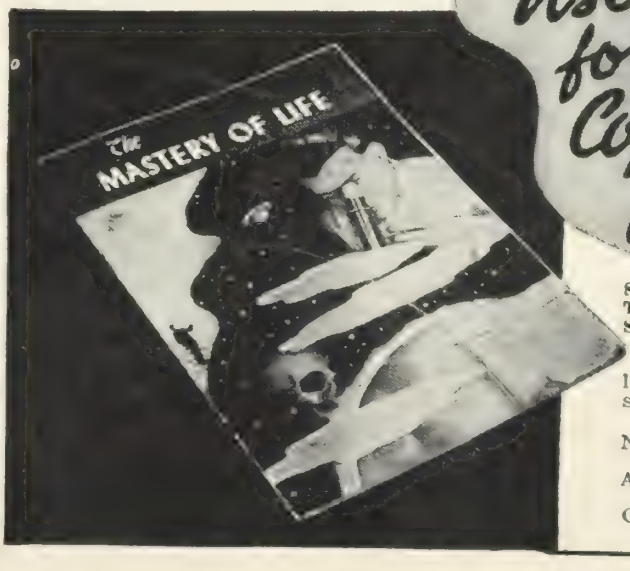
Fundamental Laws of Nature

Your habits, accomplishments and weaknesses are the effects of causes. Your thoughts and actions are governed by fundamental laws. Example: The law of compensation is as fundamental as the laws of breathing, eating and sleeping. All fixed laws of nature are as fascinating to study as they are vital to understand for success in life.

You can learn to find and follow every basic law of life. You can begin at any time to discover a whole new world of interesting truths. You can start at once to awaken your inner powers of self-understanding and self-advancement. You can learn from one of the world's oldest institutions, first known in America in 1694. Enjoying the high regard of hundreds of leaders, thinkers and teachers, the organization is known as the Rosicrucian Order. Its complete name is the "Ancient and Mystical Order Rosae Crucis," abbreviated by the initials "AMORC." The teachings of the Order are not sold, for it is not a commercial organization, nor is it a religious sect. It is a non-profit fraternity, a brotherhood in the true sense.

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frontier into Austria. Her story is magnificent in human terms but too often one feels the adult writing through the child and the intensity is diminished.

Dutton, $2.75

Home to Texas, by Stanley Walker.

In 1945 Mr. Walker, veteran newspaperman and author of *The Night Club Era* and *City Editor*, forsook the city lights for good and took his Yankee bride back to his home in Texas to live. The old ranch was a wreck, the house falling down and full of wild life, the yard full of weeds. But they were not discouraged. This is the story of their fun, disappointments, and satisfactions in bringing the ranch back to a paying basis and finding their way back into not just any community, but a Lampasas County community. The book is full of enthusiasm and zest for life and for Texas, past and present.

Harper, $4

FORECAST

A Novel Season

When the publishers' fall lists of novelists include names like Rebecca West, Katherine Anne Porter, Margery Sharp, Louis Auchincloss, A. B. Guthrie, Helen Howe, and Richard Bissell, one can almost hear the critics sharpening their pencils. Rebecca West's first novel since *The Thinking Reed* (1936) is called *The Fountain Overflows* and will be published by Viking in October. Katherine Anne Porter's long-awaited and first-novel-ever, *Ship of Fools*, is coming from Little, Brown in November. Parts of it have appeared in this magazine. Also in November, from Little, Brown, comes *Say, Darling*, by Richard Bissell, author of *A Stretch on the River* and *Pajama Game*. The author of *The Way West*, A. B. Guthrie, has *These Thousand Hills* on Houghton Mifflin's November list. In October, from Simon & Schuster, will come Helen Howe's *The Success;* in the same month, from Houghton Mifflin, Louis Auchincloss's *The Great World of Timothy Colt*. Add to these impressive names the facts that Little, Brown expects to have a new novel by Margery Sharp ready for late fall; Scribner announces that the manuscript of James Jones' new novel will be finished by midsummer; and that Frances Parkinson Keyes has turned in her latest, *Blue Camellia*, to Messner, and one can just about start making up the best-seller lists today.

In the Water and On It

Beginning this month (July) with the publication of C. S. Forester's *The Age of Fighting Sail* in Doubleday's Mainstream of America series, we have announcements of several forthcoming books of ships and the sea. In August Scribner will publish *The Search for Captain Slocum*, "a Yankee captain in the last days of sail who made the first solo voyage around the world and disappeared at sea some forty years ago," by Walter Magnes Teller. From the same publisher later in the fall will come Alan Villiers' story of some of the ships of recent years that have been lost without a trace, *Posted Missing;* and still from Scribner this time of the sea rather than on it, the biography of Commander Kenneth Lionel Crabb, the famous British frogman, by Marshall Pugh. A fall publication. Two books for spring have been announced by their publishers. Hawthorn writes that just before his death on June 10, Fletcher Pratt handed in the manuscript of his final book, *The Compact History of the United States Navy*, and Holt has a history of the famous steamboat race between the *Natchez* and the *Robert E. Lee* from New Orleans to St. Louis in 1870. It is called *Fastest on the River* and is written by Manly Wade Wellman whose Civil War novel, *Rebel Boast* will be published by Holt in the fall.

Books into Pictures into Books

In September Gary Cooper opens in Jessamyn West's "The Friendly Persuasion" and Harcourt, Brace plans to bring out a movie edition promptly, price $2.25 ($1.25 less than the regular edition); and when Paramount releases its super production of "War and Peace" early this fall (with Audrey Hepburn, Mel Ferrer, and Henry Fonda) Frederick Fell will issue a special abridged edition of the book based on the movie and priced at $2.50. A book is a movie is a book.

The new RECORDINGS

Edward Tatnall Canby

CLASSICS FOR THE ORGAN

Bach: The Little Organ Book (Orgel-büchlein).

(1) E. Power Biggs. Columbia KSL 227 (3).
(2) Carl Weinrich. (Complete Organ Works, vol. 1.) Westminster WN 2203 (2).
(3) Helmut Walcha. Archive (Decca) ARC 3025/6 (APM 14021/3).

The organ works of Bach are coming into their own, to put it mildly. It takes a braver soul than this reviewer and a less respectful one) to dash through these forty-five supreme examples of concentrated organ art, in three different versions, for a capsule comparison. In lieu of the year-long study that could be made with the greatest of profit, let me merely point out that these works are among the few still extant where the outward sound of the music, the dynamics, the tempo, and especially the registration, the tonal color, are left to the performer's discretion, with no indication whatever that any one way of setting forth the music is "the" proper way. And, on the organ of Bach's day, the possibilities for variety were tremendous.

Thus these three collections are not in direct competition and can never be. Each of the preludes is done in three or more ways—Mr. Biggs sometimes gives us two versions—so different that a casual listener would scarcely recognize the music as the same, note for note. These are color-pieces for organ, in contrast to the preludes and fugues; choice of registration is the first interest, for player and listener alike. They are too short to develop the monumental architecture of the larger Bach works. And it is color, first of all, that counts in the three recordings.

On that score Carl Weinrich offers the most stimulating material. He is no keyboard "interpreter"; his philosophy is to let Bach do his own talking. The Weinrich Bach is set forth impersonally, almost rigidly, with no nonsense and sentiment. His playing is as precise as the ticking of a clock, come what may, and the great poetic moments that abound in these chorale settings get no special recognition en route—the music just goes right along. On the other hand, the registration on the superb Swedish organ is so dramatic, so varied, that it makes for excitement in itself, coloristic drama of real power. The colors are violent, the recording ultra-clear and very close, and every trace of Bach's contrapuntal structure is brought out with almost garish sharpness.

In most cases, I'd say, Bach speaks very well for himself here and I found the cycle unusually enjoyable in this version, where color is an antidote to the monotony of too many masterpieces not originally intended to be played one after the other.

Helmut Walcha's Bach has appeared before on Decca; now the complete Bach works are imported on the German-made Archive records with improved technical quality. Of these three players, the blind Walcha seems to me

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WORTH LOOKING INTO . . .

Grieg: Lyric Suite, Op. 54, Norwegian Dances, Op. 35, Wedding Day at Troldhaugen, Holberg Suite. Bamberg Symphony, van Remoortel. Vox PL 9840.

Fauré: Piano Quartets #1, #2. Robert Casters Piano Quartet. Westminster WN 18093.

Brahms: Horn Trio, Op. 40. Wenzel Fuchs: Quartet for Horn and Strings. Cantabile, Posselt, de Pasquale, Mayes. Boston B-209.

Stravinsky: Les Noces: Mass (1948); Pater Noster, Ave Maria. Soloists, Netherlands Chamber Choir, percussion and winds, de Nobel. Epic LC 3231.

Bartok: Microcosmos (complete). Gyorgy Sandor, piano. 3 vols., Columbia ML 5082, 83, 84; or SL 229, with booklet.

Schoenberg: Pierrot Lunaire. Virtuoso Chamber Ensemble, Leibowitz. Ethel Semser, recitation. Westminster WN 18143.

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to be far ahead in the perception and conveying of the elusive profundities of Bach's works. A touchy point, since Bach can correctly be said to need only unobtrusive aid from the performer. But in the larger works, at least, the difference in attitude is nonetheless apparent. If Schweitzer became famous for expressing Bach's spiritual grandeur through the organ, Walcha is at least a modern-day exponent of the more reverent, emotional approach.

That approach is not at its best in these short works. Walcha's colors are restrained if lovely, the contrasts between pieces not deliberately pronounced; the recording is somewhat distant and the registration doesn't always make the singing lines clear. A beautiful sound for any one piece, but the interest doesn't hold for dozens at a stretch. Choose Walcha for the big works.

The Biggs album offers several interesting extras. The detailed booklet of notes includes the entire printed score of all the works, an excellent idea for all listeners, who may thereby see for themselves the simple skeleton that Bach wrote down. And Mr. Biggs first plays the chorale melody on which each work is based, hymn style (in what are presumably the Bach harmonizations), for direct comparison with the elaborated setting.

Mr. Biggs' versions tend toward the massive (where his older recording for RCA was flat and lifeless) and the reason is no doubt partly the organ itself, the large composite instrument in Boston's Symphony Hall, designed as an "all-purpose" organ for many different uses. As recorded here, the sound is bass-heavy, breathy, lacking in the lightness and grace of the European organs in the other two versions; the colors seem relatively dull and the sound is too much like the standard church organ for my taste. (Compare this with Mr. Biggs' Little Preludes and Fugues, below, played on various Continental organs—with far better effect.)

The chorale preludes are of little meaning until one knows and recognizes the hymn tunes themselves; but even so, I find the introductory playing of the chorale tunes distracting here. The tunes are the same, but the spirit is utterly different—the hymn playing is too suggestive of the active, on-the-feet aspect of church worship where the chorale preludes themselves are, properly, more contemplative—for listening.

Bach: The Eight Little Preludes and Fugues. (Played on eight classic European organs.) E. Power Biggs. Columbia ML 5078.

Here Mr. Biggs plays to much better effect. His original idea of performances on various organs is here given a new twist, and a good thing it is, too. Somehow in his European series Biggs is an emancipated player, ranking with the best. Is it the instruments themselves, and the inspiration and excitement, that so obviously affect him in these hallowed spots?

The record gives us a superb perspective on the unity-with-variety that constitutes a great artistic style; we hear it in the music itself, in the registrations and, most interestingly, in the subtly different sound of these eight organs, all so clearly built within one inspired frame of reference but each with its own shades of difference within the tradition.

I am sure that this clear give-and-take correspondence between the outer craftsmanship of the instrument builder and the inner craft of the musical mind is absolutely essential to any great artistic movement—and should of course be joined to that third vital force, the knowing, receptive audience. Do we have this today? In the popular arts, from business architecture and autodesigning right through to modern jazz —yes.

Draw your own conclusions.

South German Baroque Organ Music. (Froberger, Pachelbel and others.) Walter Kraft. Vox DL 223 (3) *Lim. Ed.*

A well organized collection that nicely supplements those from North Germany, played on two famous old organs in the Benedictine abbey of Ottobeuren, in excellent if fairly distant hi-fi recording. Two discs are devoted respectively to Froberger and Pachelbel, the third to a group of less well known names.

The music of Froberger and Pachelbel will strike most listeners as less varied, more learned and serious, less susceptible to brilliant effects in the playing than that of the Northerners Sweelinck and Buxtehude. The brilliance is there—but it is of an earlier type, closer to the music of the sixteenth century, for our ears. It will take longer to become familiar, and will seem more monotonous at the beginning; but in the end, for the listener who enjoys learning, it will offer as much as the flashier music of the Northern school.

German Baroque Music: Georg Böhm. Hans Heintze, Böhm Organ, Lüneburg. Archive (Decca) ARC 3037 (APM 14043).

Here is a Northerner, unfamiliar to us as yet but a big name in his day, who was an important influence on Bach. His music, in seven examples played here, is straightforward and brilliant sounding as "modern" as anything by Bach himself, tending toward the typically good-humored and showy craftsmanship of the Northern school. The organ is that of Böhm himself, built long before his time and now restored according to his own ideas, as of the early 1700s. There is "authenticity" for you.

Buxtehude: Complete Organ Works Vols. 1 and 2. Alf Linder, Westminster WN 18117, WN 18149.

Complementing the Complete Bach by Weinrich, Westminster launches a Complete Buxtehude, the jolly, folksy, brilliant Northerner who ranks next to Bach (but is so unlike him) among the German organ composers.

The organ here, in Skänninge Sweden, is the same as that used by Weinrich for the Bach series. Oddly, it was Weinrich who introduced record collectors in America to Buxtehude, with his once-priceless Musicraft album, released before the war. Some of the works of fond memory as played by him in that album are found here as well. Weinrich's Buxtehude was fast, brittle, vigorous, and full of implied humor; in comparison I find Linder's playings very musical but rather solemn. The tempi are slow where I am sure they could go faster, for a greater lilt—it is implied in the music, clearly enough.

It would have been interesting if Weinrich had done the Buxtehude series and Linder the Bach. Their respective temperaments would seem to match the music better that way.

Virgil Fox Plays Bach. (Organ of Riverside Church, New York.) RCA Victor LM 1963.

A very popular organist here plays popular Bach on a gorgeous old-fashioned organ, strictly non-Baroque, and many a listener will love it, swell pedals and all. Not for me nor for many others who have found out what Bach can sound like on his own type of instrument. But it must be admitted, authenticity aside, that the Fox Bach is never muddy, is well recorded, and goes straight to its point—whatever that may be. A few numbers, notably the chorale prelude "Praise the Lord," come through well from anybody's point of view.

But Mr. Fox's style sense is completely uninhibited. "Come Sweet Death" far out-Stokowskys Stoky himself. It sighs and groans and pants and heaves, abysmally slowly, with all the resources of the worst theater style. Monstrous, but it'll sell.

ıe terrible vengeance

of Joseph P. Fyffe



N A WARM August evening in 1870, a footsore stranger in naval officer's orm walked into East Haddam, Conn. is name was Joseph P. Fyffe, and he revenging himself on the Navy for sing to advance him travel money to eed to his new station, San Francisco. e was trudging cross-country *on foot.* conscientiously wiring in daily prog- reports well-calculated to give his riors apoplexy. His sixth, from Al- , N.Y., read in part:

Entered Albany barefooted X omfortable X Earning my keep as artender X Local rum far superior at served in Navy X Am sending mple"

his, the Navy struck its colors, re- d its time-honored tradition, and n prepaying travel allowances.

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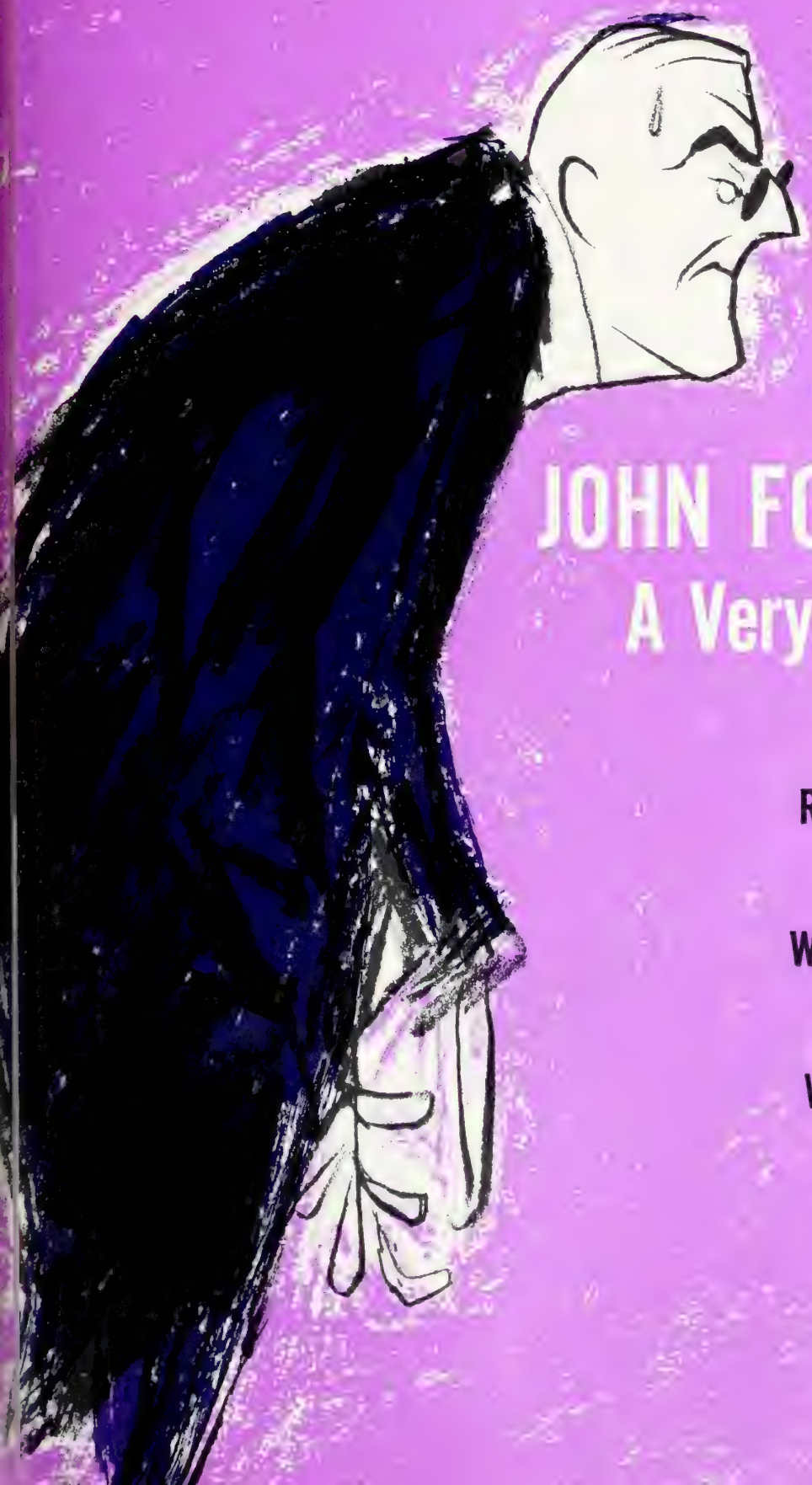
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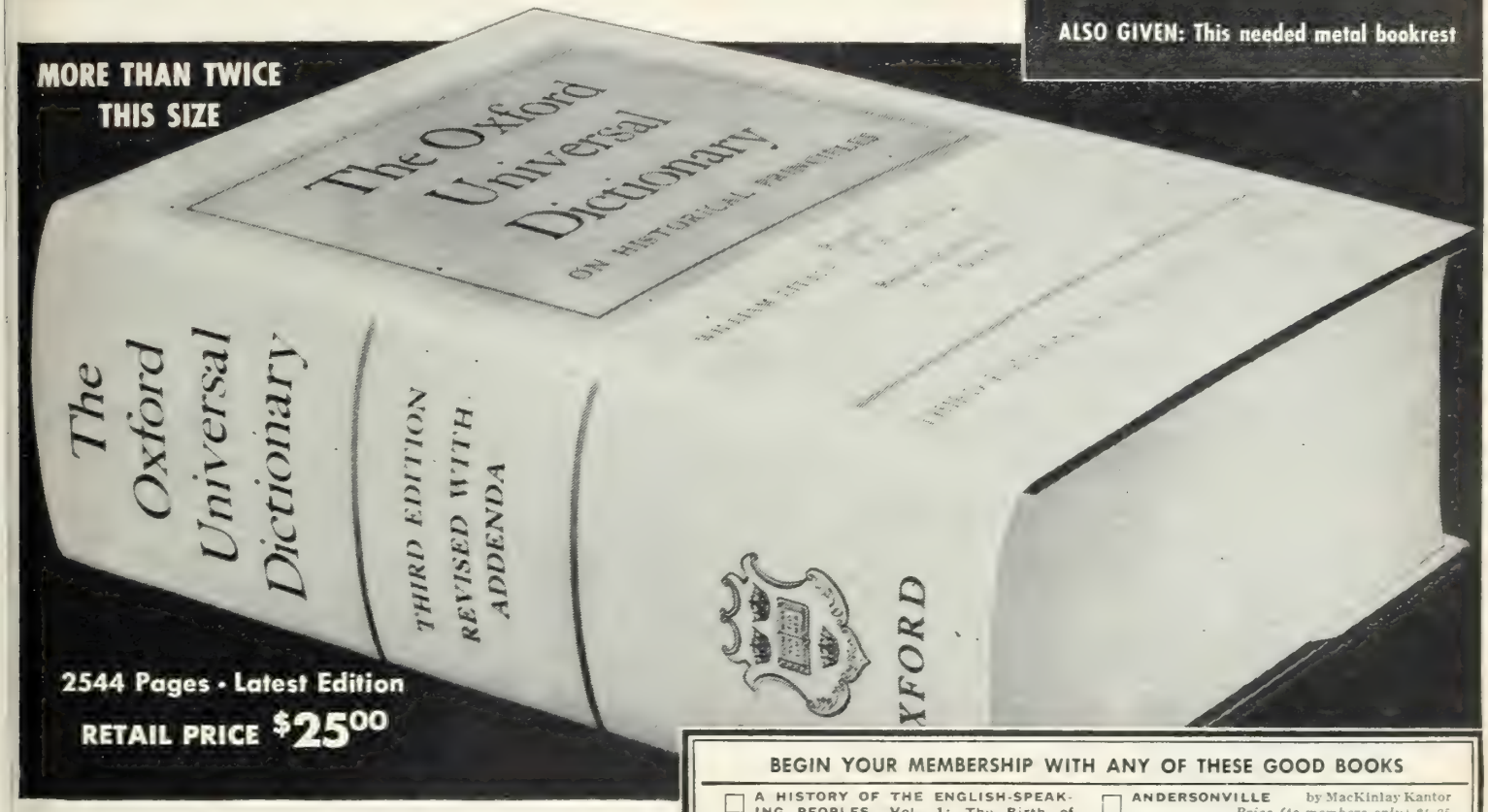
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LETTERS

Working Mothers

To the Editors:

Fifteen cheers for David Yellin and his "I'm Married to a Working Mother" [July]. How refreshing to find at least one man who has the intelligence to analyze facts without prejudice and with emotional maturity and the courage to express his views without reservation.

But the chances are he'll take a beating himself now from the women who prefer to bask in the limelight of their husbands' glory rather than to accept the responsibilities which are a part of genuine freedom.

Letha O. Lile
Columbia, Mo.

Mr. Yellin has the story backwards. It is we, the non-working wives without children or with only one or two, that take the beating nowadays. We are known as "lazy parasites," "rocks around our husbands' necks," etc.

Let there be more career girls and more power to them for their determination and strength, but let the old-fashioned hausfrau who is strictly a homebody have her old respected place too.

Mrs. Max Arnot
Croswell, Mich.

I am really sold on Mr. Yellin's article. I've got to have a working wife.

After discussing it with my present wife, however, I find a slight drawback. That "associate housekeeper-nursemaid" who is well trained, well paid, devoted, and loving. Would Mr. Yellin be kind enough to suggest the type of employment agency which handles such help?

The idea is much too good to fail on such a trifle, though, so we are planning to solve it in a novel way. The only woman I know, or expect to find, who could successfully wrestle with the problems Mrs. Yellin is spared . . . is my present Mrs. I intend to divorce her and offer her the job, after which I intend to marry a magazine editor. She had better be a good one, though, so as to earn enough to pay what the future maid-of-all-work thinks she is worth for these duties.

Charles L. Dohme
Baltimore, Md.

Frances McFadden's article, "I Can't Afford My Wife's Job" in the September 1952 issue is not a "dissident opinion on the viability of the two-income family" vis-à-vis Mr. Yellin's (see Person & Otherwise, July 1956).

The wife in Miss McFadden's artic made $100 a week which cost her hu band, he said, roughly $500 a year. Mr Yellin, as an associate editor of th *Reader's Digest,* should certainly ear twice that. This is not a question kind, only of degree.

Jeanne Schonber
New York, N.

. . . Working wives are the cause high prices. I think our whole econom structure is founded on the assumptio that two persons in a family are stuc ously at work and that therefore th family is in a position to pay more. .

Anyhow, Mr. Yellin made it all see so cute . . . that even such a manifest tion of good humor as he has displaye is further proof, I believe, that wiv shouldn't work; it gives a man mo leisure to write things like "I'm Ma ried to a Working Mother."

George H. Freit
San Bernardino, C

What's American

To the Editors:

Mr. Kouwenhoven's perceptive ar cle ["What's American About America July] is the first article I've seen th follows a line a group of us with SCA in Tokyo were trying to pursue duri the occupation of Japan: why could America be explained to the fo eigner? . . .

Where I think we went a step beyo Mr. Kouwenhoven, however, was in o final choice of a word to say what Ame ica represented. He called it proce We decided it was growth; and th America was the only country whe neither traditional values nor man-i posed doctrines . . . inhibited the vit and necessary open-endedness of a li ing organism. This was some comfo since it seemed reasonably sure that the long run—however long—the d mands of nature, as reflected in ma spirit, would inevitably triumph. . .

Laurence Critchf
Dearborn, Mi

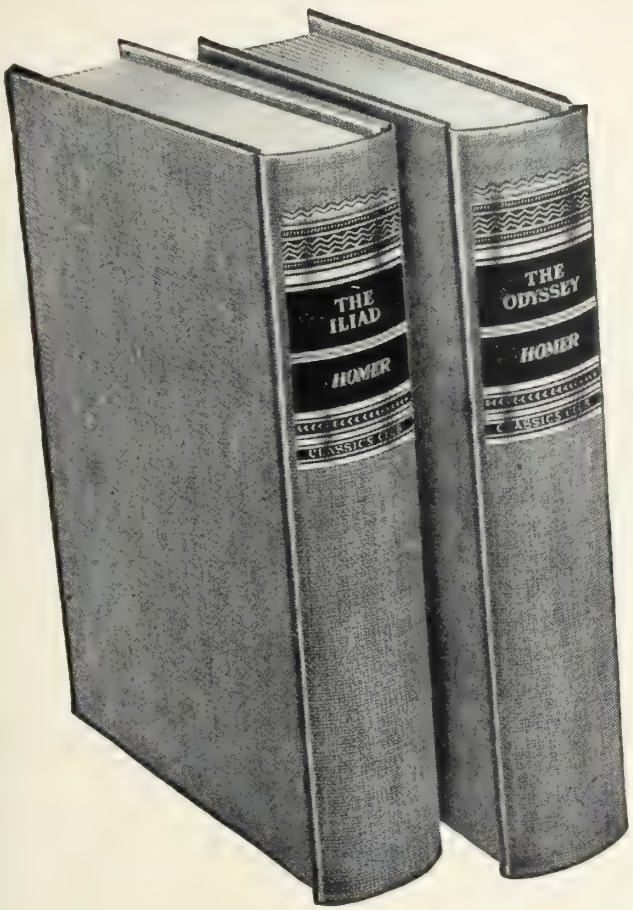
I find the article by Mr. Kouwenh ven more disturbing than any other can recall reading in *Harper's.* . . .

His basic premise, that America typified by movement from a fixed bas is true; but it is equally true of a mankind and always has been. If

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said America is typified by excessive movement in relation to its stable qualities, that might also be true. . . . One of the less happy consequences of this is that what is American about America is an overdegree of mindlessness and an excess of movement. We are in part a nation of gum-chewers as a result. . . .

As every educated person should know, man is unique in his ability to think and reason, and it is this quality which has enabled him to build order out of chaos and stability out of flux. "All is flux," Heraclitus was telling his fellow Greeks about 2,500 years ago, until Sophocles, Plato, and Aristotle pointed out to man forevermore that the fixed values in life gained through reason, perhaps with God's help, are those which make man man. . . . The Constitution was evolved through the close acquaintance of men like Jefferson and Franklin with European philosophers, who in turn were handing down some of those eternal values discovered by the Greeks. . . . What is ultimately best about what is American will be what is harnessed for the use of the mind and the spirit, rather than the scurrying, multilegged, gum-chewing aspects of American life. . . .

HERBERT GROSSBERG
Chicago, Ill.

Furnas and Uncle Tom

TO THE EDITORS:

The review in your July issue is only one of several taking strong exception to the positions as to Harriet Beecher Stowe and *Uncle Tom's Cabin* taken in my *Goodbye to Uncle Tom*. . . . Your reviewer goes too far, saying, for one thing, that "[Furnas] manhandles quotations from [Mrs. Stowe's] work." This, if true, would reflect seriously on my integrity and reputation as a writer. It is not true, however. Such quotations are either verbatim or with any excisions necessary for brevity without distortion . . . marked with suspension points. . . .

I also object to the uncalled-for statement that "the only reason for [Furnas] being better informed than Mrs. Stowe is that between them stands an army of scholars and researchers whose work he can borrow from." My debt to previous researchers is amply acknowledged in the book, and is a great one. But it is also true that Furnas took the trouble to see for himself more of several strata of Negroes than Mrs. Stowe ever did. . . .

The implication that Mrs. Stowe was doing as well as anybody could with data on slavery then extant is . . . unjustified. It ignores the reason why I included in *Goodbye to Uncle Tom* (p. 32-8) an account of Fanny Kemble and her great *Journal of a Residence on a Georgian Plantation*. The text makes it clear that the Kemble book was drafted as letters, though not published as a book until 1863, eleven years before Mrs. Stowe began *Uncle Tom's Cabin*; and that it nevertheless avoids practically all the errors (summarized on page 37) of emphasis and judgment that are so glaring in *Uncle Tom*. These pages account for this contrast by the fact that Fanny Kemble was writing from proper first-hand opportunity to observe an important segment of slavery, as Mrs. Stowe was not; and by her great superiority to Mrs. Stowe in cultivation, intelligence, emotional potential, and writing skill. . . .

These are only two examples of what strikes me as not only exceptionable but unnecessarily abusive matter in this review. Nobody reading it would dream that *Goodbye to Uncle Tom* takes care to mention Mrs. Stowe's good points where she showed them: to credit *Uncle Tom's Cabin* with accuracy where she achieved it; and to allow amply for disagreement as to the degree to which *Uncle Tom's Cabin* affected our attitudes from 1851 down to now.

J. C. FURNAS
Lebanon, N.

Since the editors have asked me to be as brief as possible in replying to Mr. Furnas, I shall confine myself to the first of his points, the handling of quotations. My objection to his procedure in this matter does not arise from any doubt that he has copied the words correctly; rather it arises from my conviction that he has in some instances imperfectly understood the words he has copied.

Though there are several passages I should like to discuss in this connection I give only one. It is necessarily of some length and must be read attentively:

"Mrs. Stowe was at least sure that whatever their innate dimness, Negroes had souls, a point disputed in the South usually by innuendo. Here she was the eternal missionary, arrogating to the objects of her benevolence spiritual privileges at the same time that she condescended to them. In her view the damage to Negro souls consequent on slavery's denying them the opportunity to hear and accept the Gospel was the worst of the whole system. She thought of the plight of the slave as a sort of spiritual malnutrition. Cassie tells Tom in his agony, '. . . it can't be that the Lord will lay sin to our account. He won't charge it to us when we're forced to it; he'll charge it to them that drove us to it.' 'Yes,' says Tom, 'but that won't prevent us from growing wicked. If I get to be as hardhearted as that . . .

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Sambo, and as wicked, it won't make much odds to me how I come so. It's the *bein' so*—that ar's what I'm dreadin'."

"That noble and subtle speech should have made Lyman Beecher proud of his daughter. She never created a sound Negro character. It is simply untrue, though an eminent historian said it, that 'Mrs. Stowe was felicitous in her description of the negro character.' But she did black up an ideal, simple Christian and depict him undergoing what Negroes too frequently experienced under slavery. The modern American Negro who resents *Uncle Tom's Cabin* has small reason to resent Tom specifically. He was dutiful to master and forgiving unto seventy times seven, not because of truckling instincts but because he was a true Christian. Present-day Negro distaste for him means only current lack of sympathy with Christian values. Few modern Protestants would write a problem novel offering increased chance of Christian salvation as a principal reason for relieving an oppressed class. Yet that is just what Mrs. Stowe did, and a hundred years ago it made sense.

"That her Christianity is the best thing about *Uncle Tom* probably reflects the fact that this field was really familiar to her . . . the woman who wrote that reply of Tom's had the root of Christianity—the slashing doctrine that excuses are impertinent; that, when the roll is called up yonder, it is just you and God for it."

Now there are two difficulties with the use to which the quotation from Mrs. Stowe's novel is put in this passage: first, Uncle Tom's speech does not support a single argument that Mr. Furnas uses it to support; second, the speech makes a profound, beautiful, and still decidedly pertinent point that completely escapes Mr. Furnas.

What is under debate between Cassie and Uncle Tom in the passage quoted is the nature of moral responsibility under slavery: Is a man responsible for things other men do to him? Cassie argues that he is not; moral responsibility begins only when man is free to exercise choice. Uncle Tom grants that much, but he is too perceptive to regard the argument as conclusive. It is not celestial bookkeeping that bothers him; it is his own moral being. Slavery, he says by implication, is not wrong because it is likely to confuse the Lord's accounts; it is wrong because it enables other men, for whose actions he cannot be responsible, to degrade his moral being, for which he *is* responsible, at least to the extent that he has to live and die with it.

Mr. Furnas' heavy irony in calling this a "noble and subtle speech" is utterly misplaced. It *is* a noble speech, and it has certainly proved too subtle for Mr. Furnas. . . . It sets forth the ultimate moral ground on which we must stand if we wish to condemn man's victimizing of his fellow man, and I am deeply shocked that the writer of a book on the treatment of the Negro in America would leave the impression that it ceased making sense a hundred years ago. It makes sense now, and it will make sense when Mr. Furnas and I are forgotten.

Observe that Uncle Tom in the passage quoted says nothing directly or indirectly about "when the roll is called up yonder," nothing about salvation beyond the grave, nothing about "spiritual malnutrition." His speech does *not* support the contention that Mrs. Stowe thought "the damage to Negro souls consequent to slavery's denying them the opportunity to hear and accept the Gospel was the worst of the system." . . . The validity of the speech has nothing whatever to do with whether or not Mrs. Stowe was skillful in depicting the Negro character. (Is there such a thing as "the Negro character"? Earlier Mr. Furnas condemns Mrs. Stowe as a racist because she thought there was; here he . . . apparently regards her as remiss because she thought there was no difference between "an ideal, simple Christian" with a white skin and one with a black. . . . I know that the last thing Mr. Furnas wants to do is give encouragement to racism. But careless writing and thinking, combined with a determination to damn Mrs. Stowe with anything handy, . . . here betray him into loose expression that is open to a racist interpretation.)

It is not necessary to be a Christian to understand Uncle Tom's speech or to accept its moral argument; it makes no reference to those Christian values Mr. Furnas thinks are currently unsympathetic. . . .

I have chosen this passage . . . because it is symptomatic of a major flaw in the very foundation of Mr. Furnas' book—his failure to try to think out the problem of moral responsibility. In one passage . . . he seems to regard as an enlightened idea the notion that "people aren't responsible for what they do." Yet he writes many pages holding Mrs. Stowe responsible for what she did, or at least what he thinks she did. He cannot have it both ways. Neither can he get very far in thinking about the relation between the races unless he addresses himself to the question of to what extent and in what way men are responsible for what they do. Where Mr. Furnas has read carelessly, thought carelessly, and written carelessly, I hold him responsible for what he has done.

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That is what my review was in part about. I also praised those passages in which he had made, so far as I could tell, a fair and patient effort to present the material honestly. . . .

PAUL PICKREL
New Haven, Conn.

King Solomon

TO THE EDITORS:

Your P & O note on Isaac Rosenfeld and his story "King Solomon" [July] failed to suggest that you were publishing a possible masterpiece.

I have read the story three times to check my judgment. It *is* a jewel.

IRA HARKEY
Pascagoula, Miss.

Airpower Defense

TO THE EDITORS:

Thank you for furnishing me an advanced copy of Colonel Wermuth's article ["Twelve Myths About Airpower," July]. I find it interesting as typical of the kind of misunderstanding of air power, and more particularly of the Air Force and its doctrines, that contributes so much to continuing controversy between the Services.

As to the substance of Colonel Wermuth's discussion, I find it somewhat difficult to refute his points since he has established as "Air Force doctrine" statements which in the context used are not and never have been doctrine of the United States Air Force. Having set up these straw men, the article finds no difficulty in knocking them over. Accordingly, I do not believe there is any necessity for advocates of air power, of which I count myself one, to dispute with the Colonel regarding these manufactured arguments.

All considered I find myself well satisfied with the title of this article, i.e., "Myths About Airpower."

DONALD A. QUARLES
Secretary of the Air Force
Washington, D. C.

Enlightened Scot

TO THE EDITORS:

The Easy Chair's brilliant program for a new foundation [July] was in some degree anticipated by an Enlightened Scot a generation or more ago. He was a maverick member of the extremely wealthy Coats family. . . . He took no interest in business. Unlike his kin, he built no churches or libraries, subsidized no organ music. He made his own choices. He saw that little boys and girls going to school often got their books wet, so he presented every child in Scotland with a handsome leather satchel. (I got one myself.) He realized that life in the long, wet Highland winters was dull, so he hired a yacht to distribute books. He learned that many of the would-be readers had bad sight, so he added an occulist plus bales of spectacles to the crew. He had other projects of the same kind. But he also had a long roll of pensioners mainly of the totally undeserving poor . . . A minister visited him one day with a sad tale: "I have been investigating the use made of your money by your pensioners, Mr. Coats, and I have to report that many spend all they get on whiskey."

"I am much in your debt for your Christian concern. I agree that with whiskey the price it is today, they must be suffering hardship. They certainly can't get enough to drink at today's prices. I'll double their pensions," Mr. Coats replied.

D. W. BROGA
Washington, D. C.

Solution for College

TO THE EDITORS:

Two ideas for Peter Drucker's next article on how to solve the problems of higher education:

(1) Throw most of the expensive equipment in college science laboratories into the river and spend the difference getting better teachers. Handling of equipment does not make scientists . . . but technicians, and it frequently obscures principles, makes laboratory work dull, and drives students away from science.

(2) Let the federal government give an exemption for income tax to all income derived from teaching. This will help *all* teachers and will amount to a gift from the government raising the salaries of teachers some 15 to 20 percent. . . .

WALTER HOUSTON CLARK
Hartford, Conn.

Vive Kempton

TO THE EDITORS:

Mr. Harper's good taste and true discernment are confirmed in my sight by his praise of Murray Kempton ["After Hours," July]. . . . For six years [Kempton] has been my chief source of information and opinion on the contemporary scene. For many liberals he is the most trusted and esteemed watchman on the battlements, and when he cries "To arms!" we leap for the mace and halberd to defend the walls. . . .

DEAN M. KELLEY, Minister
First Methodist Church
Richmond Hill, N. Y.

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RICHARD H. ROVERE

the EASY CHAIR

The Conspirators

The guest contributor of this column for September is a correspondent for the *New Yorker* and the London *Spectator*.

WE LIVE in the country, out beyond the uttermost exurbs of New York, and our town roads are a fright. As we drive along them, feeling the De Soto being wracked beneath us like a ship being splintered in a rampageous sea, some child in the back seat—or for that matter some adult in the front seat—is almost sure to ask:

"When will they *ever* fix these roads?"

Observe that the stress, a register of exasperation, is on the "ever." It could as well be on "when" or "will" or "fix" or "roads." It is unlikely, in my family or in yours, to be on "they." Yet notice how natural and right, how colloquially authentic, the unaccented "they" sounds.

Everyone knows what is meant by "they" in this context. It means the people who run things, the men in charge, the wheels, the system, the power elite, the powers that be. But we never, in our anger, stress the pronoun, for this would raise awkward questions of identity. If someone said, "When will *they* ever fix these roads?" someone else would say, "Who's *they*?"

That could only lead to complications. For we all know "they" are not a "they" at all but friends and neighbors of ours with names and faces. To be innocent of indirection, the question would be, "When will Mr. Palmer and Mr. Velie *ever* fix these roads?" It would sound very silly, and it would dispatch a train of thought. We all know that Mr. Palmer, an intelligent and dedicated young man who works very hard at being Town Supervisor in the hours left over from the labors by which he provides for his family, can't go around filling in all the potholes himself or undoing the work of the cross-eyed lunatics who graded these roads long before Mr. Palmer first saw the light of day. (Those trail blazers were so witless that they completely failed to anticipate the automobile age.)

As for Mr. Velie, our Road Commissioner, we have no reason to doubt that he has done his level best to improve things. He retained a reputable contractor to make over the worst of our roads. The contractor got a surprise; he discovered that some rock ledges had sneaked under the roadbed without anyone's knowing it. A new cost estimate had to be made; the results were painful. So if we should ask why Mr. Palmer and Mr. Velie don't do something, or *something*, about the roads, we would be plunged headlong into the question of ways and means, or $$$$$$. We have taken that plunge at times, and we know what answers we come up with. Basically, there is just one answer: more scratch, better roads.

Anyway, when the matter is gone into this way, it becomes apparent that a somewhat more precise and meaningful word than "they" is "we." This is awkward, so we generally say "they" and play it *pianissimo, legato*.

I bring all this up not in order to discuss the road problem or, God forbid, to celebrate civic virtue. I know very little about the first, and I am scandalously deficient in the other. I am interested, for the moment, in mystiques of power, and I believe that I detect in the sound of "they" on the lips of little children the origins of a conspiracy theory of history. Conspiracy theories seem to me the great intellectual plague of our time. They bother me so much that I sometimes have to check myself to make certain that I am not becoming the Senator McCarthy or Senator Eastland of conspiracy theories—talking, that is, as if there were some dark plot afoot to undermine our way of life with talk of dark plots.

I don't think I've gone that far yet. At any rate, I wish to go on with "they." To personify is, of course, a very human thing to do. It is also civilized and, in a curious sense, liberal and democratic. It reflects a civilized view of social responsibility. I am not even a qualified amateur in anthropology, but I take it I am right in supposing that in a primitive society, when the jungle paths become impassable because of the undergrowth or the danger from lurking beasts, either the appropriate spirits are appropriately scolded and propitiated or the men in charge of hacking out the weeds and dealing with snakes get a good talking to, and perhaps are served for Sunday dinner. Either approach may be more direct and realistic than ours—after all, talking about the roads as you drive along doesn't improve them much—but ours is more enlightened. We have no road spirits to entreat, and our society and its division of labor are too complex to allow us to suppose that we will get action by threatening the Road Commissioner or eating him. It takes a high degree of civilization to have a system that will serve as the implied antecedent of "they."

"They" conceals and reveals a conspiracy theory, or at least an element in one; somewhere there is a group of people responsible for our frustration. Motive and plot are missing, but they will come. Conspiracy theories flourish in democratic and liberal societies. They also exist in totalitarian societies as the official philosophy of the state, but a totalitarian society can support only one theory at a time, and its applications must be rigidly controlled. In a free society, conspiracy theories proliferate, and it is not only the condition of freedom that encourages this but the idea of freedom itself.

For most conspiracy theories, or "they" theories, rest upon the doctrine of free will, and there is implicit in most of them a fairly generous view of human possibilities. If we were not convinced that some among us had the power to change things and make them better, we would not get into such a stew over the need for improvement.

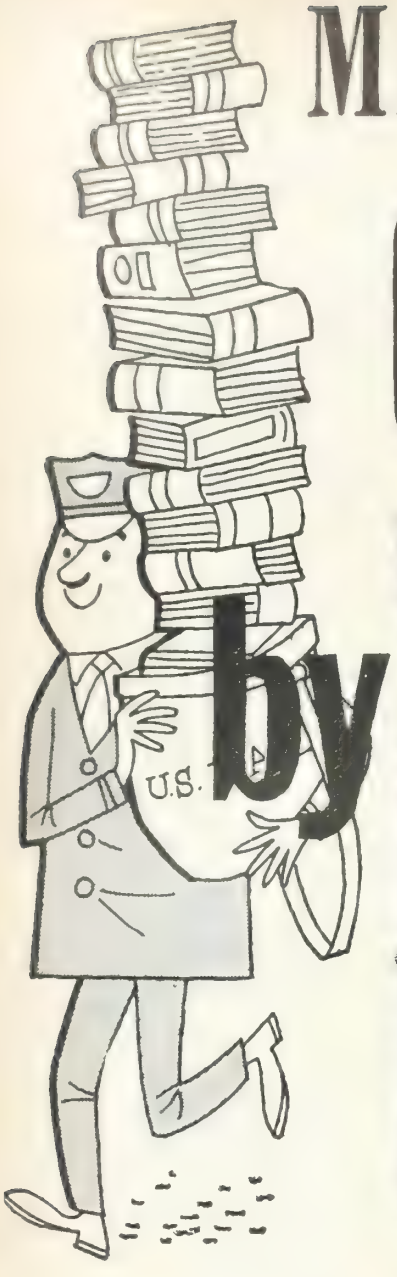
"Because we have made the farthest advance toward the open society, we are likely to feel more impotent than men have ever felt before," H. J. Muller writes in *Uses of the Past,* a lucid and absorbing and liberating survey of history. We democratic moderns are, Muller says, Athens as opposed to Sparta, because freedom has made us incapable of accepting and enduring remediable misery. We "take for granted the possibility and the need for 'doing something about it.'" We think we can master our destinies. At least we believe it to be theoretically possible, and we are convinced that if we can't do it, no one else can—we have no Fates, and the gods of our theologians have limited powers and responsibilities and a limited concern for our welfare. One thing we know for a certainty is that better roads are possible; this could be empirically proved, if anyone should insist that it be done. We are almost as certain that it is possible to have a better State Department. At any rate, having as Muller says, "accumulated a vast deal of sociological and historical knowledge, we are also more aware of the difficulty of doing anything about it. . . . We bear the cross of consciousness. . . ."

There is yet another paradox embedded here, and I think it is the central one. We say "they" sometimes when we mean Mr. Palmer or John Foster Dulles and sometimes when we don't know what we mean, but in almost every instance we do in fact have a quite specific and material "they" at the back of our minds. It is not any definite group of people with names and faces, but it is distinctly a collectivity, an organization or something that has the appearance of being an organization. I will call it "society" as distinct from (and very often opposed to) "community." No one else ever calls it that, for "society," except in the sense of "high society," is not a word that gets much use in conversation. But it gets written about a lot, and I believe that most of us think a good deal about society.

WHEN we do, we think of it as something that is really quite remote, something that gets along without much help from us, something of which we do not really feel ourselves a part. "Society" should be almost a synonym for "community," but actually it is not. For most of us, the two exist quite separately. The community is the continuing body of men; society is subject to all sorts of change. (This appears to be twentieth-century usage; in the eighteenth-century, Montesquieu said the citizen could perish but never society, while Bentham described the community as a "fictitious body.") Most of us recognize our membership in the community; most of us understand our function in it. The community is just the people all around us, near and far, from neighborhood to nation or world, and there is not much ambiguity in our feelings. If we should differ with our neighbor, for example, on what it means to be an American, we can acknowledge that both his definition and ours are clear, though his definition is a mistaken one.

But society is something else altogether. I take it that its meaning, in proper contemporary usage, is the community as it is organized along political and economic lines. Define it as you will, it is, in the minds of most of us, a big, clumsy, infinitely complicated piece of machinery that is always breaking down or behaving in

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some perverse and infuriating way. We know that it belongs to us, and we know that we *should* be able to control it, but in practice we know that our equity in it—even when it is the society of the town that we are talking about—is very, very small and that control, even when we are all pretty much agreed as to what is needed, simply isn't possible. The thing is really a monster. It certainly is not "we."

To return to my tedious example of the roads: if I care to explore the problem beyond the sound and simple formula of more-money-better-roads, I get into a terrible mass of complications. I soon meet "society" with all its formidable contrivances. The town turns out to be not sovereign at all; its sovereignty is bound up with that of neighboring towns, the county, the state, and the nation. Its financial problems can only be expressed in abstruse equations involving debt limits, state aid, county aid, assessed valuations, equalization rates, and God knows what else. The "we" is still more applicable than the "they," for we are part of the county, the state, and the nation, and the algebra is only a civilized convenience for our civilized minds. Still, if there is one perspective on a problem that makes it appear right up close to us and within our control, there is another —a view through a reversed telescope —that puts it far, far beyond our feeble grasp. Looking at it this way, one may sometimes reflect not on how stupid we all are not to have better roads but on how remarkable and mysterious it is that we have any roads at all—that we have managed, in short, to put together and maintain, however poorly, this extraordinary contrivance we call society. In my own case, continued reflection on what is wrong with society always leads to a sense of wonder as to why things aren't a great deal worse than they are.

BUT reflection is seldom continued. Most of our thoughts about society are flashes of irritation. In our sentient relation to society, it *is* an "it," impersonal, institutional, machinelike. From this thing, we are all in one degree or another alienated. Being civilized, we know it is not a thing, but a human effort,

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we personify it. And we build ories to account for it. Being as a mad at it, feeling oppressed by lisappointed by our inability to what we need and want from it, feel that it is working against us, ndeed it very often is. It cannot against us for reasons of mere ice. "It" is too highly organized that. Caprice, anyway, is a char- ristic of the individual, and no ter how often we recall to our- es that society must be reduced nen, we can never think of it as ing the characteristics of the indi- al. Being incapable of caprice, s to be a conspiracy. Personify- the antagonistic "it," and at- pting in civilized fashion to ac- nt for its waywardness, we come with a "they" conspiring.

O not know that I have proved nything by building a theory of piracy theories. But I do know they are prevalent enough and uctive enough to be worth giv- some thought to. They seem to urgeoning on every hand and uring realities that should not bscured. A few years ago, Sena- McCarthy and General Mac- ur fashioned several of them, all ing to obscure the reality— ely, that we had in the Com- ist world a most powerful and rceful adversary engaged in a piracy that was no figment of ne's imagination. (A feature of conspiracy theories is that the y "it" or "they" must be some- e in our midst, though beyond reach. "It" or "they" must be retically controllable. The Rus- and Chinese Communists would made a most plausible "they" it not for the fact that they in Russia and China.)

hese theories have pretty much by the board, and it remains e seen whether Senator East- s idea that the United States eme Court has been "brain- ed" by radicals and that "left- pressure groups are in control e government" will fulfill its promise. There will in any be no shortage of conspiracies. thinkers can grind them out, and fancy, in great numbers.

he fanciest I have seen lately is of C. Wright Mills, a sociologist after much thought and re-

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search, has determined that the country is run, to the disadvantage of us all, by an "interlocking directorate" drawn from the ranking figures in three spheres—the corporate, the military, and the political—and that this interlocking directorate may be defined as "an intricate set of overlapping cliques who share decisions having at least national consequences. In so far as national events are decided, the power elite are those who decide them." The book that establishes all this is *The Power Elite*. What do these deciders decide? Well, for one thing, Mr. Mills says they decided to drop the first atom bomb on Hiroshima. Who let them in on the secret? And did they sneak in the back door of the White House while Mr. Truman had the matter under advisement? Is it all a fake—that business about the President making his solitary decision?

THE New Conservatives believe that the "Liberal Machine" runs the country. (How often the word "machine" turns up in any talk of society!) The liberals talk of a foul conspiracy run from "Madison Avenue." Even those who sense the general human responsibility for humanity's fate cannot stay away from the thought of a "they" in conspiracy. I pick up a magazine and read a discussion of co-existence by Edgar Ansel Mowrer, who writes: "Why do the Western people once more ask to be duped? Obviously, it is the fault of the leaders, as in the 'thirties."

Why obviously? It would seem that if the Western people are asking to be duped, then the leaders are simply bending, in good democratic fashion, to the popular will. There are those who upend the whole business and see democratic man in conspiracy against wise leaders. In *The Public Philosophy*, Walter Lippmann's "they" is always "we." *Demos* is his social villain, and his proposition, in coarse paraphrase, is that if only "we" would get the hell out of the way, "they" might have some hope of clearing things up.

I do not wish to argue myself or anyone else into taking the position that the workings of society are essentially unfathomable or that all conspiracy theories are totally unsound. But it does seem to me that

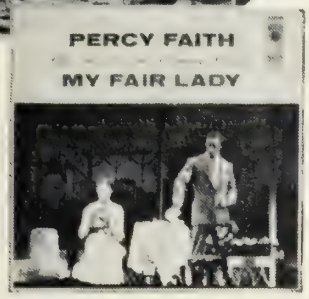
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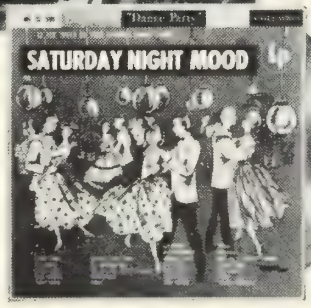














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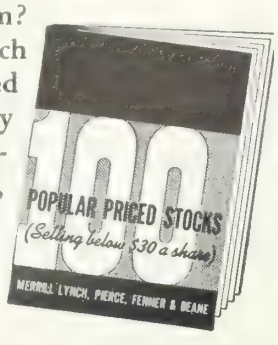
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THE EASY CHAIR

almost every attempt to theorize ends up in some doctrine that partakes of conspiracy and that fails to see society as paralleling the community and being in essence the same thing. And I think they dangerously obscure reality—at least the sort of reality it is given to me to see. For if chance or the necessities of living put one in a position to observe at close range the making of decisions by those duly authorized to make them, what meets one's eyes is only men: men harassed, tired, selfish, conscientious, unscrupulous, bewildered, cocksure, conniving, generous, stupid, intelligent, and almost always astonished to realize that they are "they" or "it."

They are Mr. Palmers and Mr. Velies with a lot more rank, somewhat less principle on the whole, and somewhat more bewilderment. The Washington correspondents, who see them every day, constitute one group in which conspiracy theories do not flourish. From their angle of vision, everything is a great deal simpler than Senator Eastland or C. Wright Mills makes it out to be and a great deal more complicated than they perceive it to be. From their angle of vision, which has many distorting features as well as many sharpening ones, society and the community are fairly close together and history is a synonym for one aspect of life. Observe that when Walter Lippmann—who has seen quite a bit of decision-making—fashions a theory, he removes his "they" as far from the actual seat of power as possible.

JOHN Ruskin once wrote that most theories of political economy left him cold because they were lacking in something or other, and therefore struck him as rather being like a science of gymnastics that overlooked the fact that men have bones. A tremendous lot has been learned since Ruskin's time, and great advances have been made in determining social realities. But as H. J. Muller points out, our very knowledge and understanding is a distorting feature, and the more we gather of it, the less society and the community resemble one another, the less life resembles history, and the less "they" resemble "we."

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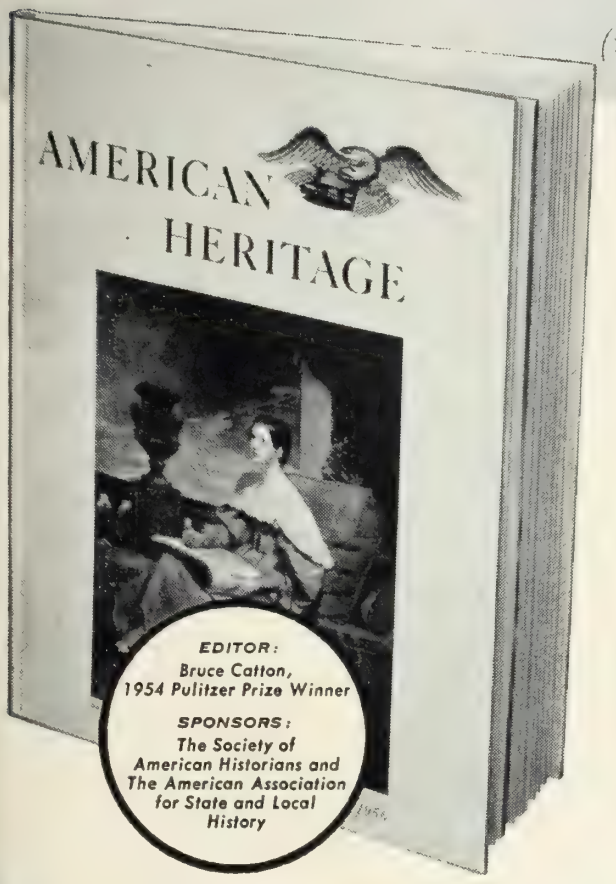
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Johnny-on-the-Spot

ONE specific criticism of John Foster Dulles as Secretary of State has been voiced with increasing frequency at home and abroad during his fourth year in office. Mr. Dulles, they say, travels too much.

In the July issue of *Foreign Affairs,* Henry M. Wriston, the prominent and scholarly Republican who was chairman of the Secretary of State's Public Committee on Personnel from 1954 to 1956, commented that the Secretary's absence from Washington during approximately 36 per cent of his time is not unique with Dulles. It is rather a new pattern of Secretarial conduct which several of Dulles' predecessors—including Byrnes and Marshall and Stettinius—had topped. (Hull and Acheson, however, stuck to home base in Washington three-fourths or more of their time.) The consequences of this pattern, according to Mr. Wriston, are not wholly favorable. Summing up a detailed examination of the Secretarial functions as affected by Dulles' habit of tripping abroad, Mr. Wriston said:

"The practice can and should be curbed, in the interest of more continuity in advice to the President, a better chance for the Secretary to maintain over-all perspective, a more reasonable share in government cost for the department of the government which must 'wage peace,' better contacts with Congress in maintaining bipartisanship, more fruitful relations with ambassadors accredited to the United States, and better relations between the Department and members of our own Foreign Service scattered about the world.

"The vital requisites for the effective discharge of the duties of the Secretary of State are perspective and wisdom. Those qualities find their most effective employment when there is at least a modicum of leisure for quiet reflection. Such qualities are not always accompanied by the rugged constitution and physical endurance required for perpetual mo tion. There should be such revie and reform as to make it possibl for men of normal strength hereafte to carry the load."

Mr. Wriston's implied tribute t his fellow Republican's remarkabl stamina does not gloss over hi doubts about the wisdom of Dulle ceaseless effort to be Johnny-on-th Spot.

In **Joseph C. Harsch's** judiciou portrait of Dulles in the lead articl this month (p. 27) this phase of hi conduct appears in the perspectiv of the many complex qualities whic make Dulles fascinating to bot critics and admirers.

Mr. Harsch has been a correspon dent of the *Christian Science Mon tor* since 1929 and a radio com mentator since 1939, and is now wit NBC. He also broadcasts over th BBC. He has degrees from Wi liams College and Cambridge Un versity, and is the author of *Patter of Conquest* and *The Curtain Isn Iron.* His travels as a foreign new analyst for nearly three decades hav approximated those of the Secretar of State.

. . . The Mosaic Tile Company o Zanesville, Ohio, has announced new design for elegant bathin which makes a pertinent, Midwes ern footnote to **Geoffrey Flavell** "The Order of the Turkish Bath (p. 35). Some 27 per cent of mor than a million new private dwelling built in the U. S. A. last year ha two baths, and the Ohio tile-make are offering for home use a Roma Plunge—a sunken pool and showe lined in unglazed ceramic til and situated for easy access fro both indoors and outside ga den. A flower box (gladiolas pr ferred) and a translucent plast fence insure privacy with light. Th new Zanesville "plunge" is intende to rival the baths of ancient Rom in luxury if not in the social value which Mr. Flavell describes.

Mr. Flavell, expert in "han mams," was born in New Zealan

qualified as a doctor in London, and commanded a surgical division with the RAF in North Africa and the Middle East during the war. He was later adviser in surgery to the Mediterranean and Middle East Command. He is now in London, specializing in surgery of the heart and lungs. Besides his articles and a textbook on thoracic surgery, he has written frequently about travel, food, and wine—and he cares about military history, archaeology, and modern pictures.

. . . It is "mighty uncomfortable," says **Ernest Conine,** to pass within 2,000 feet of another plane looming suddenly out of the half-haze that hangs over the Eastern coast of the United States most of the time. Once in 1945, as an Army Air Corps radio-radar operator, Mr. Conine had to live violently with his C-46 to miss (by six feet) another C-46 crossing his path. Such experiences sharpened his eyes for "Russian Roulette on our Airways" (p. 40).

Mr. Conine is in Washington now as a correspondent for McGraw-Hill publications and a free-lance writer. Until recently he indulged his life-long affection for flying as a private pilot in a flying club.

. . . Figures on our aging population are easy to come by, but the wise elder who can interpret the facts is rare. The Health Information Foundation, for example, informs us that our population of sixty-five and over has more than quadrupled since 1900. We now have more than 14,000,000 Americans in that age group, and we can expect 21,000,000 of them by 1975. And each one of them is, to some extent, a rule unto himself.

Bruce Bliven, who utters some witty observations "from the shelf" (p. 46), is a case in point. He was for thirty years on the editorial board of the *New Republic* and wrote a number of books on the application of scientific knowledge to social problems, including *Preview for Tomorrow.* He went to California a few years ago to do research at the Hoover War Library of Stanford University for a book in the field of recent world history.

As part of his activity as a "retiree" (a word he has invented in this

All Right...Let's TEST CATHOLIC LOYALTY!



The majority of non-Catholics do not question the patriotism of their Catholic fellow-citizens.

They have seen too many Catholic sons die beside their own on countless battlefields. They have stood too often with Catholics in defense of common ideals and of common heritage.

Yet the ugly voice of bigotry is heard again—warning that Catholics "owe allegiance to a foreign potentate"... that "Popery" is a "menace to democracy"... even that Catholicism is as "totalitarian as Communism."

Informed non-Catholics will scorn these unworthy accusations. But in the interest of truth and good will among people of all faiths, this miserable skeleton of intolerance should be exposed for the benefit of the many who otherwise may become unwitting victims of false and misleading books, tracts and other anti-Catholic propaganda.

One critic in the United States suggests that the Catholic Church is "undemocratic" because it opposes such things as birth control, divorce and questionable reading matter. By this unreasonable standard, a religious denomination which opposes alcoholic drink could also be called "undemocratic" because it holds principles contrary to the law of the land. Catholics, certainly, make no such criticism.

Catholics are called "undemocratic" because they have their own schools. By the same reasoning, all other denominations with church-sponsored schools and colleges could be likewise condemned, despite the fact that religious schools preceded tax-supported schools in the United States and Canada, and that most of our private colleges and universities were founded by religious bodies.

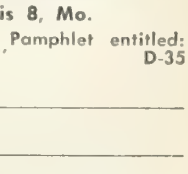
The Catholic Church is called an "alien" religion because the Vatican is located in Italy.

All of the major religious faiths of the United States and Canada had their origin in foreign lands. And the fact is that the religions professed by these bodies are at this very time the state religions in certain other lands. But does anyone call them "undemocratic?"

For nearly 2,000 years, the Catholic Church has existed under any and all forms of government. Its people comply with the political system of the land they live in . . . refusing to comply only if a political state should command them to violate God's law. An example is the Catholic resistance to Communism wherever it appears — because Catholicism and Communism are incompatible.

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article) he has written many magazine articles, fourteen having been published in national magazines in the past twelve months. This would appear to most of his juniors in the free-lance writing world as a full-time accomplishment.

. . . The political hunting season this fall will undoubtedly bag a spectacular quarry. When it comes to the beclouded issue of national defense, the slaughter will be cruel, and campaigners of both parties will drop without knowing whose rifle brought them down. "Sincerity and patriotism"—as Arthur Krock commented in a newspaper column on air defense as a campaign issue—"were not the monopoly of either side." And neither side can claim the victory.

In "Wanted: More Politics in Defense" (p. 50), **Gordon Harrison** urges vigorous political debate rather than reliance on authority or a pretense of nonpartisan detachment. Mr. Harrison has been an editorial writer with the Detroit *News* since 1952. He is the author of *Road to the Right*, a study of American conservatism, and is writing a novel.

. . . "The Bandits" (p. 56) is **William Eastlake's** third story in *Harper's*. Two earlier stories, "The Medicine Men" and "The Quiet Chimneys," pictured the New Mexico Navaho country where the author lives. The wilderness landscape of "The Bandits" is similar but actually belongs further south, in old Mexico.

An Easterner by birth, Mr. Eastlake settled in the Southwest after the war and after a stay in Paris. His first novel, *Go in Beauty*, will be published in the fall by Harper.

. . . **Ruth and Edward Brecher**, who report on an Alabama truck driver's legal battle in defense of millions of installment buyers (p. 63), have been collaborating as magazine writers since their marriage in 1941. Last year they contributed to many of the big-circulation magazines, from the *Saturday Evening Post* to the *Reader's Digest* and *Parents' Magazine*. Their last article in *Harper's*, called "These Railroad Wrecks" (June 1944), analyzed all the fatal crashes on American railroads during the previous year and led to Congressional hearings and a notable expansion in railroad safety equipment.

. . . **Sylvia Wright** implies in "What Was Good Enough for Mr. Rochester" (p. 69) that she is a one-living-room person. As a reader of fiction, she speaks the unvarnished truth. But as a real person—New England-descended, California-bred, and New York-bound in the winter—Miss Wright has inhabited many living-rooms, and written articles and poems in just about all of them. Some of the best known she has done for *Harper's* were "How to Make Chicken Liver Pâté Once" and "The Death of Lady Mondegreen."

On the household side of her life, Miss Wright has been laboring unremittingly this past summer in preparing her amiable family house on Fishers Island—off the Connecticut coast—for A Tenant. "I have just been given a lesson in spackling," she says, "having been told by the carpenter that it would be too expensive for him to do it for me, and I had better do it myself. This is a commentary on the economic value of the writer.

"Aside from that, there is a good deal of violence and action around a house. The plaster, thank Heaven, is alive, but some of the windows are dead, which means they do not have pockets. I have just signed a lease in which this charming summer cottage is referred to as the demised premises. . . . But in September, I hope just to sit there in the noonday sun and do nothing at all."

. . . The inventor of the verse form which he calls "Symmetrics"—**David McCord**—presents a choice sampling of them in "New Chitons for Old Gods" (p. 72). When *Harper's* published his first set of six in April 1951, Louis Untermeyer called them a "technician's delight."

Mr. McCord's anthology of British and American humorous and witty verse, *What Cheer*, appeared with a new introduction in the Modern Library in 1955 on its tenth anniversary of publication. He has published well over twenty books.

. . . **Felicia Lamport** ("Cook's Detour," p. 67) is the author of *Mink on Weekdays*, is married to a law professor, and has two children.

P & O

. **Arthur Larson's** frankly partisan ssment of the case for a labor · for the Republican party this (p. 73) represents the "liberal." ng, pro-Eisenhower GOP. Like recently published book, *A ublican Looks at His Party,* this cle may provoke yells of pro- from Democrats (as James ton rightly predicted when the k came out) and provide guide- k material for Republican cam- gners. And undoubtedly it will m the attention of organized— uncommitted—labor.

Ir. Larson is a product of the lic schools of Sioux Falls, South ota, of Augustana College and University of South Dakota Law ool. He was a Rhodes Scholar in 2, has practiced and taught law, n law dean at the University of sburgh, and worked for the gov- ment in the OPA and the FEA. is author of *The Law of Work- 's Compensation* and *Know Your al Security.* In 1954, President nhower appointed him Under etary of Labor.

COMING NEXT MONTH

ing World War II **Porter Mc- ver** was head of the Office of Information's Iceland division. ently he went back to Iceland a special assignment from *per's* to dig out the inside story ow the Russians forced the U.S. bandon a valuable air base with- firing a single shot.

re's a special interest for both ies in the Senate and House races year. Washington newspaper- **Charles B. Seib** spotlights the es in various crucial sections of country.

o will be the next Pope and t effects will his election have he history of tomorrow? From ne, **Luigi Barzini, Jr.** describes special considerations which e an American Pope highly un- ly, and the qualifications of the ing candidates for the position.

way things go these days, Oc- r is none too early to be king about Christmas. **Edward eter,** author of *Father of the le* and *Dere Mable,* focuses on problem in "247 Christmas ds."

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Harper's MAGAZINE

JOHN FOSTER DULLES: *a very complicated man*

JOSEPH C. HARSCH

A Washington columnist for the *Christian Science Monitor* and NBC news analyst examines the character, career, and ambitions of President Eisenhower's most controversial —and intriguing—Cabinet officer.

JOHN Foster Dulles' father was a Presbyterian clergyman, daily and earnestly concerned with "righteousness" and "duty." Both his maternal grandfather, John W. Foster, and his uncle, Robert Lansing, were men who achieved prominence, wealth, and an identical title: "Secretary of State of the United States."

Matching the achievements of his grandfather and uncle, without breaking faith with his father, is not a task which our present Secretary of State consciously assigned to himself in his boyhood. Yet this difficult ambition is woven unmistakably into his career—and it has helped make him the most intriguing and the most controversial figure in the Eisenhower Administration.

Dwight D. Eisenhower has called Mr. Dulles the greatest Secretary of State he knows anything about. Richard Nixon once said, "Isn't it wonderful to have a Secretary of State who stands up to the Russians?" But to Randolph Churchill is attributed the remark that he "smells of nonconformism," and the Democratic view is typified by Senator Henry M. Jackson's contention that Mr. Dulles is "the original misguided missile, traveling fast, making lots of noise, and never hitting the target."

Assessments of Mr. Dulles seem usually to fall into one or the other of these extremes. One of the many curious things about him is the fact that he tends to arouse either approval bordering on veneration, or disapproval ranging close to moral contempt. Those who have worked closely with him in business and in government seldom view him dispassionately. This is surprising, when it is noted that in his personal relations Mr. Dulles is gregarious, sociable, a genial dinner-table companion, lucid in exposition, reasonable and open-minded in discussion.

British diplomats—who were prepared to dislike him after their relatively successful relations with Dean Acheson—will tell you privately (never publicly, for that would do too much violence to a British folklore presumption of original Dulles sin) that "he is very good in private negotiations, and much better than Acheson, you know, on the colonial question."

Mr. Dulles himself has probably contributed more than any one to the confusion and controversy which surrounds his career. Because of him, "liberation," "unleashing," "massive retaliation," "agonizing reappraisal," and "brink of war" have become clichés in the current vernacular of Washington. They are often used with a connotation of an empty pose.

He is more vulnerable to criticism from his own publicly spoken record than from any other source, because in his official life he is given to overstatement, oversimplification, and less than total candor—flaws which are usually absent from his private conversations.

A substantial explanation of the dualism between his public and private behavior is that he progressed from being a small-town preacher's son to his present eminence by way of the legal profession. For years his daily task was to make the best case he could for his client. He is reputed to have been the most highly paid corporation lawyer in the history of New York City. A lawyer is not expected to believe the partisan side of the case which he presents for his client. He does not carry it into his personal beliefs or private conversations. Nor is consistency expected. He may take the opposite side of the same argument on behalf of his next client. Such professional habits are not easily shaken off.

COURTROOM DIPLOMACY

MR. DULLES earned his position in the legal profession against odds. He got his job with the law firm of Sullivan and Cromwell at fifty dollars per month on the insistence of Grandfather Foster and against the better judgment of the senior partners. The partners consented to give him a chance, but they took negligible interest in a boy from the back country who had slight connections with the big families or big corporations—and who, besides, had taken his law at George Washington University, not at Yale or Harvard. The fact that he had graduated with the highest marks ever granted at George Washington was no compensation in their eyes for his other shortcomings.

The quality which broke through the resistance of Sullivan and Cromwell and made him, ultimately, the senior partner was his ability to make a case for a client. He did it so successfully that not until he reached the age of sixty-one did he experience what could be called a check to his career. Then, in 1949, he ran for the Senate, and was beaten by Herbert Lehman.

The technique of making a case for a client has persisted into his conduct of American diplomacy, and not surprisingly it has involved him in instances of embarrassing inconsistency. When he was in Pakistan last March, for example, he argued to members of the SEATO alliance that it pays to be an ally of the United States—citing facts and figures to prove that allies get better treatment at the U.S. Treasury than non-allies. Seven days later he was in non-allied Indonesia saying, "there is no connection whatsoever" between our financial aid and membership in a military security pact with the United States. He cited as evidence the fact that India and Ceylon receive such aid although they are not allied with the United States.

In between he stopped over in New Delhi and tried to persuade Prime Minister Nehru that he had not been unfriendly to India when he had previously referred to Goa, that much debated Portuguese enclave on the Indian coast, as "a province of Portugal."

Another striking example of "making a case" was provided by Mr. Dulles on February 24, 1956. The "new" Soviet diplomacy had for months been running rings around Western diplomacy. Soviet arms had gone to Egypt, Soviet "trade" delegations were roving as far afield as Latin America, Pakistan had agreed to send a trade mission to Moscow, and the Administration had entangled itself in the on-again, off-again fiasco of tank shipments to Saudi Arabia. Yet Mr. Dulles asserted: "At this moment in Moscow they are having to revise their whole program. They have failed."

This was followed by one of the rare explosions of Senate, and public, criticism of Mr. Dulles (there had been an earlier explosion over his "massive retaliation" phrase). It evoked an explanation at the State Department that Mr. Dulles' doctrine of Soviet failure was based on a comparison of the Soviet position in 1948 with the Soviet position in 1956. Now the West was undoubtedly better off in 1956 than it had been in 1948—but what critics had been talking about was the appearance of a Western decline from 1953 to 1956. Mr. Dulles had built his case for Soviet failure on a convenient selection of dates which gave him the advantages of the Marshall Plan, formation of the NATO alliance, successful resistance to aggression in Korea, and the refurbishing of Western military power—all pre-1952 Truman-Acheson achievements, which Mr. Dulles had tended to minimize in the 1952 election year. He may have felt, however, that his client had changed, after the Democrats regained control of Congress in 1954.

Certain inconsistencies between remarks made by Mr. Dulles during the 1952 campaign and in a 1949 Senate speech were raised at the Senate hearing on his confirmation in January of 1953. Mr. Dulles explained that "under our Constitutional system we have a general election every four years . . . one side presents his case, and the other side presents the other case, as two lawyers do when they go into court. At that stage the two parties are not judges and they are not judicial. In my opinion they should not be . . . but when that time is past, then I believe we should try to work together on a bipartisan basis. . . ."

When *Life* magazine came on the streets in early January of 1956 with an article based on recorded conversations with Mr. Dulles which pictured him as almost the sole bulwark of the peace, Democrats concluded that Mr. Dulles' quadrennial release from judiciousness had come around. Even Vice President Nixon commented dryly that "the rest of us can take care of the campaigning."

Another characteristic of many distinguished lawyers is the lack of an administrative flair. (This is, perhaps, natural, since they ordinarily work alone or with a handful of close associates, and thus have little chance to learn the techniques of managing a large organization.) In Mr. Dulles this trait seems to be pronounced.

Sullivan and Cromwell partners recall that when Dulles was senior partner he exhibited more than usual aversion to administrative work. The senior partner normally oversees this part of the firm's operations—as the present senior partner, Arthur Dean, does. During the Dulles term, however, one of the other partners took over this work by mutual and tacit consent.

Shortly before taking office as Secretary of State Mr. Dulles expressed a wish that he might have an "ivory tower" office off in some obscure corner of the White House where he could just think about foreign policy, and not have any formal connection with the vast, complex, hierarchical structure of the Department of State. He did not get his wish, but his subordinates have sometimes suspected that in his own subconscious mind he did. It is frequently said that he carries the foreign policies of the United States around in his coat pocket. He seldom delegates policy responsibility and it is noteworthy that—as in the case of the Saudi Arabian arms shipments—no one was quite sure what the policy was until he came back from his Duck Island vacation retreat.

The once-powerful secondary officials of the Department have tended to become merely executors of his policy (when they are informed of what it is) and the rank of Ambassador has steadily declined in importance during the Dulles incumbency. When there is any important negotiating to be done Mr. Dulles usually goes himself, leaving his Ambassadors no function higher than that of reporters. Even this residual function has been of declining relevance, since Mr. Dulles has his own views of each situation clearly in mind. Ambassadorial reports bear upon Dulles' thinking, but seldom influence it: and, it is said, they never cause a reversal of a strong Dulles view. Ambassadors have been called home for consultation without being consulted by Mr. Dulles.

During the Acheson period, policy was generated out of the impact upon each other of many and diverse minds in the Department. Mr. Acheson set up and used an institution called the Policy Planning Staff. He frequently overrode its conclusions, but he did not assume that his thinking alone could generate foreign policy. Today the Policy Planning Staff has fallen into disuse; Department policy begins and ends in Mr. Dulles' own mind. Dulles' policy is influenced heavily by the Senate. It is sometimes reversed by the President. It is adjusted within the limits of tolerance of public opinion. But the machinery of the State Department plays the least of the roles in the process.

The fact that Mr. Dulles is one of the most traveled Secretaries of State in history is a direct result of his unfamiliarity with the use of an administrative apparatus. To him, his staff of experts, his far-flung foreign service, appear to be not an instrument, but a baffling encumbrance from which he disengages himself in so far as he is able.

James F. Byrnes—another lawyer—exhibited a similar inclination, although to a lesser degree. When he was negotiating with the Soviets in Moscow in 1945, one of his aides (now an Ambassador) suggested that the delegation ought to send a report of its work back to the State Department. "Why?" Mr. Byrnes inquired, in genuine bewilderment. "What would be the point of that? I'm here."

Mr. Dulles also is capable of assuming that wherever he happens to be at the moment, there too is the Department of State. In his case, however, it comes closer to being true.

A related quality is his facility for disentangling himself from embarrassments. In 1947 he had nominated Alger Hiss, with the highest recommendations, for the post of director of the

Carnegie Endowment. When the pumpkin papers were unearthed in August 1948 he and Dean Acheson were both vulnerable to criticism because of their past associations with Hiss; Mr. Dulles was, if anything, more so because he had provided Hiss with refuge at the Carnegie Endowment after Hiss had been maneuvered out of the State Department under Mr. Byrnes.

A MATTER OF THEOLOGY

AT ONCE Mr. Dulles relieved Hiss "of all active duties" at the Carnegie Endowment. He appeared as a prosecution witness at both of the Hiss trials. He contradicted Hiss' testimony on five specific points during the final stage of the second trial. By the day of the verdict, January 21, 1949, he was ready to say:

"The conviction of Alger Hiss is a human tragedy. It is tragic that so great promise should have come to so inglorious an end. But the greater tragedy is that seemingly our national ideals no longer inspire the loyal devotion needed for their defense." (Some 25,000 American boys were shortly to challenge Mr. Dulles' lugubrious generalization by giving their lives on the battlefields of Korea.)

Precisely four days later Dean Acheson—citing as his text the twenty-fifth chapter of the Gospel according to Saint Matthew, verses 34 through 46, the theological basis on which the ministers of the Christian Church follow even a convicted murderer to the scaffold—said:

"I should like to make clear to you that whatever the outcome of any appeal which Mr. Hiss or his lawyers may make in this case, I do not intend to turn my back on Alger Hiss."

Some philosophic observers of the two men see in this disparity of reaction to the same incident an outbreak of the ancient conflict between Presbyterian and Episcopalian; the one prudently turning his back, the other defiantly wearing past mistakes. If there is self-righteousness in either position, or both, it is a matter for a panel of theologians to determine.

The triple reconciliation of righteousness, duty, and success is not always an easy one. Theologians would also be intrigued by the way Mr. Dulles resolved it when he had to deal with the controversial personnel cases which he inherited from his predecessor. The McCarthy group in Congress had declared total war against a number of foreign service career officers, in particular, John Carter Vincent and John Paton Davies.

Mr. Dulles dutifully went through the long records and found—as Mr. Acheson had—that there was no basis for dismissal on the ground of doubtful loyalty. But he divested himself prudently of Mr. Vincent on the ground that his China reporting had been "a failure," and of Mr. Davies for "disregard of proper forbearance and caution in making known his dissents outside privileged boundaries." His personal feelings about the Davies case may or may not be suggested by the fact that on the day after he had announced his decision he telephoned Mr. Davies and authorized him to use his (the Dulles) name as a reference if it would be helpful in obtaining another job. His final session with Mr. Vincent ended on the Dulles observation (apparently conclusive to Mr. Dulles) that Mr. Vincent's critics in the Senate talked louder than his supporters.

The rationale of Dulles' defenders in these matters is that when a man is trying to do something as important as preserving the peace of the world he cannot afford to carry excess baggage, any more than can a man trying to climb Mt. Everest. Mr. Dulles found ways and means of shedding the liabilities which had plagued Mr. Acheson unless, as in the case of Charles E. Bohlen, the defenders could muster stronger support than the critics. Dwight D. Eisenhower and Senator Robert Taft both spoke up for Mr. Bohlen. Dulles' detractors on the other hand use such words as "hypocrisy" and "moral cowardice" in speaking of these cases.

It is not clear whether the free run which Senator McCarthy enjoyed around the State Department in the early Dulles days represented Dulles' prudence or orders from the White House. It has been noted that when Harold Stassen did talk back to Senator McCarthy in those same days he was repudiated by the White House.

Dulles' adaptability to changed circumstances was tested, and confirmed, by his relations with his son Avery. Mr. Dulles himself has been loyal to his father's Presbyterianism in personal faith, in constant references in his public life to "moral" and "spiritual" values, and in considerable prominence as a layman in the work of the National Council of the Churches of Christ, an organization of Protestant churches. When Avery Dulles entered the Roman Catholic Church to study for the Jesuit priesthood Mr. Dulles broke off relations with his son. Relations were re-established before photographers when Dulles became a candidate for Senator.

There are plenty of other examples of Mr. Dulles' adaptability. When he visited South Korea just before the outbreak of war he

promised the South Koreans that they would "not stand alone" in the event of attack. Back in Washington, he confided to reporters that he was vastly relieved when President Truman ordered U.S. troops into the Korean battle, for otherwise his promise of support to the South Koreans would have remained unfulfilled. From the outbreak of the war until the 1952 campaign he defended the Truman decision to enter the war. He then became critical of that decision during the campaign; but returned to its defense after the 1954 mid-term elections put a Democratic majority back in control of the Senate.

He contributed comfort and usable quotations to the Bricker amendment cause during the 1952 campaign, but turned against the amendment when it came toward a vote in 1953.

WHAT HE SAYS AND DOES

THE qualities which make Mr. Dulles controversial show up in his control of foreign policy. One usually knew with Acheson what his policy was trying to achieve. With Mr. Dulles one is not quite sure whether the American attitude toward Communist China, for example, is to be measured by the fact that he refused to shake hands with his Chinese opposite number, Chou En-lai, when they were in the same room in Geneva in 1954, or by the fact that since July of 1955 a U.S. Ambassador and a Communist Chinese ambassador have been accredited to each other in Geneva.

Dulles' admirers cite his famous "brink of war" doctrine as evidence of his mastery of the technique of foreign relations. They take seriously his version of events, which is that he has deliberately taken the United States to the brink and thus saved the peace by his boldness.

His own version of how he got the Chinese Communists to agree to the truce in Korea is that when in India, on his first of many trips around the world, he told Prime Minister Nehru that if there were no truce the United States would open up the war and carry it across the Manchurian frontier. In the Dulles version of history Mr. Nehru presumably relayed this stern warning to Peking, after which the truce was concluded. But Mr. Nehru has since been reported as saying that if Mr. Dulles ever told him any such thing on that trip he, Mr. Nehru, didn't take it seriously enough even to remember it, let alone relay it to Peking.

The greatest single controversy over Dulles' conduct of foreign policy is whether Mr. Dulles has shaped events, or adjusted himself to them. Facts permit one to say only that at the end of Mr. Dulles' third year in office his policy was almost diametrically opposed to what he said it was going to be when he started out. His opening declaration was to take U.S. policy off the alleged dead center of Acheson's containment, inject boldness into it, and by boldness "liberate" the captured peoples of the Soviet realm and "roll back" the Iron Curtain.

Perhaps the most characteristically Dullesian operation was the one involving the famous Formosa Resolution. Congress was asked for what amounted to a blank check, authorizing the President to do almost anything to save Formosa. The country braced itself for war with China, and the world shuddered. But when the Seventh Fleet steamed westward under cover of the "Resolution" it did not fire its broadsides against the Communists on the China coast, but merely evacuated the Chinese Nationalists from the Tachen islands, then turned quickly away. The affair left people wondering whether the "Resolution" was intended to protect the Chinese Nationalists in the Far East or to cover the Dulles flank on Capitol Hill. And was the Seventh Fleet spared from attack by Chinese Communist planes because of the much publicized "Resolution," or because urgent unpublicized advices sent from the State Department to Peking by way of London, Moscow, and New Delhi had explained that the fleet maneuver was solely intended for the evacuation of the islands?

In pre- and early-Secretarial days Mr. Dulles spoke often and critically of the Acheson "containment" policy. The implication always was that he intended to go over from passive containment to an active "roll-back" of the Soviet frontiers of power. But the fascinating fact is that as the months elapsed and the Communist frontiers rolled over half of Indochina, Dulles' pronouncements on foreign policy more and more frequently included passages which sounded much like the theories of George F. Kennan, author of the containment doctrine.

The essence of Kennan doctrine was stated in the following passages from Mr. Kennan's Stafford Little Lectures of March 1954:

> I can conceive that Soviet power will some day recede from its present exposed positions, just as it has already receded in Finland and Yugoslavia and northern Iran. But I can conceive of this happening only precisely in the event that the vital prestige of Soviet power is not too drastically and abruptly engaged in the process, in the event that change is permitted to come gradually and inconspicuously

> as the result of compulsions resident within the structure of Soviet power itself, not created externally in the form of threats or ultimata or patent intrigues from the outside.

In 1952 during the election campaign and long thereafter, Mr. Dulles advocated policies toward the Soviet Union which bore some of the external earmarks of "threats," "ultimata," and "patent intrigue" although he would not himself of course put such labels upon them. "Instant" and "massive" retaliation sounded rather like a "threat." The warning to the Chinese Communists extended through Mr. Nehru partook of the quality of an "ultimatum." And the "liberation" policy sounded rather like a "patent intrigue," for Mr. Dulles never made it clear how he intended to bring about this desirable end; he just kept hinting at various ways and means of giving the Soviets "homework" and difficulties in "their own backyard." He seemed to imply an intensified "psychological warfare" and "propaganda" offensive abetted by undercover CIA work. He never spelled it out in detail beyond "the creation in the free world of political task forces to develop a freedom program for each of the captive nations."

There does seem to have been a step-up in CIA undercover operations against the Communist bloc in the early days of Dulles' regime. The Committee for Free Europe was also for a time stimulated to greater activities. But by 1954, Washington had begun to demobilize the Chinese Nationalist division which had tried to operate in northern Burma against the Chinese Communist southern flank, and had begun to dismantle the CIA operation on Formosa known as Western Enterprises, Inc. Mr. Dulles had formally assured the United Nations, as early as September 15, 1953, that "our creed does not call for exporting revolution and inciting others to violence." Long after this the Committee for Free Europe continued to float its "freedom balloons" across the Iron Curtain, but everyone knew that the "forward strategy" of the early Eisenhower days had been laid aside. The Free Europe people, whose hopes had been focused on liberation by revolution, wondered plaintively just what was their continuing function.

So much attention was paid to the "massive retaliation" phrase in the famous speech of January 12, 1954, that few at the time noticed the balancing Kennanesque passage: "If we can deter such aggression as would mean general war, and that is our confident resolve, then we can let time and fundamentals work for us."

On March 17, 1954, in an expansion of this thesis, he was sure that "there is going on, even within the Soviet empire, a silent test of strength between the powerful rulers and the multitudes of human beings . . . their aspirations in the aggregate make up a mighty force." This was further documentation for the thesis that "time and fundamentals will work for us, if only we will let them."

On the day Mr. Kennan had his final farewell session with Mr. Dulles he spent a long evening of soul-searching with an old friend. At the end of the conversation, Mr. Kennan remarked that he supposed that Mr. Dulles could not after all pursue a Kennan policy as long as he, Kennan, remained in the State Department. Mr. Dulles continued to use bold words along with his Kennanesque passages, but certainly by February 8, 1955, the men of the Kremlin had taken the real measure of the bold words. On that date Vyacheslav Molotov said to the Supreme Soviet of the Soviet Union:

> . . . the Republicans won the Presidential elections not because they proclaimed a more aggressive foreign policy, but, on the contrary, by virtue of the fact that they actually appeared to be for a certain time the political party which was furthering not the continuation of aggression in Korea but the ending of the war and the re-establishment of peace in that country.

Paul Nitze, Mr. Acheson's last chairman of the Policy Planning Staff, studied the Dulles record and published an article in *Foreign Affairs* (January 1954) analyzing the difference between "declaratory policy" and "operational policy." The Dulles "declaratory policy" has been all that the most ardent warhawks on Capitol Hill could desire, but his operating policies began with a private explanation after Chiang Kai-shek had been "unleashed" that real U.S. policy in the Far East was one of "disengagement" from the mainland of Asia.

The United States has not yet disengaged entirely from the coast of Asia, but its armed power, its "psychological warfare," and its propaganda have steadily receded from the frontiers of the power struggle. Under Mr. Dulles the actions, though not the voice, of the United States have beat less and less vigorously "on the vital prestige of Soviet power" and have given increasing opportunity for the "compulsions resident within the structure of Soviet power" to operate. Whether Mr. Dulles ever consciously practiced Kennan policy, while declaring a contrary policy, is a secret Mr. Dulles has never

disclosed. But it is obvious that there has been a gradual flow of Dulles policy around the clock from denunciation of Kennan doctrine toward the actual practice of Kennan policy.

INSIDE HIS OFFICE

DID Mr. Dulles play it this way from the start, or simply adjust himself to events as they changed? The answer is obscured by many things, including Mr. Dulles' own methods of operation as a Secretary of State. An Assistant Secretary of State who attended his daily staff conference for many months is sure that if he entered the Dulles office at any other than the scheduled time, Mr. Dulles would not be able to recall his name.

In Mr. Acheson's day the upper levels of the State Department seethed with new ideas. Under Mr. Dulles, policy originates with Dulles texts. The fitness of one Ambassador for promotion was questioned on the ground that he had exhibited ignorance of a particular Dulles speech.

Two theories are equally permissible about Dulles' conduct of our foreign policy. One is that with a truly Machiavellian skill he has kept the Senate war-wing happy by his public pronouncements, while quietly paving the way for a settlement with the Communist world by his actual operations. The other theory is that the domestic Soviet aftermath of Stalin's death—coupled with a vast American urge for peace which seized upon Dwight Eisenhower as its instrument—have together produced a more relaxed world with which Mr. Dulles has, if sometimes tardily, come to terms.

One theory among those who have worked with him is that Mr. Dulles is more preoccupied with the record of John Foster Dulles on the pages of history than with history itself. He seems to be singularly unaware of other people around him, and their possible corollary contributions to events. The "brink of war" article in *Life* attributes the peace exclusively to Dulles' technique—leaving one to wonder what Dag Hammarskjold, Nehru, Anthony Eden, Winston Churchill, Dwight Eisenhower, and several others were doing with their time.

At a ceremonial occasion convoked for the presentation of an award in international jurisprudence to Dr. Manley O. Hudson, Mr. Dulles made a long speech on international jurisprudence. He made no mention whatever of Dr. Hudson. One person present remarked that it seemed to him "an extraordinary example of gracelessness in an intelligent man." The thoughts of more than one member of the audidence went back to Mr. Dulles' opening letter to the employees of the State Department when he took over command with the announced expectation of receiving their "personal loyalty."

Mr. Dulles is unquestionably intelligent. He is beyond doubt a highly skilled negotiator. He is a brilliant pleader of a case. There is no record of any client ever having been dissatisfied with the Dulles handling of his legal affairs. He is a candid and articulate expounder of a complex problem in foreign affairs. His knowledge of such problems and his ability to grasp their ramifications is probably unequaled by any other foreign minister of these times.

But, curiously enough, there seems to be a lurking lack of self-confidence, or perhaps nonfulfillment, somewhere in his make-up—as though in his own mind Grandfather John Foster still loomed unmatched over him. Mr. Dulles has made a far larger splash on the pages of history than the grandfather whom others have long since forgotten; but perhaps the grandson is still subconsciously a member of the clergyman's branch of the family, made uncomfortable by grandfather's condescension toward his poorer and more obscure relatives.

In the process either of making the peace, or of adjusting his record to the peacemaking work of others (take your choice), Mr. Dulles has chalked up one incontrovertible score over his predecessor. There have been grumblings on Capitol Hill from time to time, but never any real revolt against Mr. Dulles. The Senate voted its nonconfidence in Dean Acheson just before Mr. Acheson went to Brussels to negotiate the NATO alliance (which the Senate then ratified). No such public humiliation has ever been visited upon Mr. Dulles.

It can certainly be said of Mr. Dulles that he has successfully shielded himself and President Eisenhower's foreign policies from attack in the Senate. Whether he has actually generated American foreign policy is a further question which cannot be answered surely from the existing public record. Mr. Acheson and Mr. Kennan did generate policy. Mr. Dulles has steered old policies through a number of storms, and often steered wisely and well. At least, he kept the policies afloat.

Technically, Mr. Dulles has initiated only two new policies since he took office. One was the treaty of alliance with Chiang Kai-shek. The other was the "northern tier" policy in the Middle East which the British converted into the Bagdad pact. It is not necessarily a mark against

him that neither of these policies has produced spectacularly successful results, nor that there are only two. It may be that he best served the needs of the times by steering old policies along old courses. Congress has unquestionably been more comfortable during Dulles' steering than it was during Acheson's generating—although it did vote, and heavily, in favor of every Acheson policy presented to it (albeit attacking Mr. Acheson personally). Mr. Dulles has yet to test his ability to carry a major new policy of his own through Congress.

But the conduct of foreign policy does not consist exclusively of negotiating formal treaties, implementing formal statements of policy, and generating concepts like the Marshall Plan and the NATO alliance. Policy can also be the absence of action. It may even involve the absence of action under the cover of much verbal sound and fury. Mr. Dulles inherited from Mr. Acheson a public opinion which demanded bold statements of defiance against the Communist world, but which also yearned for an end to the Korean war, and release from the fear of a greater atomic war.

THE TWO-WAY CHARGE

THE Secretary has marvelously served these conflicting desires. He has appeared to be the crusading knight bearing the cross of righteousness on his shield, his sword upraised against the foe and his voice calling for the charge. But if your glance descends from this stirring picture, you notice that the charger he bestrides is ambling placidly in the opposite direction.

The spring crisis in Arab-Israeli affairs shows the characteristic earmark of a Dulles operation. At suitable intervals Mr. Dulles loudly called upon the Soviets to prove their good intentions by deeds, not words. But when Soviet arms flowed into Egypt Mr. Dulles inconspicuously noted that Moscow had a legal right to do what it did. Britain, in anguish over the apparent threat to its Middle East oil supplies, reversed its ancient pro-Arab inclination, sided with Israel, and tried to involve the United States under the 1952 tripartite declaration. Mr. Dulles deftly side-stepped this London move by invoking the UN, thus leaving the door open for Soviet participation in a settlement.

There was no formalized declaration or implemention of policy in this operation. There were no documents. There was a risk that the Soviets would seek dangerous advantage from the leaning of Mr. Dulles away from London. But it was not the kind of risk Mr. Dulles takes in the picture of his behavior beloved alike by his adulators and his detractors. History is likely to record that Mr. Dulles has taken more and bolder risks on the brink of appeasement than on the brink of war.

It is perhaps premature to suggest that whereas the times of Stalin called for a Secretary of State who literally did stand up to the Russians, the times of Khrushchev call for one who will make peace with them behind a smoke screen of threatening words. We know that the men of Moscow were shaken out of some of their illusions by the resistance of the West in Korea. We do not know yet whether they understand and will respond to Mr. Dulles' extraordinary way of riding foreign policy backwards. And it is much too early to decide whether the Dulles way of riding is intentional, or accidental.

In the meantime, in spite of all criticism, Mr. Dulles continues to ride American foreign policy as though it belonged to him by inherited right.

He took office with the following statement to his assembled employees in the courtyard of the State Department:

> I don't suppose that there is any family in the United States which has for so long been identified with the Foreign Service and the State Department as my family. I go back a long ways—I'd have to stop and think of the date—when a great-great uncle of mine, Mr. Welsh, was one of our early Ministers to the Court of St. James. In those days, you know, they were Ministers, not Ambassadors.
>
> My grandfather, John W. Foster, was for a long time in the diplomatic service and then ended up as Secretary of State under President Harrison. His son-in-law, my uncle, Robert Lansing, was Secretary of State under Woodrow Wilson.
>
> Coming down to my own generation, my brother, Allen W. Dulles, was for many years in the Foreign Service of the United States. My sister, Eleanor Lansing Dulles, is today in the State Department and has been for several years. I, myself, have had at least sporadic association with the Department of State and with the Foreign Service throughout most of my life. So you can see, from the standpoint of background and tradition, it is to me an exciting and thrilling thing to be with you here today, as Secretary of State.

To Mr. Dulles the State Department has become a family fief. He inherited it by feudal right, he and his family, of which he is the senior living member.



By GEOFFREY FLAVELL

Drawings by N. M. Bodecker

THE ORDER of the Turkish bath

A distinguished British surgeon explores the pleasures—and perils—of the most sensuous establishments of the Arab world.

WHEREVER the bones of Rome are found among the tawny Maghrebian hills, at Dougga and Sbeitla in Tunisia, Timgad near Batna, Djemila near Setif, Volubilis in Morocco, and a hundred lesser, lonelier sites, the greatest surviving monument is invariably the bath. Timgad was a remote provincial garrison town in the Aures mountains, then as now a hotbed of Berber-Numidian insurrections; yet the ruins of fifteen thermae are to be seen there, four of them vast, columned, domed, sumptuous with marble and mosaics. Throughout the Empire the practice held, and the status of a city was judged by the splendor of its baths. The Roman forum itself will still fit into a corner of the Baths of Caracalla, the Museo Nazionale occupies but a room or two of those of Diocletian, and these were rivaled by the magnificences of Titus, Domitian, and Trajan. Who went to them? Everyone.

Patricians first installed private baths in their villas as Renaissance princes did chapels; but to bathe privately vitiated the pleasure of the bath. The thermae were social institutions, compendiums of club, casino, café, causerie, gymnasium, and bath. In them business was transacted, bets made, intrigues fostered, plots hatched, love affairs begun, and the body pleasured, purged, scraped, massaged, exercised, and oiled. One baking day in Timgad, alone save for the hares which infested the ruins, I brushed the sand from a pavement stone and read, scratched there by an ancient hand on some equally hot and idle afternoon, the words *"Venari lavari, ludere ridere, occ est vivere"*—"To hunt and bathe, to play and laugh, that's the life!"

The skin is a sense organ and is derived from the same delicate substance as the retina of the eye, the intricately entwined cochlea of the ear, the pulsing brain itself: it deserves culture and indulgence. Almost the only purpose for which a Roman gentleman did not go to the baths was to wash. He left such perversions to Nordic savages, and rightly. Instead, like Catullus in the great pleasure dome at Sermione, he disrobed in the apodyterium, drifted languidly to be tempered in the tepidarium, heated in the caldarium, steamed in the sudatorium, chilled in the frigidarium, exercised in the ephebeum, oiled in the alipterium, and eventually chatted to in the exedra. Such were the polysyllabic ablutions of a Roman citizen, be he Numidian, Syrian, or Gaul; and such, more or less, they remain in those enchanting survivals of the thermae, built sometimes of their very stones, the hammams of North Africa.

Why Islam alone has so vividly preserved the Roman bath in the "Turkish" bath is obscure. I am unaware of any such cult among the Byzantines from whom the Arab invaders of the seventh century imbibed most of their architecture, decoration, and jewelery. But it is perfectly possible that the Crusaders wrecked as many thermae in Byzantium as they looted churches. More probably, however, the institution, already strongly implanted in the Roman provinces, continued to flourish where civilization itself survived; in short, in Islam until the fourteenth century—for the European Middle Ages were those called by Michelet "the thousand years without a bath."

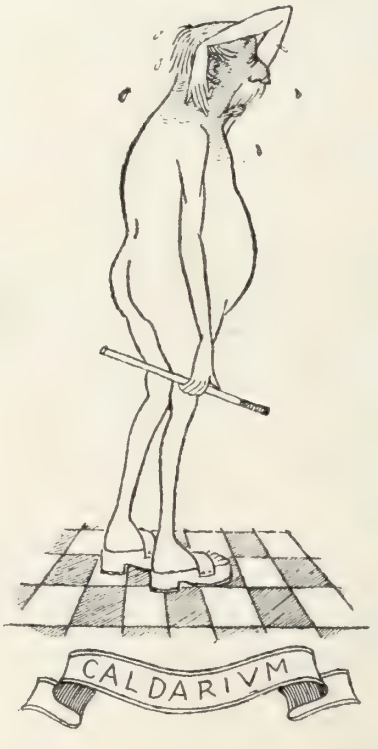
Two unexpected factors, apart from the Moslem rule of ritual cleanliness, may be added. Contrary to Western beliefs, the Prophet is a puritanical master, at any rate in North Africa, who forbids the pleasure of wine to all, and to the strict even coffee and tobacco; while the visual and plastic arts are reduced by the ban on human representation to mere repetitive geometry, and Arabic music, though the mother of flamenco, has its limitations. With sensual pleasure at so many entrances shut out, the senses of the skin and smell alone remain to be indulged; and so in high and popular use we find perfumes, women, and the hammam.

The other preservative element is the democratic nature of Mohammedanism. Pasha and fellah are brothers in the mosque and in the hammam. At Mecca, on the pilgrimage, all finery is stripped away; sultans and peasants are wrapped in an equal linen cloth. In the warm womb of the hammam they have not even that. Naked as they were born, all men lie in the hot darkness, artificial impediments to conversation cast aside. There is no first or second class at the bathhouse.

THE BONE CRACKER

THE first hammam I ever sampled was at Blida, some forty miles from Algiers. It was a flyblown little town, but it lay at the foot of a mountain where there was skiing in wintertime, and from whose summit the tomb of Cleopatra's daughter was clearly visible at Castiglione. It was perfectly possible, therefore, to roll in the snow and an hour later bathe in a warm sea: as one may do, for example, in the Lebanon but in few other places in the world. Perhaps these extremes suggested the hammam; or perhaps that, mingling business with pleasure, the Colonel and I had been inspecting the town brothel, a resort much favored by military personnel of all ranks, but with little to recommend it beyond a most amiable madam. There is something about this honest and useful trade which seems in later life to promote good humor. At any rate the hammam was conveniently close, and as the Colonel was now a prey to great anxiety concerning both his health and his pension (two subjects which constantly, and with some reason, preoccupied him), I remembered the advice of St. Augustine concerning baths—*"anxietatem pellat ex animo"*—and prescribed a visit. The excellent sense of the Saint (himself born in the Maghreb at Souk Ahras, and later to be bishop of Bône), who prayed "to be made chaste and





continent . . . but not yet," and who knew, clearly at first hand, that a visit to the thermae soothed the soul of its *Angst,* could not more opportunely have come to mind.

Beyond the small vestibule was an airy peaceful room of arches almost completely encircled by a wide divan a few inches high upon which cushions were strewn and where lay a number of silent white enshrouded figures. In a corner four men, similarly wrapped, played cards and drank coffee while on the floor nearby three disconsolate hens flapped with their legs tied together. This clearly was the "exedra" or "xystus," a place for recovery and recreation.

Around the walls were many niches for the deposit of clothes, a simple arrangement echoed in the recently excavated ritual baths of Artemis at Cyrene. To one of these the Colonel, with profound misgiving, entrusted his khaki drill and his splendid scarlet hat; we were given each a pair of wooden pattens which clattered on the stone-flagged floor and, girded with an exiguous towel soon to be abandoned, we teetered after the custodian toward a heavy iron-studded door in the farther wall. Counterweighted, it opened ponderously upon creaking hinges, and we were thrust into its gulf like Carthaginian victims into the fiery maw of Moloch.

Inside it was almost as hot, and at first appeared to be in total darkness. A voice beside me gasped, "I'm getting out of here!" and through the steaming murk I was just able to discern the Colonel's white and tubby figure turn too quickly back toward the door and crash to the flags as he fell over his pattens. Had he not been still dazed when we picked him up, I doubt if we would have got him further; but my eyes were beginning to accommodate to the gloom and I could now see that we stood in a stone hall filled with steam. It was almost empty, but in its embrasures stood troughs, also of stone, at which one or two naked men washed with soap.

"My God," said the Colonel, "if I'd known what it was going to be like I'd never have come. I don't believe my heart will stand this heat. What if anyone should see us? Do you suppose they keep tabs on places like this?"

"This is the tepidarium," I replied, breaking into a heavy sweat. "It is time to move on to the next room."

The door through which we now passed was as heavy as the first and so low that we had to stoop beneath its arch. As it swung open, a blast of heat gushed out at us. It reminded me of the day the sirocco blew at Guelma and the birds fell dead; but it was much hotter. I pushed the Colonel through as a sort of screen, and half expected him to melt. Indeed he began to deliquesce, little rivulets of steaming sweat coursing down his folds and wrinkles; but the essential form remained. We now stood, a little out of breath, in a much bigger hall surmounted by a flattish dome mistily seen in the darkness and supported on low vaults. The obscurity increased its scale, so that it resembled a Piranesi prison, or one of the antechambers of Hell. Scattered over the floor, in those attitudes of limp abandon achieved only by the corpse, lay an extraordinary naked throng, the victims, it seemed, of some hideous but bloodless massacre—strangled, perhaps, by order of the Emir.

I saw the Colonel's mouth opening and closing,





shaping words whose substance was filched by the heat before it reached his lips, so that he seemed speaking on the other side of a thick glass screen. All at once he wilted to the floor, flung out both his arms, and lay like a plump white sea beast on a fishmonger's slab. Beside him stretched a black meharist, nearby a Berber goum, and a spahi lay beyond. The door seemed a long way off, and I lay down too. The floor itself covered a hypocaust built exactly in the Roman fashion, the hot air being driven along its channels by a kind of primitive bellows or punka fan made of palm branches on a wooden frame. This was hinged to the mud-brick furnace door, outside the building, and worked by hand. Some paving stones were thus hotter than others depending on where the flues ran, and I crawled limply to the coolest. It was exceedingly hot.

A sensation of abandonment now pervaded me, similar to that to which I succumb on rickety funiculars—frightening though one's predicament is there is nothing to be done about it; others are in a like boat; and maybe we shall all get out at the other end in safety. For I cannot pretend the Colonel's fears of heart failure had left me altogether unmoved, and I was conscious of an alarming beat in my temples and in the pit of my stomach. It rapidly became, however, much too hot to worry at all about anything.

The quality of an hammam depends wholly upon the skill of the *kayyās*. "Masseur" is much too emasculate a word to describe his function, though of course he massages expertly. More important is his age-old craft of joint manipulation which leaves that of fashionable blind chiropractors far behind.

When my turn came the heat had done its work, and my muscles were a flaccid pulp. First, squatting beside me, the *kayyās* took my fingers, limp and unresisting, and gently cracked them at every phalangeal joint, not merely by pressing backwards upon them, but by pulling each in its long axis. I was only mistily aware as he lay with his foot in my armpit, grasped a wrist, and glided my humerus up and down in its socket in exactly the maneuver osteopaths employ when they are working on arthritic patients under anesthesia. In like manner the femur was swiveled in its acetabulum; and my neck stretched like a hanging man's. Then he flopped me over onto my belly, stood barefooted in the small of my back, and seizing my hands and feet arched my trunk into a backward bow. I could feel my intervertebral discs clunk back into place as he stamped on them with his heels. Nothing hurt at all. Massage, starting at the extremities and working toward the heart, followed; and finally he produced a strigil, the image of one the Etruscans used, and scraped me vigorously, pausing now and them to show me proudly the debris of desquamation with a *"Comme tu es sale!"*

RETURN TO LIFE

THE Colonel was muttering "bloody wonderful!" as I got him to his feet and into the cold-room; but there was no time for words as the icy douche descended, and we gasped for breath as blood and consciousness flooded back. In another moment, wrapped each in a vast *burnous* of towel, we lay, feeling better than we had ever felt before, on the long dais in the outer room. A sense of great well-being, of having shed ten







years of time, our anxieties purged, our pains departed, glowed within us. As we sipped our coffee the Colonel began to unfold a terrible plan for a night in the Kasbah.

It was the first of many hammams, some good in that the *kayyās* was good, some bad in that he was clumsy, but all similar in structure and in atmosphere. In each village or oasis they were the centers of pleasure and of society, certain days being set aside for women who gaggled to them in chattering veiled droves. They soon became the only sovereign cure for the Colonel's hangovers, and we spent delightful hours in them in strange and remote places: in almond-blossomed Tlemcen, delicious academe of the Maghreb, city of Averroës and Avicenna; in Ghardaia, whose spoken name is like the sand sighing over Saharan wastes, which is the fantastic stronghold of the Mozabites; in El Golea among the November roses and the sad Italian generals; in Touggourt after the feast of the Prophet's birthday; in Fez, where I broke open my wound; and in the gardens of Hamilcar, in Megara, on the outskirts of Carthage. The very catalogue of their names evokes for me the dust, the acid tang of oleanders, the fragrance of dried dung and of sandalwood, of *kebab* sizzling over the charcoal, of frankincense, and the smell of love and wild myrtle on the lion pelt of the hills.

In the seventh century Sidi Okbar, the Conqueror, drove the Visigoths from Africa and rode weeping on his horse into the Atlantic because it seemed no lands were left to conquer in the west. Behind his lances came what learning and sophistication the world had left in it—poetry and paper-making, the art of medicine, astronomy and the compass, silks and fountains, carpets and the bath; and when the great Ommayad caliphs swept instead north through Spain, and crossed the Pyrenees, and almost battered on the gates of Paris before Charles Martel turned them back at Tours, all these things, some lost since the last lights of Rome had flickered out, came back to reillumine Europe.

The other day I wandered in the alleys of Gerona, from which the Moors were driven a thousand years ago; and saw before me in the wall an ancient door, like other doors I knew in Kairouan or in Bou Saada. I opened it and found within a familiar columned court; a little fountain jet, dry now; the domed, succeeding rooms; the troughs; the furnaces, all cold, but calcined by the pleasant heat of long ago. This little lost hammam is the only surviving Islamic structure in Gerona.

The Moors remained in Andalusia much longer, to the end of the fifteenth century. So it is no surprise to find there a rich hammam beneath the marble pavements of the Alhambra. Were its fires rekindled it could be used again, as it was used in the last days by poor Boabdil and his laughing odalisques before they fled forever to die in exile under the almond trees of Tlemcen. They are all dead now, the splendid Almohades, the Fatimites, the Almoravides; and the Sa'adian sultans lie in Marrakech in their tombs of lace. The great empire they built is ruined and distraught, civilization has ebbed away from their lands. But after the heat of the desert or the terrors of the police, simple men may still turn gratefully in at the hammam.

A bath today in England is a puritan pinchbeck thing, a mere enamel coffin; and after you have played with hydrodynamics, Archimedes-like, and made a desert island of your abdomen, and at last extracted the plug with a great toe and felt the pleasant suspension of your body slowly subside into the galloping suction of the sink, only deflation remains.

Coffin-like? Perhaps it is that which redeems them. For since the days of Agamemnon, when a man in his bath might perish at the hands of an adulterous Clytemnestra, to those of Marat, when the fatal dagger was wielded by a mere political theorist, to our own modern degeneracy, when young men so frequently asphyxiate themselves with complicated caliphonts, the Angel of Death stands over the bath. Hammams are djin-haunted. And I am at one with Seneca, who, when his veins had been opened by Nero's order, elected to lie in his bath tasting to the end the crimsoned pleasures of a warm and happy enervation. I, too, would wish to die in my bath.

Ernest Conine

Russian Roulette on our AIRWAYS?

Investigations and official plans for preventing new catastrophes in the air are as thick as the planes shuttling overhead . . . but safety still eludes our sights.

A TRANS World Airlines Super Constellation lifted from the runway of the Los Angeles airport at 9.01 A. M. last June 30 and headed eastward into the sunny sky. Three minutes later, it was followed by a United Air Lines DC-7 taking off from the same runway.

An hour and a half later, the four-engined giants rammed together high over the wastelands of northern Arizona and plunged into a desolate reach of the Grand Canyon. All 128 persons aboard the two airliners were killed. It was the worst accident in the annals of commercial aviation—and the first mid-air collision between two fully loaded airliners in the United States.

Millions of Americans were stunned and indignant. Why didn't the pilots see each other? they asked. Why were the planes allowed to fly so close together? Why didn't they carry radar? Who was to blame?

Federal authorities had few answers. No one saw the tragedy, and the planes were so mangled that detective work was difficult. Investigators could only surmise that the planes had collided above the clouds after the TWA plane climbed to the 21,000-foot altitude already occupied by the DC-7 in order to avoid turbulent weather.

The statement by an official of the Civil Aeronautics Administration that both pilots apparently were flying within the rules only increased the public's suspicion that something basic was wrong.

The newspapers dusted off a government study that had previously gone almost unnoticed. A committee, appointed by the Bureau of the Budget and headed by New York investment banker William B. Harding, had warned six months before the crash that the mid-air collision hazard was "critical"—and getting worse. It pointed to a report by the Air Transport Association that the airlines alone are involved in an average of four "near misses" a day—with the aircraft passing within 100 feet of each other in 25 per cent of the incidents.

In Washington, Congressional voices—mostly Democratic—were raised to ask whether the CAA and its Republican overseers had done all they could to prevent such a catastrophe. Senator Mike Monroney, chairman of the Senate Aviation Subcommittee, renewed his demand that the CAA be freed from the control of "ground-minded" officials in the Department of Commerce. A special House committee opened a serious study of the air traffic situation, and the Administration requested an additional $54,000,000 for development of airways facilities.

The men who run the nation's airlines were shocked, but not surprised. They had feared such an accident was long overdue, and were relieved that it had happened over an empty gorge in Arizona instead of over the crowded streets of Manhattan as they had half-expected.

Long before the Arizona crash nervous airmen called the New York-Washington route "death alley." And Captain J. D. Smith, veteran pilot and official of the Air Line Pilots Association, had made a disturbing but prophetic speech in which he warned that "it should be recognized that the only reason we haven't been smearing airplanes all over the country is that, so far, God has been on our side."

The airline operators and every other informed figure in aviation knows the horror of that June day over the Grand Canyon might never have happened if aviation interests, Congress, and the last two national Administrations had lived up to their air-age responsibilities.

THE CROWDED AIR

THE Arizona accident—tragic as it was—served one good purpose. It focused the attention of the American people and their government on the horse-and-buggy conditions prevailing on our airways.

The federal airways system was designed in the "Model T" days of aviation, when a pilot with a strong pair of eyes had little fear of colliding with other aircraft as long as he stayed out of clouds or haze and kept a sharp watch on the sky around him. Today, this isn't enough. Even two propeller-driven DC-7s approach each other at combined speeds of 700 miles per hour or more—roughly the speed of a bullet fired from a Colt .45. Under these conditions, the human eye is literally obsolete. Even in clear weather a pilot cannot depend on seeing other planes in time to avoid a collision.

Military jets are flying in the supersonic speed range now. By 1958 or 1959, jet airliners will be carrying passengers more than 500 miles per hour. This means a head-on closure speed of 1,000 to 1,200 miles per hour.

Experts say it takes at least seven seconds for a pilot to change the direction of his airplane after seeing an object he must avoid. A 600-mile-per-hour jet covers a mile in six seconds. So the pilots of two collision-bound craft traveling head-on at this speed must spot each other from more than two miles away or they are dead aviators.

The CAA is still trying to handle this new generation of aircraft with the same basic tools it used in 1936. Under this system, the pilot who wishes to take advantage of air-traffic control files a flight plan with the CAA. (If it is a good-weather flight, he has the option of accepting traffic control over his movements, or flying on his own under the "see and be seen" principle. But if he plans to fly on instruments he is required to proceed under traffic control.)

The pilot on a controlled flight gives—or is assigned—the course, altitude, and speed at which he will travel. At periodic intervals en route he reports his new position, speed, and altitude to the ground controller, who is keeping track of a number of planes in the same way. The controller keeps all this data on slips of paper in front of him—one slip for each plane.

However, the controller knows the position reports may be in error by several miles. So he tries to keep each plane under his control surrounded by a huge block of reserved airspace. Aircraft of the same speed traveling at the same altitudes are kept ten minutes or more apart; thus, the faster the plane, the larger the hunk of airspace to which it is entitled. In the case of a modern airliner, it may be 50 miles or more long, 10 miles wide, and 2,000 feet thick.

When pilot "fixes"—or position reports—indicate one plane is intruding into the airspace reserved for another, the controller radios the necessary instructions to keep them safely apart.

This system has given America the safest airways in the world. Although 90,000 airplanes share the skies over the United States, the record shows an average of only eight fatal mid-air smashups annually over the past eight years.

However this safety record is increasingly purchased at the cost of delays and inconvenience to air travelers. Civil aircraft alone now fly some 11,000,000 hours a year. Airway traffic control centers handled almost 20,000,000 position reports in 1955.

Higher speeds, with the bigger blocks of "reserved" airspace they require, also contribute to the near-breakdown of the system. For example, there are times when only two large airliners can be handled on the New York-Washington route at the same altitude at the same time. Other planes must simply wait until there is room for them. Planes sit with idling engines for as long as an hour before receiving flight clearance. And once they are in the air, the system is so inflexible that pilots must often fly through dangerous thunderstorms because they are unable to get permission to go around.

Jet-powered aircraft have operating characteristics that make them especially vulnerable to deficiencies in the traffic-control system. Jet engines operate most efficiently at altitudes above 25,000 feet; at low altitudes, their fuel consumption is ruinous. This means the jet plane must climb swiftly after take-off to a high cruising altitude. Upon nearing its destination, it must be able to let down quickly. Some pilots maintain that traffic controllers must begin planning for the landing approach of a New York-bound jet while it is still as far west as Chicago.

The experience of the Air Force, which runs a predominantly jet operation now, shows how far from this ideal we are. Major General Kenneth P. Bergquist, Director of Operations for the Air Force, observed last February that fighter planes must be able to scramble instantly if the United States is to be kept safe from attack. The sleek bombers of the Strategic Air Command must be able to get off their bases and up to cruising altitude without delay. But Bergquist complained that many flights are held up—even canceled—because of CAA controllers' inability to grant quick traffic clearances.

Bad weather intensifies the breakdown of the air-traffic control system in terms of delay, but the mid-air collision problem is worse in broad daylight, when the overwhelming number of airplanes are not in touch with the ground controller at all.

The Harding Committee aptly described the situation which results:

> According to existing rules, a pilot can take off, fly in any direction, and land at his destination without telling anyone where he is going or how he plans to get there, as long as he believes he can see the prescribed distance ahead, see the ground, and keep out of the clouds.
>
> Thus, all types of aircraft from Piper Cubs to jet fighters may be milling around in the airspace in various kinds of weather with their pilots relying largely on their eyesight and luck to keep them from running into one another.
>
> It is impossible for a pilot to fly a modern high-speed airplane effectively without almost continuous reference to his cockpit instruments. Hence, under the best conditions, the pilot—even if he is alert—may not be looking out of his airplane when a mid-air collision is imminent.

The layman may wonder why all planes are not required to fly under traffic control at all times. The answer is simple: the system would collapse overnight. It is barely able to cope with the minority of planes that use the system now. There is another answer, too. Most of the flying in the United States is done by small private or business planes whose pilots jealously guard their right to fly wherever they please—and who are not technically qualified for instrument flight.

Still, it becomes obvious that we must reduce our reliance on the human eye and nervous system if we are to avoid turning air travel into a grisly game of Russian roulette.

IS AUTOMATION THE ANSWER?

SOME airlines are equipped with airborne radar now, but they have found it cannot be used to spot other airplanes beyond the range of the human eye. A pilot aid which has received more serious attention is the proximity indicator, an airborne gadget which would sound the alarm when another plane came dangerously close, giving the pilot those precious few seconds needed.

Several manufacturers are developing such gadgets now, but it appears certain that their cost and weight will rule them out for all but large commercial and military aircraft. And although the proximity indicator is promising as a supplemental device, experts are pretty well agreed that the fundamental solution lies in controlling air traffic. They say the new system must give the controller the location and identity of all aircraft that are in his area at all times.

Military and civil experts believe this "ultimate system" will work something like this:

The ground controller will sit in front of a huge radar-fed display board. Tiny lights, each representing an airplane in the area under his jurisdiction, will move slowly across the board—the colored lights representing large commercial aircraft; the steady white light, small civil aircraft; and the blinking white lights, military planes. When a new light appears on the board, the controller will push a button and a coded signal will identify the airplane. When two aircraft begin to get too close, the controller will warn them away from each other.

The controller's warning message and instructions will be transmitted to the pilot by means of the "semi-automatic data link"—the equivalent of a private line to every large plane in the area. Each such aircraft will be equipped with something resembling a television screen, and messages from the controller will show up as a series of code letters and numerals, or simply as arrows pointing in the direction of desired flight. Smaller planes will still be equipped with radio.

Technicians say there is little doubt that this system can be developed quickly, once federal authorities make up their minds they are willing to pay for it. Present planning, however, does not envision implementation of such an "ultimate" system before 1965 at the earliest.

Military and airline pilots, however, say automation of the airways alone is not enough unless there is also a fundamental change in the philosophy of the civil air regulations. We must, they say, have a system in which high-performance aircraft will operate at medium and high altitudes under 100 per cent traffic control, regardless of weather. Positive control also would be applied to all aircraft operating in the crowded skies around such cities as New York, Washington, Chicago, and Los Angeles.

The Air Line Pilots Association also proposes that the minimum forward visibility for flights made under visual or "see and be seen" rules be raised from three to five miles.

This new philosophy runs into hot opposition from the Aircraft Owners and Pilots Association, which represents most of the light-plane owners in the United States.

The AOPA insists—with much logic—that the airways are public domain which should no more be reserved for the use of the Air Force, the airlines, and large corporate planes than the nation's highways should be set aside for heavy trucks and Cadillacs.

Max Karant, AOPA spokesman, argues this is the real goal of the proposals made by airline and military fliers. He observes that airline planes number only about 1,500, while private and business aircraft number more than 50,000. Since small aircraft owners usually can't afford the equipment and training necessary for instrument flight, Karant claims the increase in visibility minimums proposed by the ALPA would virtually bar the private flier from the air 47 per cent of the time at Los Angeles, 39 per cent at Chicago, and 24 per cent at Washington. And he makes the further point that most reported near-misses occur when visibility exceeds the proposed minimums.

The AOPA feels that congestion in the air—although real—is grossly exaggerated as a collision hazard. The group insists that most mid-air collisions are caused by careless military and airline pilots who fail to look where they are going, and who come barreling into crowded terminal areas at close to 400 miles per hour.

The Civil Aeronautics Board, which issues air safety regulations, is under strong pressure to recognize both sides of the argument by raising the visibility minimums—and imposing a speed limit of 180 miles per hour or so on all aircraft entering the crowded skies around crowded air centers.

But the advocates of "100 per cent" traffic control insist their plan will leave plenty of room for the private pilot. Helicopters and slow aircraft, they say, can be left free to fly largely unencumbered by traffic control as long as they remain at low altitudes—say, 6,000 feet or under. High performance planes, by their very nature, would do most of their flying at the medium and high altitudes where 100 per cent traffic control would be in effect. Sloping corridors could be set aside for the rapid letdown of jet planes through slower traffic into terminal areas.

HEADACHES AT THE CAA

ALTHOUGH the "ultimate" air-traffic control system may be several years away, a big first step is within our reach now and has been for years: radar.

A government program calling for the use of long-range radar to keep track of en route traffic on the airways was conceived as early as 1948 and slated for completion by 1953. Yet, although some expansion and improvement in communications and navigation facilities have already been realized, the system is still not a reality. Why?

One factor was the repeated CAA underestimation of the growth of civil aviation. Another was the Korean war. That crucial military effort naturally took budgetary priority over improvement of the federal airways program, and CAA budgets were slashed to the bone. Then, even before peace came, President Eisenhower took office and another economy drive cut government spending in almost every sphere of activity. Frederick B. Lee, the Republican-appointed CAA Administrator, found his budget requests cut by more than half in fiscal years 1954 and 1955, before they even got past the Commerce Department's budget officers.

In all, the CAA requested appropriations totaling $340,000,000 for new air-navigation facilities in the period from fiscal year 1950 through 1956. The Department of Commerce and the Budget Bureau trimmed this to $160,000,000 and Congress voted only $105,000,000.

During this same period, the number of position reports and traffic clearances handled by the agency virtually doubled. Since delivery of radar equipment takes up to thirty-six months, the effect of the budget cuts was to delay indefinitely the use of radar equipment which might have enabled a ground controller to warn the TWA and United planes away from each other that fateful morning last June 30.

By early 1955, the situation on the airways had already become critical. The Air Force generals were increasingly outspoken in their criticism of the CAA's inability to get something done. One top officer warned that "in the interest of national security, we cannot continue to accept delays to our operations."

Airline operators, who had been largely nursing their grievances in private, also became restive at about this time because of their new billion-dollar investment in jet transports, which will begin going into operation by 1958 or 1959.

The president of the Air Transport Association warned frankly: "Unless we have an air-navigation and traffic-control system which permits us to obtain normal utilization from these aircraft, that billion-dollar investment could turn into a bad gamble for the airlines."

The alarm finally spread to the Eisenhower Administration. According to one account, Secretary of Commerce Sinclair Weeks was collared at a Virginia resort by Eddie Rickenbacker and Juan Trippe, respective chiefs of Eastern Airlines and Pan American Airways, who are said to have warned him that not enough was being done to meet the mid-air collision hazard—and that if a catastrophe occurred, the finger of blame

might be pointed at the CAA and the Department of Commerce.

New York banking circles helped spread the alarm too. Industry gossip has it that the bankers, who have good connections in Washington, became worried that their airline investments might sour if the jet transports were plagued by costly delays and cancellations. When the Harding Committee was appointed by the Budget Bureau in May 1955 to look into reports of dangerous congestion on the airways, it was headed by an investment banker. The group found that the nation's airways were dangerously obsolete—partly because the airways development program lacked proper direction.

Shortly thereafter, Secretary Weeks recommended the CAA's five-year, $246,000,000 airway improvement plan to Congress. Where Weeks and his underlings had previously planned to ask for first-year appropriations of only $19,000,000, they now asked—and got—$40,000,000. (This was raised by $54,000,000 after the Arizona crash.)

Eisenhower appointed an old friend, General Edward P. Curtis of Eastman Kodak Company, to head up a special White House staff charged with studying the situation and drawing up plans for the airways system of the future.

The five-year plan, which will be shortened as a result of the Arizona disaster, calls for enough radar installations to cover every plane in the U.S. Controllers will be able to put four airplanes in the airspace now "reserved" for one. This alone will go far to relieve congestion in the air.

"AN EMERGENCY SITUATION"

WITHOUT waiting for completion of the radar net, however, the CAA is beginning to apply current traffic-control procedures to aircraft flying above 24,000 feet, whether on or off the airways. Heretofore, even the outmoded protection offered by the existing traffic-control system has been lacking at these high altitudes.

The CAA is also working with the Air Force to determine if the budding three-billion-dollar SAGE system can be applied to air-traffic control, with consequent savings of hundreds of millions of dollars to the taxpayers. SAGE, which stands for semi-automatic ground environment, combines radar and electronic computer techniques to pinpoint the location of invading aircraft, and automatically direct defending fighter planes on the proper course for interception.

The SAGE system, when completed, will blanket the airspace over the United States. If a way can be found to reverse the process—that is, have computers foresee collision situations and direct the airplanes away from each other—a giant stride toward safety on the airways will be made. However, it is still uncertain whether this can be done without jeopardizing the efficiency of SAGE for national defense.

However, government officials admit this flurry of activity doesn't alter the uncomfortable fact that very little can or will be done to make the airways safer before 1958—despite indications from Secretary Weeks that the five-year plan may be telescoped to three years. Major improvements won't show up until 1960 or 1961.

The reason for the delay is simple: delivery and installation of radar equipment takes from eighteen to thirty-six months. The first radar airway—between Norfolk and Boston—will be in operation within a few months. Other crowded routes, such as Chicago-Kansas City and San Francisco-San Diego, will be covered by radar eyes sometime in 1958. But most of the nation's airways will continue to operate under the current antiquated system for another four years, even with an accelerated program.

Meanwhile, as General Curtis observed shortly after the Colorado crash, pilot observance of existing rules—and possible stiffening of these rules as proposed to the CAB—are "about as good a guarantee as you can get" against mid-air collisions.

The odds are on the side of the air traveler anyway, if that is any comfort. As a Navy expert pointed out recently, it would be extremely hard to hit another airplane in flight intentionally—and the chances of doing it accidentally are very small. Secretary Weeks was on solid ground when he insisted shortly after the Arizona crash that flying by airline is safer—notwithstanding the collision hazard—than driving the family car.

There appears to be little doubt that reliance on Lady Luck for the next three or four years might have been averted if the CAA hadn't failed to foresee the heavy demands on the air traffic control system.

However, Senator Monroney believes the failure of official foresight and planning has been aggravated by the CAA's secondary place within the framework of government. He is inclined to believe that Congress would have been freer on the purse strings, and the CAA would have done a better job, if the head of the agency were a free man. The CAA has been a part of the Department of Commerce since 1940. Critics such as Monroney claim the Civil Aero-

nautics Administrator is virtually the prisoner of his superiors in the Commerce Department. He is a member of the department "team," and his plans for the federal airways system must be tailored to fit the team's idea of an adequate budget, according to this view.

Monroney cites the case of Lee, who was forced out as Civil Aeronautics Administrator in late 1955, to prove this point. Lee first incurred the wrath of his superiors in the department by "bootlegging" support on Capitol Hill for more federal aid to airports at a time when the Eisenhower Administration was showing little interest in the program. He further antagonized the "team," according to his own account, by barnstorming the country making speeches in behalf of "radar, radar, and more radar."

Lee "resigned" in December 1955. Some Republicans would have you believe his departure resulted from failure to cope with the air-traffic control problem. Monroney blames the dismissal on "ground-minded officials in the Department of Commerce" who needed a scapegoat for their own past errors. The Air Line Pilots Association backs up the Senator in this view.

The Oklahoma Democrat has introduced a bill which would give the CAA independent status. The measure is backed by airline pilots, private aircraft owners, state aviation officials, and other such groups. Airline officials, although agreeing that the CAA needs more prestige and authority, go along with the Eisenhower Administration's objection that divorcement from Commerce would rob the CAA of a strong voice at the Cabinet level.

Monroney also criticizes the President's appointment of Curtis to the new White House post on grounds that it is time for action, not more study. However, the aviation fraternity believes Curtis will disappoint anyone who expects another example of "study and stall," one of Washington's more popular pastimes. There is no doubt that Curtis has the ear of the President—a weapon of incalculable importance in getting things done in Washington. Those who know him best do not doubt that he will "knock heads together" at the Commerce and Defense Departments if the occasion demands. The Air Transport Association, in fact, feels Curtis may be the best means of ending the deadlocks and indecision that have plagued the Air Navigation and Development Board since its creation in 1948.

The ANDB was created as a medium through which civil and military authorities could resolve their differences over research and development of new equipment to be used on the airways. Representatives of the Commerce and Defense Departments each have one vote: neither can override the objections of the other and there is no one to break the deadlocks that can —and do—develop. All too often disagreements are swept under the carpet by the simple expedient of appointing a new subcommittee to study the problem. There are now seventy-five committees and subcommittees working on problems concerning aviation facilities.

The ATA proposes that the ANDB be abolished completely, and its functions taken over by the President's Special Assistant for Aviation Facilities—General Curtis.

Curtis, meanwhile, is operating on the theory that the great time lag between the laboratory experiment and assembly-line production of aviation facilities means the government must look twenty years ahead if it is to be ready with the air-traffic control facilities needed to cope with future generations of aircraft. Thus he sees the evolution of a master plan for development of the federal airways as his primary mission.

However, he realizes that tomorrow's airways will grow necessarily out of today's. New facilities aimed at solving today's crisis will have to be able to serve as the skeleton for improvements which will be needed later. So Curtis will exercise a strong, if not deciding, voice in moves to improve existing air-traffic control facilities. He will begin making recommendations by 1957.

Although a few more accidents could make flight safety one of the biggest political footballs in Washington, Curtis and his staff profess to see no political significance to their jobs.

"We are technicians, not politicians," explains Gordon Bennett, Curtis' deputy. "This traffic-control problem is not going to be solved overnight. No matter who sits in the White House, an office such as ours will be needed."

Like it or not, however, Curtis—as the President's own assistant on airways safety—may be up to his ears in politics before he gets back to Rochester, if the Republicans keep control of the White House. Congress, particularly if it is controlled by the Democrats, will have its own ideas as to what the solution should be. Private pilots and other groups will be ready to pounce the second it looks as if someone were trying to solve the problem at their expense.

The Grand Canyon tragedy focused public attention on the mid-air collision hazard and turned air-traffic control into a political issue. It will remain one until the traveling public can



A few words from the shelf

By BRUCE BLIVEN

Drawings by Sheila Greenwald

WE WANT it clearly understood that we Retirees are busier than we have ever been. "Oh, I am *so* busy," we tell each other. "I simply don't have a *minute*."

This is true, too, in a way, even though a good deal of our activity might be called, uncharitably, busy work. Every community nowadays abounds in activities intended partly or entirely for what the press loves to call Senior Citizens, and a lot of us participate in things that we would have scorned twenty years earlier, when it was really true that we were busy. We serve on committees. We collect for the Community Chest (which is certainly nothing to scorn at any age). We also baby-sit with our grandchildren. We get up late, and take naps after lunch. Those of us still well enough to drive a car go out and shop a good deal oftener than is strictly necessary—a process that has been described as "buying a paper of pins, one pin at a time."

Many of us live in parts of the country where food stores no longer deliver anything and we call daily, or almost daily, at the supermarkets. Husband and wife share these duties; the rule usually is that the husband pushes the cart and the wife plucks the desired items from the shelf. A man who looked like a corporation executive at sixty-four still looks like one at sixty-six, and some of us are slightly sheepish, aware of the faintly odd picture we present performing these modest household chores. We give a whimsical grin, our secret password, to one another when we meet in the supermarket aisle.

The Careful Reader. We also use more time than before in reading the newspapers. A man on his way to work by bus or train races through the headlines, even when he has plenty of time; the tempo of the day's coming activities beats a faster tattoo in his blood. The man about to drive to work, glancing at the newspaper over the breakfast table, is of course even more pressed. But now that we have no offices to go to, we can take plenty of time for the paper; we can even go through it twice, just making sure there is nothing we have missed.

It is a point of honor not to turn first to the obituary notices, but to take them in their normal spot as we flip the pages; but the point of honor doesn't forbid us—once we have arrived there—to race through the list of names. Those who were middle-aged when we were young are all gone now, except for the unusual, stubborn ancient who gets interviewed annually on his birthday just to prove that having had nothing to say all his life, he has nothing to say now.

Most of the names on the obituary pages are those of contemporaries. Some of them we knew, and we are of course sorry they are dead. Yet with this sorrow there is—unless the departed was a real friend—just the faintest tincture of malicious pleasure, too. *Well, I outlived him,* is the unbidden, unuttered thought.

Suddenly Important. We see by the public prints that we are a Significant Phenomenon now. They publish magazines and books about us, hold national conventions; owl-eyed boys

with Ph.D.'s are experts on a subject we can't even pronounce, called Geriatrics. Some of the information they have dug up is startling. There are about fourteen million of us now, and there will soon be more than twenty million; while the national population was doubling, ours was quadrupling. It is melancholy to note, moreover, that we are not doing too well financially. Thirty-six per cent of us have no income at all, 38 per cent have less than $1,000 a year, and 11 per cent have from $1,000 to $2,000. Only 15 per cent of us have $2,000 or more. These figures would be even gloomier were it not for the fact of federal Old Age Benefits; about half of us are drawing OAB pensions as retired workers or as survivors of workers.

Among the untold tragic stories of the nation is the plight of the family which planned many years ago for a retirement annuity based on savings, and now finds the value of its money cut in two by the inflation of the past decade; nobody knows the suffering that goes on behind the prim, clean curtains of those homes. Because they still have property, these people are ineligible for any sort of local relief (in most states) and not many of them have qualified for the federal system whose coverage has been expanded so tardily, in successive jumps that were years apart.

A common delusion about us is the theory that on the day we retire, we head for Florida, Arizona, or California, to toast our aging bones henceforth in the hot sunshine. The bright young researchers have discovered, on the contrary, that most of us can't afford to migrate, even if we wanted to. California and Florida, surprising as it may seem, are below the national average in their proportion of the elderly. That we stay where we lived and worked as younger people is probably a good thing. The old do not readily make friends, and it is easy to be very lonely in a new community, even one where the hot sun beats down almost every day.



Several states are engaged in setting up special Senior Citizen Sanctuaries, with small houses where Darby and Joan can begin life anew with no stairs to climb, the shopping center only a couple of blocks away and, very likely, ramps at the curbs for our wheel chairs. There may be some of us who like this cotton-wool treatment, but for the majority, it is unpleasant. To be surrounded only by the moribund is a too vivid reminder of your own morbidity. If it were possible, we should prefer to live in a community where everyone else was twenty. And no mirrors.

The Lucky Ones. Most of the Retirees, of course, are people who had salaried positions. The self-employed go on working, even though on a reduced scale, to the extent, and as long as, their health permits. Those who were forced to retire at a specified age are inclined to envy the man who never had a job to lose. Some of us try to turn, at sixty-five, to self-employment, becoming consultants in our special field, if we ever had one, but unless you are in the top 10 per cent in your occupation, this is hard to do.

The experts on human behavior are all saying nowadays that nobody should ever be completely retired at all; it is suspected, though the figures are lacking, that the mortality rate is staggeringly high among those suddenly and violently separated from a busy, active career. These authorities point out, moreover, that some are too old to work when they are in their fifties, while others are still young enough for full activity long after they have passed three score and ten. The arbitrary knife of sixty-five fits us all to a cruel Procrustean bed. Unfortunately, not many people in business and the academic world have yet heard of the new theory that everybody should stay in a lightened harness until he dies.

Not Mama. When we talk about the Retirees in terms of people who have little or nothing to do, we refer, of course, almost exclusively to men. If you are the wife of a retired worker—or anybody of either sex, living alone—you have to go on doing housework just as before. In these days nobody has servants, and even if they did, the Retirees can't afford one. Five per cent of



us are in homes or institutions, where little or no work is required of us; the other 95 per cent are keeping house in one way or another. To be sure, it is far less of a chore than it was when the children were still at home, and it is still less because we cut down our demands to the shrunken pocketbook and the slowed pace. More than half of the women among us—and one-third of the men—are single, widowed, or divorced, and when you live alone, your housekeeping gets sketchier than ever; it is not for nothing that the doctors have invented the terms, "Widows' Anemia" and "Bachelors' Scurvy."

No Magical Change. The great lesson that is hardest of all for the Retirees to learn is that no sudden magical change in your character takes place when you pass the mystic age of sixty-five. If you had no hobby before, the chances are very high that you will have none now; and even if you had one, it will play a role little greater in your life than it did when you were younger. This is a shock to ardent hunters and fishermen, for instance, who have said for many years that all they asked was to be allowed to hunt or fish seven days a week; on the contrary, all but the most fanatical of them soon discover that you can easily get too much of a good thing. Perhaps the gardeners are the luckiest of all, for a garden—except when it is buried in snow—makes its own daily demands upon you. Few things are so sad as the man who all his life has wanted time to read a whodunit every day, finally sitting and looking with distaste at a stack of them, unread—and waiting for the clock to strike.

The Illusion of Urgency. Television has been a blessing to us. As it does for a lot of people of all ages, it fills great arid wastes of time in our lives; but for those of us who may have been active in the affairs of the world, it serves a rather special purpose. We watch the television newsreels, the interviews with important political figures, the speeches by government officials, and we get a fleeting sense of renewed participation in the doings of the nation or the world. This is particularly useful next day when playing shuffleboard or pitching horseshoes with someone who doesn't have a television set (increasingly hard to find nowadays).

"As Dulles said last night," we begin, or, "Adenauer isn't at all the sort of fellow the newspapers try to make out."

If we happen to be far away on the Pacific Coast we can look out the window to New York's Forty-ninth Street with the camera on the Dave Garroway Show and report to our luncheon companions (properly mystified, we hope),

"It was pouring in New York this morning."

Those Really Old People. The Young can't understand why we court the companionship of people ten or fifteen years older than ourselves; but every Retiree knows the reason. Sitting with an octogenarian, the man who is a mere sixty-five feels remarkably youthful. We show a tendency to call him Sir, and to throw into the conversation—which, naturally, is mostly reminiscent—an apologetic "I'm afraid that was before my time." So many things have been during our time or even since our time that it is delicious to say, "I was too young, I don't remember."



The Grandchildren. People are always commenting on how the Retirees cling to their grandchildren, but the explanation of this, also, is simple. In the presence of these small people we can turn back the clock a little, to a time when we did not need bifocals and ran both down stairs and up them, without clinging to the bannister as though we were on a rope bridge across the Grand Canyon.

It is best of all, of course, when the young parents go out for a few hours and leave us as baby-sitters (we make every possible joke about working free at this occupation and being threatened as scabs by the Baby-sitters' Union). Alone with the children, there are no living milestones in the room to suggest the gap between infancy and old age. If the children are young enough, they are unable to identify comparative levels of strength in adults of various ages.

"How strong you are, Gramp!" says three-year-old Bobbie, and Gramp, who found it all he could do to lift Bobbie to chest height, chuckles.

A Flock of Compensations. The surprising thing to many of us is the rather sudden discovery of a group of unsuspected compensations in being frankly Among the Elderly. One of these is that if you live long enough, you add an illegitimate, undeserved luster to whatever accomplishments you may have to your credit. People seem to feel that to have been a grocer, or whatever, and avoided bankruptcy for fifty years is somehow more admirable than to have managed the same feat for twenty—and perhaps they are right, too. At any rate, at a given point, you turn from being That Obnoxious Young Man into at least a reasonable facsimile of one of the Elders of the Tribe.

As a subsidiary part of this, you are released from certain obligations prevalent among the youthful. At thirty, if someone suggests a swim in the icy waters of the lake, the moral pressure to participate in this idiotic enterprise is almost irresistible. At sixty-five, on the contrary, if you were foolhardy enough to seek to join in, you would be forcibly restrained. Old age as a protective camouflage for one's innate cowardice is a refreshing novelty. On the other hand, the fear of death, usually so strong before forty, gradually fades as time goes on; even the hypochondriac, in most cases, slowly outlives his hypochondria, and comes to the day when he looks with shocked disbelief at the shelf-ful of needless medicines in his bathroom.

Everyone knows how the passage of time speeds up as you grow older, and this can be a good thing to those who might otherwise suffer some degree of boredom, having been separated from the main stream of the world's events. If to a small boy a day can be an eternity—the twenty-third of December, for instance—for the elderly, time rushes past like a jet plane. Turn your head once, and the green outside your window is white, or is white and green and white again. Younger people marvel at our patience as we sit, hardly moving, looking into a distance that exists only in memory. They give us more credit than we deserve; it's no trick to sit five minutes, even though the clock says it is five hours.

We Cry in the Movies. At the sad spot in the picture, down at the neighborhood movie, snuffling can be heard; and it is largely Us. Tears come more easily now, and with little difference between the sexes. The psychologists talk a lot of nonsense about the impairments of old age, but we know better. We have had more practice at crying, that is all; we have had to console so many survivors in bereaved households, have seen so many partings with loved ones (and reunions, too, which are also an occasion for tears). Moreover, we no longer have appearances to be kept up, or at least, not in the same proportion as before. Cry, old man, we say to ourselves, if you want to; and we do. Let the doctor prattle about senile dementia as he likes. What does he know about it? He is only forty!



The Grand Old People. Our true heroes are the few really old people, the Mt. Everests of humanity, who are carrying on magnificently in their eighties or even nineties. No one will ever know what Grandma Moses has done for the morale of the rest of us—or Winston Churchill or Albert Schweitzer. We realize that we shall never equal their accomplishments; perhaps we'll never have any accomplishments at all, of our own; yet we feel that they somehow magnificently justify our existence. Go it, Old Boy!—or Old Girl!—we say. After all, you're only in the prime of life!

Gordon Harrison

WANTED:
More Politics in Defense

By "keeping military strategy out of politics," both parties are covering up a life-and-death issue . . . with the result that we may be offering a major victory to the Russians.

THIS spring, for the first time in three years, defense policies burst into the political arena. Air Force generals were haled, not unwillingly, before Congressional committees to testify to their convictions that three years of economy have left us unprepared. One of them, Chief of Staff General Nathan F. Twining, traveled to Russia on a good will trip which everyone knew was less likely to harvest good will than to plant fresh arguments for stepping up the air-atomic arms race.

Democrats in Congress joyfully ended their long frustration of saying yessir to General Ike. In their exuberance they flung at Secretary of Defense Wilson $900,000,000 more than he requested for the 1957 Air Force budget and dared him not to spend it for more super weapons for the super war that everyone solemnly said must never happen. Mr. Wilson, who can seldom pass a hornet's nest without poking at it, called the Democratic maneuver "a phony," then ran for cover, where he politely thanked his enemies for their generosity but insisted that he didn't need the money. It is too bad that, if he could not stand his ground, others did not elect to hold it for him. He was right. The cry for more B-52s to stay ahead of the Russians was, and is, a phony. It is worse than that. It is an appeal to hysteria at the expense of thoughtful discussion of the real problem of national defense. With it the Democrats completed their abdication of responsibility as an opposition party. Instead of demanding that the Administration justify its three-year course, they began to prod us faster in directions which neither party has yet seriously examined.

The tragedy is not that politics now intrudes into defense, but rather that politics has too long been banished on the specious ground that—as Representative Clarence Cannon recently remarked—defense "is too serious a question for partisanship." In fact, how we marshal our strength for trial with our enemies is precisely such a serious matter that both parties need to give to it their best thinking and their most eloquent talents in debate. Partisanship is the democratic method of organizing and expressing opposing points of view, providing the people with instructions in the issues and a meaningful choice between candidates for office. In the balmy air of moderation, presided over by a President who (we are repeatedly reminded) is "above politics," the suspension of political debate on vital issues has already spread a stifling hush over the central concerns of government.

But partisanship never has been, and never can be, excluded from democratic government. Nowhere has this Administration struck out more strongly and self-consciously to mark a break with the Truman years and develop a national program consonant with Republican convictions than in its reorganization of the military establishment. Even before his inauguration President-elect Eisenhower began the re-examination of what armed forces we needed and what we could best support. This New Look, begun in December 1952, and completed in the fall of 1953, was designed to meet three assumed requirements of national policy: to balance the budget, to stabilize military planning and spending in expectation of a prolonged period of international tension, and to shift emphasis from

manpower, in which we were deemed hopelessly inferior, to air-atomic power, in which we seemed to have an unbeatable advantage. Although these, of course, were not uniquely Republican assumptions, they fitted particularly well with the party's interests and outlook.

To carry out the New Look President Eisenhower appointed a new set of Joint Chiefs of Staff, after Republicans—Senator Taft in particular—had objected that the military leaders who served under President Truman were too deeply committed to Truman policies. The objection was valid at least to the extent that the generals and admirals, for all their remoteness from domestic politics, had worked directly for civilian chiefs dedicated to the success of the Administration. The same was true of the New Look. A Republican Secretary of Defense set the problem and presided over its solution. A Republican Secretary of State declared the foreign policy which the armed forces were to serve. A Republican Secretary of the Treasury determined what the nation would pay. Republican leaders in Congress shepherded the program over the legislative course. Finally Republicans everywhere have run, and will run, for election on the Peace and Prosperity slogan which has both ends rooted like a wild raspberry in the 35-billion-dollar defense program.

In all this there is not a tittle to which a reasonable person could take exception. But what is made by party, endorsed by party, and used by party in its bid for public favor cannot be billed as nonpartisan. Nor should it be. The only thing wrong with politics in defense is the hypocrisy of concealing it.

WHEN THE NEW LOOK WAS NEW

DELIBERATELY a new departure, the New Look repudiated in part what the Administration believed was a prodigal and mistaken Democratic past while heralding a safe and orthodox Republican future. At the time it was conceived, the President was working to make good his implied campaign pledge to end the Korean war. Before his first budget was drawn up, the Korean truce had been signed. Springing thus out of the liquidation of "Truman's war," the New Look set out to exploit and consolidate that success.

Immediately it became possible to cut ground forces—even without reducing effective strength—by eliminating battle losses and men in the pipeline (that is, troops constantly in training and rotation between camp and battlefield). Army cuts, begun in this way, proceeded slowly and undramatically to pare the establishment far below what both past and present Army Chiefs of Staff—General Matthew B. Ridgway and General Maxwell Taylor—believe essential to meet the commitments of our various alliances and mutual-assistance pacts. We are now down to nineteen divisions, of which five are training organizations filled with recruits and unfit for combat. General Ridgway protested that this force was clearly inadequate—at least 300,000 men under what we should have. General Taylor has accepted it reluctantly, preferring to try to hold this much intact rather than waste his prestige in continuing the battle that Ridgway could not win.

Even though Ridgway's optimum army would cost only about $2 billion or $3 billion more, his view is particularly difficult to defend in Washington today. The most evident, convincing need for ground troops is to stand guard over other Koreas. But the face of this Administration is stubbornly set against any more limited wars. The unpopularity of the costly "police action" and the sigh of relief at its conclusion turned Republicans generally to search out ways of avoiding such involvement in the future. That quest underlay the doctrine of massive retaliation—the one foreign policy doctrine that perfectly fitted (1) the military New Look; (2) the Republican pre-occupation with balancing the budget; (3) the postwar revision of traditional isolationism which Hoover and Taft had expounded in their concept of Fortress America; (4) a verbal reversal of the containment policy—thus permitting us for a time to talk tough to appease those at home who loudly protested appeasement abroad.

Still more subtly it fitted America's favorite image of itself: a nation of brilliant scientists and industrial giants in a backward world, where some peoples are delightfully quaint, others retarded, but all hopelessly inferior in the ways of material progress that really count. That image still so dominates Secretary Wilson's mind that he can't help patronizing the Russians, no matter what intelligence he may receive of their scientific and industrial progress. Congress last January pressed him hard to explain or deny reports that the Russian air force was already ahead of ours in its capacity for nuclear war—reports, incidentally, which had even then been publicly accepted as fact by General Twining and the chief of Strategic Air Command, General Curtis LeMay. Secretary Wilson said this: "The Communist world is making some progress undoubt-

...dly, in what I called the industrial revolution." But this gain is partly illusion.

"I have every confidence," he continued, "that our system is superior to theirs. I think they will finally make a lot of mistakes, handling everything from the top."

But if they don't? Can we count on the inevitable failure of wrongheadedness? Are we even sure a system which has outstripped us in war preparations is completely wrongheaded? Secretary Wilson admits no doubts. Such Russian progress as has been made, he implies, has only come about through the theft of American secrets.

"You know," he told the Congressmen, "we cannot get very far out ahead of them, because we talk so much in this country and write so many articles and publish so many pictures and magazine articles that they are always bound to be able to do it. *Most of their weapons, of course, really came out of the Western World.*"

The other half of the stereotype is that America, supreme in know-how, is no match for the barbarians in numbers. The fact, however, is that the total population of the NATO countries of about 436,000,000 compares with a population in the Soviet Union and European satellites of 285,000,000. Though we hold human life more dear, we could, if we chose, build far bigger and more effective armies on a more solid economic base. (The untold millions of people in Red China provide no true picture of a military potential, as Korea demonstrated.)

The point is simply that the kind of military force we have depends far less on objective appraisal of our resources than it does on our national state of mind. The key military decisions are *political,* shaped more by what we want to believe than by the tools we have to work with. Massive retaliation was thus firmly grounded on domestic political fact. Unfortunately it had far more tenuous connections with international reality.

RATTLING THE A-BOMB

EARLY in 1953, the Pentagon, in an effort to break Communist stalling in the truce negotiations, made certain warlike gestures, including the alerting of the Strategic Air Command. Newspaper stories of "secret" war plans were published.

"We were not too careful about whether that leaked out or not," Secretary Wilson said later, "and we got the armistice."

The occasion provided the first of Secretary Dulles' "brinks of war" from which, he subsequently boasted, American policy snatched a victory. The lesson drawn was the effectiveness of a tough policy in general and of the threat of nuclear bombing in particular.

The first success, however, was not to be repeated. In April 1954, the Administration for the second time rattled its arsenal of A-bombs. But now the situation was different. Instead of a military stalemate as in Korea, we faced the problem of rescuing the French from imminent military defeat in Indochina. A series of statements by the President, the Vice President, and Admiral Radford, Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, publicly declared our vital interest in keeping Indochina out of Communist hands. But threats alone were clearly not enough. The Communist Viet Minh forces—with a stranglehold around the city of Dienbienphu, which the French had elected to make a critical trial of strength—had victory in their grasp. To break that grip would require at least a taste of American might. So behind the scenes Secretary Dulles and Admiral Radford sounded out Congressional leaders on how Congress might feel about dropping a few A-bombs at Dienbienphu.

The Washington *Post* reporter, Chalmers M. Roberts, who later pieced together the story of these critical days, believes that when the Administration approached Congress, the National Security Council had already approved intervention in Indochina at least in principle. This is not certain. It is possible that Dulles and Radford (with or without full Presidential backing) were still feeling their way along the brink and that even in calling members of Congress to the White House they were repeating the technique that apparently succeeded in Korea of being "not too careful" who got wind of their plans. That interpretation receives some confirmation from the fact that Radford, in talks with General Paul Ely, French Chief of Staff, had strongly suggested in March that the United States might be willing to intervene even though neither then nor later were we formally asked to. Such gratuitous forehandedness makes less sense as a preliminary to action than as a piece of stagecraft to stiffen our allies and frighten our enemies.

In any case, whether the proposal of a nuclear air strike on Dienbienphu was action policy or talking policy, it still had to confront some hard diplomatic and military facts. When Admiral Radford talked to members of Congress he confessed he was not supported by the Joint Chiefs of Staff. General Ridgway, Army Chief of Staff,

was in fact then preparing a report on the probable cost of intervention, assuming—as he believed we must—that our involvement could not be limited to air and naval forces. When the report, based on on-the-spot studies by Army experts, was complete, General Ridgway made certain that it was passed up to the White House. He has written in his memoirs his belief that the analysis of the tremendous cost of the proposed adventure "played a considerable, perhaps a decisive, part" in dissuading the President.

But, as Mr. Roberts points out, the real crusher was more probably the attitude of our allies. Secretary Dulles, in London on April 10, found Prime Minister Eden dead set against any action, at least until the Geneva Conference met two weeks later. And on the eve of that conference—when Dulles again suggested that it was not too late for the proposed bombing—Eden gave his final no. The conference met. The President talked about finding a way to live and let live. If the shadow of a bomb—or the bluff—lay over the meeting no one was rude enough to notice it.

On the heels of the Indochina truce came the third crisis and the third attempt to use air-atomic power as an instrument of diplomacy. Red China was developing a threat against the Nationalist islands of Quemoy and Matsu. Most military experts at the time believed the threat was greatly exaggerated, that Red China had no real use for the islands—which were not logical stepping stones to an invasion of Formosa—and that the risk of attacking them without superior naval power would have been out of all proportion to the possible political gain. Therefore they argued, Chinese military preparations on the mainland were more plausibly explained as defense combined with a bluff to feel out foreign reaction.

In the early fall of 1954 the National Security Council decided to act with vigor. Three of the Joint Chiefs and Secretary Dulles were in favor of notifying Chiang Kai-shek that he might bomb the mainland in defense of his position and call for air support if needed. General Ridgway opposed the plan. Congress, in the meantime, discussed the possibility of formally resolving that the offshore islands were included in American treaty guarantees of Nationalist China's integrity. In the end the question was left open for the President to decide, and the President overruled his Council. The issue faded and the remnants of the massive retaliation theory seem to have been buried in ambiguity.

Whether our curiously mixed but lively response to the crisis helped to resolve it or not depends largely on whether this was in fact a "brink of war" or just shadowboxing. The answer is not yet in and may never be. It does seem clear, however, that massive retaliation had by this time taken such a mauling from its critics and from the fears it had aroused in the public that only a pretty spectacular success could have saved it.

No such success appeared; quite the opposite. As Russia's ability to deliver H-bombs on America grew, retaliation became two-edged. Control over the threat of the big war passed from our hands—if, indeed, we ever effectively had it. With air fleets and atomic stockpiles approaching a balance, the military right arm of diplomacy became paralyzed. We dared not even cock it for a bluff. Indeed, we are now beginning to worry much more about whether the paralysis is mutual than whether we have any freedom of action left.

DEMOCRATS GET INTO THE ACT

IRONICALLY it is only at this point that the Democrats have roused themselves to challenge the Administration on defense. In so doing, they accept all the shaky premises and dubious results of the New Look—demanding only that it be carried further. The New Look was vulnerable from the beginning, on the grounds that it either misinterpreted the kind of force needed for effective diplomacy, or that it made a political compromise between what was needed and what could be supported with minimum disruption of a peacetime economy.

It focused attention on the power of strategic air forces with nuclear weapons to keep the peace by making war too destructive to be considered by any nation as an instrument of policy. To do that much, and still balance the budget, required a corresponding reduction in conventional forces capable of fighting limited wars.

"I do not think we would have another Korea," said Secretary Wilson, "and not use all the resources necessary to win the war. . . . I do not think the American people would be in favor of another one like that." What this means is that he rejects the notion of police action merely to check aggression and is prepared for only such wars as can be pushed to a total victory. A Republican Senator I talked to expressed the same view. He said: "We cannot afford to fight any more limited wars." Thus far is revulsion at the Korean experience still controlling the Republican thinking. When I

quoted the Senator's remark to a Democratic Congressman, he replied: "Maybe we can't afford *not* to fight limited wars, if the alternative is surrender or annihilation."

Here surely was a legitimate and vital difference of opinion for interparty debate. As the Republicans were pursuing a military and diplomatic policy aimed at avoiding what they felt were the tragic consequences of President Truman's intervention in Korea, so the Democrats might have defended their record while pointing out the perils of the Republican reaction.

They did not, for what seemed to them unanswerable political reasons. There was little popular appeal in championing the Army when most people longed for less painful ways to security. They saw no votes to be picked up by advocating increased costs, taxes, and draft calls. When nearly everybody was saying that Ike was our greatest military expert and why not leave it to him, Democrats had little but uneasiness and a modicum of logic with which to argue his fallibility. Finally they dragged behind them their own record of unpreparedness and were naturally reluctant to call attention to its dismal clank.

Even so, Representative Carl Vinson of Georgia, Chairman of the House Armed Services Committee, listened long enough to General Ridgway's pleas for a balanced force to become convinced and almost to take the plunge. He had a full-dress speech attacking the New Look ready for delivery on the floor, as well as plans apparently for a critical report by his own committee. But at the last minute he accepted Defense Department assurances that no further reductions in the Army would be made and that the existing force was good enough. This left only two Congressmen—Representative Daniel J. Flood of Pennsylvania and Representative Melvin Price of Illinois—to criticize consistently the Pentagon's new philosophy. In the Senate, Missouri's Senator Stuart Symington and Washington's Senator Henry M. Jackson had long carried on back-bench sniping, but mostly at the inadequacies of the Air Force. Until early spring party leaders considered even that much dissent such bad politics that those friendly to Symington's candidacy for the Presidential nomination were urging him to talk about something else.

What suddenly changed the political complexion of the issue, of course, was the publicizing of Soviet progress in overcoming our air-atomic lead both in numbers and quality of planes and missiles. The Administration had long argued that American security was guaranteed primarily by superior retaliatory striking power. In the public mind this meant quite simply that we had so much the best air force that no nation could hope to challenge us to an intercontinental duel. That comforting illusion, supported as it was by national pride, fled before the revelation that the Communists were catching up and might even be ahead. If we were not supreme in the air, then patently we were not supreme. The idea, furthermore, that the Russians might be beating us at our own game, outthinking and out-producing us, was perhaps even more intolerable than the fear that their wonderful inventions might fall among us. Here, undeniably, was a potent political issue against which even the prestige of a military President might not be proof.

But it is, regrettably, the wrong issue.

BECAUSE the Russians may have 500 intercontinental jet bombers, does it follow that we must have 500? It could be that we don't need that many for any conceivable purpose of war or defense. Our Air Force *may* be dangerously understrength in men and machines for its assigned tasks, but the evidence is not to be found in an itemized comparison of U.S. and Russian bombers and bombs. To make such comparisons the basis for political attack is to compound the major folly of the past three years: the almost total failure to relate force to strategy.

As we approach the state of mutual deterrence when neither side can directly attack the other without risking its own annihilation, the world must take one of two paths: (1) settle its differences peacefully; or (2) settle them by application of less than total force. Everything we know about history and human nature argues the folly of supposing that arms can be eliminated as a tool of diplomacy. In no foreseeable future, will negotiations between the Communists and the democratic world be based on a spirit of accommodation. Instead, each side will face a series of crises, in which the value of what is haggled over will be weighed against the cost of getting it. The side in a position to enforce its will in the cheaper way will have an unbeatable advantage until the last compromise is reached.

We need, of course, the capacity for massive retaliation to deter Communist attack. But we also need the power to deter Communist aggression and subversion in the gray areas—or we shall risk a steady withdrawal that will finally

leave us no alternatives but to fight or surrender. As General Taylor said:

"We have made a great deal of progress in developing an atomic air deterrent. I think now that our program needs to be bent a little—perhaps more than a little—in order to focus attention on the danger of the small war which seems to me to be coming to the forefront all the time as the greatest danger we are facing."

The Administration has talked about a small, centrally-located, highly mobile, hard-hitting, combined force capable of being committed at any trouble spot on need. We do not have such a force, and the chances of getting one in the present political climate are very meager. The Army has two airborne divisions and is experimenting with another organized for battle with nuclear weapons. But the Air Force lacks the transport planes to move even one division with its equipment. Now spending sixteen and a half billion dollars of the defense budget, the Air Force has told Congress that it will need billions more next year to maintain its authorized strength of 137 wings. There is no cash to meet the Army's transport and air support needs. Still worse, it seems highly unlikely, on the basis of the record, that Secretary Humphrey will forgo the temptation to meet a part of the Air Force's rising need by trimming the Army a little more. Even if the Administration rejects the proposals attributed to Admiral Radford for an immediate manpower slash so drastic that we would be unable to fight anything but an atomic war, we appear to be moving toward the same end by yearly tinkering with the budget. At the pace of the past three years, the point of no return when we will be committed to appeasement or total war will be reached soon enough.

The one most hopeful way of resisting this trend—at least long enough to examine where it is taking us—is to make strategy a political issue. On the other hand, the one sure way to bury all rational criticism of both military and foreign policy is to raise a bipartisan clamor to keep up with the Russians.

Hard as it admittedly is for the Democrats to talk sense about defense and still hold their audience, they cannot escape their essential responsibility to do so. It is true that the case against present policy cannot easily be proved. It is true that strategy is a difficult stump subject and that the apathy of the people is large. But somewhere, sometime the vicious circle of public indifference and political silence must be broken —if national unity is not to be used as a fatal cover-up for national drift.

CODE: HOW TO DEAL WITH SORCERERS

THE judge of the district shall take cognizance of the affair, and try it. The ordinary forms of trials are not to be used in such instances.

The suspicion of sorcery is sufficient to authorize the arrest of any individual.

If the accused do not confess, he must be placed in close confinement, and trusty persons appointed to draw the truth from him.

There are some judges who make promises of pardon, and nevertheless, finally pronounce sentence of execution; but this custom, though authorized by many doctrines, is extremely cruel.

If public report accuse the criminal of sorcery, he is a sorcerer.

A son is allowed to give evidence against his father.

Witnesses of infamous character may be heard, as well as other.

Children likewise may be heard.

Variations in the answers of the witnesses, must not be considered as a presumption favorable to the innocence of the prisoner, if all accuse him of sorcery.

The judge may condemn on mere conjecture and presumption; in that case, the criminal must not be burnt, but hanged.

—Henri Boguet, Grand Judge of Sainte Claude, Dôle, France, August 19, 1601.

THE BANDITS



A Story by William Eastlake

Drawings by *Jack Boyd*

A long time ago, over the first swallow hunch left by foreign and in the United States people were writing many great books that might soon not be in print. Perhaps it is not such a long time ago now, and perhaps it is never.

NOVEMBER is the month of the dead and on All Saints Day of that month yellow flowers in crowns are hung on the doorways of the adobe huts in Mexico. They are arranged carefully in the form of the cross on the graves and they are lighted with candles.

The men on horseback had ridden through the sharp yellowness of the flowers of the dead two hours before and now from the edge of the barranca in the rapid-coming darkness they could see the faint blur of the candles celebrating death. The seven men sat astride their horses without movement and without speaking. Twenty minutes before they had ridden to a point directly below them, dismounted abruptly from their horses, and lifted a rope across the highway. But now as they watched in perfect silence up the ravaged road for the *federales* on it appears they did not breathe deeply. One of them dropped the end of a cigarette and a horse pricked ears for the whole and then swung its big head before it stirred. Now the heavy roll of the bells at Tuco began again.

They had been listening on this day of our dead since the horsemen had begun the journey. The priests will sound for hours for their town as only the bells on this day for their dead. If they pull long and many hard for their dead they know the Lord will look on them with favor in his eye.

One of the horsemen spat. It was the same horseman who—when they had ridden through Tuco in the heavy rolling hot at the head of them—had ridden differently with his back straighter, riding as one not asleep, riding as the old men remembered Black Jack's men had ridden, swinging lonely and straight up on their McClellan saddles, chasing Villa and Villa's sleep, turned accommodating, pretending to be chased.

When the seven on their rare horses had gotten into Tuco as far as the outdoor *expendio* of Jose Rosa, the contractor had doubled back within the others, flowed back through the large sombreros of the six, ridden alone to the blinding white wedding-cake front of the Church of Our Blessed Lady of the Immaculate Conception and allowed his horse to drink from the heart-shaped fountain of the Blood of Our Saviour. No one gave him their eyes. The iron beating of the bells fell with the steadiness of utmost fierce patience as the man traded his horse to its head hooves with style and rode out of town, lonely yet even, followed by the six waiting at Jule Rosa's; they slowly disappeared into the wavy wind going fast toward the edge of the hills, faintly suggested in the shimmering dazzle of the heat waves that drifted and began across their illusions in the recurrent dry wind of Baja Sonora.

"Kill all the *cargonos*!"

It was turning cool now. Where the seven waited at the edge of the barranca, the scrub and thorn and cactus-dry ravine that followed the pass, the lilac of the candles at Tuco became distinct as the cold and the darkness came on.

The rider who had spoken was one of the six. He had spoken to himself but as he reset

his weight on the saddle by leaning his bulk on the pommel he looked at the seventh. The man looked back at him and at them. He was in advance of the others on a V-shaped promontory jutting over the ravine. His eyes were on the man who had spoken. His own eyes were of a blue like the color of the spaces between the clouds. Still all *norte-americanos* were so afflicted, the argument had run thus back in camp. None was an expert, none had seen too many, and when they asked Buck (they pronounced it Book), he just laughed as he had on many questions of equal importance. Most times with the quick laugh there would come a sudden remark in ununderstandable *inglés* and he would slap his Texas chaps and stare through them, beyond them, with his blue eyes that were the color of between the clouds.

"No smoking," he said in Spanish.

The glow of four cigarettes arched through the dusk. With the night had come the coldness of the hills. One of the *Indios* rubbed his gun and cursed to himself in his own language. The bandits sat now like the rocks as big as houses around them and stared at the pass.

THEIR first victim, a long, low, heavy and hand-rubbed, august black limousine emitting almost no sound curled patiently through the quiet, pluming ocher dust of Mexico, down the long arroyos, dull-lensed with gray sediment and far above, always the continuous flag of striped cliff, gaudy and endless and wavering above an exquisite water-and-wind-eroded hell of purple sharp banded clay slopes, abrupt and blinding white limestone faults, twisted convolutions of a billion years, wind-ripped, naked, and shot red-bright with iron; now the soft folded dark mounds of clay and shale and now the cacti, abstract and bizarre, gesturing. Ahead, the fresh and quick, man-felled barricade. But a really perfect barricade.

Inside the hushed black car that made toward the barricade and away from the possibility behind them, the pristine, blue-black, and tailored chauffeur heard the receiver click on.

"Ulysses."

"Yes, Mr. Elphick?"

The voices came over the car's intercommunication with the wiry dissonance of a medium's performance.

"Do you think we might have missed a turn back there somewhere, Ulysses?"

"I'm sure I did not," the Negro chauffeur said without accent.

The man in the rear pressed the button and broke off contact, settled back and said in a voice that obviated the need for wires to anywhere, "Did we miss the turn, I said, putting my foot in it. I did not miss the turn, he said, putting me in my place. He's always catching me up like that."

"Now, Tom," his wife, sitting cool and immaculate alongside him, said, "now, Tom," and she touched his knee gently.

"Yes," Mr. Elphick said, "and you'd think if the government down here wanted to keep any business they'd mark their roads, and surface them while they're at it. This is a cow pasture. It may lead to Rhodesia for all I know."

"That's in Africa, isn't it, Father?" his daughter said.

"Yes," the man said, rubbing his polished forehead. "It's somewhere over there and it's where we get our chromite to make into chrome to make our cars bright to make into money so you can primp your face, for God knows why, in Huatabampo."

Bozzie had turned on the corner light, pressed another button that revealed a built-in silver make-up kit, and was dabbing at her well shaped nose with a pink puff.

"It's time for Father's medicine," she said.

Mr. Elphick winced.

"It's Huatabampo, a small village filled with Indian fisherfolk. It is not Cap d'Ail or Sun Valley. There's no use your powdering your nose."

The three Elphicks were seated on the rear seat of the seven-passenger limousine. Mr. Elphick wore a loose-fitting, faint-plaid suit that his tailor had been enthusiastic about and a pale blue bow tie that he had selected himself. A web of fine red veins covered his soft face. His mother, who was still alive, told him he was beginning to look the way he did the day he was born. Mr. Elphick was fifty-nine. His wife alongside him was less and looked much less. She had a long and once very beautiful face. Age hung on it well and gave it a dignity and assurance. She allowed her hair to turn gray when and where it wanted to and the streaks of it were attractive. She was not keen about the prospects of Huatabampo, especially now that Charles was transplanting from the greenhouses at Rancho Paraíso and the bougainvillaea would be in purple battle over the guest houses. Still she endured easily and comforted herself with the knowledge that Charles would be alert at zinnia time.

Bozzie continued to busy herself with the make-up kit. She had the features of her mother

but without their strength. Her dark blue eyes were overlarge; her heavy lips on a short mouth and her up-tilted nose gave her face a constant, amazed, wondering quality. Her breasts were heavy for her age, nineteen, but were in keeping with the dust-jacket pictures on contemporary American fiction, which she knew.

Bozzie had just returned from a little tour of the continent. She had spent most of her time in Paris. It had been planned that she stay in Switzerland but she had hated, hated, hated it. It was like a church with the radiators turned off, she said. Now Paris—Paris was *très, très chic.* She wanted to go there again soon, she said, when things quieted down. She was engaged to Choo Choo Traine, Possible All-American half-back at USC. Now she thought Choo Choo cute but dull, Paris and Creighton sophisticated and exciting.

Creighton had been on his way to the international auto races at Monte Carlo. He drove for the British team. The Italians in their Maseratis ran away with it but Creighton got drunk and made a joke of the defeat. Then they had gone to Vence, a small town in the hills back of Cannes and were very, very happy until Creighton had to go back to his wife and family in Birmingham, something he hadn't told her about. Still he hadn't not told her about it, she thought, and she stopped dabbing with the puff.

And what was so very wrong with Choo Choo? She saw Choo Choo jump off the bench in a red and gold uniform and she saw him go over the goal line standing up, his small hips swinging easily under his false shoulders and heard the feminine squeal beneath the deep roar of the stadium. She saw Choo Choo reading the comic strips on the floor with their children. She saw Choo Choo president of the Twenty-Thirty Club and an outstanding local booster. There was nothing wrong with Choo Choo, nothing wrong at all with Choo Choo. She sighed and looked unhappily into the silver inlaid mirror as the car swerved. Yes, that's what was wrong with Choo Choo—nothing.

In the twilight she watched Mexico going by the car. She repeated the word to herself —"Mexico." It had an exotic ring and the landscape was strange. The abrupt and weird attitudes of the cacti were like the pictures of modern people at the *Salon d'Automne.* Lawrence had loved it and how she had worshiped Lawrence. Or was it Huxley? Someone had filled her library hours at Vassar with the strange, blood-sacrificial rites of the Mayas, the hot blood-enduring passion of weird Indian cults. It was Lawrence, she was certain of that. Yet Aldous Huxley had written something too. Mexico, land of the *conquistadores,* land of *The Plumed Serpent* and *Beyond the Mexique Bay.*

She clicked off her light and smiled happily in the semi-darkness. Mexico was embracing her.

IN FRONT of Bozzie on the drop seat sat Mr. Williams, Mr. Elphick's secretary, holding tightly to a briefcase resting on his knees. Mr. Williams removed his gold wire spectacles from his thin, arched nose and cleared them with his handkerchief. He was a tight man and each movement was quick and tense. His spare body perched nervously on the front of the seat, his head poking as he jerked rather than turned. Now he set the wire spectacles back on his nose. Inside the car as they rode over a smooth track it was absolutely silent. Mr. Williams had poked his head almost against the glass and watched vacantly the smooth going by of the desert landscape.

"Dreaming, Williams?" Mr. Elphick asked. There was a silence while Mr. Williams shifted his briefcase and looked about the car.

"Hitchhikers," he answered. "This country reminds me of something I read in the papers. It seems a hitchhiker murdered somebody who gave him a lift in Arizona, then he fled down here into Mexico, got another lift with a family of tourists and murdered them all too."

"Oh, you never told me you'd been reading the newspapers, Williams. Never thought you read anything but the *Wall Street Journal.*"

Mr. Williams didn't answer. He was looking at the man sitting on the drop seat beside him. Mr. Elphick had cultivated him in the hotel bar at Hermosillo. While in the car, outside of small talk about the rainy season and the possibility of sailfish out of Huatabampo, he had been silent. The man's legs were too long for his position; he was able to rest his chin on his arms folded over his knees. While it was still light he looked at the landscape carefully from this position, watching the cliffs and the varicolored formations intently. His features were regular yet all slightly overlarge. His black hair would sometimes fall over his long forehead when the car lurched and he would push it back with a wiping motion. Mr. Williams guessed him at about thirty-five, thought him concerned about something, and knew what it was. It was what they were all concerned about.

The car shifted itself now as it began to climb for the pass and they all braced themselves as it swung into the first cutback.

"Mr. Guthrie is looking for a horse," Mr. Elphick announced.

"Did you lose a horse, Mr. Guthrie?" Mr. Williams asked. He had a New England accent.

"I don't think we did but some people do."

"And so you've come all the way down here into old Mexico to look for a horse you don't think is missing?"

"That's right," Guthrie said.

Back in the corner Bozzie giggled and Mrs. Elphick laid a warning hand on her thigh. Guthrie continued looking seriously at the seat in front with his chin resting on his long legs in a forced foetal position.

"And just where did you lose the horse?" Mr. Williams asked, patiently and spacing his words as you might to a child or an idiot.

"Eocene," Guthrie said, his voice coming from between his knees.

"And where is that?" Mr. Williams said, still spacing his words and still louder now.

"Where?" Guthrie said, raising his head. "Where was the Eocene? Of course you mean when. It was fifty million years ago. Somewhere between the Paleocene and the Oligocene. About fifty million years ago."

"If you can get your knees off this panel—" Mr. Williams said over-politely to Guthrie.

GUTHRIE turned his knees away from the back of the front seat until they were jammed into Williams' ribs. Mr. Williams released a catch that let down a copper ledge. It held about seven cut-glass bottles fitted into holes in the copper table. In one corner was a cordova-covered Thermos that held ice, and in another a velvet pouch containing silver cups.

"How about you girls?" Mr. Elphick said.

"Not on an empty stomach," his wife said.

"Then make it three, Williams. Make it four. Don't forget the horse."

"So you are a paleontologist," Bozzie said wisely and comfortably from her corner.

"Yes," Guthrie said.

"And you can trace all of life through the rocks," Bozzie said seriously. "So you must have some pretty definite idea of what the big picture is."

"It's rye whisky and water," Mr. Elphick said, humming it.

"No," Bozzie said, embarrassed again by her father and touching Guthrie. "I mean, you know, where we've been. And you must have a pretty good idea of where we're going."

"Briefly," Guthrie said, "we're not going anywhere in particular."



"And in detail?" Mr. Elphick said, gay, watching Williams pour the drinks. "We've been in sin but now we're going to Mexico."

"Oh Father!" Bozzie said, ashamed of him now and leaning forward to exclude him. "Tell me," she said intimately and seriously to Guthrie, "is this the picture or is the evolutionary process continuing in man? That is, are we still changing or is this form of man the final product?"

"And if so," Mr. Elphick said, imitating Bozzie's seriousness, "where do we go to get our money back?"

"No," Bozzie said, ignoring her father. "I mean, what, in your opinion, lies on the road ahead for us?"

"Banditos," Mr. Elphick sang and slapped his knee.

"You know, that's true," Guthrie said. "The road is oriented yet chance plays a big part."

"I told you," Mr. Elphick said, pleased.

"I mean seriously," Bozzie said, lighting a cigarette nervously and looking big at Guthrie. "How can evolution explain away the validity of Freud's death wish?"

"I paid for her at Vassar for four years," Mr. Elphick said solemnly, "and they have now brought her to the excitement of asking the wrong questions."

"Papa can be difficult," Bozzie said, settling back.

Mr. Elphick passed around the drinks. "To the horse," he said. They all drank deeply and with some reverence, Mrs. Elphick thought, to the horse.

"Yes," Mr. Elphick said, breathing again, "Mr. Guthrie and I went deeply into the rocks in the bar. That is why I offered him a lift. I am a student of the rocks myself and I would never allow a true student to wait twenty-three hours

for a train. But don't pump him. He has already earned his ride in the bar."

Mr. Elphick leaned with the roll of the car, trying to save his drink. "That this road is slightly oriented in some direction may be true, but since the last hour I began to lean toward the entirely random school."

"Are you, Mr. Guthrie," Bozzie said abruptly, "a vitalist or a finalist?"

"What she means is, are you married," Mr. Elphick said.

"Or do you," Bozzie said, "hold the more materialistic view and deny both of them and if so," Bozzie said—

"And if so—" Mr. Elphick said.

"And if so," Bozzie said, "what instruments does science have to disprove the metaphysical?"

"None," Guthrie said, "but we can examine the results."

"Yes," Mr. Elphick said into his drink, "yes, but this road is not oriented but truly random and Bozzie really wants to know if you are married."

"Papa, I want to get at the heart of the matter."

"Being a woman you will get at the heart and past that to the viscera and the tortilla in the viscera," Mr. Elphick said.

"I only want Mr. Guthrie to tell me what forces have been acting throughout the history of life."

BANDITS." The voice of Ulysses came back through the communication system. "We've been going by bandits for the last hundred yards."

They could see the dim skeleton shape of oil rigs among the full organ cactus.

"It's not that Ulysses is a Marxist," Mr. Elphick said, watching. "It's that I had a set-to with the oil companies and we have a private joke."

"I didn't think there was oil in this formation," Guthrie said, thinking.

"There isn't," Mr. Elphick said. "Ed Pauley's wasting his time and so is Bozzie."

Mrs. Elphick reared back her head as though surveying the scene but she was still thinking about the greenhouses at Rancho Paraíso and the camellia cross and the continuous beginning smile of the refugee Trappist monk she had tamed who had now dedicated his life to the camellia cross. His red Herbert Hoover cross had been a failure, true enough, but an interesting one and who could say that his letter to *Organic Gardening* might not create a tempest all of its own—and about his being a Trappist monk, you would never know. When people get very close to the earth they are difficult. Perhaps it was only his love of Mendel that made him think it up or it might have been a means of worming his way into the greenhouse. Still let him experiment. He might come up with an interesting cross, and they had already decided to name it after their goat who had suffered disappointment after disappointment at the San Fernando Valley Fair. Bozzie was in pursuit and Tom maybe had had a little too much with that nice fossil boy and Mr. Williams didn't have any lines. Someone should write him some lines, she thought, so that he could sandwich a speech in between the speeches of the others.

"I'm sorry," Bozzie said from her corner, "but I can't buy it without the big picture. Everyone is trying to crowd me off into the little picture but I can't dig it without the big Darwinian picture. Or do I sound like a square?" she said toward Guthrie.

"No," Guthrie said confused. "No, you sound—well, you are—how would you say it—you are all progressive. You are entitled to the picture certainly—the big picture."

"I mean maybe my Freud is rusty," Bozzie said seriously, removing the cigarette from her mouth. "I mean, but he did comment on paleontology? He said he could not understand, in view of the validity of the death wish, how certain species could have survived almost indefinitely. I mean, briefly," she said, "Freud saw within man two powerful drives—the life drive which is mostly libido and the death drive—"

"Which is mostly death," Mr. Elphick helped.

"No," Bozzie said. "So man inhibits himself to balance these instinctual drives. If he fails or succeeds anxiety is produced along with fears—a fear of losing a part of himself—not, according to Horney, necessarily just his sex."

"Not just what, child?" Mrs. Elphick asked cautiously.

"I was speaking scientifically, Mother," Bozzie said hopelessly. "I was referring to Horney's extension of Freud's limited views. Horney, Karen. *The Neurotic Personality of Our Time,* Norton, 1937."

"Oh, I thought you were referring to sex," Mrs. Elphick said.

"Dig Mother on sex referrals," Bozzie beamed. "Isn't she sensational?"

"We only want our money returned that the Vassar people took," Mrs. Elphick said definitely.

"Will you buy Horney or Freud?" Bozzie said, excited, to Guthrie.

"Both," Guthrie said.

"Then you're right in there, Roger, with Harry Stack Sullivan and Frieda Fromm-Reichmann," Bozzie said, enthusiastic.

"I certainly wouldn't want to get in between Frieda Fromm-Reichmann and Harry Stack Sullivan," Guthrie said seriously.

"Dig him," Bozzie said tilting her head back. "Isn't he sensational, Mother? I mean you think he's all fossil and then he gives you a yak yak."

THE DRINKS were passed around and the men held them close to their stomachs to keep them from spilling. When they drank it was more like a quick look so that the drinking took on the appearance of a stiff poker game.

"Ulysses does not think it is wise for him to drink when he's driving," Mr. Elphick said, studying the neck of the Negro. "And he's been driving very silently for the last hour as though he's taking us into that country from whose bourne no traveler returns."

"Ulysses checked Father out on Shakespeare," Bozzie said quickly. "He usually recites poetry on these long drives but he's been quiet since we entered Mexico. I suppose you've been checked out on the Huxley Brothers," Bozzie said, turning to Guthrie now. "Julian, that is. You probably think Aldous is fruit, that is you're probably all Darwin."

"I'm all ears," Guthrie said.

The big car rolled heavily in the rough terrain, so they played the drinks close to their bodies.

"To the scientific attitude!" Mr. Elphick said, gesturing his glass toward Guthrie. "The organized religions are having difficulties with me," Mr. Elphick said, "so I will drink to the scientific attitude."

"The scientific attitudes are always willing," Guthrie said.

"Even if I am rich?" Mr. Elphick said.

"Because you are rich."

"Organized religion won't let me in," Mr. Elphick said soberly, "—unless I compete with a camel to get through somebody's eye. My being rich is a by-product of my work and my work I can continue efficiently because I am rich. If someone else can use my money to create more work than I can he is welcome to it but I refuse—"

"Tom, don't bore the gentleman," Mrs. Elphick said coolly. "A scientific gentleman has problems but they do not include money."

"But they do include money," Guthrie said.

"You mean you too have some holy land, some boneyard, you must pilgrimage to?" Mr. Elphick said.

"That's right," Guthrie said. "We have expeditions."

"And where do you find the Holy Grail?" Mr. Elphick asked.

"We find interesting deposits in Patagonia, Mongolia, many places, and at the moment, right here," Guthrie said.

"Then you don't have to go any further," Mr. Elphick said, interested. "You don't have to be financed, you're almost there. It won't cost anything."

"That's right," Guthrie said.

"Then we can really drink to the scientific attitude," Mr. Elphick said, taking a sip from his drink.

"I don't see," Bozzie said quickly, "how we can harmonize a middle-class concern for money with the scientific attitude."

"Yes," Mrs. Elphick said smiling, "you've overdrawn your account again, Bozzie."

BOZZIE was silent. She had tried to elevate the conversation but she had once more come up against her mother's compulsive pattern and there is only so much pressure you can apply against an authority symbol without building a block within your own subconscious. She held no particular brief for or against the middle class, she was merely trying to elevate her parents to a position of objectivity so that they would be able to define their own position in society with not only the subsequent advantages to them of better interpersonal relationships but also a complete rejection of the neo-Lamarckian attitude into which they seemed to be drifting.

Mrs. Elphick said, guessing and disinterested, "I don't suppose your last check could have gone to pay for the new fog lights on Robert Traine's Pierce-Arrow?"

"Choo Choo has plenty of money of his own and he has the same concern for it as you do, plus the fact," Bozzie added hopelessly, "that his middle-class mores would not allow him to take money from a girl, and plus the fact," she added, "that Choo Choo's car is a new Mercury. They haven't made the Pierce-Arrow for years."

"Oh," Mrs. Elphick sighed. "What a pity. It's the only car that ever ran properly and it's the only car I know the name of outside of the one your father manufactures. The one your father manufactures I find difficult to get into and impossible to get out of. Still," she said in her quiet, knitting voice, "the advertisements say it has many features."

"I don't want to go interesting-features on you or even metaphysical on you," Bozzie said across to Guthrie. "You'd probably resent that, so let's say I'm going extrasensory on you." Bozzie hesitated then relaxed back into the heavy seat away from all of them until she finally said what they had been avoiding for so long—"I see an evil cloud lifting into the sky, shaped not like a horse but more like a giant white frog—"

Guthrie lost his grip on his drink and it ended up soaking the red carpet.

"The car gave no particular jolt," Bozzie said. "You know sometimes the therapist will dig for months to touch a key that will give an emotional response worth exploring. Ferenczi tried to shorten this period by urging the patient to give up all sexual indulgence, and cut down the time of the complete toilet. Even eating and drinking should be cut down during the period of therapy. He thought in this way he could increase the intensity of the therapeutic hour. Soon he came to the blind end, however, that the reaction he was observing was not the repression he was trying to explore—liberate, I suppose is better. Now a true student would find your reaction to when I said it was not so much a horse that the great shadow was, more a white giant frog—"

"Bozzie Lamb."

"Yes, Mommikins."

"Shut up," her mother said.

THE BIG car began to turn now in a great circle. When it completed its circle it was going in the opposite direction; it was going back to the United States.

Mr. Elphick picked up the inter-com and talked in quick and abrupt words with Ulysses. When he finished they were still headed back toward the States.

"He says he is willing to hitchhike back if we want to continue into Mexico," Mr. Elphick said to the others.

No one said anything, they were all studying their shoes. There was an occasional jolt from the power brakes as the car went down a sheer valley under compression.

"He said you can't walk away from anything. He doesn't get a chance to talk up there so he thinks. He believes he thinks too much alone up there but this is what he thinks—that we are getting nowhere at all and would never get anywhere at all because you can't walk away from anything at all."

Mr. Elphick looked annoyed and thoughtful at the neck of the Negro driving in the wrong direction, began to give an order, then felt someone's hand touch him and he ceased.

The car swept, careened over sharply to the right but everyone continued to examine the floor.

"But this is only a vacation," Mrs. Elphick said finally.

"Only an extended vacation," Mr. Elphick agreed as the others remained silent, continuing to examine the carpet. The big car under deep throttle rocked along the floor of the valley, getting ready to hunch up the big ocher mountain, its bright chrome flashing like a heliograph in the last sun as it climbed back toward the United States.

ALL OVER the world November is the month of the dead and on All Saints Day of that month yellow *flores de muerte* are hung in the doorways of the adobe huts in Tico. They are arranged carefully in the form of the cross on the many graves and they are interset with candles. The bandits on horseback had ridden through the sharp yellowness of the flowers of the dead three hours before and now from the edge of the barranca in the rapid-coming darkness they could see the faint blur of the candles celebrating death. The seven men sat astride their horses without movement and without speaking. Some time before they had ridden to a point directly below them, descended abruptly from their horses and felled a tree across the highway. Now they watched in perfect silence up the ravaged road as the American car turned back and disappeared. One of them dropped the end of a cigarette and a horse pawed into the adobe and then swung its big head before it ceased. Now the heavy roll of the bells of Tico began again. They had been unremitting on this day of our dead since the horsemen had begun the journey. The peons will stand for hours for their turn to ring the bells on this day for our dead. If they pull long and extra hard for our dead they know the Lord will look on us with courage in his eyes.



Ruth and Edward Brecher

Ballard *vs.* the Installment Goliaths

An obscure Alabama truck driver has started a fight against high interest rates which may eventually save money for millions of people who buy "on time" . . .

ON THE morning of May 19, 1953, an Alabama truck driver named Sam Ballard parked his $17,000 tractor-trailer rig on the outskirts of Montgomery, Alabama, and hitched a ride into town. When he returned, his rig was gone. The circumstances surrounding its disappearance raise issues which touch millions of Americans—probably including you—who have never heard of Sam Ballard.

He was proud of his rig. He had purchased it just one year before, trading in an older tractor-trailer combination for $3,350 and adding a $2,000 down payment in cash. Thereafter he had met his first ten monthly installments of $680 each as they fell due, so that his payments on the $17,000 rig now totaled $12,150.

But Ballard had had bad luck in April, and had therefore asked the First National Bank of Birmingham for an extension on the $680 payment due April 30. The bank had given him twelve days' leeway. Ballard was thus seven or eight days overdue on his payment when he parked his rig outside Montgomery on May 19.

But he was hopeful. The Florida truck terminals were filled with citrus fruit awaiting transport north. Ballard, when he stopped over briefly in Montgomery to consult his lawyer about the past-due payment, was on his way to Florida to pick up a load which would enable him to pay off.

It didn't work out that way. Instead, the sheriff of Montgomery County—acting under a medieval "writ of detinue" obtained by the bank whose payment was past due—jimmied the ignition lock and drove Ballard's rig away. The rig was later sold, and the $12,150 Ballard had paid in was forfeited.

Goods purchased on the installment plan are often, of course, subject to repossession in this or similar ways. The amounts paid in are often forfeited; the bank or finance company or dealer pockets the profit on the sale of the repossessed goods; and it often can, if it chooses, bring suit for the balance remaining unpaid. So far there was nothing unusual in this story.

But Sam Ballard—unlike most victims of repossession—didn't take it lying down. The result was the case of *Ballard* vs. *The First National Bank of Birmingham*, the first of a series of important legal cases which may well revolutionize the legal rights of millions of families throughout the United States who buy on the installment plan.

NOT QUITE USURY?

THE typical installment purchase is arranged in accordance with a ritual as strictly patterned as a quadrille or minuet. When you buy a car, for example, the dealer first jots down the "cash price" to which you have agreed. He then subtracts your down payment and the allowance for the old car you are turning in, and adds insurance and miscellaneous fees. Next he adds a "finance charge" calculated on the basis of a rate card supplied by the bank or finance company. The total he divides into twelve, twenty-four, or even thirty-six monthly installments which you are to pay to the lending agency that puts up the money. All these figures, and the name of the lending agency, are then inserted into the blanks of a "CSC" or conditional sales

contract supplied by the lending agency. The bank or finance company "accepts" the CSC and gives the dealer his money. You drive off with your new car.

It may seem obvious to you that the bank or finance company has lent you the money to pay for the car—but don't jump to any such conclusion. The apparent lender insists that he really hasn't lent anything at all; he has merely "purchased" the conditional sales contract or CSC from the dealer (not the borrower) at a "discount."

Why do dealers and lenders bother to dance this legal minuet? Two answers suggest themselves. First, every state in the Union has a usury statute setting the maximum legal interest rate on loans; a similar federal statute forbids usury by the national banks. By casting the transaction in the form of a CSC rather than a loan, the lender usually escapes the usury prohibitions. The CSC may specify a "finance charge" which works out at 20 per cent, 40 per cent, or even 60 per cent simple interest per year on the unpaid balance; nevertheless, the prevailing legal theory holds that no interest whatever is being paid. Instead, it is alleged, the dealer has merely set a "time price" which is higher than the "cash price" he originally quoted—and surely in a free economy a dealer has a right to charge whatever he pleases for his goods!

In Sam Ballard's case, the "finance charge" was comparatively low—a little more than 11 per cent simple interest on Ballard's unpaid balance. Alabama law, however, specifies a maximum rate of 8 per cent. Had the Ballard transaction been a loan instead of a CSC, it presumably would have violated the usury law.

The second obvious reason for dancing the CSC minuet is to make available certain highly convenient methods of collection and repossession. The First National Bank's CSC form, for example, provided—in complex legal terminology and very fine type—that if Ballard failed to make one payment on the due date, the bank could declare the entire balance due and payable. It authorized the dealer, the bank, or their agents to enter onto Ballard's property, "with or without force," and "with or without process of law," and to take immediate possession of the $17,000 rig wherever it might be found. Even employing the county sheriff and securing the writ of detinue was unnecessary under the CSC; a bank employee or agent might equally well have jimmied the ignition lock and driven off.

Once the rig was repossessed, moreover, the CSC specified that "all rights of the buyer" were to "cease and terminate immediately." Ballard agreed when he signed the CSC to waive "any right of action or claim of any kind" growing out of a repossession. The CSC specified that "all monies paid on the purchase price . . . shall belong to the seller or assigns." And finally, the CSC left Ballard still legally liable for the entire unpaid balance, including interest, even though he had already lost both the $17,000 rig and the $12,150 he had paid in.

Not all CSCs, of course, contain all of these onerous provisions. But some go even further. The freedom to put almost any provisions in a CSC, plus immunity from the usury statutes, is enough to explain the popularity of CSCs among dealers and lending agencies.

This popularity can be gauged from recent Federal Reserve Board statistics. United States commercial banks at the beginning of 1956 held about $5 billion of automobile financing paper, of which only about $2 billion was in the form of direct loans to customers. The remaining $3 billion was largely in the form of CSCs. Finance companies held an additional $8 billion or so of automobile paper, most of it CSCs. And a large volume of CSC credit was also outstanding on furniture, refrigerators, television sets, and all the other items Americans buy on the installment plan. In permitting the CSC to flourish—to the tune of many billions of dollars—outside the purview of the usury laws and the laws governing orderly and peaceful collection of debts, our legislatures and courts have been swallowing the camel while straining at a gnat.

But change may be on the way, thanks to Sam Ballard, his lawyers, and some of his fellow truckers.

SHARECROPPERS OF THE ROAD

THE seizure of Sam Ballard's rig was not an isolated event, but rather one episode in a complex chain of circumstances involving more than forty owner-drivers like Ballard, and involving also the company for which they drove, the Baggett Transportation Company of Birmingham, Alabama.

Baggett Transportation held a carrier certificate from the Interstate Commerce Commission; the owner-drivers lacked such certificates. They were therefore "lease-operators," moving goods over the highways under the authority of Baggett's ICC rights. Lease-operators of this kind have been aptly described as "the sharecroppers of the American transportation industry." There are tens of thousands of them.

A typical Baggett lease-operator like Ballard, for example, bought his rig from Baggett or an affiliated company and simultaneously leased the rig—and his own services as driver—back to Baggett. The purchase was financed by Baggett's bank, and the bank sometimes "kicked back" to Baggett or its affiliate one-sixth of the finance charge. This was the old "company store" system with a new twist. Though the rig was owned and paid for by Ballard, it bore only the Baggett name emblazoned on its sides. Under the lease agreement, Ballard paid his own gas, oil, insurance, and other expenses; he even paid out of his own pocket any highway fines levied for excessive weights loaded on the rig. Legally, Ballard and his fellow owner-drivers had leased their rigs to Baggett. For a more realistic point of view, Baggett was leasing his Interstate Commerce Commission rights to the men. Ballard and his fellow lease-operators actually hauled the freight and received 65 or 70 per cent of the revenues; Baggett kept the rest. Baggett could cancel a lease on ten days' notice.

Such arrangements have long been under fire as leading to serious highway hazards, not only for the trucks in question but for the traveling public as well. The ICC launched a nationwide investigation some years ago and summarized the testimony of lease-operators appearing during the investigation in October 1955.

"All of the owner-operators that testified," said the ICC, "stated that they were compelled to drive their equipment from sixteen to eighteen hours a day, seven days a week, in order to meet payments on their equipment and support their families. All testified to overloading, to log violation [falsifying the logs showing numbers of hours driven at a stretch], and to driving over routes not specified in the leases in order to evade State weighing stations. Many of them were novices in operating trucks. . . . Some had been induced to purchase equipment by truck salesmen who represented that sufficient traffic could be obtained to make the venture pay. It appeared that authorized carriers also have induced people to purchase equipment and enter into leasing operations through similar representations. . . .

"The testimony of the owner-operators was confirmed by an official of the [Teamsters'] union who had observed at first hand operations under trip lease and contacted hundreds of owner-operators in many Eastern cities. All confirmed the testimony respecting violations of the hours of service, keeping of logs, overloading, traveling over unauthorized routes, and using drugs for stimulation when overfatigued."

Much of Baggett's business was the long-distance transport of live explosives, hauled for government arsenals and for such munitions makers as DuPont and Hercules Powder, along highways, over bridges, and through tunnels. Hauling explosives isn't easy on a driver's nerves.

"I never minded the ordinary explosives too much," says Ballard, "but those fuses were another matter. Some day a load of fuses is going to go off. I hope I'm not around."

The owner-drivers' chief gripe against Baggett has been documented in court proceedings. When a run was completed, the court record shows, the driver got a slip of paper stating the gross amount charged the shipper, and a check for 65 or 70 per cent of the amount shown on the slip. Some of the men had reason to suspect that the amounts entered on the slips might be less than the amounts actually paid by the government and the munitions companies. They therefore consulted a firm of lawyers in Montgomery, Alabama.

The lawyers checked the Washington records and compared the amounts actually paid Baggett by the government on particular hauls with the amounts shown on the slips Baggett gave the drivers. They unearthed what a court later described as "a pattern of discrepancies uniformly in favor of the defendant," the Baggett Transportation Company. The lawyers thereupon wrote a politely worded letter to the company, suggesting a conference to discuss the discrepancies.

The conference was never held. Instead, Baggett delayed until Christmas Eve 1952, and then sent all its lease operators—including Sam Ballard—a notice of cancellation. (The company later denied that the lease cancellations were related to the short-changing dispute; but the time sequence is not in question.) The drivers thereupon filed suit for an accounting.

For Sam Ballard, the Christmas Eve notice of cancellation held a special threat. Added to the usual small-print clauses in the conditional sales contract for his $17,000 rig was a typed-in proviso that if the lease were ever terminated "for any cause whatever," the entire amount still owed could be declared due and payable immediately.

Following the lease cancellation, some of the men were hard-pressed to meet family expenses plus the payments on their rigs and therefore withdrew from the short-changing suit; those who withdrew were promptly tendered new leases by Baggett. A few quit trucking altogether

in disgust. Still others set out on their own as "cabbage haulers," carrying unprocessed farm produce. (ICC regulations permit this low-paid type of hauling without a certificate.) Sam Ballard was just starting out as a cabbage-hauler or "gypsy trucker" when his rig was repossessed.

CRACKING THE STONE WALL

TWO issues of importance to all installment purchasers were raised by the repossession: the rate of interest, and the terms and conditions written into the CSC. The drivers' lawyers raised the usury issue in a whole series of cases, both state and federal, involving not only Ballard but several other drivers as well.

The Ballard case was heard by an Alabama state court. Though the financing of Ballard's rig was ostensibly through a CSC, the lawyers argued, the court should look through the form to the fact, and recognize the transaction for what it actually was—a loan by the bank to Ballard. If so, the usury statute would apply and the interest Ballard had paid would be applicable on the principal of the debt. Ballard would thus be entitled to have his truck back. This case Ballard lost, both in the lower court and on appeal to the Alabama Supreme Court.

Next, a fellow driver of Ballard's refused to make his last payment on a Baggett CSC, alleging that the interest was usurious. Baggett sued; the case was heard twice in two state courts; both times the driver lost.

There remained one more string to the drivers' legal bow—the federal courts. A federal statute prohibits usury by national banks. This statute the drivers invoked in the critical case of *Daniel and Dillard* vs. *The First National Bank of Birmingham*. They lost once more in the federal district court.

Here, obviously, was a point at which lawyers and clients alike might well have paused, assessed the situation, and decided to call it quits. After five successive defeats, why bump your head against the stone wall of the CSC a sixth time? Harassing the largest bank in your home state is hardly the safest way to win friends and influence people. A further appeal would be costly, and the time available was limited. The course dictated by prudence was clear.

But prudence bowed to the Alabamans' desire for what they considered justice. The wife of one of the lawyers, who doubles as office secretary, sat down at her typewriter and by working nights and weekends managed to hammer out the necessary legal documents— some 300 mimeograph stencils—in time to meet the deadline. The appeal in the Daniel and Dillard cases was heard in October 1955—and on November 25, the stone wall of the CSC at long last cracked.

The United States Circuit Court of Appeals for the Fifth Circuit, in an epoch-making two-to-one decision, decided in favor of the truck drivers and of installment purchasers generally. Usurious contracts, the court majority noted, are condemned by public policy, both state and national. This policy should not be defeated merely by the shrewd drafting of a conditional sales contract. The court then quoted from a much earlier case a vigorous attack on the so-called "paper-bag theory" of usury:

> No disguise of language can prevail for covering up usury or glossing over a usurious contract. The theory that a contract will be usurious or not, according to the kind of paper bag it is put in, or according to the more or less ingenious phrases made use of in negotiating it, is altogether erroneous. The law intends that a search for usury shall penetrate to the substance.

And the court concluded that despite superficial adherence to the CSC ritual, "the real transaction was a sale at a cash price accompanied by a loan or extension of credit to which the bank was privy throughout. Any other result . . . would leave that vast number of persons who purchase equipment and vehicles on credit, the financing of which is prearranged between the dealer and the bank or finance company, outside the pale of protection of the state and national laws against usury."

In a supplementary decision dated January 17, 1956, the bank was ordered to pay the drivers as a penalty not only double the interest retained by the bank but also double the amount that the bank had "kicked back" to the Baggett organization on the Daniel contract.

THE potential importance of this decision can hardly be overestimated. As the court itself remarked in its supplementary opinion:

"We recognize that these are test cases important to the parties, but probably more important as precedents, applicable to many other transactions which may vary in non-essential details."

Though directly binding only on national banks, the powerful words of the opinion and supplementary opinion may well persuade state courts to rule similarly, in finance company as

well as bank cases, that calling a loan a CSC doesn't automatically suspend the usury statutes.

There remained to be tested the small-print clauses in the CSC governing repossession. These clauses provide a positive incentive to dealers and lenders to repossess unnecessarily and without notice, even though they can be confident of full repayment without repossessing; for repossession may enable them to sell the same vehicle a second time and pocket the profits. Sam Ballard is currently planning to challenge this species of "unjust enrichment" in a further suit against the First National Bank. His rig, following repossession, was sold to another Baggett lease-operator; and Ballard seeks a return of the profit on the sale. His lawyers concede that he signed a CSC waiving all rights following repossession. But this CSC, they propose to argue, was a mere mask for a loan secured by a "chattel mortgage," and accounts should therefore be settled in accordance with the laws governing the peaceful and orderly collection of other debts similarly secured. If Ballard is successful, one more major blow will have been struck against small-print provisos in CSCs.

On yet another front, the drivers are making legal progress, however slowly. You will recall that shortly following the Christmas Eve cancellation of their contracts by Baggett, the drivers went to court to demand an accounting for the amounts by which they had allegedly been short-changed. One part of Baggett's reply to the short-changing allegation was unexpected. It might well be true, the company conceded, that on certain hauls the amounts paid the men were less than the agreed-upon percentages of the amounts collected from the government. But this didn't necessarily mean that the men had been short-changed. On the contrary, it might mean that the government had been overcharged —and surely the men had no right to claim a 65 per cent cut on government overcharges!

The federal district court, following lengthy hearings, disallowed the truck drivers' claims. But in January 1956, the circuit court of appeals reversed this decision and sent the case back for further proceedings.

The truckers are pleased, of course—but they still aren't out of the legal woods. Long and costly further proceedings in the short-changing suit can be anticipated. And even the basic federal usury issue is not finally decided. The bank late in March 1956 paid off in full the amount due under the court opinion in the Dillard usury case, but it has once more appealed the decision in the parallel Daniel case to the circuit court of appeals. If it loses there again, the bank can still seek a writ of certiorari from the Supreme Court of the United States—and where the cash for all this additional litigation is to be found, neither Daniel nor his lawyers yet know.

"Maybe justice really isn't fo' po' folks," one of the lawyers remarks in his quiet Alabama drawl.

ALABAMA SHOWS THE WAY

WHERE does the circuit court usury decision leave other consumers who have purchased cars, furniture, or other goods on the installment plan at high rates of interest?

This depends in part upon whether others can also find lawyers willing to fight on principle for fees limited by the modest stakes involved. Here and there across the country, a few other

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FELICIA LAMPORT

COOK'S DETOUR

OH, LOOK!
The cook
who always tests
capricious
dishes
on her guests.

She'll skewer
two or
three entrails,
adorned
with horned
imported snails.
Her fey
entré
may well combine
ducks' eggs
with dregs
of vintage wine,
a slab
of crab
and powdered mace,
a chic
young leek
to give it grace.

Her trick
with pick-
led spinach leaf
produces
juices
past belief.
Her tart
will start-
le any eye;
her past-
ry's laced
with Rock-and-Rye.

O guest
in quest
of solid fare!
Beware!
Beware
this *cuisinière.*

courts in little-publicized cases have been willing to take off their blinders and to look through the CSC "paper bag" to the usurious contents of the bag. Additional suits of this nature would surely have a salutary effect in a field where 20 per cent interest is common practice for financing cars more than two years old and 40 per cent is not rare. We Americans read with deep concern how usury exacted through the generations from the impoverished peasants of India and China has sapped the economies of those countries. We contrast such extortion with our own seemingly enlightened usury statutes. But we let the most popular form of consumer borrowing in the United States escape the limitations of those statutes. A few more cases like the Alabama victory could make a lot of difference.

A somewhat different solution to our usury problem is suggested by another recent Alabama development. No doubt you remember "Sin City"—the town of Phenix City, Alabama, where for many years vice and corruption ran rampant. The Sin City lid was blown off after a Phenix City attorney named Patterson, nominated as state attorney general on a reform platform, was murdered in cold blood. The murdered man had long been concerned with the evils growing out of Alabama's "loan-shark racket." His son, John Patterson, subsequently ran for the same office of state attorney general and was elected.

Attorney General Patterson and some of the young men on his staff began soon after taking office looking into complaints that "loan sharks" in many parts of the state were charging interest rates substantially higher than the 8 per cent allowed by Alabama law. Investigation showed, for example, that one Gwendolyn Jennings had paid interest at the annual rate of 240 per cent, James Gray at 442 per cent, Henry Ferguson at 520 per cent, J. W. Pollard at 650 per cent, and so on. The companies making these loans used fake "court papers" to frighten the borrowers into paying, sent crews at midnight to threaten them, etc. Most of the victims were either poorly educated Negroes or else servicemen stationed at Alabama's large military installations—two classes of citizens who are seriously underprivileged in certain parts of the country.

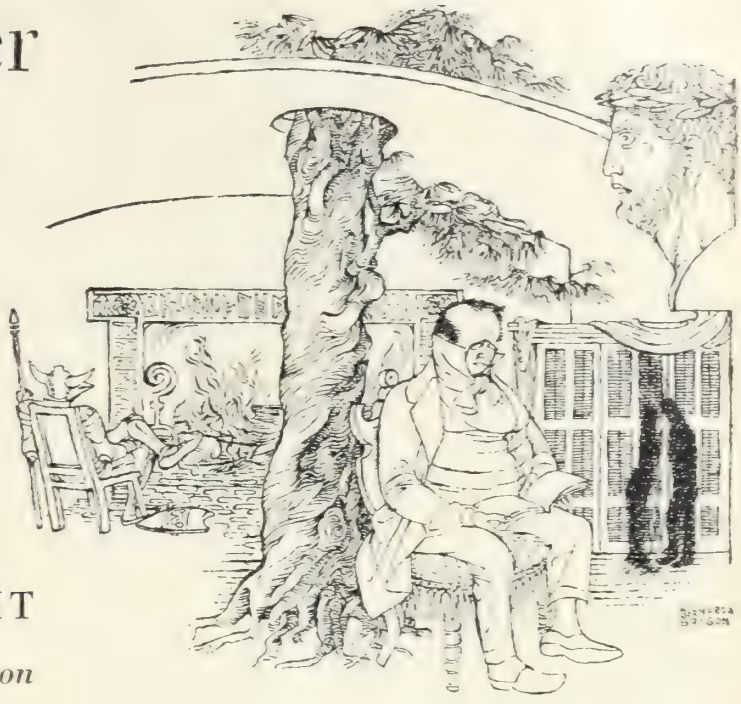
Both servicemen and Negroes make poor plaintiffs in Alabama suits for several reasons: so Attorney General Patterson selected an alternative approach and brought suits in the name of the State of Alabama itself. The state has a right to "abate nuisances," he argued, and this small-loan racket was as much of a nuisance as any other threat to the public health and welfare. The use of the courts to collect such opprobrious contracts was bringing the law into disrepute. The loan-shark nuisance should therefore be enjoined like any other illegal threat to the peace and dignity of the state. Patterson has already won his first few cases based on this theory, and he is proceeding against additional small-loan racketeers as rapidly as his limited staff can handle them.

A number of states have adopted another method of controlling CSCs. Instead of likening the CSC to an ordinary loan and thus bringing it under the usury statute, these states consider it a separate class of transaction and limit some of its more objectionable terms and conditions. States which are attempting to control CSC terms in this way include Arkansas, California, Indiana, Maryland, Michigan, Nevada, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Utah, and Wisconsin. Some states also set by law a separate interest ceiling on CSCs.

SUCH laws are no doubt helpful, but they have their limitations. Even though they are introduced into the legislative hopper in relatively effective form, they tend to come out with loopholes and with serious abuses uncurbed. The difficulty is that billions of dollars' worth of installment credit is at stake. The lenders' interests are therefore splendidly represented during legislative hearings and discussions, while hardly anyone turns up to urge the interests of the consumers who actually buy the cars and furniture, pay the monthly installments and the usurious finance charges, and lose every penny when the goods are repossessed without notice. Most borrowers would no doubt be better off if the states, instead of attempting to regulate CSC transactions separately, followed the recent circuit court precedent and recognized them for what they are—loans by another name.

One major merit of a democracy is that abuses, no matter how deep-rooted, are eventually curbed. But reform is not automatic; somebody has to do the reforming. A prescription for correcting these particular abuses can be simply stated: More lawyers willing to fight usury and repossession cases; more attorney generals who can recognize a usurious "nuisance" when they see one; more judges willing to rip open the CSC "paper bag"; more legislatures willing to put teeth into the financing laws; and consumer organizations prepared to lobby for justice and to spearhead the whole reform movement—these are the ingredients we need.

What was good enough for Mr. Rochester



By SYLVIA WRIGHT

Drawings by Bernarda Bryson

DESCRIPTIONS in books are a problem to me, because I have only one living-room. It is a long room, running north and south. I am south, standing between two windows which look on the road—or driveway, depending on how rich we are—at the front of the house. In the middle of the wall on my left is the door into the hall—a great hall with a curving staircase, or just a hall with a staircase, depending on how rich we are. (If you are like me, your mind has already begun to wander. One reason I have only one living-room is that I find it hard to pay attention to descriptions.) In the center of the right-hand wall is a fireplace and, beyond, a door opening into the garden. Opposite me, on the north wall, is the door into the dining-room—or an archway, if we are in *Jane Eyre*.

The sofa is to the left of the fireplace, and it is here that Mr. Rochester lies with his foot on a cushion, while he looks at Jane Eyre's mournful water colors. There are "beautiful books and ornaments on the consoles and chiffonières." After his dinner party, Mr. Rochester, standing by the piano, sings in his "mellow powerful bass" to Miss Ingram's accompaniment, while Jane Eyre sits in the window seat, half hidden by the curtains, making a net purse. The window seat is under the windows at the south end of the room. I am always south.

Take out Mr. Rochester. Countess Rostov, feeling weary, sits on the sofa, receiving guests on her name day, and Natasha runs in from the hall, giggling over her doll.

Move the room part way across Moscow, and Pierre is startling the guests at Anna Pavlovna's soiree by defending Napoleon.

To the right of the door into the hall is a large desk. Here Mr. Darcy writes a letter to his sister, while Miss Bingley admires his speed in writing and Elizabeth Bennet watches. I believe Elizabeth Bennet is sitting on the window seat in the south window.

To the left of the door into the hall is the grand piano, with its keyboard in the middle of the room. Elsie Dinsmore sits on the piano stool. She is refusing to play the piano because it is the Sabbath, and her father has said she must sit there until she obeys him. (I have already solved this problem by playing "He Who Would Valiant Be," so I am watching from the window seat, pretty irritated.) Presently, Elsie Dinsmore faints, and Mr. Travilla says, "Dinsmore, you're a brute!"

Mme. Bovary has just bought two large blue glass vases for the mantelpiece, and the men from Rumpelmayer's will soon be here to take the doors off the hinges for Mrs. Dalloway's party.

Books where things don't happen in the living-room make me nervous. For example, near the

beginning of *A Handful of Dust*, there appears the troubling phrase: "the shuttered drawing-room." Morning rooms and libraries are no good to me. I can't make things happen in them. To get through *A Handful of Dust*, I had to go into the drawing-room, open the shutters, throw open the windows—the room needed airing—take the dust sheets off the furniture, and, ignoring Mr. Waugh, push Tony, Brenda, Mr. Beaver, and the Princess Abdul Akbar into the room. Then things began to hum.

THE furnishings of my living-room have a certain flexibility. If Beth March toasts bread on a toasting fork over the coals, I tuft the sofa to match. When it is in Thrushcross Grange, I carpet the room with crimson, and install a chandelier which shimmers with little soft tapers. Cathy and Heathcliff are peering in the window. When I get to Howard's End, I put a sword over the mantelpiece for Charles Wilcox to kill Leonard Bast with. For Mr. Rochester I make the mantelpiece marble, and the fire is a coal fire. When Nancy Mitford's Uncle Matthew appears, I hastily shift it to a wood fire, with plenty of ashes because he gets up very early in the morning to catch the maids before they take them out. He is quite right.

Authors are bad about picking up after themselves. English families always leave things around, copies of the *Tatler* and *Sketch* on the tables, riding crops or gloves on the chimney-piece (Uncle Matthew says "mantelpiece" is low). These have to be removed before a Russian or American family moves in. The morning after one of Gatsby's parties, there are rings from glasses on all the consoles and chiffonières. I have Jeeves take them off with a little salt and oil mixed, before the Duchess of Wrexe comes in. She would disapprove.

Carol Kennicott is a nuisance, because she redecorates. She takes out the golden oak table with brass knobs, the moldy brocade chairs, and the picture of "The Doctor." It doesn't occur to her that I have to move them in first. But I help her bring in a new broad sofa with pillows of sapphire velvet with gold bands, though, left to myself, I would omit the gold bands. What really disturbs me is that, in the course of the redecoration, someone says there is no fireplace. This is out of the question, so I compromise by making it a gas log to go with the town of Gopher Prairie.

For *Moths*, by Ouida, I have to make the whole room white, and bring in "banks and pyramids of rose-hued azaleas," as the only touch of color. Now we are in Prince Zouroff's drawing room at Villafranca, where Corrèze, the famous tenor who is also a marquis and who loves the beautiful and saintly Vere, Princess Zouroff, sings some verses of Sully-Prudhomme which insult Prince Zouroff, a brute who is being unfaithful with a quadroon called Casse-une-Croûte. Honest. Princess Zouroff is wearing white velvet, with a knot of white lilac at her breast, her only ornament the great pearls, and so on. I've gone into detail, because no one but me has read *Moths*. It is well worth doing over the living-room for, although I cringe every time I paint the piano white. I doubt if it's good for it.

So, on the whole, my room is serviceable, and, except in unusual cases like the above, the furniture remains much the same, of a period one might call literary nondescript. Authors are not much interested in furniture. And frequently I have tenants like Archibald Marshall's Squire, who says that what was good enough for his father is good enough for him, so Mrs. Clinton doesn't dare change anything.

But, for no reason that I can explain satisfactorily or psychiatrically, certain things cannot be altered. One, as I have mentioned, is the fireplace. Another is the position of the piano. If an author puts the piano in the diagonally opposite, or northeast corner, I try to co-operate. I block up the door into the garden, and put a window there instead. I stop myself from putting a radiator under the window, because that would be bad for the piano. But while I'm doing this, the piano scoots across the room, swivels around—scuffing up rugs in the process—and fits itself into its original corner. I push it back, suppress the radiator again, and put blocks in front of the piano's feet, to keep it in place. It pushes the blocks in front of it and moves right back to where it originally was, slowly.

The intransigence of my piano makes getting in a second one very difficult. A great-aunt of mine wrote a book in which she described studying with Liszt in Weimar. My great-aunt and Liszt were banging away happily (four hands) in my living-room, when she startled me by mentioning an occasion when Liszt sat down and accompanied her in a Rubinstein concerto at a *second* piano. I knew I couldn't turn my piano around, so I had to yank it out into the room, and quickly stick another (going the other way) in behind it, so the first one couldn't roll back into the corner.

Certain books are pre-living-room, and for these I have a modification of my living-room.



It is a baronial hall, with a high ceiling with smoked-up rafters. At the north end is a dais, with a dinner table for important people, like Cedric the Saxon and Rowena. On the east wall is the fireplace—a huge one with suckling pigs on spits. In the middle of the room is a large table for serfs, and the door into the hall (or courtyard) is in the same position on the western wall.

I use the baronial hall for fairy stories, for historical and mythical works, for taverns (with several small tables instead of one big one), and for Islandian interiors. I also use it for the *Odyssey,* with Penelope's loom on the dais, and the suitors sitting around in the middle of the hall.

Homer is easy to visualize because, unlike most authors, he is orderly. His characters always put their spears away in a well-worn rack. Eurycleia hangs up Telemachus' tunic on a peg. Odysseus' bow is kept in a case, also hung on a peg. Homer makes it clear what he thinks of the suitors, by describing them many times as throwing their cloaks down on chairs.

He also has a feeling for comfort. I know no other author who always mentions a rack for the feet on his chairs. I would like to give one of these chairs to Countess Rostov.

Recently when I read Robert Graves' *Homer's Daughter,* I was happy to find I could use the same hall with the same furnishings. Mr. Graves believes the *Odyssey* was written by a woman, possibly because of Homer's neatness. I think Mr. Graves is wrong: neatness is not a feminine, but an epic, quality. This means it takes time. In his short, modern book, Mr. Graves can not be as neat as Homer. He leaves some purple covers soaking in a trough, and I think they have mildewed and run. Homer would have taken them out, dried them in the sun, and put them away in a well-made-chest.

The one knotty problem in the *Odyssey* is Odysseus' bed. I must explain that, for ordinary circumstances, I have two bedrooms. One is a very small hall bedroom, containing a bed, a chest of drawers, and a desk. I use it for squalid and poverty-stricken scenes, and, a little cleaned up, for struggling young geniuses in big cities. Raskolnikov lives here, and it is also here that, after stooping to folly with the young man carbuncular, I smooth my hair with automatic hand and put a record on the gramophone. The gramophone is on the desk.

MY OTHER bedroom is very large, with a double four-post bed, and a luxurious dressing table with silver toilet articles. When I am sitting at the dressing table, brushing my hair, his Lordship looks at me in the mirror over my bare shoulder. Next to this bedroom is a dressing-room where his Lordship sleeps when we are having a fight.

Odysseus' bed is too big for the hall bedroom. One of the bedposts of Odysseus' bed is an olive tree in girth much like a pillar, which he built the bed around. He cut off the top, and smoothed the sides with an axe. I tried this bed in my large luxurious bedroom, and for a while it was fine. Then, in the middle of Penelope and Odysseus in bed telling each other about everything, I realized that the trunk of the olive tree came right up through the living-room on the floor below.

Now, I do have a version of my baronial hall which has a tree in it. This, of course, is Hunding's hall, and the tree is Der Esche Stamm (or the Branstock, if we are in the Norse, instead of the Wagnerian version). This tree is

for gods with nothing better to do to thrust swords into. But it is too much for me to turn Der Esche Stamm into an olive tree and get it up through the ceiling onto the second floor, and what would I do with the room below afterwards? Odysseus' bedroom has got to be on the ground floor, and this is how I realized that Ithacans lived in bungalows. I don't like it, because for me things don't happen in bungalows.

Besides, Olysseus' bed sprouts every spring, and I have to keep cutting off the top with an axe. Still one must expect to have to take a certain amount of trouble if one reads the classics.

Only very secure readers can afford to have a great many rooms. I keep mine to a minimum because I'm afraid not to. I don't like rooms to get out of control. In Kafka's *The Trial,* the room which leads to the Interrogation Chamber is empty except for a wash tub, but when K. returns it is a completely furnished living-room. This almost threw me, but I managed it. (I put a screen around the wash tub.) Poe did let a room get out of control, and the results were bad. Rooms are alive in a different way than we are, but it is just barely conceivable, like life on Mars, where canals dig themselves while whistling airless be-bop between their long white teeth if I don't watch myself. Suppose I let Raskolnikov have a room for his very own? When I open the door I may find him playing Liszt's "Totentanz" on two binaural gramophones, while a chair with a rest for the feet dances with a white grand piano. I can't chance this kind of thing. I mean to lead a long, healthy life and continue to read books with rooms and not lower my guard for a minute.

DAVID McCORD

NEW CHITONS FOR OLD GODS

(Symmetrics)

1

Hermes, why still the wingéd sandals, hat?
Guardian of Boundaries? You were made for
that : that
Rolling darkness where no foot is firm. He's
Winged for certain if not wingéd, Hermes.

2

Clio, the Muse of History, leaves no doubt
Of where we're going. We are going
out : outrageous
Thought! The embryo in *bio*
(The egghead in us) says we doubt it, Clio.

3

Euterpe, you must think us common queer.
With so much hi-fi FM stuff to
hear : here
Not a soul in fifty knows your chirpy
Name—you Muse of Music, you, Euterpe!

4

Ops of the crops, we love your daughter Ceres:
One of the ampler agricultural
dearies : "dearies"
Reminds us she is still the tops
With kids who have her cereal number, Ops.

5

Psyche, the shaven lawn is drenched with dew,
The bees are numberless, your days are
few : few
Butterflies, few flowers tall and spiky,
Few wandering thoughts, and then the curfew, Psyche.

6

Orion, hunter-haunter of the bright
Premonitory islands of the
night : night
Is the shoreless sea. And yet from Zion
There falls the trembling shadow—when, where, Orion?

Arthur Larson

WHY LABOR SHOULD VOTE REPUBLICAN

The Under Secretary of Labor, author of the recent book, *A Republican Looks at his Party*, takes a second look at the labor vote, and counts his chickens . . .

IN MAY 1956 a Gallup Poll showed 56 per cent of union members favoring the Republican candidate for President over his principal Democratic rival.

Why?

The reasons usually given are high employment and good wages, accompanied by steady improvement in real purchasing power as a result of reduced taxes and a stabilized cost of living.

But there is another reason. It is the growing realization of the following simple political fact of life: Under normal modern conditions, *what actually gets done* in the way of legislation under a Republican Administration and Congress is more pro-labor than what actually gets done when the Democrats control Congress.

We are concerned here with current performance, not history. True, the New Deal contributed a substantial amount of labor legislation twenty years ago; it is also true that historically the Republican party did all this country's early pioneering in labor legislation and was responsible for virtually all of such legislation up until the second decade of the twentieth century, as well as for some major labor enactments as late as 1931-32. For example, Republicans established the first eight-hour day, in 1868, the first Bureau of Labor, and the first Department of Labor, not to mention the first Department of Health, Education, and Welfare; a Republican administration in 1898 enacted legislation to forbid the firing of railroad employees for union membership, and in 1908 created the first workmen's compensation law to survive; Republican state governments pioneered in workmen's compensation, child-labor laws, and old-age assistance; Republicans enacted the Railway Labor Act, the Norris-LaGuardia Act prohibiting labor injunctions, and the Davis-Bacon Act, requiring payment of prevailing wage rates on government construction contracts.

In analyzing what the two parties can do, and actually do, under today's conditions, one must take account of the way the Congress operates in practice. We must start with seven axioms.

Axiom No. 1: as to the great bulk of legislation, the question whether it is enacted depends much more upon the wishes of the chairmen of the Congressional committees than upon the will of the majority in Congress. For all practical purposes, a proposed bill can usually be killed by a hostile subcommittee chairman in the Senate, a hostile committee chairman in the Senate, a hostile subcommittee chairman in the House, a hostile committee chairman in the House, and a hostile Rules Committee chairman in the House.

Axiom No. 2: committee chairmanships go by seniority.

Axiom No. 3: Southern Democrats normally amass the most seniority, because, coming mostly from one-party states, they stay in office longer than other Democrats.

Axiom No. 4: therefore, the great majority of committee chairmen are Southern Democrats.

Axiom No. 5: most Southern Democrats are not "liberals."

Axiom No. 6: it follows that, in actual practice,

a Democratically-controlled Congress is not a "liberal" Congress.

Axiom No. 7: the only time a Democratically-controlled Congress is "liberal" is when a strong Democratic President is able to override the traditional independence of Congress and impose the executive will, as in the period 1935-1938.

Most of these axioms probably need no proof, but a little elaboration of several of them may be useful.

As to the first: Congress does not, as we all know, conduct its affairs like a college debating society, with a member suddenly rising in his place and making a motion, which is seconded, discussed, and carried by majority vote then and there. Bills are first referred to appropriate committees and often to subcommittees. The surest way to kill a bill is for the chairman of the committee or subcommittee simply to omit to schedule it for hearing. Or, if the bill is finally called up for hearing, it is a fairly easy matter, because of the constant flood of other business occupying members' attention, to arrange matters in such a way that the bill never quite has time to go through the committee process before adjournment, except in rare cases of unusual public interest.

In the House, there is one added committee, the Rules Committee, which even after all the other committees and subcommittees and the Senate have approved a bill, can usually smother it by simply failing to "give it a rule" bringing it to the House floor.

As to Axioms 3 and 4, the facts on committee chairmanships speak for themselves. Of the fifteen standing committees in the Senate, two-thirds are chaired by Southern Democrats: Agriculture and Forestry, Armed Services, Banking and Currency, District of Columbia, Finance, Foreign Relations, Government Operations, Judiciary, Labor and Public Welfare, and Post Office and Civil Service. These ten chairmen are from the eight states of Louisiana, Georgia, Arkansas, West Virginia, Virginia, Mississippi, Alabama, and South Carolina.

It is worth noting, in passing, that the total combined popular vote which elected the ten committee chairmen from the South, who for most purposes control two-thirds of the Senate's legislative areas, was less than the vote for the defeated Democratic candidate who ran against Senator Ives in 1952.

In the House the proportions are the same. Two-thirds (thirteen out of nineteen) of the chairmanships are held by Southern Democrats: Agriculture, Armed Services, Banking and Currency, District of Columbia, Education and Labor, Foreign Affairs, House Administration, Interstate and Foreign Commerce, Merchant Marine and Fisheries, Post Office and Civil Service, Rules, Veterans' Affairs, and Ways and Means. These thirteen chairmanships are held by Congressmen from seven states: North Carolina, Georgia, Kentucky, South Carolina, Texas, Tennessee, and Virginia.

Again, it may be noted that, if one takes the combined vote cast for these chairmen in the particular states in 1954, using the higher of the two votes when two chairmen are from the same state, this control of two-thirds of the business of the House represents a popular vote of 212,091. To get some basis of comparison, one may note that this represents six-thousandths of the popular vote for President Eisenhower in 1952.

As to Axiom No. 5, that most Southern Democrats are not "liberals," this will undoubtedly be accepted as a legitimate generalization, in line with their own evaluation. Governor Hodges of North Carolina on June 27 explained the objection of the Southern wing of the party to Governor Harriman by saying that "the South has a rather conservative outlook." There is no intention here of going into the merits of "liberalism" or of the committee and seniority system or of the individuals who now hold these chairmanships. Unquestionably, some of the country's finest statesmen are in this group. The object here is only to point out what kind of a Congress is in fact produced when a Democratic majority is returned. If voters, including union members, want a Congress whose legislative activities are largely not in "liberal" hands, that is their business. But if they are voting to return Democratic majorities to Congress on the theory that the Democratic party is a liberal, pro-labor party and that a Democratic Congress is therefore a liberal, pro-labor Congress, it is time that that illusion was punctured.

No single group has a greater stake in learning this basic truth than the Negroes. Most of them are rapidly concluding that, so far as they are concerned, the principal consequence of returning a Democratic majority is to place avowed enemies of liberal civil-rights legislation in the very positions where they can most easily and decisively kill such legislation.

Axiom No. 6 says that a Democratically-controlled Congress is in practice not "liberal." The record of the 84th Congress, which is still in session as this is written, is the best evidence of this fact. Anyone who takes the trouble to inves-

tigate the history of the list of labor measures proposed by President Eisenhower and the Secretary of Labor can see the process at work. Among the proposals in the labor legislation group are:

(1) Registration of health, welfare, and pension funds to help protect beneficiaries.

(2) Extension of coverage of the minimum-wage law.

(3) Grants-in-aid to the states to enable them to build up industrial safety programs.

(4) A safety bill for federal employees, charging each agency with the cost of its own injuries, in order to make it safety-conscious.

(5) A general eight-hour-day, forty-hour-week law to generalize the principle of these hours on all federally-financed work.

(6) Equal pay for equal work for women.

(7) Protection of labor investigators from assaults.

(8) Provision of temporary sickness and disability insurance for workers in the District of Columbia.

(9) Regulation of standards of interstate transportation of migratory farm workers.

(10) Improvements in the District of Columbia unemployment-compensation law.

(11) Extension of unemployment insurance to Puerto Rico.

(12) Increased benefits (from $35 to $50 maximum) in the workmen's compensation law for longshoremen, District of Columbia workers, and various others under federal jurisdiction.

(13) Revision of the Taft-Hartley Act.

A LOOK AT THE RECORD

AT THIS writing, as the 84th Congress approaches the end of its second session and final adjournment, only one of the labor proposals of the President and Secretary of Labor has become law: the raising of the minimum wage—without the requested extension of coverage to more workers. One seems almost sure to pass—the increase of benefits in the longshoremen's act; one or two others, such as the migratory labor bill, have at least a chance. But the great majority never really went anywhere. More than half, including many of the most important, have never in two years even been scheduled for hearing in either house.

Here was a set of constructive proposals, all designed to improve the safety, security, health, and status of working people. All were progressive; none was radical or revolutionary. Their enactment would have resulted directly in tangible benefits to millions of working people. They were in most instances urged by President Eisenhower in two State of the Union messages. They were pushed constantly by the Secretary of Labor. Many of them were pushed also by organized labor and independent groups. In spite of all this backing, most of them were never even accorded a hearing.

With Axiom No. 7, we come to the engaging question how, with the basic structure of Congress and its committee system containing a built-in bias against liberal results when Democratically-controlled, the Democratic party can manage to maintain a reputation as a liberal party.

The answer is that most of the actual legislative actions on which this reputation rests took place during two comparatively brief periods in which for special reasons the normal pattern of control of Congress was temporarily displaced by the dominance of a strong Executive. These two periods occurred during the incumbency of President Wilson, and during a part—mainly 1935-38—of the incumbency of President Franklin D. Roosevelt.

Some of the special circumstances attending Wilson's period of control were these: there was an extremely high proportion of first term Congressmen; they were more than usually concerned about patronage after twelve years during which the Democratic party had been out of office; the Southern Democrats apparently did not feel that their states would be particularly affected by regulatory and labor legislation, since the South at that time had not become industrialized; and, finally, the Congressional pattern was somewhat mixed, with a Republican House elected in 1916, and Republican control of both Houses resulting from the elections of 1918.

During the twenty years of the New and Fair Deals, if we examine them, not to ask what was said and proposed, but to ask what was in fact done, we shall see that this limitation of the productive period to the years 1935-38 is not too far wide of the mark.

The early New Deal, up until 1935, was not particularly marked by liberal or pro-labor legislation. It was rather centered around measures for stabilizing and regularizing business and finance, such as the NRA, which utilized such illiberal measures as planned scarcity and legalized combinations to keep prices to consumers up.

Then, beginning in 1935, for a number of reasons, including the persistent failure of attempts to promote recovery and the mounting antagonism of business, President Roosevelt

threw his weight behind a number of items of labor and social legislation. Because of his control over Congress under emergency depression conditions, he was able to get through such measures as the Wagner Labor Act, the Social Security Act, the Housing Act of 1937, the Farm Security Act, and, last of all, the Fair Labor Standards Act. But the latent struggle, which began to be obvious about the time of the court-packing controversy in early 1937, and which came to a head in the attempted purge of the more conservative Democrats in the Congressional elections of 1938, resulted in the breaking of the President's dominance of Congress in that year; and, from that point on, President Roosevelt could no longer control Congress. From that point on, also, the New and Fair Deals accomplished very little in the way of social and labor legislation.

There were some holding-operation amendments to existing laws to keep the levels of such items as social security and minimum wage from falling behind the inflationary rise in cost of living. But the reputation gained during the 1935-38 period was maintained largely by measures that were proposed without being enacted.

President Truman, for example, *proposed* a radical new nationalized health-insurance system, and *proposed* a Fair Employment Practices Commission—but they never were passed, although there were plenty of Democratically-controlled Congresses.

One may observe in passing that it is no accident that the more liberal Democrats are committed to the idea of the dominant Executive. For many years books and articles have been appearing implying that, under modern conditions, a government can function efficiently only if the Executive in effect controls the Legislative. But these books and articles are not written by Southern Democrats. And they are not written by Republicans. They are written by liberal Democrats who know that, if a Democratic Congress maintains its traditional constitutional autonomy, their views will never prevail in the form of real action, even if they have a President of their choice in the White House.

PRESENT ALTERNATIVES

A PERSON, then, who would like to see progressive action in Congress on such matters as civil rights or labor legislation and whose inclination might be to favor the Democratic party, is today faced with an almost impossible dilemma: (a) he can accept a non-liberal Democratic Congress, and also have the traditional constitutional separation of powers between Executive and Legislative; or (b) he can take a chance on getting liberal legislation, but only at the price of accepting the subordination of Congress and the ultimate assumption of real power by the President.

A person who has seen what the theory of the dominant executive has led to in other countries will not lightly accept the second alternative.

He has another option: to appraise impartially the kind of results that are produced under a Republican President and Republican Congress. In the one brief biennium 1953-1954, there were the following accomplishments in the field of social and labor legislation:

(1) Social Security was at last made virtually universal in coverage; benefits were liberalized for the first time substantially beyond the mere increase in cost of living; a disability freeze was adopted to prevent loss of benefits by the totally disabled. The significance of this freeze was that it established the principle that total permanent disability should be recognized under Social Security, it provided the administrative machinery for determinations of disability, and thus it paved the way for more complete treatment of disability under the Act.

(2) Unemployment insurance was for the first time extended by federal action, bringing in four million more workers.

(3) The vocational rehabilitation program was greatly expanded.

(4) Railroad retirement benefits were increased.

(5) A special loan fund to strengthen state unemployment insurance systems was created.

(6) Tax provisions were adjusted to aid retired people

(7) Civilian and military employees of the federal government received pay raises.

(8) A variety of "fringe benefits" which were becoming common in private employment, but which the federal government had neglected, were provided.

(9) A group life insurance system for federal workers was instituted. (*Continued on page 78.*)



John J. McCloy, Chairman of the Board, The Chase Manhattan Bank, has served his country with distinction as Assistant Secretary of War (1941-45) . . . as President of the World Bank (1947-49) . . . as first civilian U.S. High Commissioner for Germany (1949-52).

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by JOHN J. McCLOY

Former U. S. High Commissioner for Germany

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(10) Unemployment insurance benefits in the District of Columbia were increased by raising the maximum 50 per cent.

(11) Unemployment insurance was provided for federal workers for the first time.

When it is remembered that the Republican Party had been out of power for twenty years, and had to pull itself together, get organized, and undertake a wide range of actions in addition to these labor items, this list of achievements in a single field is not bad. It stands out particularly sharply by contrast with the comparative inaction of the immediately following Democratic 84th Congress on similar legislative proposals submitted under similar economic conditions by the same Administration.

Now, the working man is much too busy earning a living to study these details of how the parties have performed in Congress. But gradually the word gets around. Word has also got around about James P. Mitchell, the Secretary of Labor.

James B. Carey, the President of the International Union of Electrical Workers, said that the Secretary is ". . . a fighter and an extremely courageous man. . . . I doubt if you could find one labor leader who has met him who doesn't like him." And David Dubinsky of the ILGWU said to him, "You will always be a friend of labor." Other distinguished labor leaders have echoed this same friendly theme, among them Sol B. Hoffman, President of the Upholsterers International, Jacob Potofsky, President of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers, and James C. Petrillo, a long-time Democrat who is President of the American Federation of Musicians. "He's a friend of ours," Petrillo said, "a personal friend of mine. . . . I'm glad to be in the front line for Jim Mitchell." And he added, speaking of President Eisenhower, "If we ever had a friend in the White House, we have one now."

In view of the Gallup Poll cited at the outset, and the atmosphere indicated by these quotations, we may well be witnessing a gradual shift in the political affections of labor, restoring the substantial majority of labor support enjoyed by such Republican Presidents as Lincoln, McKinley, and Theodore Roosevelt.

Since working people are numerically the overwhelming majority of American people, and since the majority of working people seem to be giving their approval to a Republican Administration and their support to a Republican candidate, it is quite possible that we are entering an era of which it will again be said, as Professor W. E. Binkley has said of the origin of the Republican party a hundred years ago, "No element of the Republican combination was more substantial than that of labor."

THE ORIGINAL EGGHEAD SAVES THE PARTY

ORDER," said Hickey, stilling the tumult with a shoe vigorously applied to a wash basin. "This meeting is not a bunch of undertakers. We are here to save the party."

"Hickey's right," said Turkey; "let's have reports. What has Treasurer Macnooder to report?"

The Mark Hanna of the campaign rose, tightened his belt, adjusted his glasses, and announced amid cheers that the Finance Committee had to report sixty-two dollars and forty cents in promissory notes, twelve dollars and thirty-eight cents in cash, three tennis racquets, two jerseys, one dozen caps, a bull's-eye lantern (loaned), and a Flobert rifle.

"We can always have a banquet, even if we're beaten," said the Triumphant Egghead. The gloom began to dissipate.

—Owen Johnson, *The Prodigious Hickey* (1908).

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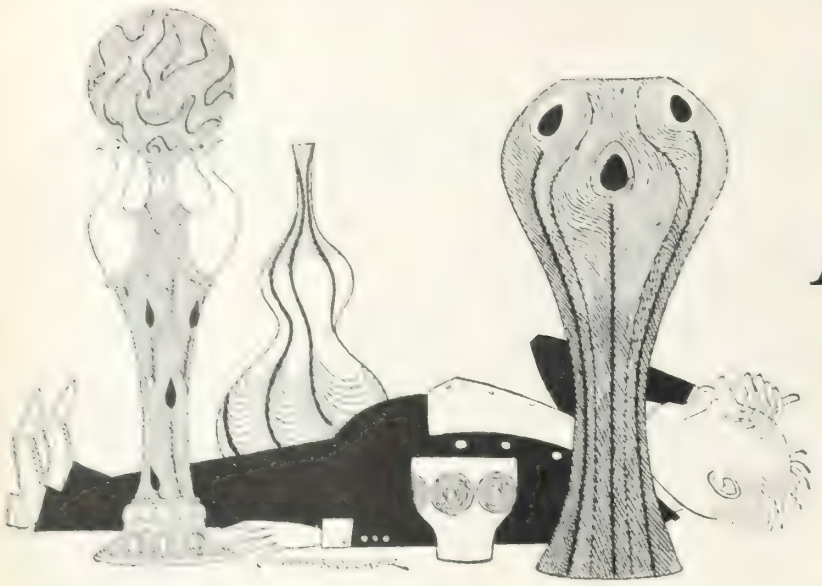
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After Hours

REVIVAL OF THE FANCIEST

THE revival of Tiffany glass has been in the offing for several years, and now that it has been formally announced in an article in the *New York Times*, those who got there first are both smug and dismayed. They are smug because they started to buy Tiffany glass when it was relatively inexpensive, and dismayed because the prices of what they will be able to buy from now on will be higher. The revival, I suppose, was inevitable. More than half a century has passed since Louis Comfort Tiffany created and marketed his "Favrile" glass, a richly lustrous and opalescent material which he made into uneven and sometimes ludicrous shapes as vases and bowls and pitchers and wine glasses. Some were tulips or lilies, some loose forms suggesting fruit or flowers or leaves.

It was expensive when he produced it; it has never become really cheap; and now, of course, it is expensive again. It is relatively easy to collect because it is easily identified. On the bottom of every piece are the initials L.C.T. or the name L. C. Tiffany. Sometimes there is also a number. All genuine pieces of Tiffany glass are signed and, so far as I know, no one is now making intentional fakes. Prices would scarcely warrant the expense and trouble of forgery, and you may well have a signed piece stowed away somewhere.

Tiffany had many imitators in the early part of this century, but the formula for Favrile glass, which Tiffany stumbled on, so he says, by mistake, was a closely guarded secret of the Tiffany Studios. Some of the imitators produced glass of rich color and interesting iridescence, but none quite achieved either the eccentricity or subtlety of Tiffany's design or the satiny surface from which color seemed to glow as though lighted from inside. His designs have a romantic quality about them which is not only typical of the period of the "artistic craze" which came at the end of the last century but also of Tiffany himself.

Tiffany was the son of the Fifth Avenue jeweler, and though he became a director of that famous establishment (which recently passed into the hands of Walter Hoving of Bonwit Teller) his Tiffany Studios was a quite separate and extremely profitable enterprise. Tiffany started adult life as a painter, traveled for several years in Europe and the Near East, and from then on applied a sort of secondhand orientalism to everything he touched. He was a decorator, a landscape architect, and a designer all of whose tastes were expensive and exotic, and he was successful in imposing his taste on a good many Americans of his day. He was best known for his glass, the quality of which is undeniable, but he also designed lamps and other items of home decoration which were widely imitated, so that many pieces produced in his day have come to be known by the generic term "Tiffany."

We have in my house a large lampshade decorated with birds and fruit and flowers all made of bright-colored glass that is known to my children as "the thing." It is corrupted Tiffany as hideous as it is entertaining, a perfect period (about 1910) piece. I bought it from a Third Avenue secondhand dealer (lower, or inexpensive, Third Avenue, that is), and paid the ridiculously high price of $25 for it. I wanted to put it in a dining-room in the country. I asked the dealer to whom he sold such monstrosities, hoping he'd reduce the price, and he said, "To people who think they're 'entertaining' and want to put them in country dining-rooms." That was several years ago; this summer I got around to putting it up (it hangs from the ceiling) and it causes a certain amount of uneasy and somewhat embarrassed laughter.

But just you wait. The Tiffany glass revival will double the value of the thing and I may be able to sell it back to the dealer I bought it from at just what I paid for it. In the meantime I keep it as a reminder of man's folly, including my own, and of the fact that there is no style so ridiculous that it doesn't get revived.

Such a revival starts because a few people see an honest value in pieces of handicraft that have been overlooked and they begin to buy such pieces as they believe have genuine merit; this causes the dealers to trot out other objects related in time and spirit but without any of the intrinsic merit of their prototypes. It is the period and not the objects that becomes important, and any piece of nonsense that has the stamp of the



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eriod takes on a wholly unwar-anted value. This is exactly what s already happening with the iffany revival. Tiffany was not a reat artist or even an original one ut he had a flair for quality of aterials and for design that had al style . . . whether you like it or ot. Now that it has been announced at the collectors are looking for iffany glass and lamps and other rnamental objects, you will see the ost astonishing lot of nonsense in epartment stores and specialty ops, all of it distantly related to Ir. Tiffany. You will see it in eriod rooms on TV (renting such ings to TV studios, the Third venue dealer told me, is one of the condhand store's main sources of come these days). And all of it, ex-pt what is genuine Tiffany, will be ck in the secondhand stores again five years . . . except what has en broken, which, if there is any stice, most of it will be.

—Mr. Harper

GREASE MY WHEELS

The following letter has been re-ived from a lady journalist who d not go on the Pennsylvania Rail-ad's junket to Princeton (there re a few) that I reported in this lumn last month:

DEAR Mr. Harper: While you were eating the Pennsy's rimp and drinking their gin and nic, (or should I say *my* shrimp d *my* gin and tonic, since you in-ted that I, "dear taxpayer," footed e bill?) I was standing in line try-g to buy a ticket in the Grand ntral station. In fact, it may have ken me longer to get my ticket n it took you to get to Princeton that "tubular train." You didn't what a tubular train is, but it ls to my mind those metal cap-es they used to use in department res, the kind they put the cus-ners' money in, along with a sales , dropped into a tube, and oosh-it-was-gone and whoosh-it-s-back-again. Anyway, while you re stuffing yourself with goodies, I od on one foot and then the other g enough to have a few thoughts ut the plight of the traveler, or least about my personal plight as raveler.

Mind you, I'm not speaking as an experienced traveler. I've never gone any distance on foot, by bicycle, on horseback, by camel or dog sled. I'm a run-of-the-mine traveler on the usual forms of transportation—train, plane, ship, and automobile. There is much to be said for each of these public conveyances, but I have a few suggestions to make about how the



companies that run them could use their money (my money?) better than feeding you shrimp.

Since my reveries started in a railroad station, let's start with the rail traveler. Trains are all right, indeed they are often a great deal better than all right; it is the getting on them that is impossible. Whatever became of the porters in stations? I think of myself as one who travels lightly—no golf bags, no skis, no bass viols—but even so the six changes of costume I seem to think it necessary to take on a weekend weigh quite a lot, more with each unwilling step. It is very hard for a woman to carry luggage, I contend, whether she's going for overnight, for a month, or forever. Now, I don't say that there are no porters; there are just no porters when I need one, or if I do find one, he puts my luggage on a cart with a lot of other people's luggage and disappears never, I am convinced, to appear again. So I spend my time looking for him. This is not service; it is merely a cause of anxiety.

Perhaps it is because one needs a porter even before one gets a ticket that has made porters so scarce. You can't blame them for not wanting to spend three-quarters of an hour watching you stand in line. The railroads must have fired half their ticket-sellers or adopted a four-hour day for them. Usually most of the ticket windows have a little sign in them saying "next window" (just the way banks do). When you get in the line in front of the next window there is at least one person planning a coach trip to Seattle via New Orleans with stopovers in Baltimore, Cincinnati, and Big Fork, and there are a dozen others like me who just want to buy a simple little ticket to a place an hour or so away.

They haven't any tickets for local stations any more. They have a machine that prints tickets, so that instead of just pulling out a little piece of yellow cardboard, the ticket-seller now has to find a stencil, put it in a machine, tear the printed ticket in several parts, one of which he gives to you, and another he gives to heaven knows whom. This is known as automation, and, I have no doubt, "progress."

I would like to make a small suggestion. Let the president of a railroad, any railroad, or better still the advertising executive who persuaded the president to spend all that money making love to the public . . . let just one of those high-powered boys buy a ticket, say from New York to Boston. He is not to send his secretary or the office boy. He is to go in person and stand like the members of his darling public and see if he agrees with Mr. Milton that "they also serve who only stand and wait." I would also like to have this same fellow when in the country some day call the local station to find out when the trains leave. He will find that the station is closed except at train time and that there is no way of finding out.

But I have my quarrels with the airlines too. (Mind you, I like most trains and planes once I get on them.) Why, I'd like to know, do the airlines tell you to be at the airport so long before flight time? This is, I have no doubt, because the airlines distrust the public, which has a way of not turning up when it says it will. It is rather a burden, though, to put on the conscientious souls, like me, who do as they are told. Air travel in some respects is still our most primitive form of transportation, Toonerville Trolleys of the sky. These glorious silver birds in which the passenger sits with his chin on the back of the seat in front of him unless he wants to lean back at the same angle as the man he has

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Who is this Indispensable Man? "The Son of Man"... "the Son of the Living God." Born of a virgin, Jesus "put on humanity that we might put on divinity. He became the Son of Man that we might become sons of God."

"What manner of man is this!" He lived the perfect life. Even His enemies could find nothing evil in Him. Yet, man's reaction to the perfect life was *murder on a cross!*

But Jesus' death was more than the murder of an innocent man. Jesus "was wounded for our transgressions. He was bruised for our iniquities"... *Isaiah 53:5.* He transformed the shame of the cross to the glory of man's salvation.

But Jesus Christ is not still hanging on a cross! "He is risen." He has ascended to the Father's right hand where He is reigning today. *Acts 2:33.* He is the only *head,* of His Kingdom, Body, Church! *Colossians 1:18.*

But What Has All of This To Do With You? Very much indeed. To achieve fullness of life and obtain salvation you must enthrone Christ in your life. Christ is not valued *at all* unless He is valued *above all! Hebrews 5:9. "What will you do with Jesus?* Will you believe in Him? *Mark 16:16.* Will you *repent* of your sins? *Luke 13:35.* Will you confess Jesus? Will you express your faith by obeying Christ's command to be buried with Him in *baptism* for the forgiveness of your sins? "Therefore we are buried with him by baptism into death; that like as Christ was raised up from the dead by the glory of the Father, even so we also should walk in newness of life." *Romans 6:4.* Jesus said: "Except one be born of the water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God." *John 3:5.*

You Can Be Just A Christian. When you obey Christ, God will add you to the *nondenominational body, the church.* Acts 2:47. The early Christians were not members of any denomination. Peter, James and Paul were *just Christians.* Become just a Christian today!

Jesus Christ is *absolutely Necessary!* Yes, *Indispensable! to you!*

If you would like to know more about Jesus Christ and His Church or Kingdom read your Bible, especially your New Testament. Let us all unite as believers in Christ through the restoration of pure New Testament Christianity. Write for your free copy of the valuable booklet, "Jesus Christ, the Way, the Truth, and the Life." Your copy will be sent in a plain wrapper.

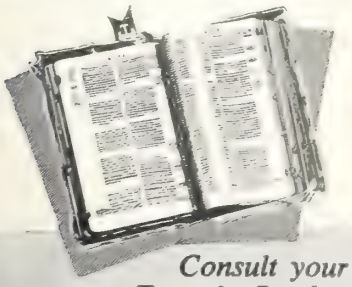
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chosen to sit behind; coffee that goes straight up in the air when the plane hits an air pocket (as we amateurs call it); jaunts to and from the airport which take longer than the flight itself . . . and then that interminable waiting while they find out at the last minute after they have dollied the plane up to the loading place that one of the wheels is about to fall off.

Once airborne, things are likely to be pleasant enough, except that it would be nice if the pilot or somebody told one that the blue flame that comes out of the exhaust isn't really there for the purpose of melting the wings off. I like to be reassured when the sound of the motors change. I am the type who is always smelling burning rubber. I find it reassuring to be let in on the fact that "we have now reached 15,000 feet and that change you hear in the engines is the supercharger going on"—or do I mean "off"?

Lest I seem to have it in for the railroads and the airlines, I would like to make it quite clear that I think ships and automobiles have their dreadful aspects, too. I suspect that at the root of my discontent with all of these modes of transportation is the fact that they are not as advertised. But then you can't expect the automobile manufacturers to advertise the fact that many drivers become psychotics behind the wheel, or the steamship companies to say that romance on shipboard isn't all it's cracked up to be. Anybody with any sense knows that there aren't that many attractive unattached people of the opposite sex wafting on the seven seas looking for love.

My plea is really a tiny one. It is not that the transportation moguls should spend less on advertising the glories of their planes and trains and cars and ships—which can, indeed, be pretty glorious—but that they should make life easier for the people who want to use them. I may be very old-fashioned of me to think that service is more to be desired than luxury and that anticipation is as important as arrival. The airlines and railroads have greased their wheels; I just wish that they'd grease mine.

Sincerely,
AGNES ROGERS ALLEN

the new BOOKS

PAUL PICKREL

We Are on a Journey . . .

SOME months ago Robert Penn Warren returned to the states of the South he knows best—Kentucky, Tennessee, Arkansas, Mississippi, and Louisiana—to find out how people in that part of the country are looking at the changes in race relations implicit in recent opinions of the Supreme Court. He traveled around and talked to a considerable variety of people, black and white, segregationist and desegregationist, and he reports his conversations in a little book called **Segregation** (Random House, $1.95).

It is a kind of writing on the subject that is badly needed, because it breaks up the abstractions in which the problem is likely to present itself to those of us who have no opportunity for firsthand observation. Though he gives his own position at the end of the book, Warren generalizes very little, letting the material speak for itself with all its complexities and contradictions.

TWILIGHT OF FILIALITY

YET a pattern emerges, a vivid picture of the contemporary South as a land that has come to the point where it must choose between two moral principles, each admirable in itself, each with powerful emotional forces behind it. On the one hand there is loyalty—loyalty to "what you might name the old Southern way, what we was brought up to," as one man who talked to Warren describes it. On the other hand there is justice, whose claims are acknowledged by a troubled woman when she says, "I can't feel the same way about a Negro as a white person. It's born in me. But I pray I'll change." You cannot feel contempt for either of these speakers, the man who honors his father and mother or the woman who prays for change, but you have to choose between them.

Testimony to the tragic quality of the choice facing the white South appears not only in the division between man and man but in the division within individuals, in the inner split that makes a girl say, "I feel it's all happening inside me." Most of the people Warren talked to, no matter what their own attitudes, believe that desegregation is coming; one important supporter of the segregationist cause told Warren that it is coming "right down the line." He went on to demonstrate that the South has accepted too many of the standards of an industrialized society to keep one part of the population in a feudal position. This was a rich businessman, a man who has done very well indeed in the new society of the South; obviously for him the fight for segregation is not a protest against the first step of social change but a tribute paid to a past that will vanish when the last step is taken. The feeling that desegregation is inevitable, instead of increasing its acceptability, can have the effect of increasing opposition to it. For the South, as it reveals itself in and through Warren, is deeply committed to the sense of its own difference from the rest of the country, and as the basis for that sense of difference becomes slighter and slighter, whatever remains will be defended by some with increasing passion.

The dilemma of the white Southerner is the more poignant because it is almost purely moral. On the basis of Warren's report there seems to be no other really important or widely advanced argument in favor of segregation. Though Warren talked to people who gave other reasons, by and large the case rests on loyalty to a traditional way of life, a kind of filial piety. With slavery it was different. Then there were powerful economic and Constitutional arguments. Now the economic argument is mostly against segregation, and in a general way the Constitutional argument is the same on both sides: both believe that the Constitution should guarantee the rights of minorities, but the segregationist means himself when he talks about a minority whose rights should be guaranteed and the desegregationist means the Negro. Arguments for segregation based on the incidence of disease or other handicaps of Negroes are discussions of priority—they may prove that public-health measures ought to precede interracial public education but not much more.

The tension between loyalty and justice in the

South is not new to literature; as a theme it has invigorated much of the best modern Southern writing. But Warren has rendered a service in showing how it shapes individual reactions to the issue of segregation. His book is too short and too artfully composed to do the job as fully as one would like; he has clipped and pruned his interviews until they sometimes seem more like scenes from a play than the sort of thing people say in the give and take of ordinary talk, but they are undeniably telling.

Warren himself believes in gradual desegregation. He rejects an abstract Utopian ideal of justice, but he believes that men have to deal with the problem of justice as it presents itself in their historical moment, and desegregation is the way in which the problem of justice presents itself to the white Southerner at this moment in history. Warren is a gradualist because "history, like nature, knows no jumps." But of course nature does know jumps—in biology they are called mutations or saltations. And it may be that history knows jumps too.

OTHER TRAVELS

JOHN SKOLLE'S **Azalaï** (Harper, $4) is a report on another and very different sort of journey. Skolle is a man fascinated by the desert, and his book is an account of his travels in the Sahara.

The first part deals with the Tuareg, that curious tribe whose men wear veils and blue clothes (the dye communicates a prized patina to their never-washed skins) and whose loveliest debutantes are fattened up before marriage to about three hundred pounds, a gross much admired in a society where you have to be rich to be fat. Oddly enough, the Tuareg are now in a position very roughly parallel with the American South. The males are feudal nobles who leave manual labor to their black slaves, but a recent change in French law made both masters and slaves French citizens, with the same civil rights. So far there is neither an NAACP nor a Citizens' Council, but Skolle gives a touching picture of a Tuareg noble baffled by a French court that is trying him for exercising his ancient feudal privileges.

Most of *Azalaï,* and the best part, recounts Skolle's experience as the first American to reach the fabled city of Timbuctoo by camel caravan (azalaï) across the Sahara. No one who reads about what he went through is likely to rush off to join the nearest caravan, but it is fascinating on the printed page, not only for all kinds of odd facts that present themselves along the way but also for the sensitive recreation of psychological effects—what it feels like to ride by camelback for twenty hours without stopping through trackless sand, the hallucinations that come with exposure, the kind of relations that grow up between a white man and Arabs as they travel for days together. Since the book tells how a turban is wound, how camels mate, how tea is served in the desert, and how eunuchs are made, it is useful as well as entertaining.

HERBERT WENDT'S **In Search of Adam** (Houghton Mifflin, $6.50) is an account of yet another kind of expedition—man's search for his own ancestors. In lavish and fascinating detail Wendt tells the highly complicated story of how paleontologists and anthropologists have used the fossils and artifacts in the crust of the earth to piece together a family tree for man.

The story begins with the early-eighteenth-century "Floodists," men who were looking for evidence of the Biblical flood (it has since been found, but not where the Floodists looked for it), and comes up to such recent events as the unmasking of the Piltdown forgery and the discovery of the coelacanth, the "fossil fish" that was supposed to be extinct for millennia and lately turned up in South Africa alive and kicking—kicking with appendages somewhere between fins and legs, which give their owner a distinguished position on the evolutionary ladder.

No part of the story is more enthralling than the account of how the second world war affected the study of ancient man—the loss of the fabulously rich lode of skeletons that had been dug up around Peking; the ancient Javanese skull that was sent to the Emperor of Japan by his triumphant armies and courteously returned to its owner at the end of the war (the Emperor is an enthusiastic amateur of such matters; the only picture in his study is a portrait of Darwin); the valuable museum holdings of bones and tools destroyed by bombs; the new technique of radiocarbon dating by which atomic research has come to the aid of the prehistorian.

The central conflict in Wendt's story is again a conflict between filial piety and doing justice to the facts. Men loyal to the Biblical account of creation or to Aristotle's teaching that no species is lost and none added have waged a long and losing battle against the evidence the earth offers. Now the evolutionary hypothesis, though much corrected and augmented, especially by work in genetics, is accepted with few reservations in the scientific world. It suggests an attitude toward experience not unlike Warren's: we have come a long, long way, but that is no proof that we will go on forever. The most we can do is to meet the challenge the world affords at the moment it is offered. (A Book-of-the-Month Club selection.)

I N **Contemporary Capitalism** (Random House, $5) the distinguished Labor M.P. and former Cabinet minister John Strachey has written the

first volume of a projected three-volume study of how man is now meeting the challenge of his environment through his economic, political, and social institutions. Strachey is a convinced non-Communist Socialist, and a large part of this first volume is an attempt to reapply Marx's theory of Socialism to the present economic situation of the advanced Western democracies.

Marx thought that under capitalism there would be fewer and fewer men in control of the factories and that the people who worked in the factories would get less and less of the things they made. He concluded that the only way the workers would be able to take home more would be by getting hold of the factories themselves. Or, to put it in more respectable language, the only preventive to the progressive immiseration of the worker would be the nationalization of the means of production.

Now Marx was partly right. In many fields a few large companies do control the market ("oligopolistic conditions prevail"), but, oddly enough, the workers are not worse off; they work shorter hours and take home more.

Where did Marx go wrong? Strachey decides that Marx's fundamental error lay in his assumption that the men who run the economy would always call the tune the politicians dance to, whereas we know that political power can be used to offset economic power. If the worker has a ballot he can vote in a New Deal or a Labor Government, and the men he elects can use the power of the state to reshape the economy in the worker's favor. Instead of nationalizing industry, we have nationalized the state by giving everybody a vote. As a result the decline in economic competition has been offset by creating another arena of competition in politics. This suggests that there are two ways of running a modern industrialized country: you can have an oligopoly running the economy and let everybody have a voice in the state, as in the Western democracies; or you can have an oligopoly running the state and pretend that everybody has a voice in the economy, as in the Western democracies.

Or so I conclude from Strachey's analysis. His own conclusions are somewhat different, for he remains an ardent supporter of nationalized industry. His arguments are partly economic and partly moral, and not wholly convincing in either category.

Contemporary Capitalism requires alertness in the reader because Strachey's logic is at times fairly slippery and the conclusion he draws from a piece of evidence is not always the only conclusion that can be drawn. But the book is written with a remarkable lucidity, and the author's long experience in politics gives him many valuable insights into the relation between politics and economics.

THE STORY OF FDR

IN twentieth-century America the name most commonly associated with use of the state as a makeweight against the economy is of course Franklin D. Roosevelt's, but there remain a good many questions about exactly what Roosevelt was trying to do and why he wanted to do what he did. James MacGregor Burns's **Roosevelt: The Lion and the Fox** (Harcourt, Brace, $5.75) is among other things an attempt to answer such questions.

The book is called "the first political biography of FDR," but that description is a little misleading. What Burns has written is a detailed political history of Roosevelt's first two terms, followed by a brief estimate of his success as a war leader and preceded by about 150 pages on his career before the Presidency, a section too long to be an introduction and too short to add very much to what is generally known. But the book gives the fullest account known to me of that crucial period when Roosevelt was chiefly directing his efforts to solution of the economic problems posed by the Depression.

Although one scholar has recently tried to show that Roosevelt had a well-thought-out economic philosophy, Burns agrees with previous writers like Hofstadter that in fact the President was a man never at home with theory or abstractions; that the cast of his mind was pragmatic, with a vivid sense of the concrete and a brilliant gift for maneuver but little power of long-



Yes, you lived through all this—but how much of it do you remember?

THE CRUCIAL DECADE

AMERICA, 1945-55

by ERIC F. GOLDMAN

What other period in American life can match these years? That taut Thursday when Franklin Roosevelt died, the first sickening fall of an atom bomb, the heartfelt roar when Jackie Robinson trotted out in a Dodgers' uniform, high prices and boom times, Arnold Toynbee and Mickey Spillane, Hiss, McCarthy, MacArthur, and a President of the United States direct and earnest at Geneva, stirring the world with a simple plea for peace.

This book gives meaning to the years from 1945 to 1955. It is history in the most direct sense of the word—a narrative, written with a careful regard for the facts, an attempt to escape partisanship, or other bias, an effort to place events in the longer perspective. It is written by one of America's most brilliant younger historians, Professor of History at Princeton, and author of *Rendezvous with Destiny*.

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EDITOR AT LARGE



That contemporary phenomenon, the business executive, has been of late the subject of a number of movies, television dramas and novels.

The portraits appearing on screens (both those small enough to fit in between your bookcases and the drive-in varieties large enough to block the most majestic landscape) have been little more than caricatures. And even those appearing in books, where the extra dimensions permit a greater degree of truth, have sometimes born little resemblance to the real thing.

But there is now an accurate picture of the executive drawn by the executives themselves, and edited by the staff of *Fortune*.

For many years *Fortune's* editors have been studying the life, habits and psychology of this unusual species, and the results of their studies have been incorporated into a new book, called appropriately "The Executive Life."

This book tells you everything there is to know about executives: who they are and how they got that way; how hard they work and how much they are paid for it; how they get raises (there's useful information in this chapter for all of us); how they are fired or retired; and, finally, how to become one.

I was fascinated by this highly readable book, and enlightened by it, too. I recommend it to any man who works or employs someone, and to any woman who wonders whether she really likes the idea of her husband in the executive suite.

L. L. Day
EDITOR-AT-LARGE

"The Executive Life," by the editors of *Fortune* ($3.50) will be published by Doubleday & Company, 575 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y., one week after Labor Day. Copies may be obtained from your own bookseller, or from any of the 30 Doubleday Book Shops, one of which is located on Wall Street. Thoughtful executives are urged to discuss with their booksellers placing bulk orders for their subordinates' Christmas. You don't have to wait until December, either; a gift of books can turn any day into Christmas.

range analysis; that his economic education was feeble; and that the economic measures associated with his name constitute less a program than a patchwork of experiment, political expediency, and humane concern. Insofar as Roosevelt asserted the power of the government against the economy he did it not because he had any profound conviction that the development of capitalism required such action but because the exigencies of the moment pushed him in that direction.

The Roosevelt that Burns presents is a conservative—a man who unquestioningly accepted capitalism and wanted to make it work, as he accepted the moral inheritance of Hyde Park and Groton and transferred to the national government their allegiance to the principle of *noblesse oblige*.

This seems to me a sound interpretation, but it also seems to leave something out. When you look back on the Roosevelt era it is easy to call the man conservative who, for instance, did not nationalize the banks when he could have and when a large part of the country would have welcomed such a step. But Roosevelt's actions did not seem very conservative at the time, because they were accompanied by a rhetoric that was enlarging the realm of political discourse. Roosevelt may not have discovered, until the war came along, how to improve the food, clothing, and housing of the least prosperous third of the nation very much, but he did make the least prosperous segment of the population a permanent part of the language of American politics. For better or for worse, the New Deal introduced an important shift in the way we talk about government, even if a lot of the talk failed to get on the statute books.

Burns is sympathetic to his subject, but he bears down hard on Roosevelt's weaknesses of intellect and consistency. Apparently he particularly regrets Roosevelt's failure to make a thoroughgoing application of Keynesian economics and to work out a realignment of political parties. The book's approach is somewhat political-sciency, but the occasionally stylish vocabulary and the attempt to move from the local accidents of events and personalities toward more theoretical matters do not get in the way of a fascinating story.

AMONG THE NOVELISTS

AFTER such weighty matters it is pleasant to turn to a group of engaging new novels, none of them large-scale works but each with its own distinction.

For sheer spring-like loveliness it would be hard to surpass a novel translated from the Japanese: **The Sound of Waves** by Yukio Mishima (Knopf, $3). This is a very simple story—a young fisherman on a small Japanese island falls in love with a girl and after a certain amount of difficulty they marry—but it combines an archaic naïveté in the characters with a quiet sophistication in the narration in a way seldom found in modern Western fiction. (From the handful of Japanese novels published in this country since the war that I have read, I assume that it is not common in modern Japanese fiction either.) For a parallel you would have to go back to something like the Greek romance of *Daphnis and Chloe*. *The Sound of Waves* is not the equal of that masterpiece but it has its freshness, its closeness not only to what are called the facts of life but also to the poetry and passion of life. The culture of the island—in many ways primitive but touched here and there with odd bits of Western ways (the women earn their living by the ancient skill of abalone diving, but they spend their earnings on such things as plastic handbags)—forms a perfect background, but the real interest of the book lies in the discovery by the incredulous young lovers of the power of their own feelings.

THE new book by the author of the phenomenally successful *Bonjour Tristesse*, Françoise Sagan's **A Certain Smile** (Dutton, $2.95), is another novel that might be called a story of young love, but it is certainly the tiredest young love that ever appeared in fiction. The atmosphere is exactly the opposite of the atmosphere of *The Sound of Waves*: here everything is soiled, everybody is bored, nothing happens for the first time. A girl studying at the Sorbonne decides to crawl out of

oung man's bed and into his uncle's. The change upsets the poor thing, because she becomes attached to her new sleeping-partner. She too is incredulous before her own feelings, but there is nothing she can do about them except wait for them to go away.

The power of the book lies in its very economical but incisive portrayal of a society in which young people move aimlessly between sterile intellectualism and momentary titillation of their senses, with nothing to which they can attach their more profound emotions—in fact, with no warning that they have them. It is a young girl's wasteland, the questionable product of centuries of civilization. At a tender age Mlle. Sagan is already a formidable combination of Colette and Simone de Beauvoir. If she goes on to realize her full potentiality she should be terrifying.

The Fair Game by Constantine FitzGibbon (Norton, $3.75) is still another story of young love, this time in London during the second world war. Here the approach is light, brittle, witty ("bigamy is only respectability carried to criminal lengths"). Except for the end, where FitzGibbon threatens to make a point, the book is a piece of lighter-than-air fooling around, written in a fast staccato style that prevents both the characters and the reader from taking anything very seriously. The result is a highly entertaining diversion reminiscent of the early Waugh, though without Waugh's acid bite. Quite a different picture of London in the same era is presented by the talented Englishwoman who writes under the name of Bryher. She says that she wrote her new novel, **Beowulf** (Pantheon, $2.75), for Continental friends who had asked her what it was like in London during the Blitz, and the book does fine job of answering that question. The title of the novel is also a statement of the theme, for its immediate source is a rather ridiculous duster bulldog which serves as mascot for a shabby-genteel tearoom, while its more remote source is of course the Old English epic hero. This is what the book is about—the intermingling of the commonplace concerns of daily life and primeval heroism, the courage of perfectly ordinary people in extraordinary circumstances.

Bryher always writes within modest limits and in a rather low key, a method that has won critical approval but only a small audience for her work. But in *Beowulf* her quiet, almost diffident manner is extremely well suited to her work and results in a memorable story.

JOHN O'HARA'S new book, **A Family Party** (Random House, $1.95), is another tribute to quiet heroism. It is hardly more than a short story, written in the form of a speech delivered by a small-town newspaperman at a community dinner in honor of an old physician, but it is O'Hara at his most warmhearted and sentimental, and very nearly at his best.

O'Hara seems to me one of the most misunderstood of contemporary writers. He is no thinker, his stories are all emotion and observation, sometimes he seems not very clear in his own mind about what he is trying to do, and he has committed such atrocities as a book called *Farmers' Hotel*. But at bottom he writes about something important—the search for quality in the individual life, the long and lonely haul a man has to face if he wants to be able to say to himself that he has not wasted his time. In his last major work, *Ten North Frederick*, he told of a man who *had* wasted his time. *A Family Party* is a story from the other side of the ledger, a tribute to a man who amounted to something.

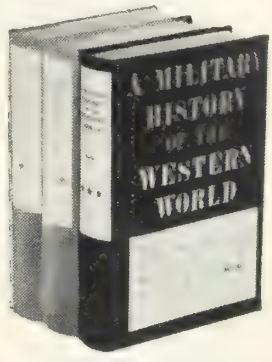
BOOKS *in brief*

KATHERINE GAUSS JACKSON

FICTION

Tolbecken, by Samuel Shellabarger. Mr. Shellabarger's posthumous novel is his first with an American setting; indeed it is the story of three generations of Americans (1750s to 1920s) in the small Delaware town of Dunstable. It is a leisurely tale of the relationship between genera-

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BOOKS IN BRIEF

tions, especially the relationship of old Judge Tolbecken to his grandson, Jared, and of the changing values that come with a changing America. Tolbecken, the family homestead which stands in the old man's mind for continuity, has to be sold to make way for newer developments in the town. Something is lost which can't be replaced. It takes a large cast to cover the generations, and the characterizations are very uneven. But it is a continuously interesting saga with Delaware, Princeton, the Argonne, and Paris as background. By the author of *Captain from Castile* and *The Prince of Foxes.* Little, Brown, $3.95

Angel's Ransom, by David Dodge.

This is a second sophisticated cops-and-robbers thriller by the man who is now famous for writing the Alfred Hitchcock movie that took Grace Kelly to Monaco—*To Catch a Thief.* This one, too, has Monaco as background, though most of the action takes place at sea aboard a rich American's yacht, *Angel.* The plot is elaborate. By a series of ruses involving a pretty dancing girl (American), an international gangster and two of his buddies manage to force the yacht to sail from the Monaco port without her crew except for our hero, the captain. Below decks her playboy owner and his three guests are sleeping off a hangover. Their awakening is a rough one, involving breaking the playboy's hand with the butt of a revolver when he refuses to sign a check. He signs; the messenger is put ashore to cash it in Switzerland while the assorted passengers live through a reign of terror at sea waiting for his return. There is plenty of love interest. The playboy finds that in the face of danger he is made of sterner stuff than any of them had thought and the Polish Venus who had come aboard in the hope of getting some of his money remains to love and marry him. The American girl who as an (oh-so-innocent) part of the plot had tricked the brave and handsome young captain of the vessel, in the end falls in love with him too. All ends well and nobody can feel really badly about any of the four corpses left in the story's wake. It is well written, continually interesting, if fairly predictable, and strangely lacking in

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umor. But what a movie it will ake. Random House, $3.50

he Paper Dolls, by Laura Beheler. A little girl, who at the age of ne loses herself in a paper-doll orld to shut out the unpleasantness her parents' disagreements, grows to reject all of life's realities, inding love. The story starts slowly e many other stories of family unppiness told from a sensitive ild's point of view, but builds to al and unexpected climaxes. The d is perhaps psychologically sound t not quite convincing in fictional ms. Yet the novel which starts in mall Western town called Trinity, newhere "on the rolling country t edges the prairie," and ends in w York (where Ida, the girl, goes th her lover whom she can't perade herself to marry), is refreshg and original in many ways. The nes with the paper dolls, a night a transcontinental bus, some of e dreams, and the nostalgic sounds d smells of spring as they reach a ld in a small town, are especially id. The characterizations are exlent, too, in that people are preted as they appear to someone o never succeeds in getting close any human being, and yet they ve great reality for the reader. is is a first-novelist to watch.
Houghton Mifflin, $3

the Kingdoms of the Earth, by ke Norris.

n the bottom lands of Crooked eek in North Carolina the Negroes ed the land and owed most of at they grew and sold to the white ople—the Nortons—who lived in large house across the Creek and ned most of the businesses in the rby town. It at once becomes parent in the story (this is in the ly 'thirties) that white and black the community are not only interpendent but interrelated, and the k carries the stories of three genetions of both down nearly to the sent. The main fault of the novel in its constant shift in point of w from one character to another. e story starts when a Negro mer, Mr. Carl, gets a loan from white banker to rehabilitate his m after a flood. Then it shifts to other Negro family and its relaship to the same white man. After the bank crash the white banker tries to kill himself, fails, but goes out of the story, and the reader goes on with life in the Negro settlement for two generations. Although the story comes back to Mr. Carl in the end, the novel has been so diffuse that in spite of some excellent descriptive writing, one has lost interest. Simon & Schuster, $3.50

The Half-Crown House, by Helen Ashton.

Every Tuesday and Saturday, for half a crown, Fountain House in the Midlands, was open to the public. Like so many others, this stately home of England which had belonged to the Hornbeam family since the Restoration, was slowly disintegrating through lack of funds to keep it in repair. Henrietta, twin sister of that Lord Hornbeam killed at Arnhem, kept it going for his posthumous son, aged nine, in a dedicated way, no matter what it cost in wit, work, and worry. To Henrietta—as to Scarlett O'Hara in *Gone with the Wind*—the family homestead was a passion and an obsession, and Miss Ashton's book tries to make this passion plausible. The novel is full of the history of Fountain House—which represents the history of many English houses—told through the servants, through the china, the silver, the pictures, the gardens, all stamped with the aura of a way of life that believed it would endure forever. This is done admirably and one falls under the spell of history woven about the house. One understands the British resentment against the American air bases and the Americans themselves, who symbolize the new and different world. But the characters, alas, are to the reader also only symbols, not people with whom one becomes involved. The jacket says: "Miss Ashton is an impassioned gardener, a poultry raiser, and an amateur cook. Her other interests include architecture, English history, and antique collecting." In this book her interests are showing everywhere and, unfortunately for the novel, are much more engaging than her people. Literary Guild choice for September. Dodd, Mead, $3.50

The Seven Islands, by Jon Godden.

The seven islands were—and pre-

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BOOKS IN BRIEF

sumably still are—in the Ganges. On one lived a solitary holy man, a Sadhu, slim and beautiful, who swam with the porpoises, fed grain to the birds and milk to the snakes, and loved and talked to them all. Only once did he succumb to the temptation to interfere with God's ruling of the universe, when the nest of his friends, the eagles, was threatened on the third island down the river. How it was threatened, what he tried to do about it, and what the consequences were, make the story behind this quiet, charming, and often amusing little vignette of India. By the author of *The House by the Sea.* Knopf, $3

NON-FICTION

Lady Sing the Blues, by Billie Holiday with William Dufty.

"Too Hot for Words," is the title of one chapter of this rocking and rolling autobiography of the Negro singer whose life has been dogged with such hard luck as most people would not be willing to believe. What it says about the treatment of drug addicts in our courts and jails is by itself terrifying. The book begins with a classic sentence: "Mom and Pop were just a couple of kids when they got married. He was eighteen, she was sixteen, and I was three." The language and attitudes in the rest of the unhappy story pull no punches. William Dufty has apparently been wise and able enough to let Miss Holiday's personality graze the open ranges. It makes mighty rough reading, but is genuine and appalling in what it shows life has been like for our underprivileged third. Lively talk of the early days of the now-great like Louis Armstrong, Teddy Wilson, and Benny Goodman, too. A sizzling document. Doubleday, $3.75

FORECAST

Circus Farewell

The big-tops may be coming down all over the country, but you can always turn to the publishers in a pinch. Not only is there the children's book, *See the Circus,* by H. A. Rey coming from Houghton Mifflin in September, but Marian Murray has a book which Appleton will publish in October called *Circus! From*

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BOOKS IN BRIEF

ome to Ringling, which they say is ill of anecdotes about "aerialists, he acrobats, the tumblers, clowns nd animals, the parades . . . fabu- us people and mighty beasts." hen in November Doubleday is ringing out *Center Ring, the Peo- le of the Circus* by Robert Lewis aylor, author of *W. C. Fields.* For hose to whom the animals were and e the large attraction, Peter Skel- n has edited for John Day for the ll an anthology of animal stories, om Jack London, to Maeterlinck, Albert Payson Terhune, to Carl an Vechten, called *Animals All.* erald Durrell, well known to *arper's* readers for "The King and is Beasts" has a new book about himal collecting on Viking's Sep- mber list called *The Drunken orest.* This time it's in a Uru- ayan jungle. Simon and Schuster e excited about a book called *The iver of Life,* "a celebration of life the animal, insect, and plant king- oms" by Rutherford Platt, which ew out of the work he has done Walt Disney films. The book is rtunate in having twenty full-page e drawings by Bernarda Bryson, so well known to readers of *arper's* (October). In the same onth, on Vanguard's list is *King- m of the Beasts,* a large book of 5 gravure pictures of animals of all rts by a European photographer med W. Suschitsky and 79 pages of xt by Julian Huxley. And early xt February Harper will publish *nimal Friends and Foes* by Osmond Breland. . . . I never saw any fish the circus outside the seal act, t they make a side show of their n, and Rinehart in September is blishing an illustrated book by lph Nading Hill called *Window the Sea* which describes "the story the men (and the fish), the re- rch and adventure, the fun and chantment that bring 700,000 peo- e a year to the great outdoor uarium at Marineland Florida." d Holt, in October, in *The Search neath the Sea* publishes a book in ich J. L. B. Smith tells the story his successful fourteen-year search a live specimen of the coelacanth, ught to be extinct these fifty mil- n years. There seem to be plenty wonders left in the world even they're no longer to be collected der the Big Top.

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Only recently, as time is measured; not more than twenty generations ago, less than 1/100th of 1% of the earth's people were thought capable of receiving basic knowledge about the laws of life, for it is an elementary truism that knowledge is power and that power cannot be entrusted to the ignorant and the unworthy.

Wisdom is not readily attainable by the general public; nor recognized when right within reach. The average person absorbs a multitude of details about things, but goes through life without ever knowing where and how to acquire mastery of the fundamentals of the inner mind—that mysterious silent something which "whispers" to you from within.

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EARLY MUSIC

Tallis: Lamentations of Jeremiah the Prophet; Hymns for Alternating Plainsong and Polyphony. The Deller Consort. Vanguard-Bach-Guild BG 551.

Tallis was a grand old Englishman who composed straight through the religious wars from the time of Henry the VIII into Elizabeth's reign—he died just in time to miss the Spanish Armada. His music has a certain stiff, reserved quality, very English, and is the more expressive for it. The constant use of dissonant cross-relations—an F in one voice clashing with an F-sharp in another—adds poignancy that is strictly of the English school.

The Deller Consort does this music in a dedicated and musical way, but with the usual and unfortunate disregard for the natural animation of the words that mars so much revived music today. Beautiful—but, as I hear it, too "antique" to be other than beautifully dull after a while. I've sung in this work myself and know how vigorous and outgoing it can be. Here, all is chaste and otherworldly.

Alfred Deller Recital (Two Buxtehude Cantatas; Songs to the Lute by Campian, etc.).
Buxtehude: Organ Fugue in C Major. L'Oiseau-Lyre OL 50102.

The popular countertenor with the very high voice here sings in two quite different sorts of music. The Buxtehude cantatas are a joy to hear. One, "Jubilate Domino," is for solo voice with modest but colorful accompaniment; the other, "In Dulci Jubilo," is for three high voices, the lovely and quiet elaboration built, phrase for phrase, on the familiar tune of that name. The instrumental parts are played on "old instruments," in this case with virtually no vibrato. The sounds are more antique, but probably more authentic than the effect of the same stringed instruments played with present-day vibrato.

The Buxtehude fugue is a delightful little piece on a typical saucy, folksy theme, played on a poop-poopy small organ that sounds like a miniature steam calliope. The songs to the lute, fine material for the Deller voice, supplement the similar music already widely acclaimed on earlier Deller releases.

Renaissance Choral Music. Chorus Pro Musica of Boston, Patterson. Unicorn UN LP 1025.

The music of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries on this record ranges from Byrd and Tye to Victoria, Sweelinck, Lassus, Schütz—an international survey. But the singing is not of the best, though spirited and energetic.

All praise to any group that puts sensible life into music that was obviously alive and exciting in its own day, and can be still. But not at the expense of good ensemble and pitch. This group is of a sort common enough in America, depending in part at least on trained voices, trained with that incurable heavy wobble and throaty production that is so disastrous to choral ensemble in older music. These singers not only wobble variously, but in the more exciting passages strain themselves out of tune with each other; the pitch is definitely so-s the harmonies muddied and imprecis

The interpretations are either breat lessly fast (good, when under contro or long-drawn-out and very slow, in th older Romantic tradition of swellin and-dying still widely in favor for si teenth-century music.

Palestrina: Mass "Veni Sponsa Christi Lassus: Mass "Puisque J'ai Perdu Vienna Kammerchor, Gillesberger. Un corn UN LP 1013.

On the same label as the Renaissan music above, but from the other side the Western world, these two masses a sung with fine spirit and considerab vibrato, Viennese-style, by a well-train Austrian group. But where the Bost singers wobble with poor pitch ense ble, this group listens to itself and sin in tune at all times. Makes a differen

This is the vigorous, alive, mode approach to the music, as though it only meant what it said but was tended as naturally for our ears as those of three centuries and more a No mysterious otherworldliness he except as directly expressed in the wo of the mass itself.

The Palestrina is characteristica long-rhythmed, brilliant and showy, w a glorious sense of vocal idiom. T Lassus is more chordal, with shor phrases, built on a secular tune, title-tune, that happens also to be familiar four-note theme of Moza "Jupiter" Symphony, the last moveme

Machaut: Motets, Ballades, Virel Rondeaux. Collegium Musicum of Univ. of Illinois, George Hunter, Westminster XWN 18166.

The resurrection of the Gothic mu of some seven centuries ago is still v much on musicologists' minds, and r it is moving over into the realm of p formance—a matter of enormous d culty, since the written remains of music are, or were, virtually unin ligible. Outside, indirect evidence fr other sources has been applied ass ously for many years until now we finally get a reasonably consistent— recognizable—tonal impression of music, in actual performance.

Machaut was the glory of fourtee century France, and the author of first one-composer mass, plus number shorter works as sampled here. Th who have listened to the Belgian Musica under Safford Cape and the N York Pro Musica under Greenberg find this recording an important pleasurable addition to the efforts those two groups. The scholarship i

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WORTH LOOKING INTO . . .

Debussy: Le Martyre de Saint Sébastien. Soloists, Chorus Radiodiffusion Française, Orch. Théâtre Ch. Elysées, Inghelbrecht, André Falcon, narrator. London DTL 93040/41. (Complete, with narration in French.)

Mozart: The Magic Flute. Stader, Streich, Otto, Hafliger, Fischer-Dieskau, Greindl, RIAS Symphony, Chamber Choir, Fricsay. Decca DX 134(3). (Includes the spoken text throughout—an excellent idea.)

Mozart: Symphonies #33, #34. Philh. Symphony of London, Leinsdorf (Complete Symphonies, Vol. IX). Westminster WN 18186.

Mozart: Violin Concerti #1, K. 207; #7, K. 271a. Arthur Grumiaux, Vienna Symphony, Paumgartner. Epic LC 3230.

Brahms: A German Requiem, Op. 45. Stader, Wiener, Choir St. Hedwig's Cathedral and Berlin Motet Choir. Berlin Philh., Lehmann. Decca DX 136 (2).



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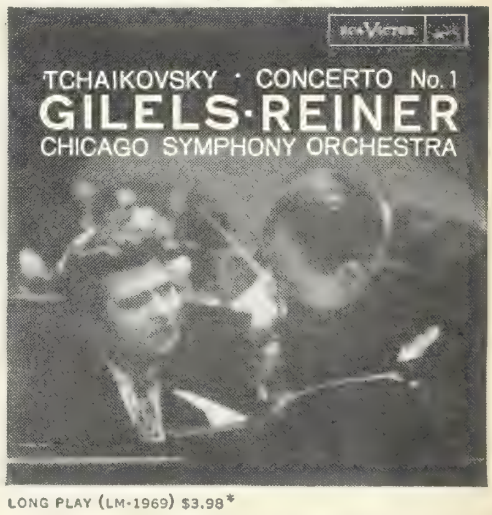
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good as can be had but, much more important, these people play and sing very musically. And what good is music that is unmusical—however authentic.

Particularly lovely is the contralto voice of Jantina Noorman, who sings many solos, accompanied by vielles, recorder, and lute. The tenor Richard Krause has a light, clear voice too, that blends easily with the instruments.

Chant Gregorian, vol. 2. Monks of the Abbey of Solesmes, France. London LSA 17 (4 10").

Prewar record collectors will remember the then-priceless recordings of these same monks, who have been leaders in the restoration of the pure Gregorian tradition of unaccompanied plain song. This new series is staggering in its proportions; these are not merely inspirational samples but complete masses for various occasions in the Church year. The entire legacy of Gregorian song would take up whole shelves of similar volumes—and for all I know, recording being what it is these days, the whole body of music will eventually find its way onto discs.

The music, as many know, is beautiful both in itself and as an age-old expression of Christian faith. By this very token it invites long study, and can easily take up one's entire lifetime, for that matter. It is that great. Don't buy this album, then, as so much background music.

Dufay: Missa Caput. Ambrosian Singers, Stevens L'Oiseau-Lyre OL 50069.

This middle-fifteenth-century work with the odd title (the Latin word for "head"—no relation to the German *kaput*) is a towering masterpiece midway between the distant, dissonant, barbaric beauties of the Machaut period and the highly developed music of the Palestrina age, the late sixteenth century. The long stretch of years between the earliest music written down in parts and what we formerly thought was the "beginning" of music is rapidly being filled—and Dufay, with the supreme master Josquin, is restored as one of the biggest figures in Western music.

Strange to the ears, this music, at first. Those who object to initial strangeness, who are disturbed by a preliminary lack of communication, who turn off the phonograph when the music, after a few moments, seems monotonous, had best stay away from Dufay. It is, in truth monotonous music—that being simply the outward expression of its remarkable unity, its rocklike, overall oneness of purpose.

But like the endless variety of ornamentation in the flowery late-Gothic cathedrals, this Mass is glorious in its splendid detail, elaborately woven around the *cantus firmus* that is always at its heart, a plain-chant melody, now no longer in use, that belonged to the English Sarum usage and was well known at the time. Each section of the work, as here performed, begins with a free passage for several voices, followed by the body of the music in the larger chorus over the ever-present plain chant, sung in long notes and bolstered by a trombone.

The racy dissonance of the earlier Gothic music is absent here. Modern consonance is already established; but not modern chord progressions, even of the now-familiar Palestrina sort. This is a new language, for most of us, and a subtle one. Simple listening soon brings its sense and beauty to the patient ear.

Musique du Moyen Age à la Renaissance. Ens. Monique Rollin. Mathilde Siderer, sopr. London-Int. W 91116.

A series of performances with solo singer, vielles, recorders, lute, drums, in the now increasingly familiar manner of the musical explorers into older music. The works range, from thirteenth- and fourteenth-century songs and dances, up to the early sixteenth century, many of them very lively.

The immediately noticeable aspect of this group is the ultra-French voice production of the soprano, Mathilde Siderer, who could have walked straight off the Opéra-Comique stage. Just goes to show that we can never wholly eliminate present-day irrelevancies in our "authentic" restorations. A lovely voice, but it sounds like Mélisande.

The Golden Line of Polyphony from Sweelinck to Mozart. Alma Musica. London DTL 93046.

This group is apparently Dutch, judging from the names of the players, who use modern instruments except for the harpsichord—in fact, the historical title is misleading: the main items here are larger eighteenth-century works, a concerto by Vivaldi, a seldom-heard Flute Quartet (K. 285b) of Mozart, and one of Mozart's adagios for string trio prefacing a fugue by Bach, transcribed for trio. The other, earlier works, are thrown in for good measure.

Good but not unusual playing, without any special historical sense. Recording has some slight distortion in the highs and a low-bass rumble.

History of the Dance Form. Vol. 1: Allemande and Minuet. Erna Heiller, harps. and piano. Unicorn UN LP 1010.
History of the Dance Form. Vol. 2: Bourrée, Courante. Erna Heiller, harps. Unicorn UN LP 1027.

The mere title of these discs hints at a musicological trap for the listener who is more interested in music than in codification. For aesthetic reasons a whole series of examples of the same type of dance form is bound to present problems in performance. And it is seldom wise to combine harpsichord and piano on one recording, whatever the reason.

In truth, Erna Heiller's playing has a somewhat scholarly slant to it, but I hasten to say that it is musical all the same, if not exactly full of lightness and grace. And, fortunately, the composers themselves have disagreed so healthily as to what constitutes a minuet, bourrée, or allemande, that there is far more variety in these comparative sequences than might be imagined! Perhaps this was the underlying intention of the project—variety within unity.

No doubt about it, we get an excellent bird's-eye view of the musical inconsistencies and consistencies that lie behind the continuity of any musical title terminology. Music appreciation teachers had better look hard in the other direction, for this sort of thing can cause chaos in the highly oversimplified world of the music survey course.

The value of the discs for listening varies with the type of dance. The bourrées, with their persistent fast rhythms, are the most monotonously alike, followed by the minuets—only slightly redundant. The allemandes and courantes might as well be so many unrelated pieces as far as listening is concerned.

By some ghastly, non-musicological error, the labels are reversed as between bourrées and courantes. Guess I know my music appreciation—I caught on quick. Wonder whether the Unicorn people have yet.

Footnote

The Philadelphia Orchestra Plays Bach. Eugene Ormandy, conductor. Columbia ML 5065.

These are as might be expected, though the various arrangers do not include Stokowsky. The most tasteless and unmusical, alas, are those by Ormandy himself. The Little G Minor, arranged by one Wm. Smith, isn't bad at all. Sir Edward Elgar's Fantasia and Fugue in C Minor, replete with harp-pluckings and great string swells, might well pass for Delius at the beginning and Elgar in the crashing ending. "Come Sweet Death" is slow and dismal as ever; an off-center pressing adds to the effect.

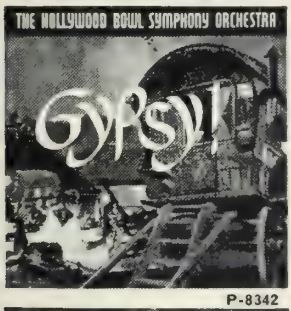
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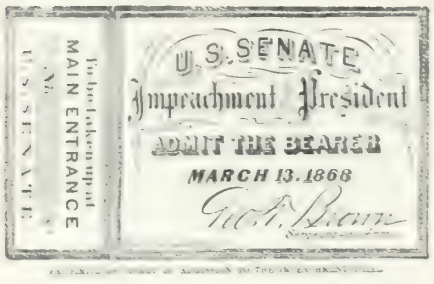
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orter McKeever

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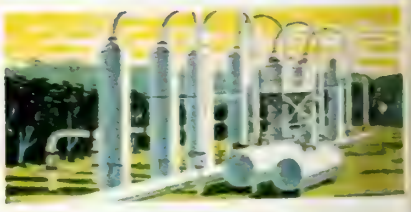
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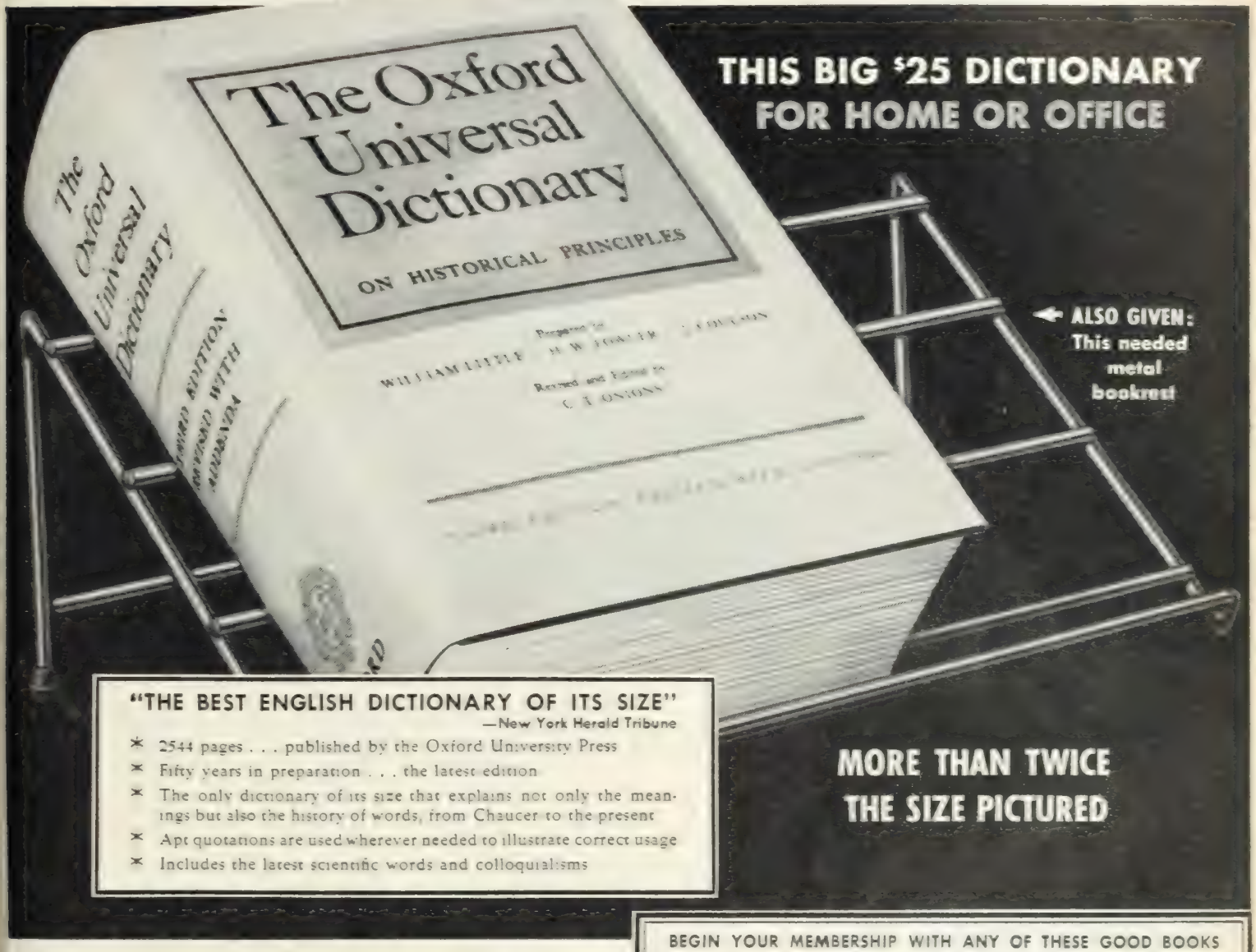
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LETTERS

Tolerant Americans

To the Editors:

Congratulations for giving us "Won't Somebody Tolerate Me?" by Elinor Goulding Smith [August]. Whether or not one agrees with her beliefs—or disbeliefs—is irrelevant. It happens that I do not. But I would "defend to the death" her right to her point of view and the respect that her thoughtful exposition of it merits. . . .

Corinna Marsh
New York, N. Y.

. . . [Mrs. Smith's] most telling point, which is frequently unappreciated, is that agnosticism can be "a positive thing, arising out of deep and serious conviction." . . .

Dr. and Mrs. Martin A. Tolcott
New Rochelle, N. Y.

A great many Americans profess some sort of religion these days, and few people adhere to non-belief; so there may be some justification for the gloomy conclusion to Mrs. Smith's otherwise excellent article. Yet there are some who believe that the founding fathers granted us not only the freedom to believe but also the freedom not to believe. My wife and I are of this persuasion, and feeling as does Mrs. Smith that the moral and ethical training of our children devolves upon us, we are trying . . . to instill these values into our four nascent non-believers without the shackles of orthodoxy. I can truthfully say that except for one minor incident we have had little interference from church, school, or neighbors in this undertaking. . . . Bill Hennings
Richland, Wash.

Elinor Goulding Smith presents us with a whopper of a dilemma. "Religionwise" she wants to be let alone, and her children with her. . . .

She is right that the majority should not force upon her and her children concepts abhorrent to them simply because it *is* the majority. Nor do the "right" people (those who adhere to "the one true faith") have the right to impose religious concepts upon others. But there are obstacles to the complete independence Mrs. Smith desires.

(1) We are a people founded upon religious principles. Even those Mrs. Smith says she teaches her children have come to effective realization only in concert with religious sanctions which have made sterile ethical ideas into motivations with power.

(2) It is the nature of Christianity to proselytize. Christians are specifically instructed to convert others. . . . "Your religion is my business" is admittedly a ticklish motto and has involved Christians in numberless tactless tactics and many indignant protests less kindly than Mrs. Smith's. But the church cannot surrender this mission without emasculation.

Can we have political liberty and deny the right of Republicans to try to convert others? . . .

Robert W. Hoffman, Minister
Phillips Congregational Church
Watertown, Mass.

Mrs. Smith's article raises problems which should weigh heavily on the consciences of all religious people.

She is certainly right that "freedom of religion" must include agnostics. . . . I share her troubled concern over the perfunctory injection of "under God" into the pledge of allegiance, the facile application of the epithet "godless" to anybody we happen to be against at the moment, and other evidences of the pallid but pervasive religiosity of the 1950s which . . . bears precious little resemblance to the virility and depth of genuine Biblical religion. . . .

However, her desire to remove all mention of religion from TV, schools, and even ordinary conversation seems a bit far-fetched. This is asking for a basic reconstitution of our whole Judeo-Christian culture. . . . Such an abandonment would lead to conditions of which no American, Mrs. Smith included, could possibly approve.

Rev. Harvey G. Cox
Director of Religious Activities
Oberlin College, Ohio

I expound my religion to my congregation of 400 via my pulpit.

Elinor Goulding Smith expounds hers to hundreds of thousands via *Harper's*. She should gripe!

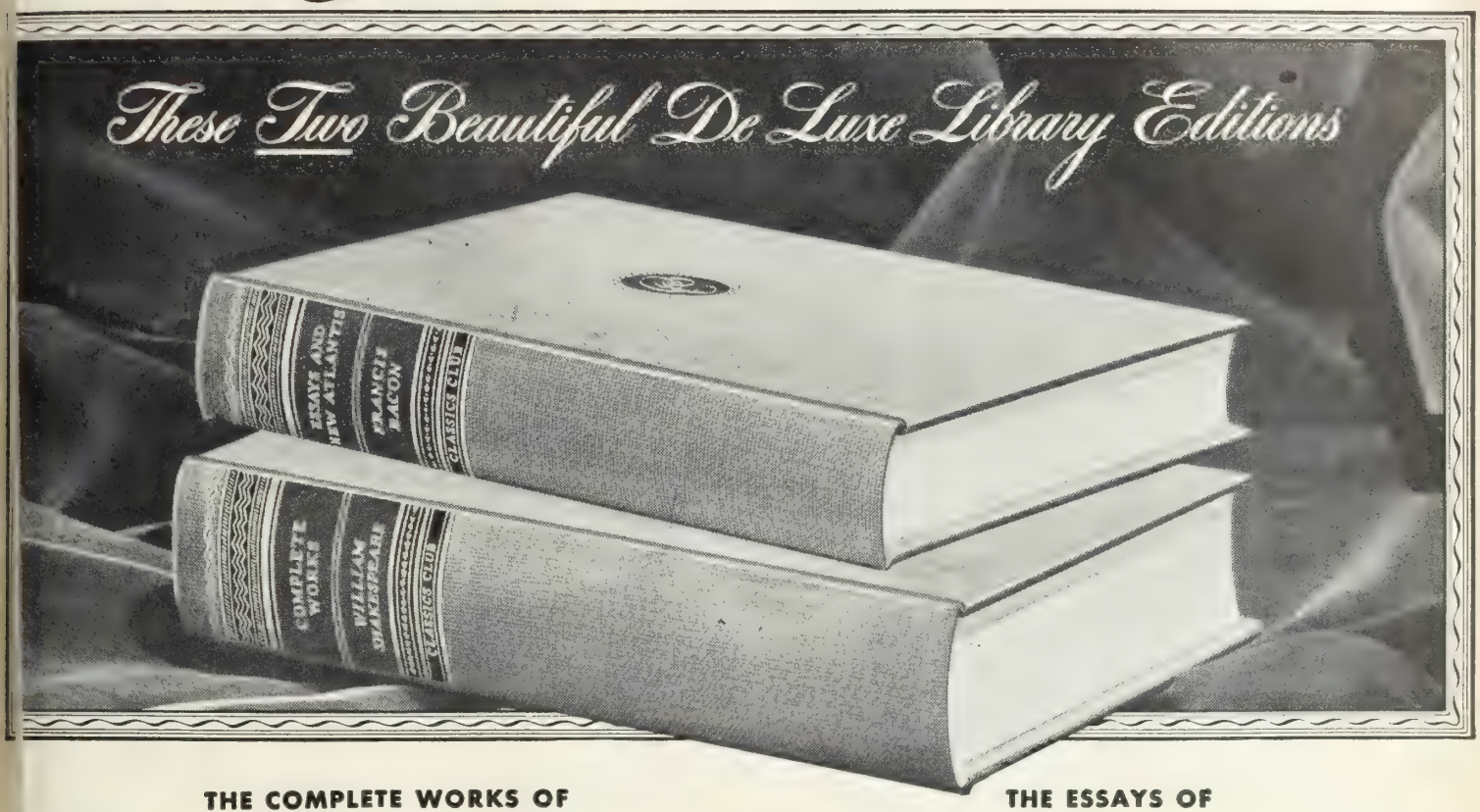
Fred Venable, Minister
First Methodist Church
Salida, Calif.

Washington Apples

To the Editors:

Re Hans Bendix's "Not so Rotten in Denmark" [July], p. 45: please, Mr. Bendix, *not* California apples "which ar

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Delinquents' Right

TO THE EDITORS:

In "What Nobody Knows About J
venile Delinquency" [August], Rut
Doyle chides the American Civil Li
erties Union for sending her in rep
to her question about our work in th
field "a treatise on the rights of pub
cation of salacious comic books." M
Doyle was sent the pamphlet because
discussed the charge that juvenile deli
quency is caused by reading cri
comics, and we thought this was g
mane to her interest. She was also se
a memorandum on curfew ordinanc
which ties in directly with the proble
of juvenile delinquency.

We think your readers should kn
the Union is concerned with the pr
lem of guaranteeing due process of l
to juveniles accused of wrong-doi
Our branch in Philadelphia has w
several outstanding victories on t
front recently, and an ACLU "frie
of the court" brief was filed in a c
in Washington, D. C., arguing that
juvenile must be informed of his rig
to counsel. The U.S. Circuit Court
Appeals upheld the ACLU view.

ALAN REITMAN, Ass't D
American Civil Liberties Uni
New York, N.

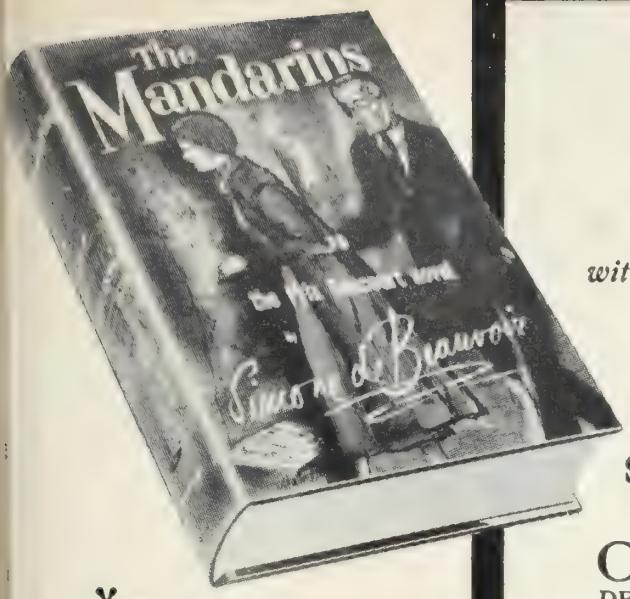
Battle of Brita

TO THE EDITORS:

Woodrow Wyatt in "Beaverbro
Last of the Press Lords" [July] wrote
". . . [Beaverbrook] was Minister
Aircraft Production from May 1940
May 1941. Unquestionably he won
Battle of Britain by forcing the ci
service machinery to produce airc
by big-business methods. . . ."

To put it mildly, this is a lot
nonsense.

The Battle of Britain, as it is rec
nized by the RAF and the Luftwa
began in July 1940 and ended in S
tember 1940. . . . Does Mr. Wyatt s
ously suggest that between May
September Lord Beaverbrook provi
the aircraft that fought the Battle
Britain? Aircraft production did r
But the rise came after the crisis
passed. The Spitfires and Hurrica
that saved Britain were the result



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formed by one of the world's greatest orchestras. It was recorded in Capitol's new custom-designed sound studios —literally a recording engineer's "dream" workshop.

But with all that, the "jury" has the final word. And like all its members, Mr. Zeitzew has a veto. As acoustical expert, he's concerned primarily with how faithfully the overtones — that give each instrument its distinctive "voice"— are reproduced on the recording.

he note on his scorepad, "Approved for HiFi."

Is it all necessary? Capitol thinks so. "Full Dimensional Sound" albums are advertised as "the highest fidelity known to the recorder's art." The Jury's job is to make sure they live up to their billing.

This week, hear a Capitol "Full Dimensional Sound" recording at your record dealer. You'll hear how high *high fidelity* can be.

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HE to his architect friend (*looking for some free advice*); to a "brother" ("*Glad to have you use my name...*")

SHE to her aunt ("*We'd love to spend the weekend...*"); to her former roommate ("*A new baby—salutations!*")

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...fun, too. And so easy, since *they type their personal letters* on paper especially made and styled to their modern ways.

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long-term plans laid down by the Air Council of the RAF. . . .

The Spitfire was produced by Vickers, the Hurricane by Hawkers. These are big businesses and at the time they were producing the most advanced fighters in the Western world. The fighters could not have been produced by anything else but big-business methods. . . .

This letter was not inspired by personal animus toward Lord Beaverbrook. . . . But I had a lot of good friends killed in the Battle of Britain. They and their fellow pilots won it. Not Lord Beaverbrook. I know he would be the first to admit it.

DREW MIDDLETON
Westport, N. Y.

Overdue Changes

TO THE EDITORS:

"Overdue Changes in Our Foreign Policy" by George Kennan [August] contains mature advice to the American people and their leaders. . . . It seems to me, however, that Mr. Kennan, probably because of space limitations, failed to mention one aspect of the situation that needs to be stressed: the necessity of recognizing the part diplomacy should play. . . .

There are important areas of contention that can be removed from international tension only if the proposals so astutely suggested by Mr. Kennan are supplemented by adroit use of diplomacy, a tool that has unhappily been too often unused by statesmen here and abroad in recent years.

ERNEST T. CLOUGH
Milwaukee, Wis.

George Kennan has a lot of sound views and straight thinking, but he suffers in an unusual degree from the American disease of optimism. . . .

I suspect that ten years from now the Russians are going to be farther ahead militarily, industrially, and politically than any of the optimists dream. I suspect the totalitarian state is going [illegible] service machinery to produce aircraft by big-business methods. . . ."

To put it mildly, this is a lot of nonsense.

The Battle of Britain, as it is recognized by the RAF and the Luftwaffe began in July 1940 and ended in September 1940. . . . Does Mr. Wyatt seriously suggest that between May and September Lord Beaverbrook provided the aircraft that fought the Battle of Britain? Aircraft production did rise. But the rise came after the crisis had passed. The Spitfires and Hurricanes that saved Britain were the result

HE'S LISTENING FOR THE LITTLE VOICES



THE UNRELAXED GENTLEMAN is Mr. Harris Zeitzew. He's a member of Capitol Records' famous record-rating "jury" which has just convened to render a verdict on a new Capitol album: is it good enough to bear the inscription "Full Dimensional Sound"?

You'd certainly think so. It's a symphony brilliantly performed by one of the world's greatest orchestras. It was recorded in Capitol's new custom-designed sound studios — literally a recording engineer's "dream" workshop.

But with all that, the "jury" has the final word. And like all its members, Mr. Zeitzew has a veto. As acoustical expert, he's concerned primarily with how faithfully the overtones — that give each instrument its distinctive "voice" — are reproduced on the recording.

Do you hear, for instance, the bottom-of-the-scale "croak" of the double bassoon? Do you *feel* the unique vibration of the bass viol? Do you hear the last trace of overhang to the cymbals? These are the "little voices" heard only on the highest fidelity recordings.

Only if Mr. Zeitzew hears them all, and distinctly, will he note on his scorepad, "Approved for FDS."

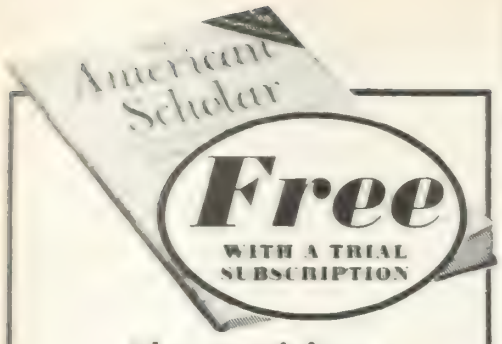
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FDS FULL DIMENSIONAL SOUND



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WHAT THE ANNIVERSARY ISSUE CONTAINS

Guest-edited by Irita Van Doren, this issue features such provocative articles as *The New Man in the Arts* by Jacques Barzun, *The Discipline Trap* by Marston Bates, *If You Don't Mind My Saying So* by Joseph Wood Krutch, *Our Documentary Culture* by Margaret Mead, *The Plight of the Lone Wolf* by Perry Miller, *The Meaning of Bandung* by Saunders Redding, *The Found Generation* by David Riesman, and others.

In addition, some of the leading scholars, writers and critics of our time have contributed capsule essays on what seems to each of them to be "the most neglected book in the last 25 years." In this section you will find Brooks Atkinson, Elmer Davis, Aldous Huxley, Sidney Hook, Carl Sandburg, Lionel Trilling, among the fifty famous contributors.

And, such noted American publishers as Bennett Cerf, John Farrar, B. W. Huebsch, Lovell Thompson, and Kurt Wolff, are among those who write about the book each is most proud to have published.

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[illegible] article was formally correct and should be enlightening to the public. Knowing the results of speaking out against the giants, I admire your courage in printing it. . . .

[illegible]
Travis Service Co.
St. Charles, Mo.

"Motors of the Car Dealers" ties in with another phase of the auto business that is close to every car owner: the increasingly poor workmanship and sloppy assembly so common in many new cars.

Currently there is a great deal of ballyhoo about safety features in 1956 cars. While safety is important, equally important is the matter of building cars for more economical maintenance. . . . The current crop of cars shows little or no improvement in quality and workmanship.

R. Blanden
East Hampton, Conn.

In his story, Mr. Kelley stated there were two bills before Congress attempting to alleviate the plight of the auto dealers, one by Senator O'Mahoney and the other by Senator Monroney. He noted that, early in June, "chances for enactment of these measures looked slim," although the O'Mahoney bill had passed the Senate 73-1.

The Monroney bill was reported out of Senate committee in the last days of the session, but the Senate could not find time to discuss it in its rush to adjourn. The O'Mahoney bill . . . went on to become the law of the land. It passed the House with minor amendments, 146 to 45, and was signed by the President on August 8.

Senator O'Mahoney called the new law "a triumph for the motor dealers of America and for the Congress against unprecedented pressure by which the big motor factories sought to prevent enactment of the legislation."

Paul S. Green, Edit. Dir.
U.S. Senate Subcommittee
on Anti-trust and Monopoly
Washington, D.C.

Speaking Wordwise

To the Editors:

The wordwise friends of Mr. Robert W. Wells ["Wordwise. I am Fedwise Up." August] are afflicted with wise-itis, otherwise known as inflammation of the suffix. If "wise" is the bane of Manhattan, "itis" is the plague of Minnesota. Any tendency, trend, or habit is explained by the suffix "itis." Those who cannot handle objects well have dropitis; if you are addicted to motion pictures you have movie-itis. . . .

John K. MacKenzie
Golden Valley, Minn.

Decline of Boxing

To the Editors:

Charles Einstein's "TV Slugs the Boxers" [August] was very interesting, except that it entirely missed the main reason why boxing is dying in this country. . . .

Boxing is a tough, brutal, hurting way to make a buck. With exceedingly few exceptions, no one enters the business if he has any possibility of making a living otherwise. . . . Today, thanks to undreamed-of prosperity in most areas . . . employment is fairly easy to come by for most young men of good health. With high-school education available to all and more college graduates than ever before, there is not the pressing economic necessity which drove the Sullivans, Corbetts, Dempseys, and Louises into the ring. . . .

Thomas J. Cummins
Gardena, Calif.

Dr. Barnes

To the Editors:

"My Private War with Dr. Barnes" by Cynthia Flannery Stine [August] brought back many pleasant memories to me because I was one of the few fortunate persons privileged to attend classes at the Barnes Foundation . . . during 1926 and 1927. . . . I found this to be one of the most worthwhile courses I have taken in art appreciation. . . .

Sara Behrend Weinberg
Philadelphia, Pa.

. . . I cannot agree with [Mrs. Stine's] article . . . for it has been my privilege and pleasure to know Dr. Barnes and all others associated with this organization for the past thirty-two years. . . . I have been, and I am today, their official Insurance Broker; . . . my dealings have always been on a very friendly and honest basis.

Mrs. Stine's criticisms are contrary to my own observations and experience, and I had sufficient time to notice the color of Dr. Barnes' eyes: they were . . . brown.

The present list of employees with the Barnes Foundation shows an average of twenty-seven years of employment. This certainly indicates that contentment and loyalty prevailed between employer and employee.

But above all, the fact remains that a wealthy man gave much of his time, knowledge, and excellent mind so that those less fortunate than himself could share in his accomplishments . . . . . the Art Scholarships. . . .

Herman A. Weiss, [illegible]
Wynnewood, Pa.



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OU WILL ENJOY MUSIC FAR MORE...IF YOU KNOW WHAT TO LISTEN FOR

THIS SENSIBLE PLAN — to help music-lovers increase their enjoyment and understanding of music — was originated by Book-of-the-Month Club last year. The ...h recently commissioned Leonard Bern...n, the brilliant young American conduc... to perform and analyze five major or...estral works on MUSIC-APPRECIATION REC...DS. You will appreciate their quality if you ...rd Mr. Bernstein on television's Omnibus ...gram, in which he demonstrated his ...raordinary ability to explain the techni... aspects of music in an enjoyable way.

A performance of Tchaikovsky's Sym...ony "Pathétique" and an analysis of the ...rk also written and conducted by Mr. ...stein—has been recently distributed to ...scribers. Because these two records ...monstrate in a particularly exciting way the MUSIC-APPRECIATION RECORD idea, we will be happy to send them to you, as a demonstration, *in a one-month trial subscription*, for only $1.00.

The regular price of these double-disc recordings is $3.90 (plus a small mailing charge). After hearing the "Pathétique," should you want to receive other great works of music performed and analyzed in this way you may allow this one-month trial to continue for as short or as long a time as you please. Or you may cancel immediately. If you continue the subscription, you will not be obligated to take any specific number of records. A different work is announced in advance each month, described interestingly by Deems Taylor. As a subscriber you may accept only those you are sure you want for your permanent record library.

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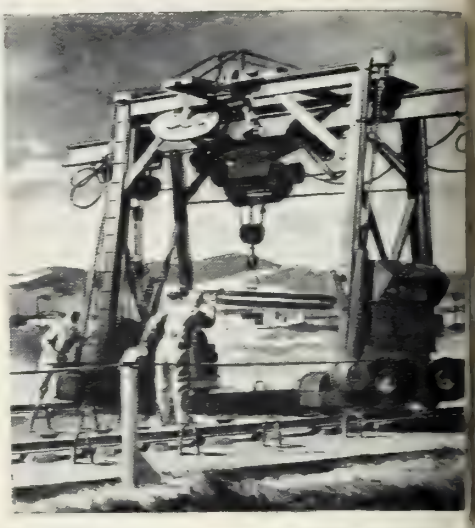
PUTTING THE ATOM TO WORK: *A Progress Report from General Electric*



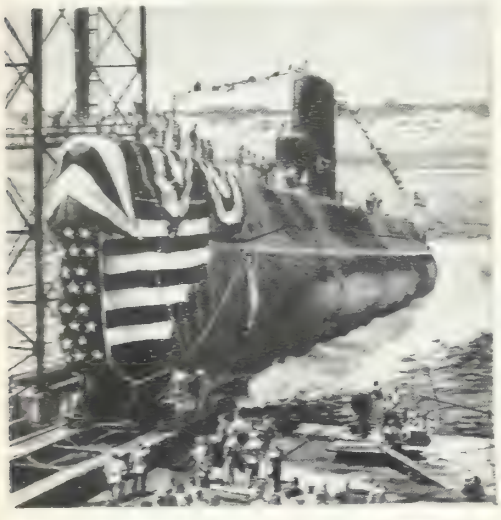
Prior to 1940 Scientists at the General Electric Research Laboratory were discovering facts about the structure of the atom that contributed to the separation of U-235 from natural uranium in 1940.



1942-45 General Electric developed and produced complex power-supply apparatus and control and instrumentation for the vast *Manhattan District* project that made the first atom bombs for the U.S.



1946 Since the end of World War General Electric has been operating, the government, the giant Hanford Aton Works in Washington State, produci plutonium for the nation's defense effo



1950 General Electric was assigned the job of developing an atomic power plant at the Knolls Laboratory for the U.S. Navy submarine *Seawolf*. The *Seawolf* was launched in 1955 for final outfitting.



1951 Work on the development of a nuclear propulsion system for aircraft was begun by General Electric for the government at Evendale, O., and is continuing here and, more recently, at Idaho Falls, Id.



1955 After Congress opened ator development to private industry, Gene Electric established a department tha designing, developing, manufacturing a marketing atomic reactors and equipme



1956 In addition to domestic orders, General Electric — through the International General Electric Co. — announced sales of an atomic research reactor for Spain and a power reactor for Latin America.



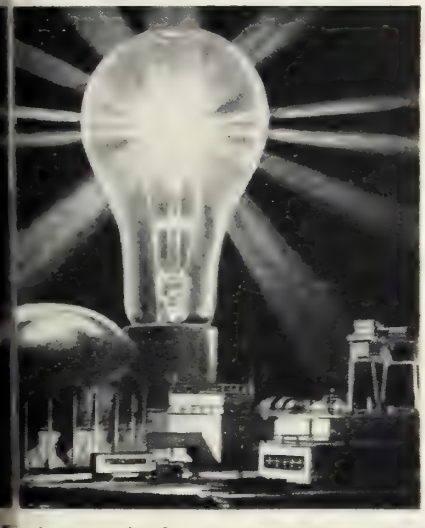
1956 Construction began on the multi-million-dollar General Electric Vallecitos Atomic Laboratory in California. It is dedicated to developing civilian uses of atomic energy, and will be completed in 1957.



1957 A G-E experimental reactor help bring about 5,000 kw. of atomic p to the San Francisco area. Steam from reactor will be furnished Pacific Ga Electric, which will generate the po



General Electric, under contract to E.C., has operated the Knolls Atomic Laboratory in Schenectady, N. Y., 1946, where research into applica- f atomic energy is being conducted.



America's first commercially dis- d atomic electricity came from the pe reactor G. E. built for the *Sea-* he contract for Canada's first atomic was awarded to Canadian G. E.



The Chicago area is scheduled to 000 kw. of atomic electricity from d's largest all-nuclear power plant, uilt by G. E. for Commonwealth nd the Nuclear Power Group, Inc.

What General Electric is doing to help bring America atomic-electric power

New atomic laboratory will open next year; world's largest all-nuclear power plant to operate in 1960

Two years ago, Congress opened the development of the atom to private industry. In that short time, America's businesses, working with the government, have made significant progress toward practical atomic electricity while continuing needed defense work for our country.

At General Electric, major contributions to the defense effort are, of course, a vital part of the company's atomic operation. This work requires an unusually high number of our scientists and engineers — about 2,250 of them plus thousands of other skilled people. But since the Atomic Energy Act of 1954, we also have made major investments in both manpower and facilities to put the atom to work in electric-power production and other civilian uses.

Currently, one of the company's major projects is the design and construction of the world's largest all-nuclear power plant—Commonwealth Edison's Dresden Station near Chicago. This 180,000-kw. plant is scheduled for regular operation by the end of 1960.

Providing the "tools"

To help solve the technological problems, General Electric is taking a long-term risk by investing in a new multimillion-dollar atomic laboratory near Pleasanton, Cal. At this laboratory, an experimental boiling-water reactor will be in use in developing atomic reactors for power plants such as the big Chicago station.

Next year, this experimental reactor will help bring about 5,000 kw. of atomic electricity to the San Francisco area. Steam from the reactor will be furnished the Pacific Gas & Electric Company, which will then generate the power.

Another major investment in atomic facilities is being made in San Jose, 20 miles from the new laboratory. Here will be the headquarters of General Electric's civilian atomic business — plant and equipment for engineering, manufacturing and marketing power, research and test reactors, fuel elements, control systems and other components.

Pioneer fields demand risk taking

These and other commitments are being made with the realization that atomic energy is a pioneer field calling for ingenuity, boldness and financial risk taking with little prospect of a profitable return for many years to come. Today, the buyer of atomic equipment knows he is not buying the ultimate in atomic power development. And the seller, or manufacturer, pioneers by risking substantial amounts of money to do *now* what has to be done to open a new industry with future business opportunities for many companies, large and small.

As we see it, progress toward practical atomic electricity will continue only as private businesses are encouraged to continue such risk taking. The support of an informed public—and its representatives in government — is needed now more than ever before. so that America will have a competitive atomic industry that can furnish plentiful, economical power to all.

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JOHN FISCHER

the editor's EASY CHAIR

The Harm Good People Do

A LITTLE band of Catholics is now conducting a shocking attack on the rights of their fellow citizens. They are engaged in an un-American activity which is as flagrant as anything the Communist party ever attempted—and which is, in fact, very similar to Communist tactics. They are harming their country, their Church, and the cause of freedom.

Their campaign is particularly dangerous because few people realize what they are up to. It can hurt you—indeed, it already has—without your knowing it. It is spreading rapidly but quietly; and so far no effective steps have been taken to halt it.

Even the members of this organization probably do not recognize the damage they are doing. They are well-meaning people, acting from deeply moral impulses. They are trying, in a misguided way, to cope with a real national problem, and presumably they think of themselves as patriots and servants of the Lord. Perhaps a majority of Americans, of all faiths, would sympathize with their motives—though not with their methods.

They do not, of course, speak for all Catholics. On the contrary, they are defying the warnings of some of their Church's most respected teachers and theologians. The Catholic Church as a whole certainly cannot be blamed for their actions, any more than it could be held responsible a generation ago for the political operations of Father Coughlin.

This group calls itself the National Organization for Decent Literature. Its headquarters are in Chicago; its director is the Very Reverend Monsignor Thomas Fitzgerald. Its main purpose is to make it impossible for anybody to buy books and other publications which it does not like. Among them are the works of some of the most distinguished authors now alive—for example, winners of the Nobel Prize, the Pulitzer Prize, and the National Book Award.

Its chief method is to put pressure on news dealers, drug stores, and booksellers, to force them to remove from their stocks every item on the NODL blacklist. Included on this list are reprint editions of books by Ernest Hemingway, William Faulkner, John Dos Passos, George Orwell, John O'Hara, Paul Hyde Bonner, Emile Zola, Arthur Koestler, and Joyce Cary. In some places—notably Detroit, Peoria, and the suburbs of Boston—the organization has enlisted the local police to threaten booksellers who are slow to "co-operate."

THIS campaign of intimidation has no legal basis. The books so listed have not been banned from the mails, and in the overwhelming majority of cases no legal charges have ever been brought against them. Indeed, it seems that the National Organization for Decent Literature deliberately prefers to ignore the established legal channels for proceedings against books which it thinks improper. Its chosen weapons are boycott and literary lynching.

For example, early last year committees of laymen from Catholic churches in the four northern counties of New Jersey—Union, Hudson, Essex, and Bergen—began to call on local merchants. These teams were armed with the NODL lists. They offered "certificates," to be renewed each month, to those storekeepers who would agree to remove from sale all of the listed publications. To enforce their demands, they warned the merchants that their parishioners would be advised to patronize only those stores displaying a certificate.

Contact, a bulletin published by the Sacred Heart Parish Societies of Orange, New Jersey, listed fourteen merchants in its March 1955 issue. "The following stores," it said, "have

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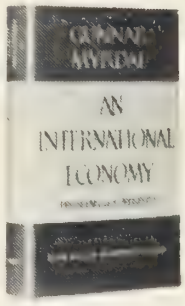
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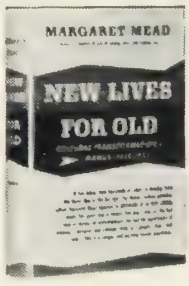
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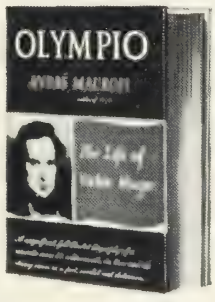
THE MAIN STREAM OF MATHEMATICS. *By Edna E. Kramer.* A lively treatment of mathematics, its history and daily applications. *Pub. ed. $5.00,* **Members' Price $2.45**

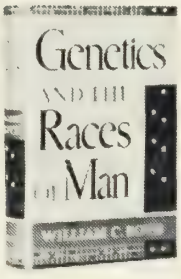


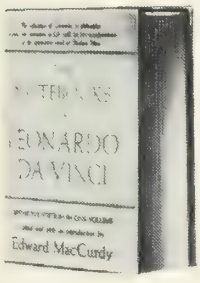






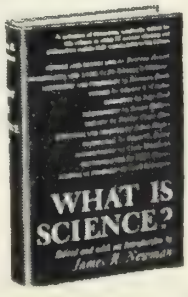


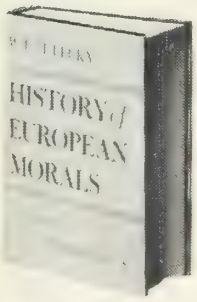


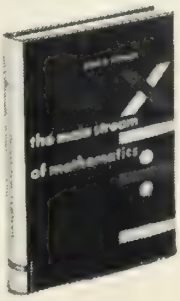












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agreed to co-operate with the Parish Decency Committee in not displaying or selling literature disapproved by the National Organization for Decent Literature. . . . Please patronize these stores only. They may be identified by the certificate which is for one month only."

Similar tactics have been followed in scores of other communities. Even in Nevada—a state not noted for Puritanical temper—the Council of Catholic Men has asked booksellers to purge from their shelves a list of books which included such widely read novels as *Mr. Roberts* and *From Here to Eternity*. When an Associated Press reporter pointed out that millions of people already were familiar with these works, in print and on film, the state chairman of the campaign, Paul Laxalt of Carson City, replied:

"We've got to stand by the list. If we make one exception the list would be chopped up."

Such tactics are highly effective. Most news dealers, druggists, and similar merchants carry paper-bound books only as a minor side line. Moreover, they receive from the wholesalers more books than they have space for; if they remove one title from their racks, there are plenty of others to take its place. They don't want trouble. It is never good business to argue with a customer—so most of them readily comply with this form of private censorship. After all, their other customers, who might want to read a book by Faulkner or Hemingway or Zola, will never know that it has been suppressed, and when they don't find it on the shelves they probably will buy something else.

For these reasons it was possible for the Archdiocesan Council of Catholic Men in St. Louis to report recently that it had "obtained the consent of about one-third of the store owners approached in a campaign to ask merchants to submit to voluntary screening. . . ."

SOMETHING—but not much—can be said in defense of the National Organization for Decent Literature and its local campaigners. A good many tawdry and disreputable magazines, paper-bound reprints, and comic books have been offered for sale on a lot of newsstands. A few publishers unquestionably have tried to base their sales appeal on sex and violence; the pictures and text on the covers of their publications often hint that the contents are far more salacious than they are in fact. (Such misrepresentation, however, is less common now than it was a few years ago, and both the contents and the covers of most pocket-size books seem to be growing less lurid.)

It can be argued, too, that law enforcement agencies in some cities have not been vigorous in enforcing the statutes against obscene publications. Finally, the "decent literature" campaigners apparently feel that their main mission is to protect young people, whose judgment is unformed and who might be attracted to sleazy reading matter by a provocative newsstand display; they seem to take far less interest in the hard-bound editions of the same books available in libraries or regular book stores. The Detroit NODL, for example, states that its list is "not intended as a restrictive list for adults"—though it does not explain how adults could purchase the books if merchants have been persuaded not to stock them.

But the motives of these zealous people are not the issue. The real issue is whether any private group—however well-meaning—has a right to dictate what other people may read.

Clearly any church, or any sub-group within a church, has a right to advise its own members about their reading matter.

Clearly, too, anybody has a right to try to *persuade* other people to read or to refrain from reading anything he sees fit.

The National Organization for Decent Literature, however, goes much further. Its campaign is not aimed at Catholics alone, and it is not attempting to *persuade* readers to follow its views. It is *compelling* readers, of all faiths, to bow to its dislikes, by denying them a free choice in what they buy.*

This principle is of course unacceptable to Catholics—as it is to all Americans—if they take the trouble to think about it for a moment. How would Catholics react if, say, a group of Jewish laymen were to threaten merchants with boycott unless they banned from their shops all publications which referred to the divinity of Christ? Some religious denominations believe that gambling is immoral; most Catholics do not, and many of their parishes raise considerable sums by means of bingo games and raffles. What if some Protestant sect were to try to

* No doubt unconsciously, the Catholic War Veterans, Our Lady of Sorrows Post No. 1046, underlined the similarity between these tactics and those of the Communists. In a February 25, 1956, mailing to book dealers in Hartford, Connecticut, it enclosed the NODL list of "objectionable" publications—and it quoted the Chinese Communists who have been conducting a campaign of their own against "objectionable" literature:

"'These books and pictures seriously harm those workers who by constantly looking at them can easily become degenerate in their thinking,' cautions the *Peking Worker's Daily* as quoted by *Newsweek* magazine, January 23, 1956. We have to hand it to the Communists . . . who have launched a nationwide campaign against pornographic trash. . . . Should not this example provoke a similar literary clean-up in our land where the morality of our actions is gauged by service to God and not to an atheistic state?"



Margarita Rivera, age 7. Photographed by Tom Hollyman.

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lean out of the stores all publications which spoke tolerantly of gambling, and to boycott every merchant who bought a raffle ticket?

THE principle at stake was set forth with admirable clarity by Father John Courtney Murray, S. J., professor of moral theology at Woodstock College, Maryland, in a recent address on "Literature and Censorship." He listed four rules, which ought to command the enthusiastic support of all Americans regardless of religious belief:

(1) "Each minority group has the right to censor for its own members, if it so chooses, the contents of the various media of communication, and to protect them, by means of its own choosing, from materials considered harmful according to its standards." (He also pointed out that in the United States "all religious groups . . . are minority groups.")

(2) "No minority group has the right to demand that government should impose a general censorship" on material "judged to be harmful according to the special standards held within one group."

(3) "Any minority group has the right to work toward the elevation of standards of public morality . . . through the use of the methods of persuasion and pacific argument."

(4) "No minority group has the right to impose its own religious or moral views on other groups, through the use of methods of force, coercion, or violence."

And Father Murray went on to warn that methods of coercion are especially imprudent for Catholic associations.

"The chief danger," he said, "is lest the Church itself be identified in the public mind as a power-association. The identification is injurious; it turns into hatred of the faith. And it has the disastrous effect of obscuring from the public view the true visage of the Church as God's kingdom of truth and freedom, justice and love."

He quoted from Jacques Leclercq of the Catholic University of Louvain, who is no slight authority" the dictum that "no government has ever succeeded in finding a balanced policy of combating unhealthy sexual propaganda without injuring

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legitimate freedom or provokin other equally grave or worse di orders."

Finally, Father Murray emph sized that "censorship in the civ order must be a judicial process carried out under the statutes an according to the due processes law.

THE conclusions which flow fro Father Murray's teachings see plain enough:

(1) *For the National Organizatio for Decent Literature.* It should st immediately its campaign of threa blacklisting, and boycott. It shou then pursue its aims by the legi mate methods of persuasion, pro ganda, and action through the cour Most states have adequate la against the publication and sale indecent literature. In cases whe the law seems inadequate, the leg lature can be persuaded to amend by the normal means of lobbyi and petition. In cases where the l is not enforced, public offici should certainly be reminded their duty—and opposed at the pol in the democratic way, if they f down on their jobs.

Above all, the NODL ought consider the possibility of guidi young readers by positive rath than negative techniques. Youngste are not likely to read trash whenev they have good books readily ava able. If they are brought up homes where good literature is constant part of their environme —where parents read to them fr infancy, and encourage them build up their own libraries—th there is scant chance that they w be attracted by comics or two- horrors.

What has the NODL done to ur parents to give their children su basic moral training? Has it do all it can to foster topnotch librar —public, school, church, and fami In how many communities has sponsored campaigns to stimul good reading?

(2) *For news dealers, booksell and other merchants.* They shou muster the courage to defy a group of private citizens which tr to impose its own brand of cens ship on the publications they of for sale. And, with equal coura they should set their own house



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order; they should refuse to sell any publication which—in their own untrammeled judgment—falls below their own standards as responsible business men.

(3) *For the patriotic citizen.* He should protest against the lynching of books just as vigorously as against the lynching of people. He should go out of his way to support the merchants who resist such coercion. He should point out to the members of the National Organization for Decent Literature (and to any other self-appointed censors in his community) the immeasurable damage they are doing to the American way of life, to the very foundations of democratic government.

FOR the gravest harm done here is not to the Catholic Church—though as Father Murray noted, that is dangerous enough—or to the individual who is denied the right to choose his own books. The great peril is to the fabric of orderly government. It is always injured when any group takes the law into its own hands. And whenever such a band of vigilantes succeeds in imposing its will by force, some other—and perhaps more sinister—group is encouraged to try the same thing.

Dean Joseph O'Meara of the Notre Dame Law School recently put it like this:

"Unfortunately many sincere people do not comprehend the genius of our democracy . . . such people would deny free speech to those with whom they are in fundamental disagreement. . . . They would establish a party line in America—*their* party line, of course. This is an alien concept, a totalitarian concept; it is not consonant with the American tradition; it is anti-democratic; it is, in short, subversive and it should be recognized for what it is."

Still another eminent Catholic—Senator Joseph Kennedy of Massachusetts—summed up the case in even more prophetic terms.

"The lock on the door of the legislature, the parliament, or the assembly hall," he said, "by order of the King, the Commissar, or the Führer—has historically been followed or preceded by a lock on the door of the printer's, the publisher's, or the bookseller's."



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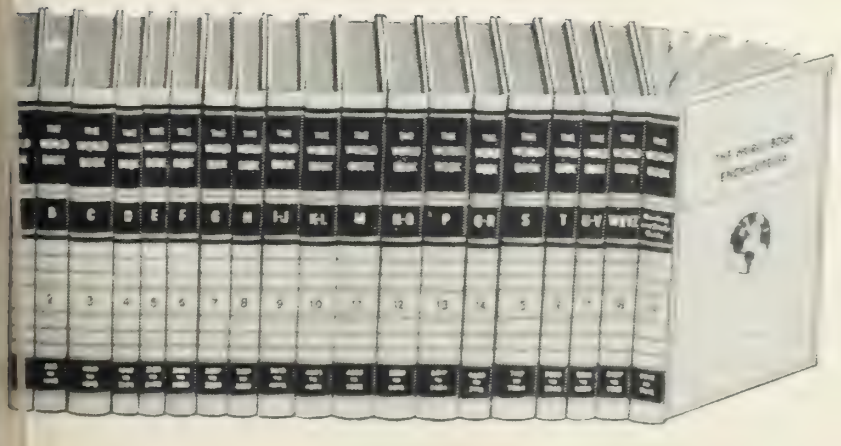
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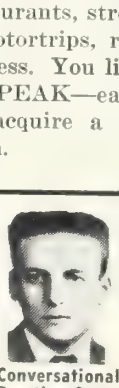
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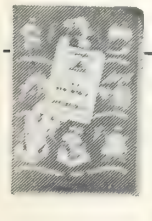
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The Irrepressible Americans

DURING its final week this summer, the 84th Congress quietly passed a long-needed bill—the International Cultural Exchange and Trade Fair Act. In the pressure of business preceding adjournment, this law—originally introduced in the Senate by Hubert Humphrey in February—got little public attention aside from Ross Parmenter's good comment in the *New York Times.*

The bill (S. 3116) aims to "strengthen the ties which unite us with other nations by demonstrating the cultural interests, developments, and achievements of the people of the United States, and the contributions being made by the United States economic and social system toward a peaceful and more fruitful life for its own people and other people throughout the world. . . ."

These brave words are none of them new, nor is their import original. But in practical terms—among other things—the law states that the government will provide for:

(1) tours in countries abroad by creative and performing artists and athletes from the United States, individually and in groups . . .

(2) U.S. participation in artistic, dramatic, musical, sports, and other cultural festivals, competitions, and like exhibitions abroad . . . and

(3) U.S. participation in international trade and industrial fairs and exhibitions abroad . . . .

The background of the bill is, of course, the Russian cultural challenge; but the bipartisan House sponsors were impressed by the great success of the individual performers, and the orchestras and dramatic companies, who have been touring the world during the past two years. Credit should go also to the American National Theatre and Academy for arranging tours on an emergency basis. The traveling diplomats of the "Porgy and Bess" company alone have visited eighty cities and twenty-nine countries. During this period the President's special fund for international affairs has helped many of these ventures to get off the ground. Now with legislative support, it is possible that we can keep the program going as long as the artists can get their bookings and meet the test of audience approval.

But, even more important, the United States may come to enjoy a larger measure of international respect for our cultural life. Not that foreigners are ignorant of our most obvious artistic exports—see Edward Tatnall Canby's report in this issue (p. 100) on American jazz in Paris today—but we rarely get credit for appreciating them ourselves. The U.S. Congress should reap good will abroad, as well as on Broadway, for this act.

IN "How to Throw Away an Air Base" (p. 39) **Porter McKeever** reveals more than the economic factors behind our current deplorable failure in Iceland. One of the extra factors in this giveaway of our strategic advantage was the clever Russian campaign to establish cultural ties. In this field we did not entirely lag—thanks to the successful programs which Mr. McKeever mentions—but we did not do all we could.

We already had a base in Iceland long before air bases were dreamed of. When we think of our present cultural diplomats—both those with attaché cases and those with theatrical trunks and musical instruments—we usually consider them as post-World War II descendants of the much-harassed OWI outpost and of the much-loved USO Camp Shows. Actually they have deeper roots.

In 1874, five noted Americans set out by ship from Scotland to attend a week-long celebration in Iceland of the thousandth anniversary of the settlement of that island by Norwegian rovers. At this millennial festival King Christian IX of Denmark was to present Iceland with a liberalizing constitution.

The American party consisted

us W. Field, the promoter of the t transatlantic cable; Dr. Isaac ael Hayes, the Arctic explorer; yard Taylor, the globe-trotter and et; Murat Halstead, chief owner d editor of the Cincinnati *Commercial Gazette;* and Dr. Samuel eeland, Boston physician and logist.

t occurred to Mr. Taylor, while axing in his cabin as the boat apached Iceland, that he might er some lines of poetry in greeting their hosts. So he composed sevl stanzas; and sure enough the pected occasion arose. On Sunday, gust 2, in the presence of the ng, Mr. Taylor rose during the door evening celebration and demed as follows:

come, the children of thy Vinland.
youngest of the world's high peers.
and of steel, and song, and sage.
greet thy glorious thousand years.

ccording to Dr. Kneeland's and Taylor's accounts, the "skald n America" was greeted with greatest enthusiasm. This coup cultural diplomacy must have n the high point of the trip—eafter conditions deteriorated. veling on horseback and campout in tents at night, the Amerparty slogged along, mostly in rain. They visited the Great er, and it refused to spout.

ney rose at two in the morning he last day—after a short night ling under the wet canvas in ible slumber" (according to rd Taylor)—hoping to make javik by noon and get aboard But it took more than an hour und up the ponies. On the the animals "stumbled and ed coating us with mud to the through ice-cold water." They d at a farmstead for coffee, a which looked prosperous but ow, cramped, and far from "The rain leaked into the eways, and the tangle-haired n, at nine o'clock in the g, were still in bed. . . ."

lapse from American mowas evidently the last sour he way of the cultural diplomas ever hard. But Dr. Kneeooke rightly of his countrymen "everywhere-present, irrepresmericans." It is interesting to em already full-bloom and on the spot some eighty years ago. With such an early—if not entirely bright—start, we ought to be finishing better. And if Congress' new law "to strengthen the ties which unite us with other nations" works out as it intends, we may yet seize another chance.

. . . During World War II, **Porter McKeever** was sent to Iceland by the OWI to direct American efforts to make the occupation by our troops acceptable to the Icelanders and to encourage durable friendly feelings for the Allied cause. He established contacts then in political, professional, and artistic circles that were invaluable when he returned late this summer to see why ties between the United States and Iceland are apparently fraying out.

Mr. McKeever comes from a small town in South Dakota. He was a Washington correspondent before the war, and went on from his post in Iceland to head a psychological warfare team in North Burma. He became press officer for the U.S. Mission to the United Nations after the war, serving the U.S. Delegation at each of the General Assemblies from 1947 to 1952. Since then he has had executive positions with the Chicago Council on Foreign Relations and the Ford Foundation. He is now director of information for the Committee for Economic Development.

. . . The question of who will be the next Pope has a fascination which outlasts that of the Presidential elections. **Luigi Barzini, Jr.** brings a thoroughly informed finesse and a frankly Italian point of view to his study of the Papal institution and the candidates (p. 27).

Although Mr. Barzini spent several years training in journalism in this country, he has made his native Italy home base for more than two decades. He now writes regularly for the *Corriere della Sera,* Italy's biggest daily paper, as well as for *Epoca,* the biggest weekly. A number of other papers also carry his articles, including *Encounter, Der Monat,* and *Preuves.*

Recently Mr. Barzini covered both Geneva Big Four conferences . . . and the doings at Monaco. His article about the Mafia, which appeared in *Harper's* in June 1954, is

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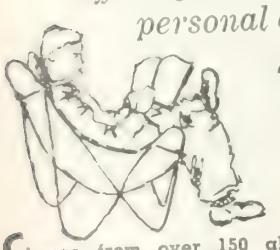
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undergoing a Hollywood movie treatment.

. . . Perhaps the most neglected domestic issue in America at this time is the one which comes up at the annual hour-of-decision described by **Edward Streeter** in "247 Christmas Cards" (p. 35). If the question has not yet arisen this year in your family, we suggest you clip his article and hang onto it. Or, even better, *do* something about it now.

Mr. Streeter became famous in his twenties during World War I, when he wrote *Dere Mable* as a lieutenant in a South Carolina training camp. For most of his working life, he has been a banker—he was vice president of the Bank of New York until his retirement in August of this year—but he has continued to turn out best-selling books with a humorous charm. His new one, *Merry Christmas, Mr. Baxter,* will be published in October.

. . . "The Trial of Mr. M" (p. 45) is an out-of-courtroom story by the author of the novel, *A Law for the Lion,* which exposed the merciless pressure of convention and legality on the transgressor in a divorce case. **Louis Auchincloss,** who was a Wall Street lawyer for a short time before the war and immediately after, turned out his first novel in off-duty hours while at sea during the war. His fourth—*The Great World and Timothy Colt*—will be published by Houghton Mifflin in October.

. . . **John Holmes's** poem, "The Eleventh Commandment" (p. 53) aroused great interest at Harvard last June when it was delivered as the Phi Beta Kappa poem. It developed from a short poem which Mr. Holmes wrote after reading James Gould Cozzens' novel, *Guard of Honor,* three years ago. Mr. Holmes teaches English at Tufts University and directs the Writers' Workshop there in the summer. His books include *Map of My Country* and *The Symbols.*

"Bufo Vulgaris" (p. 38) is by **John Ciardi,** who teaches at Rutgers University and directs the Bread Loaf Writer's Conference. A volume of his new and selected poems came out last year, called *As If.*

Anne Goodwin Winslow ("Hadrian's Lullaby," p. 44) is the author of *The Springs* and other novels, poems, and short stories.

. . . Counting sure votes and prospects in "The Fight for Congress" has been a spare-time preoccupation of **Charles B. Seib** since early last summer when the tallies began to make sense. His roundup (p. 55) is based on the flow of news which he sees as acting Sunday editor of the Washington *Evening Star* and on his past close study of Congress when he was a member of the Senate staff of INS. Mr. Seib was co-author with Alan L. Otten of the article "Fulbright: Arkansas Paradox" in *Harper's* June issue.

. . . Possum Trot Farm, where **Leonard Hall** built "The Pond" (p. 61) is in the heart of the Missouri Ozarks. It is a real working farm on which the Halls have built the land fertility so high that their hundred head of beef flourish at the rate of one cow per 1.6 acres, instead of the usual rate of one head to 4 to 6 acres. The Halls combine scientific soil conservation with some old-fashioned practices like milking their own cow, making butter, and curing their own hams.

Mr. Hall grew up in the Ozarks and cultivated his interest in nature sciences while working as a business man in Chicago for twenty years. Since 1946, he has farmed at Possum Trot; he writes two country columns a week for the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch,* and some of these have appeared in a book named for his farm.

. . . The headlong growth of the University of Maryland always seemed curious to academic people. It looked that way also to **Barry Webster,** assistant city editor of the Baltimore *Evening Sun,* who has been watching it for the seven years he has been in Maryland. In his report on the University's "Fall and Rise" (p. 64), he shows that a true respect for academic values is still in Maryland's present comeback.

Mr. Webster is a graduate of Wesleyan University; he was a pilot aviator during the war, and worked as a tennis professional, coffee wholesaler, and advertising account executive before going into the newspaper field.



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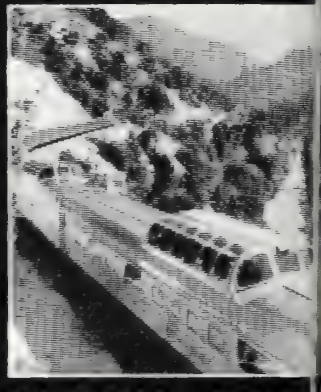
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P & O

. . . Can the scientist speak comprehensibly about science to a cultivated general audience, without "writing down" in a manner which other scientists find offensive or just plain dull? The question concerns an area of experimental writing that goes beyond the more familiar verbal experiments of *avant-garde* poets and novelists. **John Rader Platt's** "Style in Science" (p. 69) is a venture in this new direction.

Mr. Platt is associate professor of physics at the University of Chicago. He received his Ph.D. at the age of twenty-two in 1940 at the University of Michigan, and he was a Guggenheim Fellow at the University of London in 1952-53. His special professional interest is in the interactions between light and matter, and he has published some fifty articles.

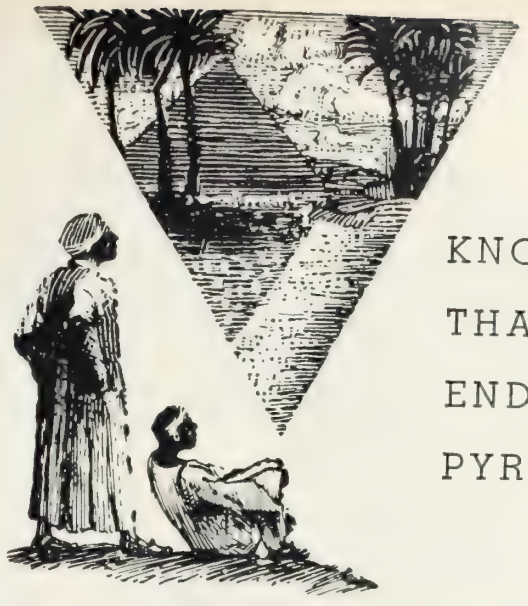
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A few men at the top of the big networks decide what 50 million people will see on their TV sets every night. The ideas, personalities, and working methods at NBC are very different from those at CBS. In the first of a two-part series, **Martin Mayer** explains "Strategic Thinking at NBC"—and what it will bring into your living room this fall. His second article will examine what is in the works (and why) at CBS.

A few years ago Governor Allan Shivers of Texas was one of the most powerful and promising politicians in the country. What caused his tragic failure—and what it means for American society—will be reported by **D. B. Hardeman,** a veteran observer of Southern politics.

The new frontiers of religion are explored by **George Hedley,** chaplain of Mills College, who points out that the objective study of men's faiths is developing with amazing speed and scope—and with results that few people yet realize.

The British have been chiding us about our race relations for a long while. Today, with thousands of colored people pouring into their land, they are facing an unexpected race problem of their own. **Norman MacKenzie** tells how they are trying to handle it—and finding it far more quickly than most of them suspected.



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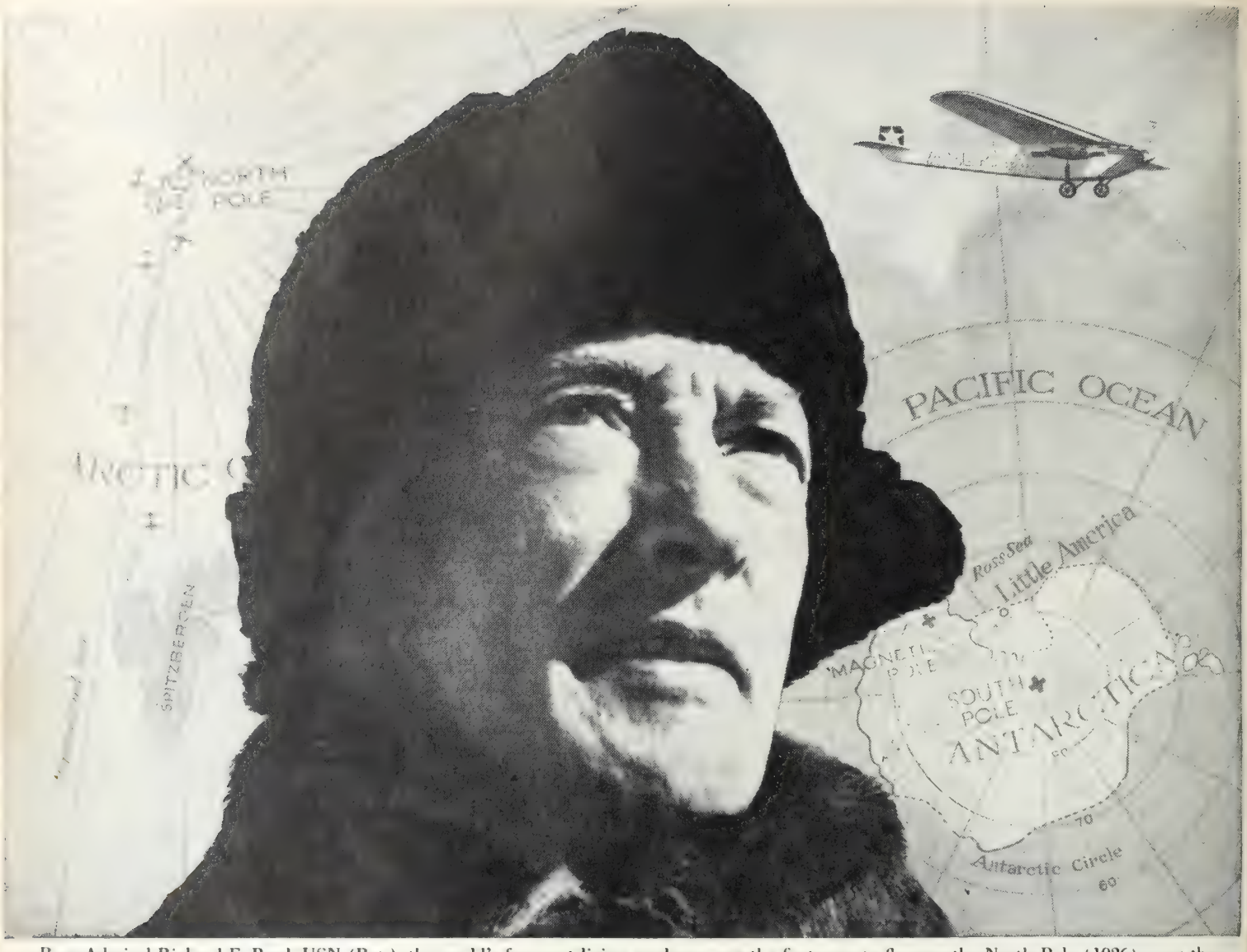
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"I strongly believe that the great strength of America is that our society is essentially competitive. To assure our future progress, we must see that it stays that way."

Richard E. Byrd

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Harper's MAGAZINE

THE NEXT POPE

LUIGI BARZINI, JR.

A leading Italian journalist with close Vatican connections examines the prospects of the present major candidates . . . and explains why an American Cardinal is not likely to be elected.

THE advanced age and fragile health of Pope Pius XII are now confronting the cardinals of the Roman Catholic church with an inescapable duty. They must soon choose one of their own number as his successor.

This responsibility is more complex than most people—including devout Catholics—can easily realize. It will affect not only the Church, but millions outside of its ministry, and to some degree the course of history in our time. Yet the decision is hedged by many restraints of precedent and policy, so that it is already clear that the choice will be limited to a handful of men, whose qualifications and characteristics can be listed with considerable precision.

To understand what kind of man will be selected as the next Holy Father, and the process by which he will be chosen, it is first necessary to know something about the work he will have to do. His job is, naturally, unique; and for no two Popes is it ever quite the same.

In these times of rapid change millions of people—non-Catholics as well as Catholics—take comfort in thinking that the Holy Roman Church never changes. In reality, it is continually changing, but with a motion so subtle that you can see it only when you compare today's Church with yesterday's. Even with respect to fundamental dogmas and rites, there is a slow shift of emphasis, priority, and interest. Few Catholics nowadays would die for matters which were once considered burning issues—such as the bestowing of indulgences or the authenticity of bones of saints—but many Churchmen and ordinary Christians in our time have faced jail, torture, and death in defense of principles which might have seemed irrelevant to our forefathers.

The evolution of ecclesiastical style is an obvious example. In some places the Church has abandoned the traditional art of the past in order to appeal in contemporary idioms to the mass of ordinary worshipers. Clerical garments are modified and ancient costumes revived. European priests, for instance, began to wear the soutane outside the performance of their offices only in 1848, and Cardinals shortened their red silk trains quite recently. Forgotten music, liturgies, and habits may be exhumed; long and elaborate ceremonies may be shortened. Some rites, such as the exorcism of devils, no longer are in great demand. Pius XII himself has established Sunday afternoon Mass, revolutionized the schedule for Easter ceremonies, and suggested more modern garb for certain orders of nuns.

Thus, anchored to her immutable principles,

the Church maintains an agility and capacity for adaptation surprising in so old an organization. (The Vatican adopted microphones and amplifiers before the House of Commons, the typewriter before the Foreign Office, and abolished carriages and horses before the House of Savoy.) The Church manages to be, therefore, modern and ancient at the same time. In reality most of these changes can be compared to an oarsman rowing against the stream: he makes a great deal of effort to stay in the same place.

Above all, the Vatican keeps a vigilant eye on political trends, so as to preserve the Church's power and liberty of action at all costs. Only superficial observers believe that the Holy See fights, in turn, for the "divine right of Kings," for "private initiative and property," or for "liberty and democracy." In reality the Church fights only for itself and for the rights of its faithful.

All these changes—the petty and superficial as well as the vital and decisive—depend almost exclusively on the decisions of one man, His Holiness the Pope. He is not a ceremonial figurehead, akin to a constitutional sovereign. He does not, as a general or the president of an international company may do, merely consecrate with his signature his staff's decisions. He has a real and absolute power which he must exercise to keep the Church functioning.

All matters come to a head at his desk. He writes most of his own documents and official speeches, sees all the Catholic bishops, and debates all issues. And as Popes are—by the very nature of things—very old men, the thoughts which inspire their actions inevitably are old men's thoughts, formed and crystallized a generation earlier. They feel most strongly on matters which seemed vital to them thirty or forty years before. Their Pontificates are rarely marked by sudden and unforeseen changes.

Real and far-reaching revolutions happen only at their deaths (and then only sometimes). When a new Pope and a new staff take over, their ideas are thirty or forty years younger than their predecessors'—although always thirty or forty years older than those of the bolder Catholic thinkers of the day. To these arrangements the Church owes her continuous and cautious progress. It is usually quicker (although always firmly tied to precedents and tradition) at the beginning of a new Pontificate, and gradually slows down as the Holy Father's age advances.

For all these reasons, in these troubled times, when the Pope is past eighty years old, and when new concepts of value and new centers of power are transforming society, observers in the Vatican naturally are speculating on which Cardinal has the best chance to be the next Pope. On his ideas, mental habits, character, energy, authority, and past experiences depends the stand the Church will take on the problems of the world. And the Pope's stand has greater significance today than in past ages for at least two obvious reasons: the importance of the Catholics in the United States is expanding; and the Catholics' secret resistance in the satellite countries of Eastern Europe is becoming firmer.

CAESAR'S OWN

FROM the eighteenth century till today, the power of the Church has been growing, more often through the force of events than through the will of the Popes and the scheming of Vatican *Monsignori*. The gulf between the State and religion, between secular and religious life, has deepened. In the old days, the two worlds were confused in reality, but even more in the minds and faith of sovereigns, ministers, and subjects. A political decision was always framed within moral limits defined by the Church; a crime was at the same time an offense against the King and God. Jurisdictions overlapped. Sometimes the State enforced religious norms with its secular authority and sometimes the clergy undertook tasks which today are considered strictly Caesar's own—such as keeping birth and death registers, the education of the young, or the construction of hospitals. This intimacy was not always advantageous to the Church of Rome. Until the beginning of the nineteenth century, local churches maintained a strong pride in their autonomy on many matters, autonomy due in part to the local church's loyalty to its national sovereign.

With the American and French revolutions and the growth of liberal ideas, the division between Church and State widened, and paradoxically, each power gained in the split. The State became stronger and more centralized. The King, the *"amatissimus filius,"* or "most loved son" of the Holy Father, anointed with holy oil, yielded power to his constitutional government. The Church was more and more considered an autonomous organization, whose interests were merely spiritual and moral, with practically no influence in the field of politics. The local churches were abandoned by liberal governments to the exclusive command of the Pope.

Almost all interference of secular authorities in the affairs and decisions of the Church ceased.

At the Council of 1870, for instance, for the first time, Catholic kings and princes were not officially represented and not one of them tried to prevent the proclamation of the dogma of the Pope's infallibility, to which many were opposed. The last attempt at using a century-old privilege was made by the Emperer of Austria, Franz Joseph. At the 1903 Conclave, which elected Pius X, he ordered the Archbishop of Prague to veto the candidacy of Cardinal Rampolla, then Secretary of State. The Vatican was angry about that for a long time. Even now, Cardinals must swear, as they enter the Conclave, not to accept vetoes or orders from outside.

After the separation of Church and State, the next great boost to the Church's authority came, in 1870, from the loss of its temporal power. Of course, Pope Pius IX protested strongly when the Italian army invaded his States and, when they entered Rome through a breach in the walls, he locked himself up in the Vatican as a "prisoner" and excommunicated the "Usurper," Victor Emmanuel II. On the other hand, he was relieved of weighty responsibilities which had little to do with the interests of the Church: the liberal patriots' hatred of the Papal police; the criticisms of his government's misrule and the backward conditions in which his people lived.

He was also infinitely less vulnerable. He was no longer a sovereign like others, whose decisions could be forced by defeating his armies in the field, by sinking his ships, or by capturing and sacking his cities. He could no longer be arrested and carried away to faraway capitals, to sign treaties under duress. The Holy Father now is unreachable, surrounded by Italian territory, and unseizable, a purely spiritual power. If he had the military divisions which Joseph Stalin thought he needed for weight in international affairs, he would at best wield an influence inferior to Belgium's or the Netherlands'. Unarmed, he can take on any enemy and, if given enough time, he may even defeat him.

As "Their Catholic Majesties," the kings of the great Catholic nations, gradually lost their authority, the Holy See began cultivating more and more intimate relations with the new sovereigns, the new sources of power—the voting masses. In all of Europe, at the end of the last century, Catholic parties sprang up and slowly acquired experience, following, and influence, until now, more than a half-century later, they are in power in Germany and in Italy, and exercise the balance of power in France, the Netherlands, and elsewhere. It must be noted that all this is not the result of scheming by a Vatican brain trust. Often this power has arisen from the slow pressure of circumstances on the Catholic masses, with inevitable repercussions on the hierarchy; eventually after a number of years, it has found expression in Vatican policy.

It is always difficult to point to the source of any one decision. Ideas are in the air much before they become policy. Gradually, in a hundred years or so, the Church, which condemned democratic principles when they seemed to threaten its security, has become the champion of Western liberties. For now universal suffrage can be considered one of the main sources of its strength, the new "Protector of the Faith."

The contemporary shift of emphasis in the Church from the purely theological to more spiritual, social, and moral issues, has also contributed to drawing the Holy Father away from the dreary controversies of the past. The "whore of Babylon" horrifies Protestants less and less. The Anglican minister preaching in Rome to his British flock simply and correctly calls Pius XII, "the Bishop of this city." Many people still smilingly deplore some Catholic habits—the veneration of some Saints and uncertain relics, the excessive cult of Mary, the Byzantine pomp of certain pontifical ceremonies—but no longer consider these things essential. What seems important, today, is the spiritual leadership which the Church has gradually offered to all people. Thanks to its experience, its knowledge of history and the human soul, and especially to its detachment from earthly matters, the Catholic faith has been kept intact, primitive, deep, and irrational. At every turning point of Western history, from 1914 till today, a large body of believers and non-believers alike have hoped that the Pope's words would point to the right path, identifying the Good which must be defended and the Evil which must be fought. This new moral status of the Vatican among non-Catholics has come about often through the efforts of its enemies, and sometimes in spite of its own. Here is one more proof, according to the faithful, that an invisible hand is really piloting Peter's Boat on a course which mortal men cannot fathom.

THE POLITICAL POPES

WHO, then, will be the next Pope, what will be his "revolution," and what consequences will it have on the history of tomorrow?

A recent Vatican rule-of-thumb roughly classifies the latest Popes as either "religious" or

"political" and claims that the two alternate on the throne. In the early years of this century, "political" Pius X was so "religious" that he is now a saint, and Benedict XV is mainly remembered for his diplomatic efforts to end the first world war. But since their time, was Pius XI only "religious" when he bravely faced the rise of totalitarian regimes in Italy and Germany? It must be noted that the "political" Pope often works hard at organizational problems, to revive the lagging faith of his flock, since his force also depends on the Catholics' cohesion and loyalty, while the "religious" Pope's political decisions often are more intransigent and firm, dictated as they are not by the arts of diplomacy but by the fervent consciousness of a divine mission.

Pius XII, who was elected in 1939, is without doubt a "political" Pope. He never had a parish of his own, never ruled over a diocese or archdiocese, knows only by hearsay the trying difficulties of caring for one's own flock, or the administrative problems of a Bishop. He followed a brilliant diplomatic career to the top. His intimate knowledge of international affairs, foreign countries and languages, Church political precedents and traditions, together with his faith, armed him for the tragic times of his Pontificate and allowed him to fill a role of moral arbiter among nations.

On paper, therefore, the next Pope will have to be "religious," not because the Most Eminent Cardinals who sit in Conclave will be obliged to confirm the rule-of-thumb tradition, but because, objectively, the Church, after so many years of international convulsions, can do with some housekeeping. The organization needs to be looked after: technical problems must be solved: seminaries, schools, universities, need to be taken care of. The heavy tasks of Pius XII's Pontificate, his advancing age, his uncertain health have of late prevented him from giving to such matters—rightly considered secondary in times of war and international danger—all the attention they deserve. Sometimes bishops who arrive in Rome for their *ad limina* visits, once every five years at least, cannot be received by His Holiness. This does not mean, of course, that the next Pope, if "religious," will not have to face urgent political problems, but that he will have to cope with them not only by means of pronouncements and letters and encyclicals, but also by strengthening organization and discipline.

Will he be a foreign Pope? Theoretically nothing would stand in the way of the election of a non-Italian. Pius XII is said to consider it a desirable possibility. In Christmas Talk [illegible] during the ceremony for the creation of new Cardinals, he said:

"The Church is Mother. *Sancta Mater Ecclesia*, a true Mother, the Mother of all nations and of all peoples as well as the Mother of each individual man, and precisely because she is Mother, she does not and cannot belong to one people exclusively, nor can she belong to one people more than to another, but she must belong to all equally. . . . Delicate contemporary conditions require a particular care and protection of the supranational and indivisible quality of the Church."

Pius XII increased the ratio of non-Italians to Italians in the College of Cardinals from half-and-half to two-thirds foreigners and one-third Italians, for the first time in history. He recognizes the natural desire of foreign Churches to see their own men reach the highest rank, so that the new Pope can bring to the government of the institution a specific knowledge of his part of the world. Foreign Catholics may realize that an Italian monopoly was justified in other ages, when news circulated slowly; when few foreign Cardinals managed to know each other or the bureaucracy of the Vatican well, while the Italian Cardinals had continuous contacts among themselves, in Rome or within a few days' travel by *chaise*. But inevitably, comparisons are made today between the Catholic Church and other international bodies, where the chief post is usually occupied in turn by all nations, sometimes by rotation, sometimes even by obligatory alphabetical rotation.

A FOREIGN POPE?

THE problems of the Church, foreign Catholics point out, are no longer, as in the past, exclusively European and Italian, but worldwide: the administration no longer disposes of modest revenues, but rather of vast sums of money in all currencies: the faithful are now spread out through the two hemispheres and are no longer concentrated in Western Europe. The Church of the United States, which was run like a missionary church in the colonies until 1908, is today one of the most numerous, flourishing, wealthy, aggressive, and influential. How then can the Italians be regarded as having exclusively the experience and knowledge of nations and languages necessary to pilot Peter's Boat through the difficulties and increased responsibilities of the next few years and decades?

Most arguments in favor of a foreign Pope rightly rest on the analogy between the Church

and other international organizations. But the analogy is somewhat misleading, because no two organizations have the same necessities and character. Of course, Italians never had a right to the papal throne and never claimed to have. From all Conclaves—since the death of Adrian VI, of Utrecht, who reigned one year in 1522 and was the last of his kind to be elected—a foreign Cardinal might have emerged as Supreme Pontiff. If this has not happened, it is not because of nationalistic prejudices. The very idea of nationalism is relatively recent, born at the end of the eighteenth century and the beginning of the nineteenth, with the French Revolution and the Napoleonic Wars, when loyalty to one's Prince was slowly replaced by loyalty to one's country. Then, of course, until 1860 there was no Italian state, which came into being mainly in opposition to the Church. Italian nationalism always had a strong anti-clerical character and the Church was fundamentally anti-nationalist in Italy. For centuries the country was divided into many small principalities, kingdoms, and dukedoms, each jealous and distrustful of the others. It was sometimes more likely that a Tuscan or Neapolitan Cardinal would vote for a foreigner than for a Piedmontese or Venetian.

Why, then, has the Pope always been Italian? There is an old Vatican saying:

"It takes the Italians to select the candidate, it takes the foreigners to make him Pope."

Rarely do the Italians ever agree at first on one particular name: and among the first two or three that emerge it is often the foreign vote that is decisive. The strength of the foreigners has been increased by the new ratio in the College of Cardinals and the new voting rules established by Pius XII. Now a vote of two-thirds of the total plus two is necessary to elect a Pope, and no longer two-thirds plus one. The candidate is usually Italian, mainly because the Italians know each other and can run the central machinery of the Church's organization. I believe that if, some day, the number of foreign Cardinals were increased and a Pope should necessarily have to be one of them, he would still be chosen from the "Roman" or "Italian" Cardinals—that is, from those whose long residence in Italy has made them familiar with the workings of the Church's government, its habits, tendencies, traditions, problems, and men.

There are other reasons. When Europe was torn by the rivalries of the great powers—Germany, Austria, France, and England—the Pope clearly never could have belonged to one of these, just as today the Secretary General of the United Nations has never been a citizen of one of the great powers. For centuries Italy has been a no man's land, the theater for other people's battles, weak, undefended, but rich with men of talent, the ideal birthplace for a Pope. Often he was also born in the Papal States. With the creation of the Kingdom of Italy, the situation did not change. No Italian Cardinal from 1870 to the Concordat of 1929, as I said above, could be suspected of favoring the government that had fought and defeated the Papacy, or the King who sat in the Pope's old palace on the Quirinale Hill. With the end of the second world war Italy has again resumed its historic place among second-rate powers, with no special ambitions, unable and unwilling to follow a vigorous and energetic foreign policy of her own making.

Because of great power conflicts, then, a Pope cannot be American, Soviet Russian, French, German, British, or Chinese. He could, nevertheless, be Portuguese, Austrian, Dutch, Belgian, South or Central American, Armenian, Greek of the Catholic rite, Chaldean, or Maronite. The advantages of his being Italian are, however, many. The machinery of the Church has been constructed by the genius of his race: its very defects and qualities are the national ones. The administration of Vatican City and other possessions is in Italian hands, the Church Bureaucracy is Italian, and it is an advantage to have a Pope who speaks the language and understands the local mental habits.

Italians are furthermore among the few ecclesiastics educated entirely to divest themselves of their national qualities and consider all questions from a supranational point of view. Foreign prelates, sent as Apostolic Nuncios, while often having superior personal qualities, have not always shown the necessary prudence, objectivity, patience, and elasticity. Among Italians, it takes them time to learn new ways and forget the old, and even then they never entirely transform themselves. As Bernard Wall says, in his book *Report on the Vatican:*

> The installation of a foreign Pope today would put a strain on the Vatican machinery even were he as Italian-trained and Italian-speaking as [the Armenian] Cardinal Agagianian. . . . The world has become accustomed to Italian Popes, a change would arouse as much ill feeling as it could possibly solve, and, above all, it would have the, to the Vatican, disadvantage of being a change.

The battle the Church is waging today has been erroneously called "the battle against Communism." In reality the Church fights materialism, hedonism, relativism, atheism, and rationalism in the modern world, tendencies which are at least two or three centuries old and which, according to Catholic thinking, have begotten Communism as their legitimate descendant. Communism is today considered the most dangerous threat to the Church since the barbarian invasions. It is, at the same time, a healthy challenge. The Western world sees the Catholic Church as a great depository of its ultimate beliefs. It carries, like a river, not only its own dogmas and principles but, at the same time, the remains of all the civilizations which went to make our own, Paul and Plato, Augustine and Aristotle, Thomas and Thales. The force the Church uses in this battle is flexible and rigid, ancient and modern, dispersed and centralized. It is based on faith, on infinite patience, on the numbers of the believers, their discipline, their organizations, and their relative political weight in the respective countries where they live.

Today the Church fights first of all in Italy itself, seat of the Papacy. A Communist Italy would provoke a revolution in the Vatican practically without precedent. The central Church government could undoubtedly function elsewhere but could it function as efficiently far from the humus which has always nourished it? The Italian political problem has therefore obviously become the foremost, for geographical and moral reasons, of all the Church's political problems. How can the Church defeat its enemies in distant countries if it cannot be sure of the results of municipal elections in Rome itself?

The Church is at present doing very well in Italy. Since the banishment of the last King of the House of Savoy, and the foundation of the Republic in 1945, the Pope has become the last representative of the Italian sovereigns of 1859 on a throne. The President of the Republic, Giovanni Gronchi, is a Christian Democrat. The country is governed by Catholics, whose party is the largest. Catholics are gradually occupying some of the economic key positions (about half of the industries, banks, and public utilities in Italy are state-owned). They are more and more important in cultural life, education, publishing, and the cinema, tactfully controlling the radio, television, some popular magazines, newspapers, and other mass-communication media. Their conquest has been greatly helped by Italian anti-Communists, who saw in the Church the only institution and the only organization that could save the country from a Marxist totalitarian regime.

CANDIDATES AND DARK HORSES

THE Italian experiment is, of course, difficult and delicate. It is the test of seventy years of theoretical speculations and debates, to find Catholic answers to contemporary problems and to insert Catholic tradition in the mass democracies of today. A mistake could endanger it. It is also the test of the efficiency of the Church's new political relations with the Sovereign People. The instruments of this alliance are not secret and subtle negotiations with crowned heads, letters in Latin, or the bestowing of Vatican Orders, as in the old days, but the skillful use of modern means of mass propaganda. Can that religious faith which permeated the secular life of the past through the moral scruples of Princes and their ministers, manage to permeate the secular life of today? The possibilities of such an experiment are far-reaching. In the Vatican nobody ignores them, but the pace is unhurried; events proceed at their natural rate, without compulsion.

Can, then, a foreign Pope follow Italian political life intimately enough and intervene at the right time with the necessary light touch, whenever the interests of the Church are at stake?

If the next Pope were to be a foreigner, most experts agree that he would be the Armenian, Gregory Peter XV Cardinal Agagianian, Patriarch of Cilicia, who is sixty-one years old.

Born at Akhaltzikhe in the Caucasus, not far from Tiflis, Stalin's birthplace, he was sent to Rome as a child of ten, so young that teachers at the College of Propaganda Fide wanted to send him back. He was presented among other pupils of the College to Pius X, who, when told the boy was to be returned home, said:

"No. Don't send him away. He will render great services to the Church."

The words could be prophetic; Pius X is a Saint. Agagianian has traveled all over the world to visit Armenian communities; he lived in France, the United States, Canada, and many years in the Middle East, where most of his flock live. He speaks Russian, French, English, Greek, Armenian, and Italian with a slight Roman accent. His mother and brothers are in the Soviet Union and, until a few years ago, sent him news through the Soviet consulate in Beirut. He has had no letters now for a long time. The

Soviet press and radio attack him occasionally. He is a professor at the Athenaeum of the College of Propaganda Fide, with many friends in the Roman Curia and no known enemy.

He could be a "political" Pope, useful for his knowledge of the Middle East, especially adapted to an eventual resumption of relations between the Vatican and Russia and with the Orthodox Church, if an opportunity arose. In his favor is also his fatherly and majestic appearance, enhanced by a well-combed beard. Against him is the fact that his name has been mentioned in this connection too many times. It is a well-known saying in the Vatican that "he who enters the Conclave a Pope comes out a Cardinal," that is, popular favorites never win. (Cardinals and their friends, sometimes, will go to any length to prevent journalists from mentioning their names as possible future Popes, for the fear of spoiling any chance they have.)

If circumstances should necessitate the choice of an American as Pope, Francis Cardinal Spellman would certainly be considered—as the most famous of the American Archbishops, as a close friend of Pius XII, and as an energetic, much traveled, Italian-speaking, and capable prelate. But his very assets are, in the mysterious realm of Papal affairs, a liability. He is too famous, too powerful; sedate and thoughtful Cardinals are wary of his incessant activity, his material achievements. Actually, Cardinal Stritch of Chicago or Cardinal Mooney of Detroit would seem to have a better chance.

WHICH ITALIAN?

IF THE next Pope were to be Italian the choice would be theoretically vast. All Cardinals, except the very old, have a chance. In reality, for one reason or another, most of them are considered unlikely by the well-informed, who mention two or three names at most as "*papabili*" or Papal timber. The names most frequently mentioned are those of two Cardinals born in Genoa. Both could properly claim the motto which, according to the legend, Saint Malachias has attributed to the next Pontiff, "*Pastor e Nauta,*" "Shepherd and helmsman." One is the Archbishop of Genoa, Giuseppe Cardinal Siri; the other is the Archbishop of Bologna, Giacomo Cardinal Lercaro. Both, however, are too well known as possible candidates not to have their chances suffer.

Cardinal Siri is fifty years old, the son of a concierge. He was professor of theology at the Gregorian University in Rome at twenty-four years of age, an Archbishop at forty, and a Cardinal at forty-six. He is tall, thin, with a big nose, awe-inspiring, severe. His manner is austere and authoritarian. His culture is vast. He is the author of important and scholarly books on theological subjects. He is considered hard, because he has a feeling for command and is impatient with laggards and the slow-witted. His ecclesiastical career is rare in that it has taken place in one city, his own Genoa after he left Rome—from simple priest to Archbishop—and it has given him a slightly prejudiced and provincial point of view. He has often been heard to say, "We in Genoa, do things this way," as if Genoa were the model for all others.

His stand against the Fascists and the Nazis during the last war was independent, uncompromising, and brave. At personal risk, he sheltered Jews and the persecuted. After the war and the bombardments, he organized the construction of shelters for the homeless, fed the hungry, and persuaded the industrialists to do what they could for the unemployed. In spite of his great preoccupation for the humble and the poor, he is not classified as a "Leftist" Cardinal.

His principal defect is his age. A young Pope means a long pontificate and perhaps the stiffening of the Church for decades in a rigid political position. There are some who also object to his character, too uncompromising and firm, for the efficient conduct of the Church's vast and varied business.

Giacomo Cardinal Lercaro, the Archbishop of Bologna, was born in 1891, the son of a gardener. His climb has been recent—fast and brilliant. In five years, from 1948, he climbed the rungs from parish priest to Bishop of Ravenna, to Archbishop of Bologna, and finally was made a Cardinal in 1953. His see is the Communist capital of Italy, where a Communist mayor, officials, *deputati* are regularly elected with overwhelming majorities. Cardinal Lercaro tackled the problem with his own methods. He organized, among other things, groups of "*frati volanti*" or "flying monks," young and energetic, who travel all over the countryside with old and rusty automobiles, stop in village squares, attract a crowd, and challenge Communists to a public debate. Their very presence is heartening for the anti-Communists.

The Cardinal takes good care of his flock, with bold experiments that show the Church is not deaf to the pressing material and spiritual needs of today. His living quarters are crowded with orphans whom he takes care of as if they were

his own nephews. (It is an old habit, with him. He started it when he was a humble parish priest.) Visitors are impressed to see the Cardinal, his one-hundred-year-old mother, and all the little children around the dinner table.

In the last few years, while the Communist threat has gradually waned, Left-wing policies and hopes for revolutionary social reforms, such as fame attributes to the Archbishop of Bologna, are slowly going out of fashion. Many people are going back to more stable and fundamental concepts. Cardinal Lercaro, who was looked upon as an interpreter of the Church's new bold social theories, is now regarded a little too much on the Left for comfort. Out of his generous and saintly desire to free his flock from the Communist clutches, he lately has committed a few candid political mistakes. Well-informed observers, therefore, begin to think that his chances to reach the Pontifical Throne are slighter today than a few years ago.

Both Siri and Lercaro should be regarded as timber for "political" Popes. The rule-of-thumb would then seem to eliminate them from immediately succeeding Pius XII. A third man, a brilliant, learned, devout man, a born leader, whom the majority of the well-informed consider the most likely to become Pope one day, is not only also "political," like the Archbishops of Genoa and Bologna, but has not even yet been made a Cardinal, and therefore cannot be officially included among the probable candidates. This is Monsignor Giovanni Battista Montini, Archbishop of Milan, who was Substitute Secretary of State until 1954. He was born in Brescia in 1897, the son of a well-known Catholic political leader. (His brother is now a Democratic Christian *deputato* in Parliament.)

Monsignor Montini is known to have been the closest colleague Pius XII has ever had, the one whose ideas more nearly matched the Holy Father's. His see of Milan is one of the biggest in Christendom, one of the most difficult in Italy. His flock contains a large number of industrial workers, most of them organized by the Communists. Montini is hard-working, clear-headed, energetic; and he undoubtedly charms all who meet him.

This does not make him a political hothead. He is merely more keenly attuned than others to the problems of today. His reading is vast, his culture solid; his manner is open, sometimes even blunt. In Milan, where he often preaches in factories, he avoids ecclesiastical clichés, follows all problems, remembers everything. With health that is perhaps not quite as strong as his activities require, he never rests.

Why is he not, then, a Cardinal, when the scarlet biretta traditionally has always gone with his post? Why is he the first to have had charge of the Secretariat of State and of the Archdiocese of Milan without becoming a Prince of the Church? It is known that in 1953 he refused the honor and that Pius XII addressed words of great and warm praise to him at the secret consistory on January 12, 1953, announcing to all Cardinals gathered together the unusual fact of the renunciation. When will he wave aside his objections, whatever they were? Will he be made a Cardinal before the present Pope's death? Will he sit in the next Conclave among the *papabili*? And will he be elected in spite of his eminently political character?

A number of factors must be reckoned with when considering such matters, many of them known but to a few of the highest ecclesiastics in the Vatican, others unknown to all but the Pope. The choice of Pius XII's successor depends on events which have not yet taken place. Will there be another consistory? Will other Cardinals be named? What will the future course of history be in Italy and the world? What will appear to be the most important needs of the Church at the moment of the next Conclave? Who will then be alive and who will be dead?

If we follow the Vatican rule-of-thumb and oral tradition, which foresee a "religious" Pope and eliminate the best-known candidates, this is the way things will probably turn out: the next Pope will, in all probability, still be an Italian, a saintly old Cardinal, with a rich experience in the administration of parishes, dioceses, archdioceses, the Vatican itself, and of the many organizations depending from them; a man in touch with the common people but never connected with definite and intransigent political views, either of the Right or of the Left. His old age will not be an insurmountable obstacle, as his task will not have to be a long one.

The description, of course, fits any number of Cardinals nobody ever mentions among the *papabili*. After him, when the Pope will have to be "political" once again, it may be that one of the men named in this article, Agagianian, Siri, or Lercaro will be elected. Some of the best-informed are of the firm opinion that it will then have to be Giovanni Battista Montini, who perhaps has refused a Cardinal's hat only to avoid being considered a present candidate, but who, by then, will probably have accepted it.



247 Christmas Cards

By EDWARD STREETER

Drawings by Donald Higgins

"I'VE BEEN thinking of Christmas," said Mr. Baxter, cutting his meat in the deliberate manner of one about to enter uncertain territory and quite willing to hesitate for a moment on its borders.

"Good Lord," said Mrs. Baxter, "don't talk about Christmas. I've scarcely finished putting away the summer things."

Mr. Baxter nodded. "But it's October and before you realize it, Christmas will be right on top of us. That's what happens every year."

"I know it," agreed Mrs. Baxter. "You couldn't be righter. Well, this is one year that it's not going to happen. I am sick and tired of putting things off and putting them off and then getting trampled to death at the last minute. I'm glad you reminded me. I'm going to start poking around tomorrow. This is the time to buy anyway, while everything is fresh and things haven't been pawed over. You'll have to give me some money."

This was not at all what Mr. Baxter had had in mind.

"What I meant was—" he said.

"I read somewhere," said Mrs. Baxter, "about a woman who starts her Christmas shopping the day after Christmas. All year long, whenever she sees something that would be just right for some special person, she buys it. Sometimes she sees something that takes her fancy and she buys half a dozen without having the slightest idea who she is going to give them to. Don't you think that's a wonderful system, dear? You could start an account for me on the first of the year. We'd call it the Christmas fund. It's hard to tell how much I'd need. I would think—"

"Well, what I had in mind," interrupted Mr. Baxter, "was a little different. I was thinking more of the economic side of things. It seems to me that with our family getting bigger every year, the way it is, we've got to plan things a little better. We've—"

"But isn't that just what I'm saying?" asked Mrs. Baxter.

"Not exactly. I'm not so much worried about whether you'll have time to *buy* things for everybody. What bothers me is whether we'll have the money to *pay* for them. Every Christmas we go through this same routine. We start slowly and carefully and then the whole thing gets completely out of hand and we end up on the first of January absolutely busted. For what? For nothing. For a lot of gewgaws that no one would ever have bought in his right mind." In spite of all his efforts Mr. Baxter felt himself getting oratorical.

"Oh dear," moaned Mrs. Baxter, "do we have to have this same argument every year? The whole spirit of Christmas—"

"Yes, we do," said Mr. Baxter. His voice was somewhat louder. "I've been thinking a lot about it and this year we're going to put Christmas under control. We're going to have a regular Christmas budget."

"Oh darling, that's so mercenary. It takes all the joy—"

"Not for me it doesn't," said Mr. Baxter. "It keeps me from going nuts. After dinner we're going to sit down with a pencil and paper and figure out just how much each child is going to get and how much for each grandchild. We'll even have a miscellaneous item for things like the tree and all that fancy wrapping paper and—"

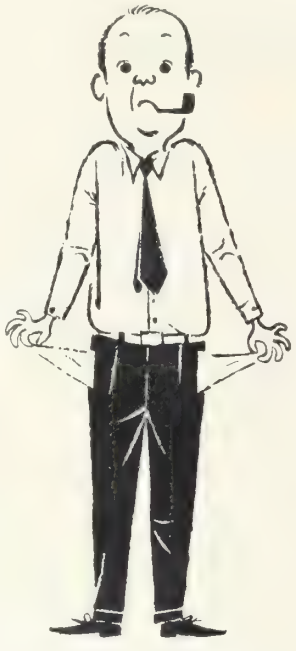
"Darling, are you going to audit every piece of wrapping paper? Why don't you have a certified public accountant dress up as Santa Claus and give out the presents? He could have a cash

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register right beside the tree all decorated with mistletoe—"

"I'm not being funny," said Mr. Baxter. "I'm going to set up a budget after dinner for your family and my family and our family and the maid and the Christmas cards and—"

"We won't *send* any Christmas cards," said Mrs. Baxter decidedly. "We can save on them at least. They're overdone anyway. Nobody ever looks at them. And if we're going to get like this I want the children and grandchildren to have everything."



Mr. Baxter liked Christmas cards. Mrs. Baxter was well aware of it. "What good," he asked, "will it do the children and grandchildren if we throw every tradition of Christmas out the window? Why do we have to strip everything colorful out of our lives because we have children and grandchildren?"

"Because they *need* things so badly. That's why. The children have no money to buy things. You know they haven't. Think of the Christmases *you* used to have when you were a boy." Mrs. Baxter always stuck this argument in even when it had no connection with what went before. Women were always unfair when they argued.

"In those days," he said, "the dollar—"

"I don't care about the dollar."

"Now you've said something," declared Mr. Baxter triumphantly.

"The truth is," said Mrs. Baxter, ignoring the diversion, "you had everything under the sun and why you weren't spoiled I don't know. This year we won't give anything to each other. That's another place we can save."

"Oh come now," said Mr. Baxter. "How's that going to look Christmas morning with the children opening their presents while we sit around sucking our thumbs? That's a fine Christmas atmosphere for them. We might cut out Christmas stockings. Now *there* is a real leak."

Mrs. Baxter loved the Christmas stockings. Each year she spent hours assembling their contents with loving care. "Cut out the Christmas stockings!" There was a hysterical note in her voice. "Why, I wouldn't dream of it. The children still adore them and as for Bobby and Poll and Amy and Sandy—why, I wouldn't miss their faces when they see those stockings—"

"How do you know they're going to be with you this Christmas?" This was really hitting below the belt and Mr. Baxter knew it.

"Some of them will." Mrs. Baxter looked so distressed that he dropped the subject. But right after dinner he went to the tiny room known, for some reason, as his "study," where he drew up a schedule headed "Christmas Budget."

MR. BAXTER'S Christmas budget made no provision for Christmas cards and neither he nor Mrs. Baxter mentioned the matter during the following weeks. Now it was November and further procrastination was impossible.

"We ought to begin to think about Christmas cards," said Mr. Baxter, as if the subject had never been discussed.

"I thought we had decided to eliminate them and save money," said Mrs. Baxter.

"Okay with me," said Mr. Baxter. "That means, of course, that we lose touch with a lot of old friends that we never hear from during the year. That's all right too, but I just want you to realize it."

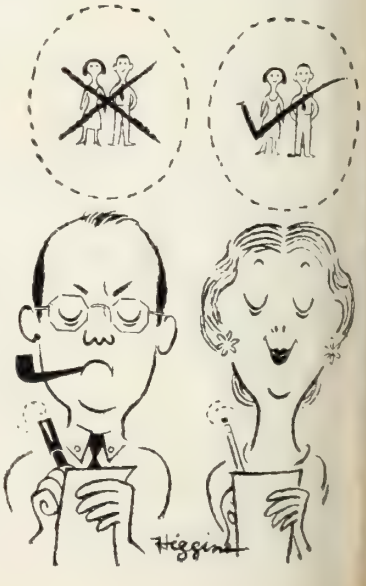
"Who, for instance?"

"Well, Joe and Annie, for instance. Christmas cards are about our only contact with them since they moved out West."

"I wouldn't think of not sending a card to Joe and Annie," she said indignantly. "Those aren't the kind of people I meant."

"Oh," said Mr. Baxter, "I thought you meant to cut *all* cards out."

"I do, generally speaking," said Mrs. Baxter, "but naturally we'll send cards to people like Joe and Annie. We'll send cards to all our good friends who live a long way off whom we never see. That makes sense. What I object to is sending cards to every Tom, Dick, and Harry that we see all the time."

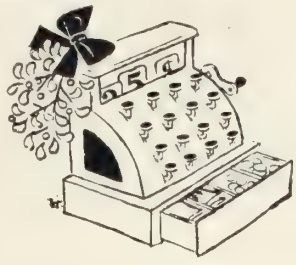


"You mean," said Mr. Baxter, "that you wouldn't send Sam and Helen a card just because they live two blocks away?"

"Darling, how difficult can you get? Of course we'd send Sam

and Helen a card. They're not Toms, Dicks, and Harrys. They're our best friends."

"I see," said Mr. Baxter. "I was just trying to find out who you are going to eliminate."



"I'll get my book," said Mrs. Baxter. She was a born record keeper. Her desk drawers were stuffed with notebooks and card files. She could produce any birthday with a flick of the finger or tell you just who came to each of the children's weddings.

Now she brought out a black leather book containing all of their Christmas-card transactions for years back. She turned its pages thoughtfully. "Last year," she said, "we sent out two hundred and forty-seven cards."

"Absurd," said Mr. Baxter, "utterly absurd. We don't know two hundred and forty-seven people. You must buy a mailing list or something."

"The Cassels," said Mrs. Baxter thoughtfully. "Now I'll tell you one group we can cut; that's young marrieds like the Cassels. I don't see any reason why we should take on our *children's* friends. We have enough to worry about coping with our own.

"The trouble is they visit us in the summer or something like that and then the following Christmas they send us a card because they feel obligated—or maybe because they had a good time. I don't know. Then we're so flattered to be recognized by the young that we send *them* a card the next year and then we're off."

Mr. Baxter nodded. "I know," he said. "In a way it is a shame to cut out those kids. It's good for old crocks like ourselves to keep up our contacts with youth. Besides which, a lot of them have more or less grown up in our house and I wouldn't hurt their feelings for anything. No, let's try to cut somewhere else. Let's run down the list together."

"Here's certainly a pair you can throw out," said Mrs. Baxter. "I don't even know who they are. Mr. and Mrs. Joel de Sanchez. I never even heard of them. There's certainly no sense sending cards to a lot of boobs that we never even heard of."

Mr. Baxter looked pained. "You know, darling, sometimes I think you don't listen when I tell you things. Joel de Sanchez has been one of my best customers for fifteen years."

"Business!" cried Mrs. Baxter, somewhat overdramatically. "Does it have to take over Christmas as well as everything else in our lives? Do we have to turn even our personal Christmas cards into commercials?"

"Listen dear, women just don't seem to understand these things." Mr. Baxter was using his patient voice as one who explains life to a child. "With the passage of the years one gets to know certain people in the business world in a very intimate way. They start as customers and they end up as friends. I regard Joel de Sanchez as a close and valued personal friend. If I ever found myself in trouble—"

"If you're such buddies, why haven't they ever been in our house or we in theirs?"

"Well, it's hard to explain. Joel's a wonderful fellow—a prince. He'd give his right hand for me. But he never had certain advantages. I guess you'd think that maybe—"

"I thought so," snorted Mrs. Baxter. "And I'll bet his wife is worse."

"I don't see why Mrs. de Sanchez has to be dragged into it," said Mr. Baxter. They dropped the subject by common consent and went on down the list.

"Wait, here's one that can go," said Mr. Baxter. "The James Wenickes. Who in the world are the James Wenickes? What a *name*!"

"They're my *cousins*," said Mrs. Baxter. "They live in Peoria and I wouldn't *think* of not sending them a card."

"I never heard you mention them," said Mr. Baxter. "I'll bet they're terrible."

"They're not half as bad as some of *your* relatives," said Mrs. Baxter.

"I'll bet if they popped in here some night just before dinner you'd have a fit."

Mrs. Baxter snorted and turned the page. "Who's Henry Snell?" she asked.

"Don't know," said Mr. Baxter, "must be another of your cousins."



"Never heard of him," said Mrs. Baxter. "That's *one* we ought to be able to agree on anyway." She drew a heavy line through the "Henry Snell." "There," she said. "Now we're getting somewhere."

They plodded over the list and when they reached the end and checked the results they had eliminated fourteen names; of

these, three were dead, two they had never heard of, and the remainder they had not seen in so long that they could not even remember what they looked like.

"There's another section over here," said Mrs. Baxter. "These are people who sent *us* cards last year and we didn't send one to *them*."

"We didn't ask them to send us cards."

"Of course not," said Mrs. Baxter, "but when someone takes the trouble to remember you it seems mean not to remember them back. It's a sort of a slap in the face—like saying 'how do you do' to someone and not having them answer."

"You may have something there," said Mr. Baxter. "Why couldn't we send cards to everyone we know one year and then not send any at all the next year? That will give everybody a chance to say 'how do you do' back to us. And those that are rude we will cut out the third year and—"

"Listen, dear, we're trying to make out a list. Don't get so Peter Pannish. Now personally I think we ought to send these people who sent us last year."

Mr. Baxter agreed. He disliked being under obligations. He also disliked the idea of people sitting around all over the country and saying, "Here's one we can cut—the Baxters. They never send us a card. Why should we send them?"

"Yes, of course cut the Baxters by all means. I wouldn't think of sending them one. As a matter of fact I never cared too much for them anyway."

TWO hours later Mrs. Baxter added up the revised list. It was increased by thirty-five names. "How does it come out?" asked Mr. Baxter.

"About the same as last year."

He nodded. "Oh well," he said, "Christmas only comes around once a year."

BUFO VULGARIS by John Ciardi

FROM a day in the time of my own warts I recall
bufo vulgaris, the common toad, asprawl
in biology lab. First we dissected him dead,
and many parts of the toad were stuffed in my head
gray green and bitter with formaldehyde,
though all I remember now for ready reference
is the vast difference made by the *vas deferens*.

Next, we probed him living. Under the lens
I saw his blood cells pumped alive between
the albumen shadows of his webs outspread
on the light that pierced from below. On a
radar screen
electrons dance the way I remember his blood
drawn in its endless chain, they also tracing
the invisible land below, that country racing
in the space between our senses. So I stood
at a peephole into Genesis watching that blood
particled and bright in its great flow
and whirligig (but in order) down below.
In and out of focus it danced as I turned
the gnurled knob at my thumb like Captain God
observing from a space ship.
So the toad
pumped me with light all a long afternoon
when I was Godlike. From a star cocoon
my eye broke wingéd. High above Polaris
I looked into his blood—*bufo vulgaris*
meaning, as noted above the common
toad, but suggesting also "vulgar clown."

Porter McKeever

How to Throw away an Air Base

An American authority on Iceland brings back a surprising report on the reasons why we are being pushed off that priceless island . . . and how our losses might still be repaired.

A LESSON in how to lose an air base—plus radar and naval facilities of immense importance to American security—can be had these days in Iceland with no difficulty whatever.

You don't have to search for any clever Russian plot. There is no need to apologize for the behavior of our 4,000 troops there; in fact, they have behaved quite well. No unpleasant cultural conflict lurks beneath the surface; on the contrary, the Icelanders are among the most pro-American people in the world. There is no clash of basic strategic or diplomatic interests.

Yet the fact remains that we and our allies in NATO have lost a major battle in Iceland. That island has taken Communists into its government, and has told us to call our troops home. The reasons for this disaster—it can't be called anything else—are very different from what most Americans believe. They are worth examining with some care, because the disaster might still be repaired—and because the lesson they offer might save us endless trouble in other parts of the world.

Curiously enough, no one is more dismayed at what has happened than the Icelanders themselves. Throughout the long autumn days the local politicians gather over coffee tables in anxious search for some way to rescue their international obligations from the tangle—a tangle partly of their own making, although the British and the Americans both helped to snarl things up.

In 1944, at the end of a long stay in Iceland, my farewell visits included a call upon a lady who, throughout the two years I had been there had been notably vitriolic in her attitude toward the foreign troops on Iceland's soil. When she began telling me how sad she was that all the Americans were leaving, I reminded her of past comments.

"But," she insisted, "it really is terrible all of you are going. Now we shall have to go back to talking about each other."

When I returned to Iceland this summer I was curious to know what her attitude would be toward our troops there now.

"They have been no help at all," she told me. "Their conduct is so admirable, we have to go right on talking about each other."

When one considers the beauty of Iceland's women, and the Icelandic zest for personal gossip, the complete absence of critical comment concerning our men is truly impressive.

NEWS stories out of Iceland this summer have focused on the troops. But to discover what is really happening there one has to start not with troops but with trade.

Iceland must import to live. It pays for its imports through the sale of fish. Nature covered much of the island with barren lava plains, then apologized by surrounding it with rich fishing grounds. Fish, in one form or another, constitute 97 per cent of the country's exports. In 1951, Iceland was exporting nothing to the Communist bloc. Four years later, the Soviet Union and its satellites were absorbing 28 per cent of the island's exports and providing 22 per cent of its imports.

The irony is that the Soviets achieved their position through no particular cleverness of their own—they were drawn into a vacuum created mainly by conservative commercial interests in Britain. The political impact of such a drastic

shift in trade is one of the first lessons to be learned from events in Iceland.

The story begins in 1943 when Icelanders noted with alarm a steady decline in their catch and decided that conservation measures were needed in the bays and fiords where spawning occurs. Their worries were placed before international conservation conferences in London in 1943 and 1946 and in Washington in 1949. In 1950, the Icelandic government decided to extend the three-mile boundary for fishing vessels to four miles, and draw straight lines across all bays.

The British, who fish extensively in these waters, asked that application of the new regulations be withheld until the International Court at The Hague reached a decision in a case the British had brought against Norway for taking a similar step. Iceland agreed. Then, apparently to Britain's surprise, the Court decided in favor of Norway. The Icelandic government at once announced that as of May 15, 1952, the four-mile limit would apply to all vessels, Icelandic as well as foreign. British trawler owners protested vigorously. When Iceland stood firm, the British Trawler Association notified all British purchasers and processors of fish that their supplies would be immediately cut off if they accepted fish from Iceland. Until that point, in October 1952, nearly one-fourth of all the whitefish caught by Icelandic trawlers was landed and sold in the United Kingdom. But the boycott was instantly effective and still continues.

THE U.S.S.R. AS SAVIOR

THE Icelanders began searching for alternate outlets. Fish that would normally have been landed fresh in Britain were killed and salted aboard ship for sale in Italy. Through British and German sales agents other new markets for dried fish were developed in Africa. This year sales in Africa, which four years ago took nothing, will return more than $6,000,000. But despite these various efforts, Icelandic storehouses continued to bulge through the winter of 1952 and into the next spring. Then came what was clearly intended to appear as a life-saving offer.

At the end of World War II the Conservative party, with the flexibility characteristic of Icelandic politics, had formed a coalition government with the Communists. During this government's short life the Soviet Union paid its Icelandic comrades the compliment of negotiating a purchase of fish. The Communists were ousted and the purchases stopped. Although the Icelanders thereafter sent Moscow a note each year asking if Russia was interested in buying more fish, the notes were never even acknowledged. But in April 1953—five months after the British boycott began—the Soviet government, without waiting to be asked, told Iceland it would like to buy 21,000 tons of frozen fillets. At that moment Iceland's entire output was 25,000 tons.

Icelanders recognized the political motivations behind the offer and were reluctant to become dependent upon a market that could be turned off as quickly as it was turned on. They informed their NATO neighbors of the development. But the reaction of the NATO partners was an indifference it is to be hoped they now regret. So the Icelanders agreed to sell Russia 14,000 tons—a third less than the Russians had asked for—with deliveries spread over the next eighteen months.

Ever since, the Icelanders have been trying to minimize the political pressures inherent in an annual contract by asking for a two- or three-year contract. But the Russians refuse. In 1955 Iceland's exports to the Soviet bloc totaled $14,400,000. This was $3,000,000 more than the combined purchases of the U.S. and the entire sterling area. Icelandic production of frozen fish has almost doubled—it is now about 50,000 tons annually—and Soviet willingness to buy has more than kept pace with the gain. Nevertheless the Icelanders are trying to keep Communist purchases to less than one-third of the export total.

"We don't want to become too dependent on anyone—including our friends," a key trade official explained to me. And my mind shot back to a somewhat similar comment by a government official twelve years earlier:

"We are a small nation," he observed, "and suspicion must be our navy."

It is wise for us to remember that in this respect Iceland and many other small nations are well defended.

Icelandic resentment against the British boycott remains intense, and some of it has rubbed off on the United States, especially since Icelanders consider it a clear violation of the U.S.-U.K. Marshall Plan agreement pledging action against "business practices or business arrangements affecting international trade which restrain competition, limit access to markets, or foster monopolistic control."

Although the boycott is being carried on by private commercial interests, the Icelanders feel that the British government could and should

step in and call a halt, and that the United States should urge it to do so.

Unhappily, the role of the United States in Iceland's search for non-Communist markets has been worse than passive. Our purchases have declined steadily. Moreover, in May 1954 the U.S. Tariff Commission recommended an increase in tariff rates and the imposition of quotas on fish imports. President Eisenhower rejected the recommendation, but New England fishing interests kept up their cries for protective action, even though American purchases of Icelandic fish continued to decline. Then, this June, with a singular insensitivity to timing, the Tariff Commission reopened the case and actually held public hearings at the very moment the Icelandic election campaign was entering its critical phase. The decision, yet to come, can have a profound effect on Iceland's political future—a fact which seems to have escaped the Commission's notice.

The Communists have, of course, exploited the issue vigorously. NATO, they shout, is the means by which American troops gained a foothold on Icelandic soil while their British partners choked off the lifeblood of the country. Only the Soviet Union thwarted this sinister plot. And the Soviet "assistance" has had its impact even on strongly anti-Communist Icelanders who see reminders of it on every side.

Because sales to the Soviet bloc are on a barter basis, visible manifestations of Soviet purchases dot the Icelandic landscape. There are Russian cars on Icelandic roads and Russian trucks on Iceland's farms. The filling stations may have Shell or Esso or British Petroleum signs, but the gasoline coming out of the tanks is more often Russian. Many of Iceland's new capitalists live in homes built with air-base construction money and Russian cement. Going through a freezer plant currently in construction, I noticed that the materials were Russian and the power tools Czech.

Normally the Icelanders import almost all their cereals from us. This year they will be eating 400 tons of Burmese rice delivered by the Russians.

The many material Soviet offerings have been accompanied by comparable cultural ones. Last summer when President Eisenhower stopped off in Iceland en route to the "summit" meeting in Geneva, Iceland's wise and friendly President Asgeir Asgeirsson tendered him luncheon at the Keflavik air base. Had he driven into Reykjavik, he would have seen the streets of the capital city lined with the red flags of the Soviet countries, for a huge Soviet Trade Fair was in full swing. The Russians have also sent their leading conductors, musicians, ballerinas, athletes, and chess players to perform in Iceland, as well as the entire production of a Chinese opera.

When I was there, in mid-July, a delegation of Chinese Communists was touring the farm co-operatives. On their heels came a concert pianist from Poland, followed by the Minister of Trade from Czechoslovakia, and a Moscow soccer team.

But in this field the United States has not lagged behind. Musicians like Isaac Stern, Blanche Thebom, and E. Power Biggs have discovered enthusiastic audiences in Iceland. The Robert Shaw Chorale was a huge success with the chorus-conscious Icelanders. Last October William Faulkner lectured to overflow crowds at the University of Iceland and left a lasting impression, especially among the nationally revered Icelandic intellectuals. Our Air Force men arranged an air lift to carry an Icelandic naturalist on a hazardous trip into the glacial hinterland to search for the rare Pink-Footed Goose—amid the cheers of bird-watching enthusiasts from the visiting string section of the Boston Symphony.

In general, Soviet efforts at cultural propaganda have been more lavish and spectacular, but ours have been praised for their individual quality. Yet while we are fighting the Russians to a standstill on the cultural front, the crucial struggle is being waged on the economic front. There we will continue to be driven back until we close the opening we ourselves made.

"PROGRESS" AT FULL SPEED

TO BE sure, our expenditures on the air base have hovered in the vicinity of $15,000,000 a year for the last three years. But we must bear in mind that wherever we build bases we create economic dislocations as well as benefits. Viewed objectively, our air-base expenditures have undoubtedly been a net asset to Iceland's economy. But we cannot expect the average Icelander to be an objective student of economics. Construction at Keflavik air base has meant that a large percentage of Iceland's labor force has been drawn to the southwestern corner of the country. And although wage rates are regulated, overtime pay has brought a general rise in the cost of labor. Farmers and regular commercial industries find labor scarce and expensive—a grievance creating more genuine complaints than the presence of American troops. At the height of the fishing and farming season

last year Iceland had to import more than a thousand workers from abroad. Most of them came from the Faroe Islands, but some were even brought from Germany.

Contractors working at the base are getting rich, and the undercurrent of resentment among the less fortunate is spreading. The inflation spiral has shot upward. It is a moot point whether this has been caused by a too-rapid rate of expansion at the air base or by the Icelandic government's failure to maintain proper controls. But most Icelanders are concerned mainly about the soaring cost of living.

Furthermore, the Icelander does not regard air-base construction expenditure as a normal or continuing part of his country's economy. Therefore he tends to deprecate the benefits. The $3,000,000 we did not spend on fish last year, as compared with the year before, was far more potent politically than the $15,000,000 we did spend on the air base.

These external influences have placed added burdens on an already unstable political and economic structure. Since the war, Iceland has developed at a driving pace, creating a curious political situation which helped to produce the new cabinet. Returning to Iceland this summer I was immediately struck by the new homes, schools, hospitals, factories, public buildings, roads, and parks that were not there twelve years ago. Later, statistics backed up the evidence of my senses.

Agricultural land in cultivation has been increased 60 per cent; one-third of all the farms have been electrified and nearly all have telephones. Before the war Iceland's hydro-electric plants were producing 22 million kilowatt-hours; today they have an installed capacity of 550 million. Marshall Plan funds have made possible the completion of two new hydro-electric projects; and a fertilizer plant that last year produced 18,000 tons of nitrogen fertilizer saved Iceland nearly $2,000,000 in foreign exchange and permitted an export of 4,000 tons. A huge new cement plant with a 75,000-ton capacity is now under way. Textile plants have been modernized and expanded; shoe and glass factories have been built.

The merchant fleet has grown from seventeen to twenty-nine ships, and its tonnage has nearly tripled. The fishing fleet has more than doubled in tonnage and almost all of its 619 vessels are new. Three airlines have been developed, two of which operate to the United States and Europe.

Inevitably this feverish economic activity has had far-reaching effects on the country's social structure. Between 1940 and 1950 the number of people engaged in agriculture declined more than 10 per cent; the number engaged in fishing, more than 5 per cent. At the same time, the number working in industry and construction rose 10 per cent. This trend has continued. Today nearly 50 per cent of the population clusters in and around Reykjavik, the one large city.

UNEASY TIES

THE change has strained the country's political machinery to the breaking point. Iceland's election laws, like our own, are weighted in favor of the rural areas. But now, because of the population shift, this has made one vote in an eastern farm area equal to ten votes in Reykjavik.

All these changes have been putting the political parties through some extraordinary gyrations—which played their part in this summer's election. Traditionally, Iceland has four political parties: Communists, Social Democrats, Progressives, and Conservatives, to read from left to right. Since the war, the Communists' voting strength has fluctuated between 15 and 20 per cent of the electorate, but the intellectuals and students who used to be attracted to the party have fallen off significantly. To compensate for this, the hard-core Communists have fought persistently to capture the labor movement, and perhaps the most lasting damage of the British boycott will be the impetus that it gave to this effort.

At the same time, the Social Democrats, who used to have a strong appeal to labor, have been steadily declining in power, and losing their ties with the union movement. The present leaders are, generally speaking, a group of idealistic Fabians being slowly ground down by militant Communist activity on the one hand and the adoption of liberal welfare programs by the Conservatives on the other, until it is doubtful whether the party can long survive except by some merger or coalition. This it tried in the last election by an arrangement with the Progressives.

The Progressives, originally a purely agrarian party, are today the controllers of Iceland's huge co-operative movement which extends into every facet of national life and has an annual turnover greater than the national budget. The Progressives' problem is that they have been so preoccupied with their economic construction that they have neglected their hold on the electorate.

The Icelandic farmer who moves to town usually continues to do business at the co-op, but he is more and more apt to vote Conservative.

The Conservative pattern has been the exact opposite of the Progressive. Originally the party of Iceland's economic overlords, the Conservative party has today a program so liberal that the Social Democrats complain the Conservatives have stolen most of their ideas. The Conservatives have concentrated on appealing to young people and intellectuals, and in Reykjavik's labor unions they are stronger than the Social Democrats. In this summer's election the Conservatives won 42 per cent of the votes, but because the ballots came largely from the Reykjavik area, they resulted in only nineteen seats, whereas the Progressives, with only 16 per cent of the votes, got seventeen seats.

It was this growth of Conservative strength that alarmed the Progressive leader, Hermann Jonasson, sixty years old but still energetic and desperately anxious to be Prime Minister again before age would shove the office from his grasp. Before the election he worked out an alliance with the Social Democrats by which neither would put up candidates in opposition to the other. Then he seized on the troop issue as a possible vote-getter among the dissidents and the chauvinists. Yet when I told him he was being accused of being anti-American, he flushed with anger. His only son is married to an American girl and works in California for an engineering firm. He is quick to point out that he was the very Prime Minister who, in 1938, refused a Nazi request to set up installations in Iceland and who, three years later, invited American forces to occupy and protect the country in place of the British who had arrived just a step ahead of a Nazi invasion in 1940.

Jonasson's gamble for complete power almost won. His coalition got twenty-five seats, just two short of a clear majority. But this shortage of two made the Communists with their eight seats indispensable to him. He could not turn to the Conservatives and survive as a political leader. Ambition was stronger than his dislike of the Communists—whom he calculated he could isolate from foreign policy. So Hannibal Valdimarsson, a dissident and opportunistic fellow-traveler, became Minister of Health and Social Affairs, and a genuine Communist, Ludvik Josefsson, Minister of Fisheries and Commerce.

The rest of the cabinet is composed of firm friends of the United States. The Foreign Minister, Gudmundur I. Gudmundsson, has been Sheriff of the district in which the air base is located, since 1945, and is so well liked and respected by all the Americans who have dealt with him on defense matters that the Communists call him the "Occupation Boss." The Finance Minister, Eysteinn Jonsson, is the cousin of the University of North Dakota's outstanding Scandinavian scholar, Professor Richard Beck. The Minister of Education and Industry, Gylfi Gislason, like his fellow Social Democrat, Gudmundsson, has strongly asserted his allegiance to NATO.

At best the new cabinet is an uneasy coalition. The Communists tried unsuccessfully to keep such an outstanding pro-American as Gudmundsson out of the Foreign Ministry. The authority of the cabinet posts given the Communists was whittled down; social security was taken out of the jurisdiction of the Welfare Ministry; economic co-operation abroad and responsibility for new investment were taken away from the Ministry of Commerce.

The government is likely to have a short and stormy life, and new elections next spring or summer are highly probable. Therefore we should waste no time taking the steps that will protect our investment and our stake in the security of Iceland, the United States, and the NATO alliance.

WHAT WE CAN DO

FIRST, the United States should help persuade the British to end their boycott and re-establish markets for Icelandic fish in the United Kingdom. By the same token, we should take care to not raise our own tariffs or impose quotas on Icelandic fish.

Second, NATO should consider the creation of an association of its members with possessions or interests in Africa which would buy fish from Iceland for distribution in that vast protein-hungry area.

Third, while helping to find markets for fish, we must not lose our temper or patience over the troop issue.

The Icelanders know their centuries of isolation are ended and that the emotions surrounding their independence—they severed their last ties with Denmark only twelve years ago—must be adjusted to the requirements of interdependence.

"We Icelanders have become quite cosmopolitan these last few years," a farmer in the far north told me. "But like you Americans, we sometimes do or say things that look otherwise."

No responsible, non-Communist Icelander

ANNE GOODWIN WINSLOW

HADRIAN'S LULLABY

(*Animula Vagula Blandula . . .*)

IN ATHENS once he had designed
A temple for Olympian Jove, and since,
With marble and magnificence,
He had done other things he had in mind.
Now he must go, but they would stay behind.

So, at the end of his conspicuous day,
The emperor gave the world away:
Gave the cities and the sea,
The monuments and history—
Gifts that only an emperor gives:
Gave the words that he had loved too long—
All but a few diminutives
To make that little song.

---

thinks of withdrawing the base from American or NATO use when he speaks of troop withdrawal. All thoughtful Icelanders want the base and vital radar installations secured against surprise seizure by enemy forces—and the "enemy" they mean is the same country we mean.

But in signing the NATO treaty, Iceland expressly specified that no foreign troops should be stationed in the country *in peacetime*. Just after the outbreak of the Korean war, a new Defense Agreement with the United States permitted the return of American forces. Now the Korean war is past, the Icelanders wonder if it is not time to return to the original agreement. At least they would like a clearer understanding of what we consider "peacetime."

The base issue is still a negotiable matter. We have a year in which to negotiate, and wise use of that time on the economic front should achieve a satisfactory political solution for everyone concerned—except the Russians and their few Icelandic puppets.

Probably many or even most of our military personnel will have to be replaced by civilian "technicians." Perhaps we will have to help train a special Icelandic police force to guard the base. Certainly we should be able to reach an agreement that would enable Air Force units in nearby Greenland and other military personnel to have immediate access to the base in the event of emergency or surprise attack. Unless we ignore obvious problems we should be able to obtain a reasonable accommodation of the security requirements of the base to U. S. cuts in military manpower and the Icelandic aversion to men—anybody's men—in uniform.

Finally, this country should resume its interest in the college and technical training of Icelanders which has lapsed shockingly in the last ten years. No country on earth has greater regard for education and the educated man. Therefore the place and manner in which its leaders are educated are critically important.

In 1946, 34 per cent of all Icelanders studying abroad were in the United States and Canada. Today we have fewer than 6 per cent. Icelandic students would still prefer to come to the United States, but the higher costs here are pushing them toward Europe. We must find some way to bridge the economic gap.

The importance of the intellectual to Iceland cannot be overestimated. Poets are their national heroes; writing, one of the most honored professions. Last year, Iceland's book publishers produced over 300 titles in editions ranging from 2,000 to 15,000 copies. This in a country having a population less than Des Moines, Iowa, or Wichita, Kansas, means an average of about eight books per year for every living Icelander!

The Communists' richest asset is Halldor Kiljan Laxness, last year's Nobel Prize winner in literature. He was rebuffed as a young writer trying to make a living in the United States in the 1920s, befriended by the Communists on his return home—and became a fellow-traveler.

He is almost the last Icelandic intellectual of any importance on whom the Communists retain a hold. The reason, mainly, is that the new generation has had much happier associations with this country than Laxness did in the 'twenties, and they know his view of us is dated. Nothing is more in our national interest than to keep this sentiment strong. We can do this only by keeping young people coming to us for an education.

In Iceland, in the months immediately ahead, we have a chance to demonstrate—not only to Iceland but to the world—that the NATO alliance is a positive, constructive relationship. Out of what now appears to be the beginning of its distintegration we can build its renaissance. And in continuing to develop a mutually beneficial relationship between a small nation and a large, we can dramatize our concept of the world we would like to see.

A Story by Louis Auchincloss

Drawings by Arthur Shilstone



The Trial of Mr. M

EVERYONE had agreed that it was a mistake for Mr. Minturn to live so close to Chelton after his retirement. The neat red-brick house which the board of trustees had remodeled for him was almost within the shadow of the Gothic spire of the school chapel and actually within sight of the headmaster's rambling mansion that he had occupied for forty years.

How could Arthur Knox, people asked, ever feel that it was his school if he had to administer it under the penetrating eyes of the small, brisk, silver-haired, round-bodied man who had become to every graduate and boy a living symbol of the school itself? And worse yet, Arthur Knox was a Chelton man; he, too, had been exposed when young to the strange compulsion of that diminutive figure in the pulpit, the arms rising and falling as the full, rich, cadenced voice, in measured tones, held up before three hundred boys the sanitary virtues, clean living, clean talking, clean thinking, until life itself took on the whiteness of a sheet. He had known, too, the tireless pedestrian of the school grounds, inspecting, unrelaxing, with the poking ebony walking stick, the benevolent figure in the headmaster's study, chuckling as he read aloud the Fezziwig chapters of the "Christmas Carol," and, never to be forgotten, the stiff, disciplining magistrate, shaking with the gusts of a terrifying anger. For Mr. Minturn, who breathed the pale, thin air of an early New England, with a straight code of what was wholesome and what was not, what was funny and what merely sophisticated, or, as he put it, "blazzy," could be terrifying. It was why so many of his graduates, in their atrophied religious consciences, later in life, thought of him when they thought of God.

But Mr. Minturn did not think of himself as terrifying, or of anyone else, much less Arthur Knox, as being afraid of him. He saw no reason whatsoever to move away from the school. His wife was dead, and his daughters, large, bony, middle-aged women of undoubted filial devotion but limited sympathy, had both married Chelton men, one now a trustee of the school, and had prospered undemonstratively in Boston, only an hour away. They wanted him, sincerely enough, to come to them, but he had more interest in them than in their lives. His life was the school.

A few, a very few of the older graduates had ventured to hint that his continued residence on the campus might prove an embarrassment to the new head, but he could not see it. He was quite sure that they did not realize the tact of which he was capable. He had known Arthur Knox since the latter's boyhood: he had followed his early career in the ministry and his more recent years as head of a smaller boys' school: he believed him thoroughly grounded in the ideals of Chelton and most capable of their efficient promotion. Now it would be Arthur's school; it was as simple as that. And he, they asked? Why, didn't he have his correspondence with the graduates and his sermons to preach? What more did he need but his daily walk around the school and the playing grounds, past the long, rambling Elizabethan dormitories with their coats of ivy, the war memorial fountain, so white and placid, the chapel with its Gothic tower thrust up sharply against the lowering sun; ending up, stick in hand and puffing at a pipe, to watch the football practice on the first squad field?

It was impossible, of course, for him not to notice things. It was impossible, for example,

not to observe that the number of boys playing tennis on October afternoons was double what it had been in his day. And there was something silly, in Mr. Minturn's opinion, about a fifteen-year-old batting a little white ball across a net on a crisp autumnal day within actual earshot of the staccato "Signals! Signals!" from the football field below. However, he supposed it was not fatal.

What was a good deal worse was the appearance of a white refrigerator truck with soft drinks driving right through the Eliot Gate and parking by the first squad field. Mr. Minturn had hardly thought he was interfering when he had ordered the driver summarily from the grounds, scattering the boys around the vehicle



with a word. What had been his surprise to be told by the driver, and not politely, either, that authority had come from the headmaster himself! He had brooded about this and thereafter avoided the first squad field where the hateful truck squatted brazenly, silhouetted against the chapel itself. But this was not all. He had even to admit it was minor compared to what was still to come.

Returning home late one evening when he had walked as far as the river, he passed the great windows of the dining-hall as the boys were filing in for supper. Filing, however, was no longer the appropriate term. They piled in each way, every way, no longer standing at their places before the long tables in silence, waiting as an assembled body for grace, but sitting down immediately and grabbing for the bread and butter. And he noticed distinctly, approaching a side window in the cold, darkening air, seeing but unseen, that they had not changed to stiff collars.

Well, it was disturbing. It really was. One could argue that boys had been brought up as Christians without stiff collars in the evening or that the sale of pop on the campus was not necessarily fatal to their development, but how many stones could be pulled out of the foundation before a crack appeared in the façade itself? And it was just such a crack that he thought he perceived one Sunday afternoon while walking past the fields behind the gymnasium. A group of younger boys was engaged in a game of touch football, and as he paused, leaning on his stick to watch them, his ears were cut by a cry.

"Jesus Christ, butterfingers, can't you ever hang on to that ball!"

He stared, incredulous at the small, fat, serious boy who had shouted this. The others, however, seemed to treat it as entirely normal.

"Boy!" he shouted in his old tone, and now they stopped, and turned to him in astonishment. "You, boy!" he continued, pointing at the offender, "come over here!"

"But I'm playing in the game, sir."

"Come here this minute!" Mr. Minturn thundered, and the boy came quickly over. "What's your name?"

"Sloane, sir."

"Do you know what day it is, Sloane?"

"Yes, sir. It's Sunday, sir."

"And don't you know Whose day Sunday is?"

"I beg your pardon, sir?"

"Isn't Sunday the Lord's Day?"

"Oh. Yes, sir. I expect it is."

"He whose name you were taking in vain?"

The boy's face cleared now. He even smiled.

"Oh, I get it, sir. I was swearing, wasn't I? Sorry, sir. It was the game, you know."

But Mr. Minturn's face became even graver.

"The game!" he exclaimed. "Do you think a game excuses you? We'll have to teach you, Sloane. Yes, indeed, I'm afraid we will. You will go immediately and report to the headmaster at his house. If he isn't in, you will wait in the front hall until he comes. You will tell him what I heard you say. I don't wish to repeat it."

He saw the consternation in the troubled face before him and sensed it in the hovering figures of the other boys. Did he have to be obeyed, they were wondering, this testy old man from another world, this legend known to them more through the portrait in the dining-hall and the tales of their fathers than from their own vision of the shuffling little figure who sat in the back of the chapel and sometimes lunched at the head table?

"Well, Sloane, did you hear me?"

The boy turned and walked sulkily off in the direction of Mr. Knox's house. Mr. Minturn

nodded to the others. "Continue your game, boys," he said gruffly and proceeded on his tour. His mind, however, was in too much of a turmoil for pleasant walking and after some minutes' debate he turned down Knox's driveway toward the rambling Victorian mansion that he had occupied so long. The maid showed him into the study just as young Sloane, avoiding his eye, slipped by him in the corridor.

"Well, Mr. M!" the headmaster cried heartily, rising as he entered and stretching out his hand. "It's been too long. Much too long! You must know that Sally and I want you to feel this house is yours."

"You're very kind, Arthur."

He sat down and glanced about the huge bare study whose walls had once been covered to the ceiling with his own pictures of crews, of teams, of glee clubs, of countless rows of earnest strong young faces. Over the mantel now was a colored print of a Rouault Christ. Mr. Knox, bare and energetic as his study, long, strong, balding, big-nosed, leaned forward on his elbows.

"This is a sort of a busman's holiday for you, isn't it, Mr. M?" he asked smiling. "Helping the new administration with its disciplinary problems?" He threw his hands in the air. "Not that we don't need it! We do, we do! No doubt of it! I'm grateful for your trouble, sir."

"You mean Sloane," Mr. Minturn answered in a more serious tone. "I was sure you wouldn't regard that as interfering. I thought you'd want to know."

"That's right. You're quite right." Mr. Knox nodded his head several times in brisk succession. "We don't want language like that to become current on the campus. I think Sloane will keep more of a rein on his tongue when he's spent Saturday afternoon washing my new Buick."

Mr. Minturn paused for a moment as he took this in.

"Am I to understand that that will be his punishment?" he asked. "To wash your car?"

"Well, of course, he'll have to miss the game, too. They hate that, you know."

"Do *we* care what they hate and what they don't?" Mr. Minturn demanded, raising his voice in spite of himself. "Isn't it a question of the offense? Washing a master's car is the penalty for skipping assembly or having an untidy cubicle. You know that, Arthur. Not for blasphemy! What do you think you'd have got when you were a boy here?"

"Well, if you'd heard me, Mr. M," Mr. Knox answered, grinning broadly, "I'd have been lucky if I hadn't been suspended!"

"If *I'd* heard you!" Mr. Minturn stared, shocked, at his successor. "Do you imply, Arthur, that there were different levels of justice in my day?"

"No, no, nothing like that, sir," Mr. Knox replied hastily, raising his hands to deprecate the suggestion. "It's only that today—well, sir, it's hard for some of these boys. They hear their fathers, even their mothers, I'm afraid, saying the kind of thing that you heard young Sloane say. Some parents are actually proud of it. It makes them feel their children are intimate with them." He shook his head. "Even in some of our best families, sir."

"And why, then, do these 'best families,' as you call them, send their sons here?" Mr. Minturn demanded with a snort. "Isn't it because they want the school to do the job they lack the fortitude to do themselves?"

But he could get nowhere with Knox. The latter simply nodded in a maddening way, conceding every point he made, admitting cheerfully that the situation was complicated, that he, Knox, was undoubtedly making a mistake, probably lots of them, but that, after all, somebody had to make the decision. And all the while Mr. Minturn had the uncomfortable feeling that he was congratulating himself for his amiable toleration of a reactionary and meddlesome old man.

THE next morning after chapel he fell in with Mr. Collins behind the long file of boys who walked two by two to the schoolhouse. Collins, the head of the classics department, was a tubby, rather mincing bachelor of fifty-odd who craved gossip and whose company Mr. Minturn ordinarily took some pains to avoid. This morning, however, he was seeking information.

"Tell me, Collins," he began, "is it true that Latin is to be made optional?"

Mr. Collins paused and nodded.

"The mother of languages, Mr. M," he answered in mournful tones, "must veil her features at Chelton."

"What will be put in its place?"

"Cooking, I daresay, or Icelandic sagas!" Collins exclaimed. "Who knows, with *him*?"

Mr. Minturn did not like the suggestion of disloyalty in this use of the pronoun.

"Come now, things can't be that bad."

"Can't they? Can't they indeed, Mr. M?" Collins paused, almost smacking his lips. "You haven't heard, then, about our pickaninny?"

"Your what, man?"

"You haven't heard that he's embraced the

cause of racial toleration? That he's opening the school to a Negro boy?

"You don't mean it!"

"But I do," Collins continued, delighted with his reaction. "You can read about it in the papers tomorrow. Our white knight, needless to say, has not forgotten the reporters. Oh, he'll be cock of the walk now!"

"A colored boy? *One* colored boy?"

Collins shrugged.

"One, I suppose, for a start. I wonder if it won't be something of a shock to the little girls who come up to the Washington's Birthday dance. Or to their mothers, anyway. But I suppose you and I are antediluvian, Mr. M. A good century behind the times."

"I'll speak to him," Mr. Minturn muttered, half to himself. "I'll speak to him this very morning."

He went straight to the classrooms building and to the headmaster's office.



From the waiting room he could hear Mr. Knox talking on the telephone, but the secretary, who was new, seemed not to think it in the least unreasonable that Mr. Minturn should be asked to wait, that two other people, in fact, parents of a prospective student, should be ushered in ahead of him.

When his turn finally came and he brushed indignantly by her into the office, he hadn't planned to say what he did.

"You've kept me waiting! A full half-hour!"

"I'm sorry, sir." The headmaster was on his feet immediately as Mr. Minturn entered.

"You're not sorry! Speak the truth, man! You did it to put me in my place. To let me know you were tired of interference!"

"My dear Mr. M, I beg you to believe me—"

But Mr. Minturn cut him short by raising his hand. He stared down at the carpet, his other hand at his mouth as he repeatedly cleared his throat, desperately fighting down the black, erupting tide of anger.

He sat down, still coughing.

"Let that be," he said finally. "It doesn't signify. I'm sorry. It's about the colored boy that I came to see you. Is it true?"

"That we're taking one in? It is. Next fall." Mr. Knox folded his hands as he sat down again in his chair. "I trust you're not going to side with the unenlightened. You, of all people, Mr. M?"

"You'll take one unhappy child like that and put him in a white boys' school!" Mr. Minturn exploded in a high, tense tone. "To show what a liberal, forward-looking headmaster you are! Is that fair to the boy, Knox?"

"But don't we have to make a start? Somewhere?"

"Then take ten! Twenty!"

Mr. Knox simply smiled.

"I'm afraid it's a bit more complicated than that, Mr. Minturn," he said patiently. "Quite a bit more complicated. I know you ran a great school, sir. One of the greatest. There's no question of that. But it was a school of its time, like others. And it was a highly class-conscious, race-conscious time. That's nobody's fault. It's simply a fact. But what I have to do is what anyone in my place would have to do, and that is to form a bridge, as it were, from that time to this. We can't build Rome in a day, of course. But we can start by making a few changes. I know, of course, that it was your policy to give preference to sons of graduates—"

"But that had nothing to do with class-consciousness or race-consciousness!" Mr. Minturn interrupted.

"Oh?"

"It didn't, I tell you! I wanted the school to be a family. And it was, too! I wanted the boys to have the sense of something handed down, of loving the school their fathers loved, perhaps even sometimes their grandfathers. Not in all cases, of course. I wanted new boys, too. But I cared about preserving a tradition. Of course, you can't do that alone by making football a required sport or saying grace before meals, but those things help."

He broke off, realizing that as on the previous day, he was getting no more than a polite and disbelieving attention. It was too much. It was really and truly too much.

"And we were democratic, too," he went on explosively. "More democratic than you'll ever be, with one homesick Negro boy as a feather in your liberal cap!"

Mr. Knox actually had the nerve to burst into a laugh, an overgenial, good-natured laugh.

"Oh, Mr. M, you're priceless! You really are!

Wait till I tell my wife *that* one!" Mr. Knox said. Mr. M, however, was not to be placated. Without another word or so much as a nod he turned and left the office, once again possessed of a fighting purpose in life. Going to the schedule board, he checked to see if Mr. Collins had a class that hour and then climbed the stairway to the second floor. As he paused outside the Latin teacher's room he heard the sound of laughter.

"Collins?" he called.

Collins, his back to the half-opened door, jumped up.

"Why, Mr. Minturn!" he gasped. "How good to see you, sir! You know Mr. Prince, sir, of the English department?"

"Of course, I know him." Hadn't he hired him? He nodded brusquely to the sandy-haired, long-nosed shambling English teacher who had somehow got to his feet and was bowing.

"I'll come back later, Collins. When you're not busy."

"Oh, but I'm not, sir! Mr. Prince and I were just discussing what you and I talked about this morning. Did you see *him*?"

"I saw the headmaster." Mr. Minturn looked suspiciously at Mr. Prince. He had never been entirely sure about Prince, a moody, preoccupied creature with a cerebral, high-church faith that he loved to discuss at the most unsuitable times and places. "You'll let me know, Mr. Collins, when you're free?"

"Oh, but we can talk in front of Bobbie," Collins assured him, hurrying to close the door. "In front of Mr. Prince, I mean. He's one of us!"

Mr. Minturn turned his slow, even gaze from one to the other.

"What do you mean, Collins," he asked, with an ominous mildness, "by 'one of us'?"

"Perhaps I can answer that, sir," Prince volunteered with the unexpected boldness that Mr. Minturn remembered from his off-the-cuff theological discourses. "By 'one of us' Mr. Collins means one of a small group of masters wholeheartedly devoted to the Minturn concept of Chelton." He paused and drew himself up. "A group that happens to be totally convinced that the new headmaster is doing everything in his power to wreck the school!"

Collins clasped and unclasped his hands.

"It's true, sir!" he cried nervously, encouraged by the example of his younger friend. "I don't know why we should be ashamed of caring about the things you taught us!"

Mr. Minturn looked down at the floor for several silent moments. Was this the way it came? He wondered if he had ever really experienced temptation, if this grim moment in Collins' classroom, here on the very boards where the Latin teacher paced daily up and down, clad in imagined purple, before maps of Augustus' empire, was not the moment that he had so often preached about. Once to every man and nation. He looked back up at the two worried faces before him, like anxious puppy dogs waiting to be taken for a walk. Surely, whatever their angularities, and one learned to tolerate such things in schoolmasters, they were round and whole in their love of Chelton. Yet the Devil could use love; had he not preached that himself?

"Gentlemen, I only want one thing, as you do," he said finally, in a sadder tone, "and that is the good of the school. What else matters?" He sighed and rested both hands on his cane. "Let us not make our judgments hastily. Let us gather our facts. That is all I want. Facts. If we could meet together from time to time and tell each other what we've seen? Not as critics, mind you. Not as people who have to *do* anything about what we find. But simply as good old friends of Chelton?"

IT WAS this suggestion that led to their Wednesday night meetings, in Collins' study, a schedule which they maintained for the rest of the term. Here they debated, with a seriousness only briefly interrupted by Collins' flights of fancy and Prince's somber humor, the innovations that continued to erupt on the placid Chelton scene: the abolition of blue suits on Sunday, the weekly movie in the assembly hall, the permitted weekends to New York and Boston.

It sometimes seemed to Mr. Minturn that Collins and Prince actually outdid him in their conservatism. Not, indeed, that he approved of the innovations. Far from it. It was impossible for him even to conceive of the school as otherwise than he had made it, a haven where boys could remain unspotted from the world until they had developed the inner strength which was to be their permanent immunity. But it did occur to him that some of the changes to which his colleagues took such violent exception were a shade trivial, that there was almost an air of juvenile conspiracy to their deliberations, like two schoolboys playing Brutus and Cassius. He even began to wonder if the deference which they accorded him might not be the deference paid an elder statesman lured from his retirement to lend respectability to an act of naked

revolt. Once, encountering Mr. Knox in the hall below Collins' study, it struck him that the latter, embarrassed, hurrying on about his duties, had given him just the flash of a smile of timid amiability, one that had seemed to hint:

"Oh, yes, *I* know where you've been, of course, and I'll pretend to know nothing about it, but, oh, Mr. M, do *you*?"

The idea that he might be a dupe, that Collins and Prince might be laughing behind his back, made him peculiarly sensitive to the smallest sign of familiarity. The evening that he came in to discover Prince sipping a glass of sherry, he remained standing in the doorway, eying the decanter with a frosty stare.

"Drinking was not allowed in the masters' studies, Prince," he said gruffly. "Not in my day, anyway. Perhaps that is another of the rules that Mr. Knox has seen fit to change. Is it so, Collins?"

He turned to Collins as the senior and hence the one responsible. The latter became quite ashy with embarrassment.

"No, sir, I don't think so, I guess not," he replied nervously. "Except Bobbie and I, who are practically teetotalers, can't somehow really regard a sip of sherry as *drinking*." His smile was one of desperate appeal. "Can you, sir? Really?"

"I can," Mr. Minturn retorted. "What else is it? Put it away, Prince. Put it away. I certainly shan't be a party to breaking a man's rules while I'm criticizing the administration of his school."

It satisfied him to watch how quickly they scurried to remove the last traces of the incipient sherry party, even to the inoffensive plate of biscuits beside the decanter.

"Of course, you're quite right, sir," Collins said a bit breathlessly as he resumed his seat. "Quite right. But to tell the truth, sir, I only got out that decanter to drink a little toast."

Mr. Minturn rose above the inconsistency of his excuses.

"A toast? A toast to what?"

Collins looked at Mr. Minturn for a long moment, his eyes beaming a bright admiration, undimmed, apparently, by his recent reproof.

"We wanted to drink a toast to the next headmaster of Chelton." He held up an imaginary glass. "To Mr. M!"

Mr. Minturn stared from one to the other of their smiling, nervous faces.

"Gentlemen," he said, after clearing his throat, "would you mind telling me what in blazes you're talking about?"

"It's about Founder's Day, Mr. M," Prince explained in his dry tone. "When the trustees and so many of the graduates are here. That's the time to catch them, Mr. M! That's the time to *tell!*"

Mr. Minturn stared at the long, oval, gray face before him, so prematurely old, so intensely earnest.

"Tell them?" he echoed. "Tell them to replace Knox? With *me*?"

"Oh, good heavens, Mr. M, don't take us that literally," Collins intervened hastily. "That would never be necessary. All you will want to do is to tell them in private your thoughts on the subject of Mr. Knox. They'll do the rest, don't worry. They never wanted you to retire, anyway. They *begged* you not to. Every boy in the school knows that."

"But I *did* retire, man!" Mr. Minturn protested. "One doesn't come back after that!"

"Why not?" demanded Prince. "Is there a law against it? It wouldn't have to be permanent, of course. Not if you didn't want it. You could be the interim head until you'd picked a new successor."

IT WAS this last that came nearest to convincing him, the idea that he could be given the opportunity to undo the one wrong that he had ever done the school, to take back the reins for a final drive, to restore the damage and hand them over to a worthy successor. Oh, then, what bliss retirement would be, what ecstasy, unlike the first time, to slip back into the shadows and rest with the sense of danger averted! And why not? Was it too great a boon to be given the chance to rectify an error? Were not the trustees with him? And as for the graduates, had he not had letters protesting his retirement, hundreds of them? Literally hundreds?

He would not, however, commit himself to Prince or Collins. He would only agree to think the matter over, and think it over he did, painfully and conscientiously throughout the long winter, until the preparations observed around him in his daily walks gave notice of the advent of the great day itself. The winter boardwalks were being taken up, the handball courts repainted, the memorial fountain was receiving a thorough cleaning, and through the windows of the assembly hall he could see the great blue curtains for the school pageant being laboriously hung. For this was to be no ordinary Founder's Day; it marked the hundredth anniversary of the school, and masses of graduates were expected to overrun the campus and fill the chapel to over-

flowing on the Sunday service of thanksgiving.

And before he had really made up his mind what to do, before he had truly conceived of a plan of action, while he still, on the Wednesday before that weekend, was thinking that he had another two days for reflection, he returned from his walk to find his study jammed with a cheering throng of early arrivals. The great day was already upon him.

It was not at all as he had visualized. He had taken it for granted that it would be Mr. Knox's day, that he would be able to stand quietly in the periphery and have chats with the older trustees. Instead, he found that the torrent of nostalgia unloosed by the anniversary raged around himself; he felt like a piece of cork tossed and pitched about, grasping as many of the proffered hands as he could, searching valiantly for small boys' names to attach to hard, smiling faces, obliged to remember whole packets of things that he didn't



recall at all. It was touching, it was heart-filling and it seemed at first encouraging for the project that he still debated, but he began to discover, before the mid-afternoon of the ensuing Friday, that the center of the graduates' emotional esteem was not necessarily the center of their intellectual attention.

In fact, his very apotheosis seemed to create an odd powerlessness; his words seemed to be carried away from the admiring multitude by the very clouds of their incense. When he finally managed to get his own son-in-law, Sam Storey, off in a corner to tell him about the new system of "cuts" for chapel, he had the greatest difficulty in making himself heard. Sam, whom Mr. Minturn even suspected, trustee though he was, of having had something to drink, finally realized that he was being asked a question and chose to answer it on the cozy plane of reminiscence.

"You've got to give the guy a chance, Mr. M," he said, taking his father-in-law by the elbow for perhaps the first time in his life. "He's doing his best. Now I know the term 'chapel cut' is offensive to you, but isn't it better than having boys hiding out in the cellar?"

"In the cellar, Sam? What on earth are you talking about?"

"It's what I used to do as a kid. Half my form did it." Sam's broad red face broke into a grin. "It was the only time it was safe to smoke, when all the masters were in chapel!" His grin vanished as he saw the expression on Mr. Minturn's face. "But that was thirty years ago, sir! You can't mind now!"

Mr. Minturn shook his head as he turned away.

"You're a trustee, Sam," he protested. "A *trustee*!"

But Sam's reaction, he discovered, was unfortunately typical. It was difficult even to make the men realize that he had a complaint, and when he did, they minimized it with remarks such as "He can't live up to *you*, Mr. M" or "These are changing times, you know." Even when they agreed with him, as Bishop Fisher vociferously did about the chapel cuts, he would promise no more than to raise the point at the next meeting of the board of trustees. But worst of all, far the worst, was his conversation with Mr. Fuller, the school's financial counsel, a sharp, thin, driving, preoccupied man of less than forty who confided in Mr. Minturn his reluctant approval of the headmaster's racial policy.

"I know how it must pain you, Mr. M, to have a coon at Chelton," he said, shaking his head. "I know how you've always cared about keeping the school for the good old families. But the fact of the matter is —"

"I never kept Chelton for any good old families!" Mr. Minturn exploded.

"Well, you know what I mean," Mr. Fuller continued, with the shrug of one who has no time for quibbles. "Tradition, *noblesse oblige*, old school tie and all that. Not that I'm against it, mind you." He held up a deprecating hand. "I'm all for it. I think it's terrific. Given my way, Chelton would go on the way you made it forever and ever. But we have to face facts, Mr. M. And this fellow Knox is a smart one. If a private school these days doesn't have a couple of Jew boys and a jigaboo to show the tax people, it stands a chance of losing its tax exemption."

These remarks, delivered to a speechless Mr. Minturn in the lobby by the dining-hall

just before the alumni and trustees went in to dinner, the culminating event of the jubilee, left him cold and shaken. When he had recovered himself sufficiently to answer, Fuller had already gone, to be replaced by the Bishop who was telling him something about the doors being open, that they were going in, and would he lead the way, please? He walked slowly ahead, dazed, only dimly aware of the multitude that pressed behind him into the great Jacobean chamber; he made his way mechanically through the long tables gleaming white and silver to the dais where the headmaster's table was laid beneath the portrait of himself in clerical vestments, his own gray eyes staring at him with a confidence that he would never feel again. Once, during the long, jumbled meal he saw his successor's eyes upon him, timidly sympathetic, rapidly averted. For Knox had been watching him. And it suddenly burst on him that Knox knew! It seemed to say, that brief, apologizing glance:

"I'm sorry, Mr. M. I couldn't warn you. You had to find it out, didn't you? For yourself?" And still dazed, he saw the headmaster rise, as main speaker of the evening, and turn in his direction.

"There is certainly no one in this room," Knox was saying, "who has not come under the spell of



Mr. M's personality. Much has been said of this personality; often has it been vaunted, and I will not take up your time tonight in idle reiteration. But I should like to point out what to me is the unique quality of Mr. M, which is his power, when we are with him, to make us, well, not as good as he thinks we are, but at least several sizes larger than our usual selves. Mr. M, one might almost say, has created his own world around him, and who would deny that it is a braver, better world than the one in which we would entirely live without him? And if one has been at Chelton, can one ever quite forget his vision, can one ever entirely, however surrounded by compromise and practicality, forget that there *is* another way?"

Mr. Minturn found himself suddenly frozen by a picture that flashed across his mind, remembered from a day, oh, thirty years back, when he had taken his daughters to a vaudeville in Boston, of a small, frightened clown scampering about a darkened stage, unable to get out of the center of a round spotlight that remorselessly and tightly held him. And it broke upon him gradually that this indeed was he, or what he had been, that it was the he who had moved about Chelton for close on half a century, seeing only the lighted circle whose circumference had been his furthest boundary. Oh, true, the circle had shifted, constantly, to follow him, up and down halls and corridors, into darkest corners; there had been no nook or cranny of Chelton life over which it had not cast its brilliant light. It showed things, yes, but not quite as they were. The board, the graduates, the boys themselves could be good, wanted, indeed, to be good, for the brief period in any day or month or year when they found themselves caught in that spotlight with quaint little Mr. M. Now, with retirement, the light had gone out, and he saw the dark. The dark that everyone else had always seen.

The headmaster was ending now; he bowed to Mr. Minturn as he took his seat, but as he did so, he shot him a final, telling look, communicative as only Arthur's glances could be, a look that seemed to say that what Mr. Minturn had believed in, *he* believed in, that his predecessor's image was *his* image, that it was the only image, when all was said and done, that a headmaster could really live by. It was this which in the end seemed to make them strange allies, isolated from the cubic yards of smoke and incomprehension that filled the air of the great hall around them.

Mr. Minturn rose to his feet, and the applause died slowly away, scuttling into silent corners before the reverberating hushes.

"I have only one thing to say," he heard his voice, oddly low, sound out. "May each and every one of you live to have the joy that I have in knowing that his work is carried on."

The applause burst out again, almost frenzied now, and he had only a tumbled sense of the rest of the evening before he returned, accompanied by the whole board of trustees, to his little house. Somewhere in the background, as he left the hall, he caught a glimpse of two frightened faces, but he looked away. Collins and Prince had ceased to exist for him.

JOHN HOLMES

THE ELEVENTH COMMANDMENT

The Phi Beta Kappa Poem, Harvard University, 1956

I

WHEN Moses came down from the mountain and the cloud,
He came alone down the rocks, and there alone a while,
The air above him empty and all still, he stood.
There had been trumpets in the fire, but he was whole.
He was Moses, older than old, remembering what he saw,
Saying to himself, a white light in his face,
What he must say to the people, remembering the law.

A man can live to an age that is outside age,
Where forgetting is forgotten, and remembering
Is the hand's motion turning an earlier page.
Nothing is unimportant there, and everything
Is written on one page or another of the book.
Whatever the old men need to know, they know
They have but to turn the pages, turn, and look.

Moses would say everything God had said to him
To the people waiting in the valley below to hear,
The cubits of the tabernacle he would build for them,
The cornering, the colors. But there was one more
Commandment more than ten. Only an auditor
Very old, an old man with Moses' many years,
Could know after the ten commandments one more.

He had been up there a long time hearing what he heard.
He had carried up there all he had ever known.
Now he must utter before and after God's word
What both knew. And shining, Moses went down.
He read from the last tablet the last word: Listen.
Those who were to be the new world heard the law,
And Moses began again, with the first word: Listen.

II

TIME passed (you can hear time passing) and men begat,
But not daughters with hearing, nor sons with ears.
Oh, a few musicians, and poets. But most forgot,
And the generations became lookers-at, and seers.
Lost, lost, all the shouts and the lovely saying.
Sound of the wind in olives. Birds, and children.
The shepherd's whistle, the priests at noon praying.

And we cannot hear now the ancient rivers in spring,
Because no one who listened wrote of the sound,
Nor of trumpets, nor the wordless songs girls sing
In their mothers' houses, nor wheels on the ground.
But there are trumpets in trees, and river-song.
Listen. The shiver of wind. The shoes of children.
Trees never stopped. Listen. Nor girls, for long.

A world-gale blows. He who has ears, let him hear.
Under the roof of the day our history moves,
Moving away in the corridors, or trampling near.
Memory murmurs in all the rooms. The sound lives.
Sound is a living thing. Life speaks to be heard.
At the windows it comes in, we are the openings
To the wind on us, over and over us poured.

Do not shut it out. You cannot shut it out.
Listen to the length of all life in one voice.
(But it is loud. But it is meaningless, ugly. But.)
Only the noisy make noise. The noisy like noise.
Noise is the most unremembered of all sound.
It forgets itself and is gone as soon as come.
You listen to the stillest voices of the mind.

You listen for the sounds that tell you time,
The lick and lock of a swung clock-pendulum,
The turning over in bed before dawn, the room
Breathing with the house, the electric hum
Coming on or clicking off, gurgling of water,
The traffic decrescendo, the shutting of doors,
The always sounds that only tell you it is later.

For their own sake, you hear the sound of tools.
A hammer on a nail is—a hammer on a nail.
Saws sound like saws. The rigor of steel rules

And levels is a grammar of meaning without fail.
Drills. Chisels. An axe-blade swung true
To the wood-grain, and the split stick dropped.
Tools doing what they tell you they can do.

The monuments of music, music's fountain
That falls lifting, the terraces toward sky
Lit or shadowed as clouds pass above a mountain,
We look long at. The ear becomes the eye,
Hearing the blue cliffs, and eye climbs
Those towers to their tops, comes to silence down,
And again ascends, and a hundred hundred times.

III

BUT strings, brass, drums are not music, nor a page.
The piano lives when hands strike music forth,
But is not music, nor theater voices on a stage,
Nor a command an action, nor a compass north.
There is no word unless a listener to the word
Hears it, and with all his branching blood hears,
And makes happen in space the thing he heard.

Who is the hero, then, the speaker-hero?
The maker of music, the stick that beats the drum?
No, the listener: the figure that makes a zero
The number ten, the one that dares be dumb.
A huge courage is needed for the college years,
Some in the professor, living by the mouth,
Infinitely more in a student, living by his ears.

Let us devise honors for this good listener,
Who, while the world and time were running away,
Stayed, in dependence, and without demur,
And lived, and is living to listen another day.
Praise the good listener, yet envy him.
He is that man who is all that he has heard.
One hopes no more than to be his homonym.

So he goes out to begin at being old,
At being another Moses, with time his aid,
He who will do the telling, not he who is told.
But even Moses the lawgiver listened to God.
Achieving wisdom, at whatever score and ten,
He talks less, and his face is a kind of shining,
And he listens to all that is said by all men.

He listens with Indian patience, wary, serene,
Amused, giving everything new its old name.
History is a picture changing from familiar scene
To scene, to one who listens beyond the frame.
He hears what the archaeologists listen for,
That part of the story after the story's end,
The more that children ask when they ask for more.

The good listener is strong, the talker weak.
The talker talking drains away his strength.
It fills the listener to hear a speaker speak.
He is a calm always of the greater length,
Receiving the turbulence into his own peace
Where it sinks like a slow stone, and rests,
And the rings round where it plunged widen and cease.

The rings smile in silence, or seem to smile.
The listener waits for another stone to fall.
It falls, face-to-face, with or without style,
Or, high above him, flung at a great wall,
Our pulpit-toning, Parliament-thundering, long
Doubled and balanced dependent clauses hinged,
Verbed, Saxon-and-Roman-Englished on the tongue.

Or the ordinary, dear, silly, coded talk
Of a family, that though seven generations
Of bloods mingle, if a least child speak,
His cousins understand by his intonations.
Or as in married life: what is not said
Is what is said, and years ago, and guessed,
And ritualized, and heard inside the head.

Or the remarkable gabble of the vocaphile,
The trickle, spatter, rally, and rainy rush
When two meet after an absence for a little while
Who do not wish to be heard, but abhor a hush.
Yet never in rage think you to puncture the ear.
Though the crimes in the name of language done
Be dire, it is happier to hear than not hear.

IV

IT IS not enough that one's own inner voice
Make of one's life a lifelong monotone.
I, me, mine, to-for-because-of me, rejoice
A man but little, then less, less, and none.
What does he hear for news who has only heard
From his own island? It is a treasure of dust
On the wind when he unlocks his word-hoard.

Moses' commandment opens the world's mouth
To utter the memory of life. One listener
Is man multiplied, man taking in time's breath
To be in one body ancestor and heir.
He owes one duty thus: attention. Man
If he means to live shall hold his whole mind
At ready awake. With this the law began.

So Moses brought the eleventh commandment down,
Knowing his will stir, his blood hasten
That the word be said aloud, the word be known,
That on it all men might take hold and fasten
On it, and hear it in all tongues: Listen.
He lifted the tablets up before them saying
The word that gave them all words: Listen.

Charles B. Seib

THE FIGHT FOR CONGRESS

Arithmetic may be a better guide than history in guessing the Congressional winners and losers this year . . . for the final count may depend on the "five percenters" in the race.

WHATEVER the problems besetting Adlai Stevenson at this moment—and they are many—he can take comfort from the fact that he is free from one worry plaguing his favored Republican opponent. If Mr. Stevenson is elected President he is virtually certain to have a Congress controlled by his own party. President Eisenhower, on the other hand, faces a very real possibility that he again will have to deal with a House and Senate controlled by the opposition.

This somewhat paradoxical situation arises from the statistical context in which the fight for control of Congress is taking place: Of the Senate and House members running this year, more Democrats than Republicans come from "safe" districts, more Republicans than Democrats from "dangerous" ones. As a result, it is almost inconceivable that Mr. Stevenson could win the Presidency and fail to find Democratic majorities in both chambers of the 85th Congress. But if Mr. Eisenhower wins, the Republicans will control the new Congress only if his coat tails are commodious and effective enough to offset the Democrats' clear statistical advantage.

Here are the facts which give the Congressional battle plenty of suspense—more, it may seem, than the contest for President.

Thirty-five Senate seats and all 435 House seats will be at stake in the November voting. But control of the two houses actually will be determined by just about one hundred races in twelve to fifteen states. The crucial hundred include, among many purely local and regional contests, some clashes with great national interest—the bitter grudge fight in Oregon between Republican-turned-Democrat Senator Wayne Morse and former Eisenhower Secretary of the Interior Douglas McKay; the Ohio battle between clowning Republican Senator George Bender and the conservative Democratic Governor Frank J. Lausche; the Kentucky Senate races, where a Democratic Governor may lend behind-the-scenes support to a brace of top-flight Eisenhower lieutenants out to capture two seats now held by Democrats.

This year the Congressional fight has special meaning for both parties, and they are pouring money and talent into the crucial races in unprecedented amounts. Democrats, not too optimistic about the Presidential outcome, feel it is essential to control the House and Senate in order to keep a place in the political sun. They see a Democratic Congress as an essential base for the preparation and launching of their assault on the White House in 1960, when the Republicans, under the two-term limitation, will not have Mr. Eisenhower leading the ticket.

In addition, of course, Democrats generally feel that they must control Congress in order to frustrate Republican programs of which they disapprove, such as the alleged giveaway of natural resources. Despite the frequent breaching of party lines by "bipartisan" alliances—temporary and permanent—continued control of Congress would still give the Democrats their most effective means of scuttling those portions of the Eisenhower program with which they disagree.

For their part, Republicans, convinced that Mr. Eisenhower's re-election is certain, are determined to crown this victory in November by regaining the Congressional control they lost in 1954. The GOP is bitterly resentful of the fact that it ruled Capitol Hill for only the first two years of Mr. Eisenhower's first term. They claim they must win back control in order to put through important parts of his program blocked by the Democrats.

Republicans are made all the more determined in their drive to win Congress this year by the certain knowledge that if they don't turn

the trick now they'll be out in the cold until at least 1960.

The Senate election outlook for 1958 makes a Republican victory all but impossible. Of the thirty-two seats that will be up two years from now, only twelve will be Democratic. Nine of those twelve will be in safely Democratic states, leaving only three real targets for the Republicans to shoot at. On the other hand, more than a dozen of the twenty Republicans up for election that year are in "close" states. They are Senators like Purtell of Connecticut, Beall of Maryland, Malone of Nevada, Williams of Delaware, Smith of New Jersey, Goldwater of Arizona, Barrett of Wyoming, Potter of Michigan. All benefited from having run on an Eisenhower ticket in 1952 and some probably would not have been elected without him. In 1958, though, they'll be on their own—the President won't be running. The grim GOP outlook for 1958 was stated best by a Republican Senator:

"We certainly can't expect to win in 1958 seats we couldn't win in 1952. But we sure can lose some of the seats Ike helped us win in 1952."

UNEASY SEATS

NEVER in recent history has a President failed to carry into office a Congress controlled by his own party. He may have lost Congress in off-year elections, but not in the years when he was on the ticket himself. Woodrow Wilson came closest to breaking the precedent when he was elected to a second term in 1916. He found the Democrats controlled the Senate but were narrowly outnumbered by Republicans in the House. The Democrats were able to organize the House only when the votes of nine independent Congressmen swung the balance their way. President Eisenhower had the next closest call in 1952. His own electoral landslide carried into office a Republican Congress, but the margin was paper thin, only eight votes in the House and one in the Senate—a margin promptly lost in the 1954 elections. In the session just ended, the Democrats had a two-vote margin in the Senate and a twenty-nine-vote edge in the House.

To take control of the House now, the Republicans must make a net gain of fifteen seats. To control the Senate, they need a net gain of two seats—or, assuming a Republican Vice President will be available to break tie votes, a net gain of only one. It sounds easy, but Democrats are confident it won't be. They make much of the fact that while the President in 1952 carried 297 Congressional districts for himself, Republican Congressmen carried only 221. They also cite their own Congressional victory in 1954 and a steady stream of state and local wins during the past two years as evidence that "the steam is out of the crusade."

But history and trends aside, the Democrats' best hope is in the mathematics of 1956 politics. In the House, 94 incumbent Congressmen won in the 1954 elections with less than 55 per cent of the vote in their districts. These districts therefore are the trouble spots for each party—what the professionals call the "five per centers," since less than a 5 per cent switch in the votes could oust the incumbent.

Sixty-three of these uneasy incumbents are Republicans; only 31 are Democrats. Thus, twice as many incumbent Republicans as Democrats are involved in fights that are tough per se. Looking at the other side of the coin, 201 Democratic seats—just 17 less than the 218 majority needed to control the House—were won in 1954 by the comfortable margin of 55 per cent or more of the vote compared to only 140 on the Republican side.

In the Senate, the statistical picture is only slightly less gloomy for the Republicans. Eighteen of the 35 Senate seats up this year are Democratic (a decision by Senator Price Daniel of Texas to resign to accept the gubernatorial nomination would make that 19 of 36), while only 17 are Republican. But—and it's a big but—all except five or six of the Democratic seats seem safely in the hands of the incumbents, while at least eight or nine Republican seats are clearly in danger.

As is painfully obvious these days, both parties are putting an unusually large amount of money into the Congressional races—the Republicans, as might be expected, considerably more than the Democrats.

Television, which the Republicans put to good use in the 1952 campaign, is being used even more extensively this year. The House Republican Campaign Committee, which operates like a small, high-class advertising agency, has produced some thirty short films on such nonpolitical subjects as "atomic living" and "the Nike guided missile." A Republican Congressman has been able to step into Congress' own recording and motion-picture studios in the Capitol, dub in short introductions and closings (at party expense), and send off to his local television stations a fine set of five-minute "public service" films which effectively keep his name and face before the public.

Republican members of the House running for re-election have for some months had the use of three still photographers and a movie cameraman, without cost. Thanks to elaborate darkroom facilities at the campaign committee's headquarters in the Congressional Hotel, next to the House Office Building, pictorial records of a local mayor, woman's club delegation, or apple-festival queen visiting a lawmaker have been in the hands of home district newspapers and TV stations within twenty-four hours. Also, the photographers have been turning out unlimited quantities of postcard pictures of the Congressman and his guests for mailing back home.

Free of charge, Republican candidates can receive three sets of twenty-four different advertisements for use in local newspapers, reams of research material and ghostwritten speeches, films for training local party workers on the most effective methods of getting out the vote. Also available—the first one free and additional ones at a nominal $17.95 each—is an outsized carton containing posters, banners, and other equipment in the approved "Give Ike a Republican Congress" motif.

The Democrats' arrangements for helping their Congressional candidates, hamstrung as usual by lack of funds, have been far less elaborate, but they, too, are doing their best. There have been a few films produced for campaign use and the usual speech and research material has been made available. Shortly before Congress adjourned, the House Democratic campaign committee hired a still photographer, but his time was rationed and all but the first few prints he produced had to be bought by the members themselves.

Naturally, the Democrats tend to pooh-pooh the effectiveness of the Republican strategy of mass-saturation. "Once the campaigns get going," one Democratic official said, "people don't want that canned stuff—they want the candidates in person or live on television."

DEMOCRATS IN DANGER

EACH party has a carefully-drawn list of targets in the fight for Congress. The Democrats seem especially vulnerable on five Senate seats they now hold.

By all standards, the Democrat in greatest danger is Senator Wayne Morse of Oregon. Angered both by his switch to the Democratic side and by the virulence of his attacks on the Administration since he made that switch, Republicans are going all-out to beat him.

Oregon has a long Republican history. Eisenhower carried the State in 1952 with more than 60 per cent of the vote and Mr. McKay, the Republican candidate, was a good vote-getter as Governor. While it's true that Mr. Morse got 76.3 per cent of the vote when he last ran in 1950, he was running then as a Republican. In 1954, Democratic Senate candidate Richard Neuberger won with a meager 50.2 per cent of the vote—against a much weaker Republican than Mr. McKay.

On the other hand, Senator Morse has a far greater reputation in Oregon than Senator Neuberger had in 1954. Moreover, some Oregon Republicans resented the way Mr. McKay was injected into the race at the last minute on White House orders. Finally, Senator Morse hopes to get support from Republicans and independents who favor his pro-public power stand.

Number two Republican target will be the New York Senate seat of the retiring liberal Herbert Lehman. Mayor Robert Wagner's acceptance of the Democratic nomination is likely to step up his party's chances. At this writing, the Republicans have not yet chosen a candidate but they expect Mr. Eisenhower, who carried New York in 1952 with 56 per cent, to carry the state again, sweeping in the party's Senatorial candidate. They maintain this even in the face of the Democratic victory in the state elections in 1954, when New Dealer Averell Harriman took over the Governor's mansion.

Republicans are also given a good chance of picking up at least one and perhaps both of the Senate seats at stake in Kentucky. They are running a high-quality pair of candidates—former Senator John Sherman Cooper, who resigned as Ambassador to India to run at the President's request, and former Representative Thruston B. Morton, who resigned as Assistant Secretary of State to make the race. Mr. Cooper is opposing former Governor Lawrence Wetherby for the seat of the late Alben Barkley, and Mr. Morton is taking on the Senate Democratic whip, Earle Clements.

The handicappers regard Mr. Cooper as a favorite to win and Mr. Morton as an excellent possibility. They are counting not only on the President's popularity and his likely appearance in the state on behalf of his candidates, but on covert help from Democratic Governor A. B. "Happy" Chandler. Mr. Chandler has been warring bitterly with the Clements-Wetherby faction in the Democratic party, and he tried to prevent the nomination of both men. It is believed that he would feel no chagrin over their defeat, which

would solidify his own control of the state's party apparatus. The combination of good GOP candidates and Democratic dissention may give the Republicans an even better chance in Kentucky than in Oregon or New York.

The Democrats foresee serious danger in Nevada, where freshman Senator Alan Bible's seat is at stake. The state organization in Nevada is torn by an internecine struggle, and there, too, the Republicans offer an attractive, capable candidate in youthful, Eisenhower-backing Representative Cliff Young.

Those are the GOP's five best prospects. In addition, there are two other Democratic seats which could go Republican if the Eisenhower tide is strong. One is in Washington where Governor Arthur Langlie, keynoter of the Republican national convention, is taking on the popular Democratic Senator Warren G. Magnuson. "Maggie" is considered one of the most effective campaigners in the Far West and Langlie, despite his fine record and popularity, would need a virtual Eisenhower landslide to win. The other state where Republicans are given an outside chance to pick up a seat is West Virginia. Fierce Democratic feuding earlier this year has hurt the party's chance of keeping the seat of the late Senator Harley Kilgore. Former Senator Chapman Revercomb, the arch-conservative Republican whom Presidential candidate Thomas E. Dewey refused to endorse in the 1948 campaign, is running against Democratic Governor William C. Marland.

The rest of the Democratic seats seem safe. All but three are in the Deep South, and those three are in Oklahoma, Arizona, and Missouri, where Senators Mike Monroney, Carl Hayden, and Thomas Hennings, respectively, are favorites for re-election. Even the most partisan Republicans admit that defeat for any of them would be the most extreme kind of upset.

HARD-RUNNING REPUBLICANS

THE Republicans, of course, have acute problems of their own. They are most concerned about their Ohio Senate seat and are not much happier about the situation in at least four other states—Pennsylvania, Maryland, Connecticut, and Colorado.

In Ohio, Republican Senator Bender has been working furiously, speaking to every group of more than two voters who will listen to him. But Governor Lausche's tremendous following in both parties and his record as an unbeatable candidate are working against Mr. Bender. If their man loses, Republicans will have the consolation of knowing that Mr. Lausche's voting record in the Senate is more likely to resemble that of a conservative Republican than a northern Democrat. In fact, Mr. Lausche has said that if President Eisenhower wins, he would vote with the Republicans in organizing the Senate.

The chances of Republican Senator John Marshall Butler of Maryland for re-election improved somewhat when former Senator Millard Tydings withdrew from the race because of ill health in late August. However, George P. Mahoney, wealthy Baltimore contractor who replaced Tydings on the Democratic ticket, will give Butler a rough race. Butler has failed to make a deep impression on the electorate during his six years in office.

In Colorado, the Democrats, once again in control of the State House, claim they'll pick up the seat being vacated by Republican Senator Eugene Millikin. Dan Thornton, former Governor and a golfing companion of President Eisenhower, will try to hold the seat for the Republicans, but he lacks the prestige of Millikin, one of the real elder statesmen of the Republican party. At this writing, Colorado Democrats still have not decided whether Charles F. Brannan, President Truman's Secretary of Agriculture, or John A. Carroll, former Democratic Congressman from Denver, should carry their standard. Either of them probably could give Thornton a tough time.

In Connecticut, the lone Democratic Congressman, Representative Thomas J. Dodd, is fighting to unseat Senator Prescott Bush. Bush, an investment banker, has been a strong Eisenhower supporter and the Administration attempted to boost his stock by making him chairman of the platform committee at the GOP convention. Dodd is expected to capitalize on the fact that the state is now in the hands of a popular Democratic Governor, Abraham Ribicoff.

And in Pennsylvania, the dynamic young mayor of Philadelphia, Joseph Clark, Jr., is waging a strenuous campaign against Senator James "Big Red" Duff. Senator Duff, who made an outstanding record as Governor, has been a disappointment as a Senator. Moreover, he has the problem of a divided Republican organization. The Democrats, by contrast, have scored impressive victories in recent years, building strong machines in Philadelphia and Pittsburgh and capturing the governorship in 1954 for the first time in many years.

Democrats are also talking of possible wins in

at least three other states. In California rising young state legislator Richard Richards is making a serious try for the seat of Senator Thomas Kuchel. In Idaho, Republican Senator Herman Welker, the McCarthy sidekick, has suffered a sharp slump in popularity. And in Illinois, the recent scandal in the Republican state administration is expected to hurt Senator Everett McKinley Dirksen, who is being opposed by Richard Stengel, commonly rated as one of the ablest young state legislators.

If farm discontent should increase, two other seats might fall to the Democrats—those now held by Senators Homer E. Capehart of Indiana and Bourke B. Hickenlooper of Iowa. Former REA Administrator and Agriculture Secretary Claude Wickard is trying to remove Mr. Capehart. And Mr. Hickenlooper's opponent is R. M. "Spike" Evans, who was a top official in the Agriculture Department and a governor of the Federal Reserve Board. As a last possible bonus, the Democrats are keeping their eyes on Wisconsin, where they hope that the split in GOP ranks between supporters of internationalist Senator Alexander Wiley and the old-guard forces behind conservative Representative Glenn Davis may remain wide enough to allow a Democrat to slip into Wiley's seat.

EXCHANGE OF CLAIMS

TO WIN the House, we only have to pick up some Democratic seats," a House Republican leader has said. He explained that he was not just stating the obvious but meant that he was not worrying about the fate of any GOP incumbents.

"Those who survived 1954 should be pretty safe now," he declared. Republican strategists aren't worried even about their Congressmen in the farm areas, where reports of discontent were common earlier in the year. These Congressmen, they explain, have always been elected by top-heavy margins. Farm unhappiness could cost them 5 or 10 per cent of their following without preventing their return to Washington. Extra insurance for many of these farm-state Republicans is the fact that they bolted on the farm issue and voted for high price supports.

Republicans may spring a surprise on Democrats in the South and in the Border States. They say Eisenhower's popularity in these areas is greater than ever—despite the segregation row—and that Republican organizations have been steadily increasing their effectiveness. The GOP tacticians claim they have a good chance of expanding their single Florida seat to three or four, doubling their present two Virginia seats, and perhaps picking up a few other seats in the Deep South.

Good opportunities also exist, they claim, in Kentucky, Arkansas, West Virginia, and Missouri. "It will be strange if we can carry Kentucky for Eisenhower, elect one or two Republican Senators, and still elect no more than two Republican Congressmen," one obviously optimistic Republican leader declares. Another points out that the GOP now has only two Missouri seats out of eleven, compared to nine out of thirteen some years back, and intimates that the time is ripe for a comeback.

Outside of the South and Border States, Republicans will center their efforts to build a House majority on the seats they won in 1952 and then lost in 1954. They blame most of the 1954 losses on the economy slump early that year, which they say caused many voters to switch back to the Democrats. Proclaiming that times are better now, they count on substantial gains in Illinois, Pennsylvania, Michigan, and the Rocky Mountain states.

Representative Richard M. Simpson of Pennsylvania, chairman of the House Republican Campaign Committee, predicts a net gain of thirty House seats for the GOP. This prediction does not take into account reports of Republican inroads into the labor and Negro voting blocs. If a sizable portion of union and Negro votes switch to the Republicans, the net Republican gains could go much higher, says the GOP.

These groups are concentrated where the Republicans have traditionally been weakest—in the big cities. GOP speeches have long lamented that Republicans haven't held control of Congress because "we've always been stopped at the city limits." According to party chairman Leonard Hall, Republicans have penetrated effectively into the cities in House races only once in the last twenty-five years. That was in the 1946 election when Republicans reportedly benefited from housewifely resentment against meat rationing, and took 246 House seats.

"A swing in the Negro vote could bring into the picture twenty or twenty-one Congressional districts we don't now consider even remote possibilities," a Republican National Committee official has said. Any sizable labor or Negro defection from normal Democratic allegiance would have an obvious powerful impact on House and Senate races in such key states as New York, Ohio, Michigan, Illinois, Pennsylvania, and California.

The Democrats profess to be unimpressed by all this Republican calculation.

"We were down to absolute rock bottom in 1952 and still lost the House by only eight votes," one party spokesman stated. "I feel sure we're going to improve our present position—perhaps not by much, but by some." He listed California, Washington, Indiana, Connecticut, Illinois, New York, Pennsylvania, and Michigan as likely to contribute new Democratic Congressmen, with possibilities in Ohio, Wisconsin, and other states.

While the Senate races are studded with familiar names, few well-known Congressmen are involved in the crucial House races. There are several reasons for this. For one thing, since there are only 96 Senators compared with 435 Representatives, the average Senator is better known than the average Congressman. More important, few members of the House achieve any national prominence until they've been around Washington five or six terms—and the men who survive that long are almost certain to be from "safe" districts, whether Republican or Democratic. Men like Speaker Sam Rayburn, Majority Leader John McCormack, Minority Leader Joseph Martin, Representatives Charles Halleck, or Howard Smith seldom face dangerous fights for re-election.

CRISSCROSS OF ISSUES

IN MOST of the House and Senate races, local issues figure heavily—power in the Northwest, farm policy in the Midwest, schools, tariffs, immigration, civil rights in other areas. But certain national issues cut across all constituencies.

Republicans everywhere, no matter what their voting records, have hitched their wagons to the Presidential star, harping on the "Give Ike a Republican Congress" theme. They read out the Eisenhower record of "peace and prosperity." Incumbents take credit for it and new candidates imply that times would be even more peaceful and prosperous if Ike had a friendly Congress. Many Republicans are attacking Democrats for failure to push aid to schools, civil rights, and other basic legislation through the Congress they allegedly controlled.

Democrats are keying their over-all strategy to the claim that their party offers "government for you, not just for the few." Candidates stress charges of Republican big-business bias—giveaway of resources, tax breaks for the rich, falling farm income, opposition to social-security expansion, rising small-business failures, and a trend toward monopoly.

Democrats hope to capitalize on their position as the political "outs." "For five Presidential elections now, we've been on the defensive," a National Committee official said. "Now we have room for attack. And there's nothing in politics like being on the offensive."

In reply to that, a Republican leader snorted: "We'll take Ike, peace, and prosperity and give the Democrats anything else they can find."

Both sides are seriously worried about the effect of voter apathy on this year's Congressional races. The Republicans remember longingly the fervor of resentment against Harry Truman and his aides in 1952. That "anti" feeling, which pulled out voters, is lacking this year. More important, the GOP high command fears that too many Republican will assume Eisenhower is safely in and that therefore there's no need for them to vote—leaving high and dry the Congressional candidates who hope to ride Ike's coat tails to victory.

Some Democrats also are troubled about the feeling among Democratic voters that the Eisenhower ticket is bound to win, "so why bother to vote for Stevenson?" As the campaign waxes, however, this fear wanes.

Only the foolhardy would make a flat prediction on the outcome of the battle for control of the new Congress. However, certain well-iffed predictions can be ventured:

(1) If Adlai Stevenson wins the Presidential election, Congress will certainly remain under Democratic control. It is inconceivable, with the mathematical line-up of the close races the way it is, that the Democrats could capture all the states needed for a Presidential victory and still not win both House and Senate this year.

(2) If President Eisenhower barely squeaks through, he'll almost certainly have to work with a Democratic Congress again. If he fails to pile up large margins in key states, then the Democrats probably will take most of the close Congressional races and continue to hold the House and Senate.

(3) If President Eisenhower wins an overwhelming victory, he'll probably carry in a Republican Congress. Even with the line-up of close races against them, the Republicans should benefit enough from a Presidential landslide to take the House and Senate.

(4) If President Eisenhower wins by a fair margin but no landslide—something short, say, of his 1952 victory—it's anybody's guess as to how Congress will go.

By LEONARD HALL

Drawings by Don Lynch



THE POND

For sheer pleasure, and for a sound investment, it is hard to beat a home-made pond. A report on how to do it—and why—from a Possum Trot, Missouri, farmer.

THE late Robert Coffin, who wrote of the salt-water farms of Maine, has a poem I've always liked. He tells of the farmer who rocked his troubles away in a favorite rocking chair. This chair crept across the floor as he rocked, from wall to fireplace, and by the time the old fellow had made the journey twice he was at peace with the world; ready for bed and whatever fortune tomorrow might bring.

Here at Possum Trot Farm we have a somewhat similar technique for ironing out our troubles, though in a little different way. When the bottom drops out of the cattle market while tractor prices go higher or aphids take the alfalfa or bugs strip the vegetable garden in spite of dusting, we find that our remedy is almost sure fire. I just tell Ginnie to pack her picnic basket and the old camp coffee pot. Then we hurry through the evening chores, load the red setters into the car along with the creel and fly rod, and head down the county road and across the fields to the Big Pond.

This Big Pond of ours could hardly be called an impressive body of water. It covers, in fact, just about an acre and a half. Yet it is one of the most peaceful places I know, especially in early morning or in the evening along about sunset. It is far from the house and the highway —set at the edge of a broad and sloping meadow where fat Herefords graze contentedly. And we feel about these Herefords as does our friend the sheriff of a neighboring county who came to visit one day.

"I'll tell you, Len," he said, as we looked over the herd and he approved the good points of each animal. "Those cattle are mighty fine property for a feller to own—even if they weren't worth a dime."

So, no matter what their market price, white-faced cows and calves on a green pasture make a picture we always enjoy contemplating.

Over to the west of the Big Pond, at a distance of perhaps three hundred yards, Saline Creek flows down its wooded course, flanked on the far side by a high limestone bluff behind which the sun sets early. But a mile to the east, where Buford Mountain raises its rounded crest, the glow lingers for moments longer while purple shadows creep up the deep hollows on its slopes. It is the hour when tree and bank swallows come to harvest insects above the water, dipping now and then to break the surface. And high above them, still in bright sunlight, the nighthawks wheel and dive in graceful, erratic flight.

Once at the pond, we build a small Indian fire between two stones and set the coffee to boil. Then while Ginnie brings out whatever provender her basket provides, I tie on a floating lure to make a few casts for one of the big bass that live under the old snag where the water is deep. Four or five pounds, these fellows run, so that one of them is excitement enough for an evening. Then I come back to the campfire and watch the fireflies turn on their small lanterns. A barred owl calls from the woods—Old Eight-Hooter is his country name. Stars begin to wink out overhead and the day's cares are forgotten.

A farm pond is something you build. Its purpose, generally, is to create a supply of water for livestock in some field where you need it—or for the farm buildings, except the drinking water—or even as a reservoir for irrigation. This latter, however, takes a very deep pond with a big storage capacity. Compared with our small livestock ponds, the irrigation reservoir is expensive. We have seven ponds at Possum Trot, most of them small and serving only to water livestock, and all of them built since we came here ten years ago. The Big Pond, however, has other uses which will be explained presently.

It really isn't difficult to plan and build a farm pond. You decide, first of all, where you want or need a supply of water. Then it is well to have someone with experience make a few borings with a soil augur or post-hole digger to be sure the soil structure is such that it will become watertight after saturation. You would not want to dig a pond, for example, where you might hit rock close to the surface—or where there is a loose gravelly subsoil which simply won't hold water. The most successful farm ponds depend entirely on surface run-off from rainfall for their water supply, so that the next step is to be certain you have a watershed of sufficient size draining into the pond. It must be large enough, in other words, so that the normal rainfall of your region will keep the pond filled; yet should not drain so large an area that there is recurring danger of washing away the earthen fill which you make to serve as a dam. You'll have a better water supply, too, if rainfall drains in over a good grass sod, rather than over cultivated ground, since the sod acts as a filter to keep the water clear.

There are many reasons why surface drainage from rainfall, rather than the flow from a stream or spring, makes for an ideal farm pond. Streams have a way of flooding in times of heavy rainfall and this constitutes a danger to the dam; this same thing applying, in lesser degree, to the flow from a spring. Sometimes if a pond is built over a spring, the very weight of water above will cause its flow to stop, so that it breaks out at some other point, generally below the pond dam.

But the chief drawback is that a constant supply of fresh water flowing into and through the pond has a tendency to keep it sterile; that is, low in the organic matter and in all of the minute organisms which are its very life. The pond depending on rainfall for its water supply will support more aquatic life and has a greater producing capacity than one supplied by a running stream or spring.

There are plenty of people who can help with the details of pond planning and building: the county Extension Agent, the U. S. Soil Conservation Service engineer, a field man from the Fish and Wildlife Commission, or an experienced dirt-moving contractor who has built other ponds. Any of these can help with final selection of the location, with necessary surveying of the watershed, and with staking out the earth fill and spillway. With some knowledge of the size of dam, depth of water wanted, and rates per hour for dirt-moving equipment, they can also give a close estimate of costs.

The chief rules to remember, other than those already given, are to have the pond deep enough (approximately 10 feet in the deep water area), and to provide a sodded spillway big enough to handle overflow during periods of heavy rainfall. Also if you intend using the pond for livestock water, plan for a pipe through the dam with a watering tank outside. You can fence the pond against trampling by animals and thus prevent erosion, silting, and contamination.



SWIMMERS, SINGERS, CREEPERS

WHEN we built our Big Pond, we knew that we wanted to stock it with fish and also to create around it the best possible conditions for all forms of wildlife likely to use such an area. First step was to manure the dam heavily and seed it to pasture grasses and the big perennial legume called Sericea Lespedeza which grows six feet tall and provides dense cover, as well as some food, for songbirds, bobwhite quail, and the small fur-bearers. Then we built a fence around the pond, taking in an area of perhaps three acres; and here nothing was done except to spread some commercial fertilizer.

Once the pond had filled, the next step was to stock it with fish and this was done by our state Conservation Commission, who brought in and released about a thousand bluegill fry and two hundred fingerlings of the largemouth bass. This

was done without cost, in return for our agreement to allow a reasonable amount of controlled fishing by our neighbors. Heavy fishing pressure on the farm pond—once the fish population has established itself—is altogether essential: without it, both bass and bluegill will multiply to the point of overpopulation and eventual starvation. The Commission also recommended an annual application of fertilizer to encourage microscopic plant growth, thus providing food and cover for the small organisms which are at the base of the pond "food chain": plankton, small crustaceans, insect larvae, nymphs, bluegills, bass.

The fish in a well-managed pond increase in size at an astonishing rate: and meanwhile, in the small area of wild land surrounding it, all sorts of interesting things begin to happen. A blackberry thicket spreads and grows: seedlings of multiflora rose appear along the fences where birds drop the seed: grass thrives tall and rank. A few willows take hold at the outside base of the dam and other trees show up in the enclosure: ash, winged elm, hickory, and cedar. A clump of sumac sprouts near the blackberry.

When spring arrives, the migrating waterfowl start dropping in. There are bands of blue and snow geese which rest on the pond and go out to graze in the fields of wheat and barley. Visiting ducks include the little teal, scaup, gadwall, ringneck, baldpate, shoveler, wood duck, and mallard. Shorebirds feed along the marshy edges of the pond: greater and lesser yellow-legs, Wilson's snipe, woodcock, sandpipers. The herons come to fish the pond and stay all summer: the great blue and little green and the American and least bitterns. The rattle of the kingfisher is a familiar summer sound. Bobwhites raise their young in the blackberry thicket and red-winged blackbirds nest in the button bushes. Kingbirds and flycatchers and phoebes frequent the pond area, as do the nighthawks and swallows.

All of the animal kingdom seems attracted to this small bit of wild land and water—and this with little planning or effort on our part. A pair of muskrats move in from the creek: we view these with some misgiving, since they burrow into the pond dam. Big snapping turtles take up residence, as well as harmless water snakes. Frogs come in countless numbers to lay their eggs in the shallows; little hyla crucifer—the "spring peeper," the lyrical garden toad, green and meadow and leopard frogs, and finally the big bullfrogs whose voices we can hear plainly, a half-mile away across the fields, long after we've come home to bed. Always along the water's edge we find tracks of the raccoon, an enthusiastic fisherman; and more than once, as we've sat beside our small fire, the eerie, sardonic laugh of the red fox has come floating to us across the water.



SAFE HARBOR

THE farm pond, it seems to me, is one of the best examples of what can happen when man works hand in hand with nature—in this enterprise, at least up to a point, by rather intensive human management. We select the place to put the pond where it will do the most good for our own selfish purposes. Then we go in and completely upset the landscape for a time with our bulldozers and scoops: but at once start again to re-create the natural conditions. What we are doing, actually, is to build here a small new "biotic community" in which many niches are unfilled. The pond is fertilized and stocked with fish: this much is artificial, for the fish population must be kept in balance. But the rest of the things just happen. Here are good conditions of food and shelter for insects, certain reptiles, amphibians, birds, and animals: and it is not long before they take advantage of these. Here is a safe resting ground for the migrants, tired from journeying the long skyways, and down they come to visit us.

The fishing alone can make our Big Pond one of the most productive areas, acre for acre, on this whole farm. But there are many other values which accrue almost automatically. Besides the animals who come to stay, neighborhood youngsters come with their cane poles (and often with their parents) to catch bluegills by the dozens. To our family, the Big Pond is a sure refuge against those pressures of modern life which reach out to the farm just as surely as they do into the city apartment. It is our best proof, too, that we are still part of the community of Nature—and that she responds richly to our efforts to live in harmony with her.

Bayard Webster

THE FALL AND RISE *of the University of Maryland*

THE citizens of Maryland have finally learned—with pain and humiliation—that fine buildings do not make a university, and that football has nothing much to do with education.

Their prized university, the twelfth largest in the nation with an enrollment of over 18,000 and a yearly budget of more than $28,000,000, is just now emerging from an academic scandal that shook the state and dropped it to rock bottom in the educational world. But the lessons that it taught, however hard for proud Marylanders to swallow, have had an equally wide salutary effect.

It was not quite three years ago that a fifty-five-man team of evaluators from the Middle States Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools arrived at the University to conduct their first inspection in thirty-one years. Until that time, the state had viewed with satisfaction the University's 12,500-seat indoor sports arena, the largest in the East with the single exception of New York City's Madison Square Garden; its $8,500,000 institute of technology; its $1,500,000 football stadium and plant; its $625,000 chapel and $1,000,000 fraternity-sorority row; and its unsurpassed football record. Then, in 1954, the evaluators' report was published—and, overnight, complacency vanished.

The University's main faults, the report stated baldly, were: the absolute dictatorship of the president, Dr. H. C. Byrd (formerly the football coach); the total absence of faculty participation in University affairs; low faculty salaries; a medical school in which some departments were as much as fifteen years behind the times; a tiny library (305 seats, 175,000 books) "grossly inadequate in all respects"; too low standards in admission and grading (in the College of Arts and Sciences no standardized examinations were given at the end of the semester, nor were any comprehensive or general examinations required for graduation); and, above all, football scholarship policies that could be described only as scandalous.

The football squad, the committee found, constituted about 1.5 per cent of the student body and received 54 per cent of the scholarships. An average football scholarship amounted to $944; an average scholarship for a non-athlete was $105. One football player, by no means an atypical case, was still rated as a junior after five years at the University. He had had to repeat such courses as "Sports Skills," "Tennis," and "Golf," and to transfer to three different colleges within the University. His fourth year he was caught cheating in zoology.

There were a few crumbs of cheer in the committee report: kind words for the colleges of agriculture, engineering, and dentistry, and the comptroller's office. But the emphasis was overwhelmingly critical. As a result, the Middle States Association, while not formally taking away Maryland's accreditation, "denied reaffirmation of accreditation," in effect putting the University on probation. Marylanders all over the state, whose tax money had helped build and support the University, stared stunned at the glaring headlines in the local papers and demanded to know what had happened.

As a matter of fact, a number of things had happened and a number of increasingly large straws had been blowing in the wind for years. But, for a variety of reasons, the state and its citizens had preferred to ignore them.

It all began with the piquant choice of a football coach for president. Dr. Harry Clifton Byrd, a curious and magnetic personality, nick-

named "Curly" for his abundance of wavy hair, which now encircles his head like white frosting, distinguished himself as a football hero at Maryland while he was an undergraduate, majored in civil engineering, and received his B.S. degree in 1908. He spent the next few years at various nearby universities, playing football and other sports but earning no further degrees. At one time during this period he tried out as pitcher with the Chicago White Sox. Then the late Tex Rickard, who had taken a fancy to him and knew that sports promoters fare better economically than athletes, advised him to get out of professional sports. He took the advice and returned to his alma mater as football coach in 1912.

But football alone did not satisfy his energies or his interests, and his constant suggestions for improving and expanding the University reached the attention of the top brass. In 1918 he was made assistant to the president, while continuing as football coach. His new title plus the knowledge of practical politics he had learned from his father, who had been both county commissioner and state legislator, frequently took him to the State House in Annapolis where he served with marked success as trouble-shooter and money-getter for his school. In 1932 he became vice president of the University; and three years later, after President Raymond A. Pearson was ousted, the Board of Regents named him acting president, and, a year later, president. Shortly thereafter he was given three honorary degrees by colleges for which he had played games after graduating from Maryland and was henceforth officially known as "Dr." Byrd.

Immediately he set to work to expand his institution. Perhaps because of his interest in civil engineering, he seemed to find himself uneasy unless there was at least one major construction project under way at all times. His philosophy, according to his colleagues, was simple:

"Get the buildings, then they have to give you the money to run them."

And he proved his point. When he took office, the value of the University's physical property was $8,300,000. In 1948, after depression and war, it had risen to $19,150,000, and in the last six years of his administration it trebled this amount.

Along with the physical expansion went an odd curricular expansion, including, among its odder features, the Overseas Program instituted at the suggestion of the Army after World War II. Run primarily for the benefit of the armed forces and government personnel abroad, the University's College of Special and Continuation Studies employs approximately three hundred faculty members in 150 centers in fifteen countries on four continents who are instructing some 19,000 students in courses leading to the baccalaureate degree. By the end of this year the "college" will be enlarged to include Japan, Okinawa, and Korea.

The program, partially subsidized by the government, costs Maryland nothing, but there are many educators who question whether it is the function of a state university to engage in such a tremendous overseas operation. Some of the faculty members involved have also complained of a lack of standards. "The majority of servicemen who took the courses were not qualified to work at the college level," reported one. "As a result, the general level of the program was low, and no attempt was made to raise the standards or to make the boys work to capacity."

Efforts have been made recently to improve the courses, but many colleges still do not give credit for them.

EDUCATION AND POLITICS

DR. BYRD'S other academic expansions met with varying success, and rumblings were heard in the countryside. In 1936 the head of the Department of Modern Languages resigned, announcing in disgust that in the past eight years not one addition to the faculty had enjoyed even the mild distinction of being listed in *Who's Who.*

In 1937, H. L. Mencken wrote a long, corrosive study of the University in the Baltimore *Sun,* concluding: "The thing to do with a man of such talents as Byrd is not to cuss him for doing his job so well; it is much wiser, so long as hanging him is unlawful, to give him a bigger and better job."

In the 1940s, Phi Beta Kappa refused to establish a chapter at Maryland, noting among its reasons "the autocratic powers" of Dr. Byrd, and a faculty "which does not function at all as a legislative body." In 1947 the American Council on Education called the University's Negro branch on Maryland's Eastern Shore the worst land-grant college in the country. In 1949 the retiring head of student government described the University as "a school of little men surrounded by big buildings."

In 1951, the director of the University Fire

Service Extension, which trains firemen from all parts of the state, resigned, charging that Dr. Byrd was putting up unneeded buildings for the Fire Service in a political move to gain the firemen's support.

"It's the old story," he declared. "He doesn't give a damn what goes inside a building. He's just building buildings."

The same year, the Southern Athletic Conference put Maryland on a year's probation for defying the conference ruling on post-season football games. In November, Judge Saul Streit, in a basketball bribery case in the New York General Sessions Court, lashing out against over-commercialized sports, observed in passing that sixty of the ninety-seven men on the University of Maryland's football squad were not from Maryland.

Yet still Dr. Byrd's personal popularity and political acumen carried the day. Although meetings of the University's Board of Regents are open to the press, there is not one recorded instance of the Board's ever having turned down a Byrd request, much less suggested that a new library, for example, might be perhaps more necessary than a rival to Madison Square Garden.

In 1935, when Dr. Byrd was acting president, the then-chairman of the Board of Regents announced, "The president of the University of Maryland must be not merely an educator but a businessman as well. . . . I should say 50 per cent of his work is involved in such things." Another member of the Board who voted for Byrd to become president the following year recalled later that he viewed the University's need as someone "with the contacts to secure necessary appropriations for the expansion of the University."

Dr. Byrd's power as a politician was never more evident than when the legislature was in session. To the younger legislators—a good many of them farmers, dairymen, oystermen, and poultrymen—he was a powerful figure. For, according to Maryland law, as head of the University of Maryland he was also administrative head of the State's official Department of Agriculture, which could shape the destinies of crops, cattle, sea food, and poultry. Older legislators in turn respected the votes he controlled among their younger colleagues. As a result of this self-generating cycle of power, he came to be regarded as one of the most skillful lobbyists in the history of Maryland government, and one of its most potent political figures.

As former football coach and athlete, President Byrd was also popular with the majority of the student body, and his hold was rarely challenged by student publications, since many of the editors had received scholarships directly or indirectly through him. The faculty, which occasionally sought to stem the flood of construction in the hope of improving its own financial lot, was woefully unequipped for the job, having no organization, no faculty senate, no faculty club, and no say.

With such "allegiance" in back of him, Dr. Byrd was able to deflect the stones of criticism that were occasionally hurled his way. He could personally take credit for the scores of new buildings, for the dizzy athletic heights the University scaled (a nine-year gridiron record of seventy-three victories, fifteen defeats, four ties), for the University's global operations, the acquisition of the majority of its faculty, and the organization of many new colleges, some of which were highly regarded. And everyone agreed that the University's rise from "cow college" to its present huge size was the result of the restless energy and personal zeal of one man alone—H. C. Byrd.

President Byrd, however, was not content to rest atop the educational colossus he had built and finally gave in to an itch to run for Governor that had been bothering him for more than a decade. In 1953 he asked the Board of Regents to begin a search for his successor and requested permission to retire the next year.

A CHANGE OF PACE

DURING Dr. Byrd's unsuccessful run for Governor on the Democratic ticket, public word first leaked out from Republican sources that the Middle States Association had just sent its evaluation report to the University and that it was, to put it mildly, highly uncomplimentary.

The GOP, spotting political capital, called for its release to the public. One month before the general election, the University's Board of Regents, which had steadfastly refused to make public the report, relented to the extent of releasing a few bits and snatches. The colossus began to topple.

It was into this academic and political morass that Wilson Homer Elkins, B. A., M. A., Litt.B, Ph. D., Phi Beta Kappa, and Rhodes Scholar, walked in the fall of 1954 to become permanent president. Forty-seven years old and the son of a Texas rancher, he had behind him a record as an educator, administrator, and university president who, in his last job, had made over

a low-rating Texas technical college into a combined liberal arts-and-science university of high scholastic rank.

A short, chunky, bespectacled man with a soft Texas drawl and an easy-going manner, Dr. Elkins, like Dr. Byrd, had once been a quarterback, and a good one. An eight-letter man at Texas University, he played football, basketball, and baseball, was a track star, coached high-school athletics, and for a short period played semi-pro baseball as a second baseman. But, unlike his predecessor, he also had a rich academic background, and at College Park he quickly made it clear that any similarity between himself and Dr. Byrd ended at second base, or perhaps even at first.

"Dr. Byrd has many talents," he said at his initial press conference, "but perhaps our talents aren't the same."

A little later he told a Rotary Club luncheon group, "I hope to scatter a few books around campus so that the students will know what they are."

Aware that he was inheriting a university with one of the nation's best football teams, he further startled Marylanders by declaring pointedly, "I do not think that a university can continue to stay on top in football year after year and not impair its educational program."

Three months after he took office, he announced that the Middle States Association evaluation report was to be made public at the behest of the state legislature.

Dr. Elkins' first move in the wake of the evaluation report was to call on the legislature for budgetary help. He found that body cooperative and anxious to erase the scandal, and a whopping $11,000,000 was appropriated. The faculty got a flat $800 raise at the professor level; the medical school got an increase of 56 per cent in its budget; and final funds were allotted for the construction of a new $2,600,000 library.

Dr. Elkins also set about organizing a faculty senate, with a full complement of active committees, and asked that the faculty hold a general assembly of its own twice a year. He revised scholarship policies, elevating scholarship and grants-in-aid requirements one grade; reestablished a Department of Classical Languages, abandoned since the war; and quietly began processing some 720 faculty appointments, 1,530 assignment changes, and 499 resignations.

The School of Medicine, so severely criticized by the evaluators, received his special attention. Nine new department heads have been appointed; a new dean, Dr. William S. Stone, formerly of Walter Reed Hospital, has been installed; and thirty-one major appointments have been made. ("All I know," said a young Baltimore doctor recently when asked about the changes at the University's School of Medicine, "is that the Medical School used to like to get Hopkins rejects. They don't now.")

In the area where the evaluating team was most critical—overemphasis on football—several important changes have been made. The previous administration's quaint system of having members of the committee on scholarships also constitute the committee on athletics has been abolished. The number of football scholarships are being reduced from twenty-two to twenty-eight per year to sixteen to eighteen—well below the average in most schools in the Atlantic Coast Conference. The ratio of athletic to non-athletic scholarships, approximately one to four last year, Dr. Elkins hopes eventually to lower to a ratio of about one to ten.

MARYLAND'S SONS & DAUGHTERS

THE shift in administration policies was quickly noted by the sensitive antennae of the nation's editorial and sports writers. It was significant, they felt, that football coach Jim Tatum, whose nine-year record led the nation, was leaving the University of Maryland, where he been been offered permanent tenure in addition to his already large salary, for the University of North Carolina, where he received a smaller salary and no tenure.

The change in educational policy and emphasis was also noted by the Middle States Association. In April 1955, one year before the probation deadline, Maryland's accreditation was "reaffirmed." The Association demanded occasional progress reports, but the heavy pressure was off. Marylanders, relieved, began to take a closer look at the new president and his educational philosophy.

The transplanted Texan, who must listen to the University chapel chimes peal "Maryland, My Maryland" into his office window every half-hour, says that his over-all goal is to establish a broad academic program that is at the same time mass education and superior. This can be accomplished by raising standards on the three levels of education with which the University is necessarily linked—teaching, research, and extension work.

Dr. Elkins is anxious to attract a distinguished

faculty to Maryland, particularly distinguished teachers.

"Faculty promotions too often are based on how much people publish and not much credit is given for great teaching," he points out, "with the result that there is a tendency to neglect teaching and concentrate on publishing. Naturally, we have to do considerable research, and I think we should encourage more pure research, especially in the liberal arts. But I think you must have some people on a college staff who are teachers and not researchers, people who therefore shouldn't be turned into research."

He also has strong opinions on the proper curricular balance:

"The question of how much science and how much liberal arts is still one of the great debates in American education," he says. "There is a lot of talk about the importance of giving your professional people—engineers, for example—a well-rounded education in liberal arts. But it is equally important, it seems to me, particularly these days, that the liberal-arts students get a good education in science. And that is something that liberal-arts students are not getting in most instances."

Extension work he considers "a vital part of any good state university's program."

After more than a year of evaluating the University's prime needs, Dr. Elkins feels his biggest job is to raise academic standards. The irony of his situation is that as he tries to raise standards and improve the teacher-student ratio, he will be faced with a spiraling enrollment.

Statistics show that within the next decade enrollment at Maryland, along with that at most state universities, will be more than doubled. And if, as Dr. Elkins says today, "The current teacher-student ratio at Maryland is not exceedingly high," what will that ratio be in 1966 and where will enough additional teachers be found to maintain or improve it?

As enrollment increases, new dormitories, facilities, and faculty are going to be needed. These, in turn, call for more money from the state taxpayers, and it is the peculiar quirk of the taxpayer that as he increases his financial support to his state university he demands with proportionately increasing intensity that his sons and daughters (many of whom are not college material) have the right to attend the institution he supports. In an attempt to keep its enrollment and budget within reasonable limits a university can adopt one or more of the following measures:

(1) raise tuition fees,

(2) elevate requirements for admission, or

(3) hike performance standards for students in college.

The last choice—coupling low admission requirements with high performance standards after admission—is one many state universities have adopted, on the rather amorphous theory that every high-school graduate has the right at least to enter the state university which his parents help support. But teachers are often unhappy with this policy and complain that they are forced to spend a disproportionate amount of time on students who should never have been admitted in the first place. And psychiatrists shudder at the high percentage of flunkouts at the end of the first semester, feeling that they put an unnecessary psychological handicap on the flunkee.

Dr. Elkins intends to use all three controlling factors. He has already come to the tentative conclusion that state students will, in the future, have to be charged more than their present nominal tuition fees. And although he has not worked out the details, he envisions an academic screening program which will separate deserving applicants from students whose abilities show there would be little chance of their surviving four years at the University. Late this year academic requirements for students in attendance will be raised.

HIS constant concern about the scholastic standing of his university has led President Elkins to challenge the state's public secondary schools, which he accuses of sending to the University high-school graduates untutored in simple English and mathematics. Thus the Middle States Association's evaluation report has started a chain reaction which is affecting the whole state educational program. As Dr. Elkins put it not long ago, "You can now sell the public on the need for higher educational standards." (It might be noted in passing that he has also sold the state legislature which has consistently co-operated with him since his appointment, although he has never bothered to appear before it as a lobbyist.)

The University of Maryland still has a long way to go. Its present library must serve for two more years until the new one is completed. It still has no Phi Beta Kappa chapter. But one of the senior members of the faculty summed up the changed atmosphere rather neatly not long ago, and with obvious feeling:

"I'll just put it this way," he said. "It's more like a *school* now."

John Rader Platt

STYLE IN SCIENCE

Is the detached and objective scientist completely impersonal? A physicist examines the effects, and the limits, of scientific individuality.

ALL scientists are not alike. Look at any laboratory or university science department. Professor Able is the kind of man who seizes an idea as a dog seizes a stick, all at once. As he talks you can see him stop short, with the chalk in his fingers, and then almost jump with excitement as the insight grips him. His colleague, Baker, on the other hand, is a man who comes to understand an idea as a worm might understand the same stick, digesting it a little at a time, drawing his conclusions cautiously, and tunneling slowly through it from end to end and back again.

Which of these methods is likely to make the greater contribution to science? There are drawbacks to both. Able is volatile. He may drop his idea as rapidly as he acquired it. In a short time he can race through a forest of ideas and leave all his colleagues breathless behind, including Baker. Baker is scornful of such a procedure, perhaps a little envious. He can never try so many ideas, though in the end each one he tries becomes part of him, each one tested in every aspect.

Or consider another pair of scientific minds, whose contrasted inner workings are revealed by their contrasted footnote habits.

Charlson is the one who discovers everything for himself. He dislikes reading other men's efforts because they stale the fresh springs of his thought. Though he is famous to the world, his scientific enemies are numbered by the dozens because he never bothered to look up their prior parallelisms and dim anticipations. So he left out all the references that would have been their tendril grasps on fame. Rumors of plagiarism are heard at the Society meetings.

Doctor Doggett, instead, is footnote-happy. No historical cranny is safe. He pries out the foreshadowings, the counterarguments, and the misprints. If he makes a creative contribution himself it is lost among the references, for there are more lines of footnotes than there are of text. Yet he gathers a thousand strands together and may find distant connections which pass unnoticed by other men.

Will it be Doggett or Charlson who makes the great discovery?

This is a question we could pursue through the whole academic alphabet, contrasting the syndromes and merits of the types of scientific personality. Simply as writers, one man is dull, one witty; one verbose, another terse. This man's equations lie like boulders on the page, that man's like a fog. It is amusing to see how the differences show through the attempted impersonality of scientific verbiage.

But we would soon realize that the question of relative merit hinges on a more fundamental question: Is personality significant for science? We often hear the arguments for scientific determinism, which is the belief that scientific discoveries are somewhat like the measles, breaking out everywhere at once when the time is ripe. If this is so, is not one man in a given field as likely as another to make an important discovery? Does it make any difference to knowledge who invents a thing first, or what kind of mind and style he has?

If we look at some examples from the history of science with this problem in mind, I think we will see that personality does indeed make a

difference. The two aspects interpenetrate. To a remarkable extent the discovery ripe to be born selects one discoverer from among the contestants, picking out the master of a line of thought and method essential to its birth. But equally remarkable is the extent to which the undetermined and peculiar stamp of his parenthood is embedded forever in the body of pure knowledge.

DETERMINISM IN DISCOVERY

THE evidence for scientific determinism—with its lesser emphasis on personality—is the familiar catalogue of the instances of multiple discovery. The great cases of this kind were the simultaneous and independent discovery of the calculus by Newton and Leibnitz three centuries ago, and the simultaneous Darwin and Wallace discoveries of natural selection in the last century. Hundreds of lesser examples could be listed. Each idea, with variations, is found and found again. Patent lawyers make their living from such competition.

Independent discoveries are sometimes only months or weeks apart, especially today in the fields crowded with first-rate competitors. In physics, for example, the synchrocyclotron was invented simultaneously in the United States and in Russia. Independent communications from this country and from Germany announced the current theoretical "shell model" of atomic nuclei in the very same issue of the *Physical Review*. The race for priority hinges on days, and the Saturday afternoon Letter-to-the-Editor becomes a regular event.

Such examples make scientific developments appear almost inevitable, maturing like dandelions on both sides of company fences and national ones, to the despair of Congressmen and drug houses. The reason for this is that discoveries have preconditions that must be met. Once these are met, even a non-genius may make a discovery if he is playing with the right apparatus and tries everything. To a certain extent, science is successful because it is a code of rules that enable ordinary brains with ordinary motivations to set up, one step at a time, the necessary preconditions.

Some are mechanical. Take the discoveries of electrons and of X-rays, which occurred within two years of each other in the 1890s. Both required the application of a high voltage to a good vacuum. This in turn required the knowledge of direct current electricity, a good cheap high-voltage generator, and a good cheap vacuum pump, with an electric motor drive for convenience. All these are late-nineteenth-century items. The incandescent lamp, not a discovery but an invention, had similar preconditions; but it could be made with a lower voltage and a poorer vacuum, and so was invented a few years earlier.

This is not to say that these discoveries could have been predicted. No one foresaw that such phenomena existed. But if anything were there to be found with that apparatus, it must have been found *then*. The discoveries were made by highly competent experimenters; yet within a few years almost any intelligent student might have made them independently, while experimenters ten times as competent could scarcely have set the dates of discovery earlier by as much as two decades. In present times, the anti-proton could be predicted, and planned for at Berkeley, years in advance; and then discovered almost as soon as the apparatus was designed, finished, and turned on. We can see why one celebrated physicist said that half of his success consisted in knowing what to order and where to order it.

There are also intellectual conditions that must be met, before a discovery can be made or appreciated or understood. The brilliant idea requires intellectual groundwork and, what is equally important, a scientific community ready for the novelty. It is just as sure a recipe for failure to have the right idea fifty years too soon as five years too late. William James might have been advising young men in any science when he said: Decide what important thing will be done in the next twenty years; then do it.

Occasionally, untimely ideas do get preserved to be marveled at. In mathematics, Fermat's Last Theorem still tantalizes us; and Hamilton's Quaternions, which were thought by his contemporaries to indicate mild insanity, were simply premature by two or three generations.

Abbé Mendel, father of genetics, actually bred his sweet peas decades too soon. His contribution was finally disinterred at the time when it could be understood. Roentgen made the discovery of X-rays in a momentary lapse from a lifelong study of crystals, which was no doubt equally painstaking and inspired but is almost unremembered because it was fifty years too early. Sometimes even a short time makes a great difference in the response to a new idea. Stories persist that the equations of quantum mechanics were derived by this man or that but were rejected by editors only a year or two before Schrödinger got his version accepted and won a Nobel prize.

We may speculate on how many good scientists may have died mute, inglorious, and bitter because their work was too advanced to be understood. This is the standard defense of the ill-prepared and the crackpot. Yet the failure to recognize a brilliant man is only partly due to the stupidity or stubbornness of the scientific community; it is also partly his own fault.

For brilliance has an obligation not only to create but also to communicate. A scientist cannot really go "voyaging through strange seas of thought alone." The more penetrating eye will see him to be surrounded by a cloud of witnesses. He takes from others; he gives to others. He must address the problems of his time. He must translate his thoughts into the language of his contemporaries. He must scatter them abroad for interaction. A thought which has not penetrated to other minds will die unfruitful.

As a result, the scientist can hardly be recognized posthumously, like the artist or poet. He is much less independent, much more bound to the current needs and purposes of the scientific community. His achievement of thought needs to be at the same time an achievement of communication and leadership which must be acknowledged by the group—by at least *one* editor!—before its intellectual viability fades away.

It is a perishable achievement. Not many of us know who first cut the trees or cleared the land beside our houses. The scientific explorer, like the wilderness explorer, exists to be superseded. Wandering at random, he finds a first, clumsy way to the new goal. The more important the goal, the greater the speed with which his path is by-passed by short cuts, ridden over by electronic computing machines, and obliterated by the marching masses of Ph.D.'s. His hesitations, his sextant readings, the art and intuition by which he avoided this pitfall or that rabbit track—these make dull hard reading after a few years, for they apply to a world of difficulties which, because of his very efforts, has vanished and can scarcely be reconstructed. But such a man is properly contemptuous of the incoherent genius whose ravishing discoveries are too strange and vague to be communicable.

KINDS OF MINDS

DETERMINISM also plays a more intimate role. Not only is the time of a discovery approximately determined, it seems that the personality of the discoverer may to some extent be determined. To find America, we must have a fifteenth-century Western sea captain, uncommercial, convinced, dogged, persuasive, with delusions of grandeur—whether his name is Columbus or something else.

To see this principle in science, we must concentrate on two components of personality which I shall call method and style. By method, I mean the type of a scientist's intuition, his normally preferred method of attack. One man loves most to design and build apparatus, a glorified instrument maker. Another is a human measuring engine who can turn out more data or more precise data than anyone else. Some like to improve on other men's experiments in familiar fields, others prefer wild and novel experiments of their own at the limit of the possible. In these differences, one major axis of variation ought to be especially emphasized. It is the difference between the generally inductive and the generally deductive types of mind.

In an inductive mind, the internal monologue might go somewhat as follows: "Now here's a funny result. It doesn't fit in at all with Smollengoble's theorem! Yes, the apparatus is okay. Didn't I see last month where someone else had trouble with that theorem? But he had lower pressure. If we increased the pressure, would it go farther in the same direction?"

The general from the particular. This is the man who covers his laboratory walls with graphs of his data and squints at them every morning before he turns on his power supply, wondering if those deviations are experimental error or a real effect. There is something of this turn of mind in all of us. A talented few, like the master organic chemists, develop it until they can play their residues and hunches as a virtuoso plays the violin.

The deductive genius may be tone deaf to such music. His passion is not for the uncertain new order but for elegance and clarity in the old. At his highest pinnacle, he is the Euclid or Maxwell who stands and looks back after a period of growth and sees that a few simple postulates will unite a whole body of separate rules into a symmetrical system.

Like the inductive mind, he sees patterns, but in a different medium. Perhaps when he closes his eyes by the fire he stares into a magnificent void where the luminous theorems move and intersect and enclose each other and he leaps up shouting, "I have it! I have it!" However jumbled his desk may be, there is some distant region of the spirit where his files are clearly labeled and his papers have been written in a neat hand on one side only and are stapled into

bundles with their edges straight—the great plan encompassing every particular in every pigeonhole. There is something of this, too, in all of us.

ONE of these minds anticipates, the other reconstructs. Inductive steps must come before deductive ones. So in each subject area there is a time when one method is most appropriate. Then it exhausts its material, at least for the moment, and recedes as the important discoveries begin to fail to another kind of mental machine. A field of knowledge has a curve of growth and a morphology, branches and stem—a beginning, a middle, and an end. Different talents are needed in the gardeners at different times. Those with a green thumb must plant, while others with a sure balance climb ladders later for the fruit.

Take the discovery of the law of gravitation. First there is visual observation and instrumentation, from the ancients to Tycho Brahe's quadrant and his tables of years of nights of measurement. Then there are the rule-makers, from the Ptolemaic astronomers to Kepler, who asked how all this would look from the nearest star and searched Tycho's tables for regularities, boiling the regularities down to his three laws of planetary motion.

Wandering in and out of the procession are the speculators—Lucretius, Copernicus—who animate the mixture with their lively controversies. At one side are the auxiliaries: Archimedes on conic sections; the navigators, defining the shape and size of the earth; Galileo, hurling balls and abstracting from them that ingenious invention, the ideal free body.

What a preparation for Newton! It might be compared to some Biblical prophecy in its visions and connections and anticipations across the millenniums. These are the shoulders of giants, with linked arms—not merely a human pyramid, but the braced and giant framework of knowledge itself.

The main line of development in scientific theory follows this sequence of work methods: observation, rule of thumb, speculation, synthesis. Naturally the methods of work are not perfectly separated in time nor even in the individual scientists. Every research man must be capable of performing all the functions in some degree—especially the speculative function—if he is to be worth his scientific salt. He may even have several highly developed talents, like Newton. This should not blind us to the big difference in the different mental processes, even such as that between the maker of the important little first syntheses—frequently an experimenter—and the maker of final grand syntheses who often shows a native distaste for the raw and original datum.

To see the historical necessity that selects these types, let us try a thought experiment on history. Consider what would have happened if the minds of Newton and Kepler had been interchanged. The slightest acquaintance with the work of either man will show that Newton's mind was not the one to unravel Tycho's data, and Kepler's was not the one to do Newton's necessary preliminary work of discovering the calculus. Not that it would have been absolutely impossible; only that it would have been slow and burdensome for either mind to try to use intuition methods like the other, and that they would have turned aside soon and wisely to more congenial discoveries.

A mature research worker needs to seek out tasks which he can undertake best with his mental gifts at his moment of history. A Maxwell in the eighteenth century could not have united electricity and magnetism but would have had to work on, let us say, astronomy, while the Franklins did the groundwork of electricity. Maxwell in the nineteenth century could and did perfect electricity but would have been lost in atomic spectra, where a Kepler kind of mind was needed. A Maxwell today might find chemistry or field-theory almost ripe for his talents, but would probably be foolish to go back to the well-plowed area of electricity unless he proposed to make a still larger synthesis, or a synthesis from a completely new point of view.

GIVE AND TAKE OF TALENTS

THE time sequence of work methods is never perfectly clear-cut, however: in a single field the different types of talent co-exist and make simultaneous contributions. For the different types of talent need each other. Inductive and deductive, intuitive and classical, are the two halves of a pair of scissors and cut only when they are opposed. Each work method produces its own peculiar excesses which must be seen from another viewpoint before their deformity can be recognized.

The inductive mind often goes too far. Not having the advantage of the grand synthesis, it does not know where to stop. Searching for important relations, it finds unimportant ones. Experimental error may be turned into law, or clear disproof dismissed as experimental error.

Pythagoras' useful relation between the sides of triangles seems to have been associated in his own enthusiasm with the lengths of musically harmonious strings, and so with the harmonies of the universe and the music of the spheres. This goes too far, but it is not all nonsense: the lengths of harmonious strings do indeed have simple numerical ratios.

The first regularity of planets which Kepler thought he found was that they moved on spheres circumscribed and inscribed in five vast regular polyhedrons in the heavens. This is not all nonsense: the regular spacing of the orbits is a main feature of several recent cosmologies.

Such jumps "beyond reason" need to be continuously criticized by the deductive and classical mind. Yet the inductive mind is like a sentry who must be forgiven for firing at an occasional shadow provided he always fires toward the enemy.

The sin of the deductive mind is that it derides and suppresses those inductive jumps that later prove to be right about as harshly as those that prove wrong. Newton rejected Huyghens' and Hooke's wave theory of light which swept out Newton's own ideas a hundred years later. An esteemed critic showed that Balmer's formula, the first real regularity found in atomic spectra, must be a mathematical accident. De Broglie's paper, which contained the first germ of quantum mechanics, was widely regarded as nonsense.

Still, this conservatism has a good result. The success of an innovator is meted out in proportion to his scientific persuasiveness, his patience in amassing crucial observations, like Darwin, to show that the old faith is unjustified. It is not the moment of insight but the moment of acceptance that marks a firm step forward. Scientific growth is by conflict. The truth is found only in the heat of controversy as each man is forced to defend his thesis: the classicist his sufficiency, the innovator his necessity.

The historical counterpoint between the inductive and deductive mind is useful even in its subtler manifestations. It provides an unspectacular tension which is a major force in keeping science balanced. Each creative worker lives in a steady stream of deductive criticism—normally, in fact, self-criticism—curbing and channeling his intuitive impulses. It is not so much that his little daily jumps and inferences must not violate "reason" as that they must satisfy more delicate canons of scientific good taste. How many readings or decimal places to take: what precautions: how ignorant or speculative to show oneself at various stages of scientific friendship; how soon to publish; and so on. A large part of the training of science students is really devoted to instilling this code of scientific manners.

The code is a balance of opposites. A man may acquire deductive good manners at the expense of some of his inductive hope, faith, and fire; fanning the fire may soften in turn the rigor of his self-criticism. Some individuals and groups try to solve the problem by separating the two processes, starting with an idea stage in which the imagination runs wild and free, followed by an analytical stage in which the ideas are critically selected and combined. The genius is the one who can maximize both elements and maintain at the time the fiercest productivity and the most exacting standards.

Likewise for a successful scientific group, the curbing of inductive jumps by the canons of taste must be neither too rigid nor too loose. The scissors will not cut if the blades are locked or if they are wobbly. The rigor of editors is needed to restrict the wilder flights as much as the zeal of speculators is needed to keep knowledge alive. Science cannot be fruitful where publishers indulge unready authors, wild fancies, and incompetent techniques; nor where hoary academic despots hold the seats of power and press the young men to a mold two generations old. But neither side can afford to be dogmatic, for it is only in the light of the syntheses of a succeeding generation that we can look back and be certain what was excess of speculation and what was excess of repression.

STYLE IN CREATIVITY

THESE remarks have perhaps conveyed some idea of the depth to which scientific determinism goes. A social necessity fixes not only the timing of a discovery but the work methods of the discoverer: it affects the heat of the controversies engendered, and where science is successful it sets the canons of taste which determine whether the discovery is accepted or rejected at a given stage of proof.

Nevertheless, all is not fixed. If we move about inside this framework we can now begin to see the ornaments and gargoyles added, unnecessarily and delightfully and sometimes unexpectedly, by exuberant craftsmen, shaped by personality above and beyond strict scientific need.

For one thing, each person has his own combination of fields of interest. A scientist trained in one subject often makes spectacular contributions when his novel outlook and work methods

are turned into another field. Think of the special approach of Helmholtz, the physiologist turned physicist; or of Pasteur, the chemist, among the diseases.

Personality also enters through language, with its hidden assumptions. Without Newton himself, we might never have had "force" or "mass" in the equations of motion; or they might have had very different definitions and emphases. Philosophers have pulled and hauled at them for centuries: the difficulties were ineradicable, because these symbols were written from the beginning in the Newtonian equations that worked. The Father of Physics has imprinted "force" and "mass," like intellectual genes, into every cell of the physical sciences today.

Kepler, on the other hand, seems to have eschewed, largely on aesthetic grounds, the anthropomorphic concept of "force" between heavenly bodies. In this question of taste, he anticipates Einstein. If history had put the Kepler mind in the Newton body, it might have delayed the discovery of universal gravitation, which would have been difficult for Kepler—but it might have accelerated the discovery of general relativity.

Terminology is often chained to such initial biases. Franklin's choice of the arithmetic terms "positive" and "negative" to designate the two supplementary types of electricity still plagues our thinking and may have delayed who knows what happier synthesis.

The idiosyncrasies of taste and choice, of abilities and workmanship, embellish and modify a discovery. The work method is determined; the style is not. Any physical law is exhibited in many places and forms and may be found by single experiments on hundreds of compounds or by hundreds of experiments on a grain of sand. And the discoverer may be an exhibitionist, or a conservative; an equation maker, or a model maker; he may want priority, or certainty. He may succeed by testing everything to destruction, at unusual temperatures and pressures; or by exploring his materials with nothing but a beam of light. He may be guided by shrewd and almost superstitious hunches, that only fluorocarbons will give him clear-cut answers, or density-matrix methods, or Drosophila, or sweet peas.

SOMETIMES the effects of such variations are profound indeed. There is one instance where a vast intellectual development has been hung on the deficiencies of a single piece of apparatus. We might not believe that electrons are in atoms except for some equipment assembled in 1898 by Zeeman in Holland, with which he found that the spectrum lines of atoms were broadened and polarized by a magnetic field. This "Zeeman effect" was explained by Lorentz on the assumption that the atoms contained the newly discovered corpuscles called electrons. Later, Bohr continued to assume this in his atomic theory; and whole-electrons-in-atoms passed on into the quantum mechanics that we now use.

But meanwhile, what of the Zeeman effect? If Zeeman had had a better spectrograph or had improved his apparatus before publishing his first results, he would have reported what a college senior can discover now: that each of his broadened spectrum lines is really a complex array of many lines, with every array different. Neither Lorentz nor anyone else would then have believed that there were intact electrons, all alike, inside the atom; perhaps fractional ones would have been assumed. The Bohr atom would have been different, or impossible. Quantum mechanics as we know it might never have appeared. No doubt some other theoretical system would have been produced in its place, but by now, after fifty years, its practitioners would speak a language incomprehensible or perhaps unbelievable to our best physicists. (The scientists will not find it any easier to talk to scientists they meet from another planet than laymen will.)

If a piece of apparatus can shape a field of knowledge, a brilliant scientist may also have a great personal effect. Many of the peculiarities of modern physics seem to have this individual stamp. Bohr, de Broglie, Schrödinger, Heisenberg, Dirac—each is responsible for some aspect of the synthesis of atomic structure which is quantum mechanics. Yet their approaches are very different: Bohr with his electron-orbits in space; de Broglie with his almost mystical waves; Schrödinger with his differential equations; Heisenberg with his matrices and strict operationalism; Dirac with his formalism. If we had lost one of these, it would not have affected our ability to predict experimental results, which is often said to be the aim of science; but it would have been a great loss indeed to our understanding.

And a great change. Without Bohr himself, would the earlier ideas of an atom as a vibrating jelly have been strangely modified by some other young pseudo-Bohr in the 1910s to explain the spectra and win the day? Without the particular style of a particular man, Dirac, we might

have had formalism of a sort, but probably not the chaste, terse, awful elegance that now strikes fear and admiration into the graduate students.

The work of Willard Gibbs in chemical thermodynamics may be the most individual tour de force of all. Somewhat cut off in late-nineteenth-century America from the larger body of European theoretical physicists and chemists, he evolved an unusual kind of thinking; perhaps as an island population evolves aberrant species when cut off from the mainland. His equations show no trace of the mechanical particles bombarding the walls of a box which still dominated the thought of European scientists. He produced a theory without "forces" and without imaginary models of what was happening in the box, using simply relations among the things observed on the outside, such as temperature, pressure, and volume. And he combined these with a logical absolute, a naked and apparently vulnerable assertion about entropy.

True, this was not completely alien to contemporary style. Differential equations like his were the admired mathematical form in other areas. There had been some interest in the physical power of syllogisms; and Mach and Einstein were shortly to remove "force" from motion and from gravitation and to assert other logical absolutes. But taken together and applied to chemistry, what a change! Small wonder that nobody noticed him but Maxwell. Small wonder that the best science students still go blank and dumb, and the little philosophy major at the back of the room suddenly begins to get the right answers, when they come to this part of the course. It hurts a three-dimensional man to see temperature computed from a syllogism.

It seems probable to me that if Gibbs had lived in England or Germany this fusion of ideas might not have occurred until at least a generation later. By that time chemical thinking would have been set in another mold, and chemistry today would be a different thing.

There are many lessons, for our culture, for our teachers, and for our scientists, to be learned from examining closely the interplay of the Great Man aspect of history with the Determinist aspect. It is exhibited in the microcosm of the scientific world in a relatively simple form in which the causal intellectual strands are rather easy to trace. The general cultural or political historian might find this limited but precisely known area a good testing ground for theories of history.

I think he would conclude, as I have here, that the nature of the achievements of a large competing scientific group is determined by the group and its history, and depends little on the behavior of individual discoverers. We can almost write down equations for the speed and scope of advance in some departments of knowledge. But the pressure of scientific determinism becomes weak and random as we approach the great unitary syntheses. For they are not only discoveries. They are also artistic creations, shaped by the taste and style of a single hand.

FOOTNOTE ON SUEZ

AT A way-station on the road to Upper Egypt, I ventured to express a little impatience, after waiting three hours for the one daily slow train, and finding that its whereabouts had not even been announced by telegraph.

"You must remember," said the official to whom I spoke, "that this is a new road, and it takes some time to get everything in order."

"How long has the road been open?" I asked.

"Only five or six years."

"And when do you expect to have the trains running on time? In forty or fifty years?" I inquired. . . . The official . . . answered:

"Inshallah!" (If God wills it.)

—Bayard Taylor, *Egypt and Iceland in the Year 1874,* published 1875.

Project: Growth



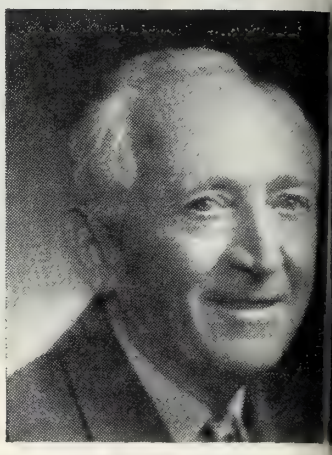
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Director, American Airlines, Commercial Credit, Republic Steel, National Dairy Products; U.S. Ambassador to Argentina (1947-49); Director, Mutual Defense Assistance Program (1949-50).



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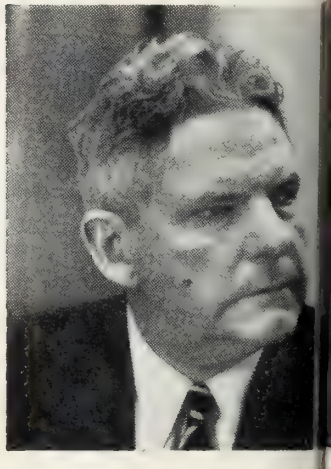
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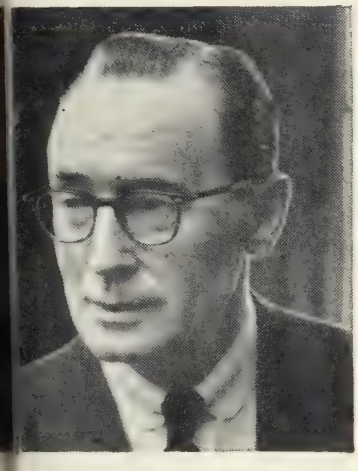
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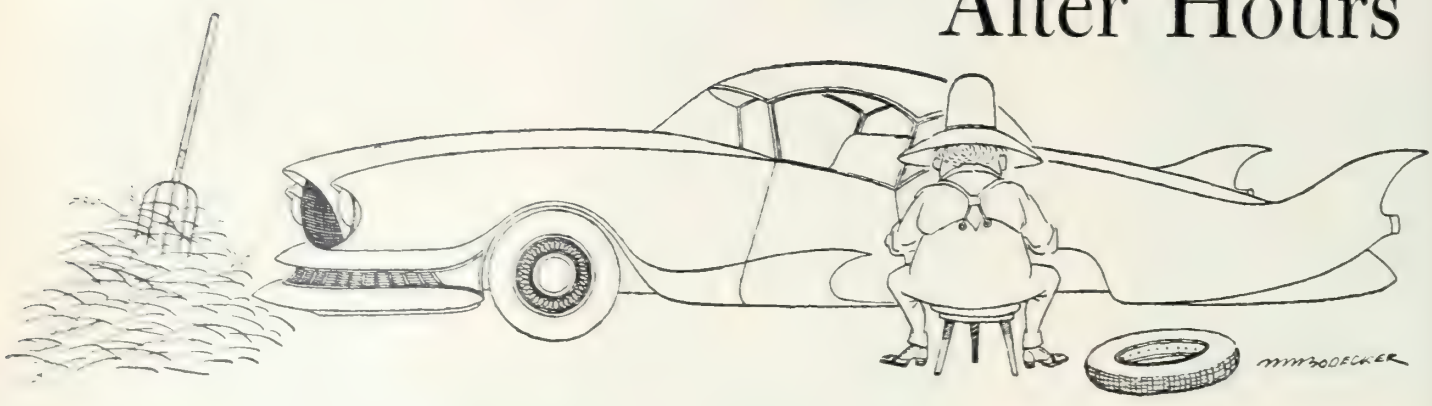


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After Hours



SEXBOAT

THE contest for first place in the passionate affection of Americans seems to me undisputed but I am still at a loss to understand why. A friend of mine who owns a dairy farm in Vermont reports a conversation with the local milk tester and 4-H manageress which provides me with my final, and clinching, piece of evidence but with no more useful explanation than I started with. The winner—you know it as well as I do—is the automobile.

This Vermont lady told my friend, as he had been suspecting, that the farmers she talked to were no longer very conversational about livestock. When she drives up to their farms in her new Chevrolet, what they want to talk about is the car and its performance—about which she could hardly care less—and not about the merits of the various breeds of cow that used to be their staple topic. The young people in the 4-H clubs don't compete with one another as they used to in raising animals, let alone vegetables—they have tractor-driving contests. The only enthusiasts left are the "gentleman" farmers who go in heavily for breeding and are only a few steps removed from summer people, anyhow. My friend said it reminded him of Russia or Israel, or some other strenuously self-industrializing country where machinery is still rare and dear enough to have high prestige.

Of course, this has been in the making for some time; well back into the 'thirties Bing Crosby sang about being a lone cowhand from the Lone Star State, who rode the range in a Ford V-8; and then and thereafter the mechanization of rural drudgery thankfully progressed so fast that—as Homer Croy later put it in these pages—you wouldn't know the old farm now. The good farmer was increasingly the good mechanic. Today, my friend says, even the milking of cows by machine is considered dirty work and left for the low-echelon hired hands, while the "farmer" tends the gadgets—and wants to talk about automobiles.

THIS is only the last in my mounting list of witnesses. The testimony they give is that nearly everybody wants to talk about cars and has strong feelings about them—even the rare anti-automobile individualist who refuses to own one and heatedly defends his heresy. Apparently the organizations that conduct the subtle and penetrating surveys of public attitudes toward cars—such as the McCann-Erickson agency and the Chicago *Tribune*—often discover that interviews are easier to get on this subject than on others. You can even call people at random on the telephone and, where normally they might hang up, if they are asked what they think about various automobiles they may go on for hours. And this seems to be true not only of men, who are traditionally supposed to display knowledgeability, but also of women, who have entered the discussion more recently.

What the researchers find, inevitably, is that the well-known makes and models convey widely shared associations, both on questions of practicality and on questions that wander off into the hazy unknowns of symbolism and style. Such infor mation is not only of great value to the manufacturer; it is of greate value than nearly anything else h can know—since cars are advertised and presumably sold, for the mos fragile and evanescent motives o reverie and emulation. Whether th customer thinks of his purchase a casual or daring, as thoughtful o safely respectable, clearly depends i large degree on how it looks and i described in the ads. Or the othe way around, where the car had buil up its reputation (like Chrysler's fo no-nonsense engineering) before mo tivation researchers could go to wor on its clientele. The emotions an the object are wound up togethe whichever way you unwind them.

So it is not surprising in the Ve mont farmers that they love thei cars, which would not be news, bu only that they too have come aroun to formalizing that love affair in th day-to-day courtesies of conversatio Not only is the automobile a n tional institution, but now ta about it is becoming an institutio Surely you would think that Ame icans, of all people, would take fo granted the routine means of tran port that is a commonplace in the daily lives. But no. They are sti grave—or is it groggy? or is it guilt —about these steel-and-plastic, rai bow-hued, four-wheel beetles th roll about the roads, getting in ea other's way and regularly smashi themselves to pieces. Perhaps I a wrong to go looking for logic in o universal preoccupation; the icono raphy of advertising, as always, pr vides the clue for which we ne





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look no further. The passion for the automobile is a symbol for passion. "What a mink coat does to perk up a lady," says a recent ad, "a Thunderbird does for a male."—*Mr. Harper*

MASS-PRODUCED INDIVIDUALITY

Several months ago Mr. Lee Edson, a journalist from Berkeley, California, the Athens of the West, stopped in to tell me about a new kind of "personalized suburb" going up in Marinwood, not far from where he lives. I asked him to write me about this new variation on the American Dream, and here is his account of the latest in amiable self-deception:

DEAR Mr. Harper: I have at last had a chance to look into that latest innovation in suburbia—the mass-produced individualized home. After talking with builders and with owners of these new homes, I've concluded happily that we no longer need fear the evils of conformity engendered by the post-World War II tract house. A California builder named Gerald Hoytt seems to have solved everything. He's created an assembly line which turns out homes that are all different.

Apparently, he's just in time. A new amorphous class of ex-tract dwellers (and would-be ex-tract dwellers) has emerged in recent years. These people are no longer willing to settle for just a "house for the kids." They have come to hate the sameness of the tract, and they dislike being part of a "development." But, of course, they'd never consider going back to the city. They still want their dream house in the country, and they want it cut-ratc.

To satisfy this hunger, Hoytt—a bright, boyish young millionaire—has created Marinwood, a unique "planned community" of four thousand homes along Highway 101, twenty-five miles north of San Francisco. From the air Marinwood may look like the old tract, though it doesn't show such distinctive markings as flat-tops or the expanse of whiteness which gave builder Henry Doelger's projects the title of "the white cliffs of Doelger." Once you're in Marinwood, however, you feel as if you're in a town, not a project. There are full-grown trees, a house on a hill, winding streets, and a sufficient number of variations in size and shape of house to delight the ex-tract dwellers and confound the building experts.

Until now, the mass-builder's attempts to satisfy individualistic yearnings consisted of such chicanery as providing different coats of paint and different kinds of fences, and varying the tongue and groove lapboards of the siding. In addition, some builders might enclose the front yard of one house and enclose the back yard of the next. When this sort of thing began to pall, the builder employed a technique known as "flopping the elevation." This consisted of using one floor plan and exterior design, then giving it a 90-degree turn. In this way, a right-hand garage became a left-hand garage, and the builder had made his concession to individuality—his ads took full advantage of it—without sacrificing profit.

This approach, however, didn't fool anyone for too long. Just as the cereal manufacturer knows that each year he has to change the prize in the package, so the builder learned he had to add new touches. So he used two basic floor plans, flopped them, and gave some a quarter instead of a half turn. Add some paint variations and you now have a selection of five designs when in reality you have only two.

At this point, Hoytt came upon the scene with a mathematical variation that beat everything else. He gives you the impression of twenty-four different designs. (In reality, he uses seven.) The whole thing has fascinated everyone. "How can you possibly give a customer such a choice and still make money?" one flabbergasted Eastern builder asked Hoytt, on a tour of Marinwood.

Actually, if you vary the mathematics enough you could theoretically arrive at an arrangement in which all the houses are different. But nobody has yet worked that out on a mass-production basis. In the meantime, Marinwood "behaves" not like a tract, but like a town. In Marinwood, you have to walk a block to come across a house that faintly resembles yours, and by that time it doesn't count. This technique has resulted in the elimination of one humorous beef of tract dwellers: How do you identify your house? In the past, you had to recognize it by the kids.

Since environment affects one's way of life, it isn't surprising to find that this sort of individualism has changed the pattern of living in Marinwood. "We grew up in the functional era of tract design," one young husband told me. "We bought a house to live in, but we didn't want to do anything for it. Now we have a home we can work in."

The emphasis on home is, I think, important. In Marinwood, the term tract has been exorcised from the language. Nobody uses the term not without self-conciousness, and I actually saw one husband nudge his wife when she let slip the odious word.

"We know everything here comes out of the can," one woman observed. "But each bean is different. It's wonderful."

UNLIKE the tract-dwellers of a few years back, Marinwoodites feel that they are rooted. They talk of their new homes as their final choice, the end of a long search. They feel a kind of security which you seldom see among the residents of the average tract.

Marinwoodites express their lost, suppressed individuality in a number of ways. Having bought the home on the basis of an architect's plan and a model house, they feel it's not really theirs unless they contribute to the actual construction. Some leave penciled instructions for the carpenters. Others come daily to inspect the work and to supervise, and they will go away content if a sympathetic carpenter makes an ef-



onal cut a bit different from the it's blueprinted.

nlike the ordinary tract-dweller Marinwoodite doesn't buy his ishings in cheap "borax" sets tries tastefully to direct them the personality of his house. re are a few concessions to habit, ourse. The Cape Codders have inevitable rocking chair in the g-room, while the Ranch House an't resist hanging a horse pic- in the den. But these throw- s aren't serious, especially since of the residents make a point uying at least one piece at an ue store or at an auction.

rbecue equipment is the great h in the new individualized e. The pit seems to get more than the all-electric stove and al only to the TV set. *Sunset* zine, that bible of Western g, is in evidence everywhere. a barbecue pit, a patio, spices- e-kitchen, and an individualized , the Marinwoodites can at last Vesterners, the ultimate indi- lists, without ever getting dust eir chaps.

rhaps the most interesting ge I observed is the appearance ne class differences on the basis ography. There are poor loca- and good locations, and I ed that the man "on the hill"— lly the hill is only a small rise— garded with respect. Even the pause before they run across wn. And the man with a tree tt supplies them full-grown— e envy of his green-thumb bors who still struggle with ings bought in the stores.

e people in the more expensive and a half houses (there are levels at Marinwood) have own feelings of delight at the in life they've achieved. One wife who had lived for ten in a GI tract house told me had suffered from claustro- a.

w," she said, "I bring the hot upstairs, and I have the sensa- of eating in another wing of use."

in all, it appears that Marin- is a good sign over the build- rizon. People may still live act, but if they don't know it, t really make any difference?

LEE EDSON

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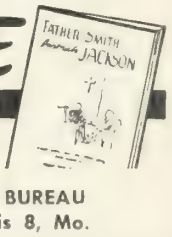
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PAUL PICKREL

All About People

ST. JOHN ERVINE, the author of **Bernard Shaw: His Life, Work, and Friends** (Morrow, $7.50), ought to be just about the ideal biographer of Shaw. Like his subject, he is a playwright and an Irish Protestant, though originally of the Ulster rather than the Dublin variety; he knew Shaw long and well, as he knew Shaw's wife and most of their friends; at seventy-three he is old enough to remember Shaw's heyday in the London theater and as sometime manager of the Abbey Theatre he worked on the Dublin productions of some of the plays; he admires his subject tremendously without being in the least a disciple.

Of these qualifications, the one that serves Ervine best is his Irishness. He understands the slightly absurd intricacies of Irish social classes and snobbery as few non-Irishmen do, and indeed as few would want to if it weren't for a curious habit Ireland has—the habit of tossing off occasional literary geniuses who, for all the hatred they usually bear the society that produced them, cannot be understood without it.

The stresses and snobberies of Dublin Protestant society were built into the disastrous marriage of Shaw's parents. His father was an ineffectual alcoholic too poor to provide adequately for his family and too well born to do very much about it. His mother was seventeen years younger than her husband; she married him under assorted misapprehensions about his income, his social position, and his abstemiousness, and besides she wanted to get away from home, for adequate reasons. In time she left her husband too. She was a cold woman of repellently strong will, who so far as anyone knows never loved anyone in all her long life. Shaw once said that he was begotten after a brawl when his father was fuddled with drink. That may not be strictly accurate, since a man is not always a reliable source of information on the circumstances of his own begetting, but at least it captures the spirit of the parental household.

Hence Shaw's horrified fascination with misalliance. It is hardly fanciful to see the basis of his political and economic thought in the conviction that society ought to be constituted in such a way that people could marry whomever they wanted to, irrespective of social or economic class. In revulsion from his parents' marriage of circumstance he argued for the classless mating which he thought would be the glory of socialism.

And you need not be an authority on the works of the celebrated Dr. Freud to recognize in the relations between Shaw's parents the pattern of their son's philosophy. He saw the universe as dominated by something he called the Life Force, embodied in the ruthless female who uses the male for her own purposes and then casts him aside, as his mother abandoned her insignificant mate and her fifteen-year-old son. The separation in Shaw of power and the emotions, which he saw in his own mother, accounts for much that is least attractive in his thought. He was always afraid of his emotions, having lacked in childhood any adult pattern for their direction and control; and his addiction to power often made a fool of him, especially in his later years when Western Europe was beset by dictators.

But this is to go beyond Ervine's account to suggest some of the implications of Shaw's Irish boyhood, which is the part of the Life Ervine deals with best. (He is considerably helped by a group of remarkable autobiographical sketches Shaw published in old age.)

When it comes to the long years of Shaw's manhood, Ervine's performance is spotty. He corrects, at rather too great length, certain mistaken ideas about Shaw that are in general circulation, such as the idea that he was stingy (actually he was generous with money, Ervine shows) and the idea that as a young man in London he sponged off his mother. For this misapprehension Shaw himself was responsible; perhaps he thought it put his mother in a good light, not an easy thing to do. Ervine's sketches of Shaw's friends are often engaging, especially when they are sharpened with something like malice, as when he writes of Beatrice and Sidney Webb. There is a good [*continued on p. 86*]

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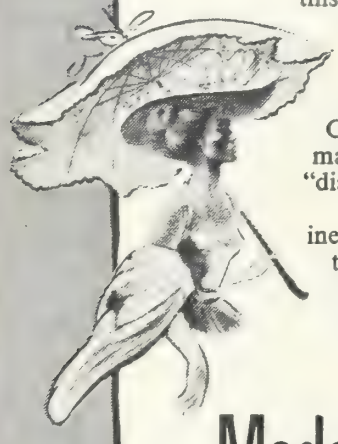
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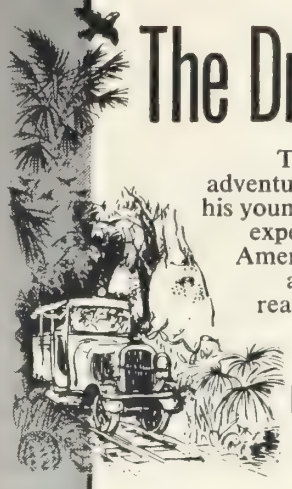
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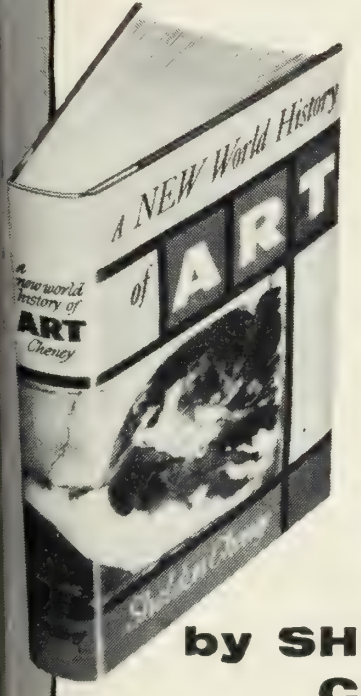


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picture of that odd but admirable woman with whom Shaw lived for forty-five years in unconsummated marriage. (The marriage was Shaw's idea; the lack of consummation hers.) Obviously Ervine liked Charlotte Shaw tremendously—he dedicates his book to her memory.

Ervine avoids most of the more shopworn anecdotes; unlike some of Shaw's biographers he pays his subject the compliment of taking him seriously. But perhaps the Shaw he takes seriously is the wrong one. Primarily his book is about Shaw the Fabian, the political and social thinker, which, oddly enough, is the Shaw Ervine finds least sympathetic, since he hates the Welfare State which the Fabians did so much to create. This bias might have had an enlivening effect on the book, but it turns out to have certain drawbacks. For one thing, Ervine is not a particularly challenging political writer, and for another, if you want to attack Shaw's politics, a biography is a poor place to do it. Shaw's political ideas were pretty well established by the time he became a playwright, in his middle thirties. After that there were plenty of aberrations in his political thought but not much that was really new. Consequently, Ervine has to hit the same ideas over the head with the same blunt instrument every time they come up, and they come up often.

And Shaw has an importance far beyond his political ideas. He was the greatest playwright the English language has known at least since the eighteenth century, but Ervine's discussion of the plays, except for an occasional technical remark or a recollection of an early performance, is disappointingly perfunctory. Furthermore, Shaw was, like Socrates, a man who had a greatness as a teacher beyond anything he taught. He could be, and often was, cute and dogmatic and repetitious and wrong; yet you can recognize all this and go on learning from him. Fundamentally he was a religious man, and you need not have a high opinion of the religion he evolved to recognize in Shaw a religious nature of great beauty. For he was like a Salvation Army band that you come across on a city street corner of a summer's night: the pattern of proffered salvation may be crude, there is certainly too much brass, but beyond all the noise there is a purity of spirit that you cannot deny if you would.

ANOTHER POINT OF ENTRY

ERVINE'S book, full as it is of useful information, is an excellent introduction for the reader not well acquainted with the details of Shaw's life, and offers glimpses of Shaw's world such as only one who knew it well could give. But of the Shaw that matters most, Ervine has little to say.

This omission is the less serious, however, because a book has recently appeared that serves as an admirable introduction to Shaw's religion—Colin Wilson's **The Outsider** (Houghton Mifflin, $4). The book contains no extended discussion of Shaw, though it begins with a quotation from one of his plays and ends with the hope that the argument will lead to a rereading of his work. But it is an analysis of a certain kind of religious psychology as it appears in the literature of the last hundred and fifty years or so, and Shaw was one of its leading exemplars.

Wilson is concerned with the kind of mind that is impelled to movement, growth, search. His Outsider is a man for whom the accustomed way of looking at things is not enough, the experience that society provides for through its established institutions is not enough. He has a more than usual awareness of the apparently meaningless welter of the world, and he seeks a vision that will include and illuminate the drift and debris of his days. He has, in short, the religious passion for a more abundant life.

The Outsider traces this passion through a large group of writers, from Blake and Nietzsche and Dostoevski to Hemingway and the contemporary French existentialists. There is much to quarrel with in the book, but it is written with such energy, such breadth of reading, and such a concern for getting at the truth that it is really a most impressive performance. Already it has caused something of a sensation in England, where it was published last spring when the author was only twenty-four. In this country it will probably be taken up by the camp-followers of letters and turned into a fad: I can imagine that it may become as stylish to speculate on whether your friends are Outsiders or Insiders as it now is to speculate on whether they are "other-directed" or "inner-directed." But the book deserves better of the world than to become a parlor game; it deserves to be read.

IT IS rather awkward to praise Frank Moraes' life of **Jawaharlal Nehru** (Macmillan, $6.75) on more or less the same grounds as those used in censuring Ervine's life of Shaw, especially since Ervine's book is in most respects the better of the two, and certainly the more readable. But as it happens the kind of book about Nehru we need is different from the kind of book about Shaw we need. Nehru, like all things Indian, has been overinterpreted for us; what we can use now is something pedestrian and informative, an account of the prosaic day-by-day facts of his political life, and that is for the most part what Moraes provides.

To be sure, Moraes has a point of view: he certainly admires his subject, though he either stops well this side idolatry or finds it expedient to pretend that he does. And there are

The Swivel Chair



Publishers can't seem to ring into their advertising the glorious pictorial profusion of curved blondes and whiskered commodores that grace so many pages of our glossier magazines. They sell books by the well-calculated words of women and men possibly as curvaceous or hirsute, respectively, as their compeers among models but demonstrably only consistently responsible or gifted with an outrageous wit.

Here are some of that charmed circle expressing professional enthusiasm: "There could scarcely be a more interesting World War II document than this — the autobiography of the highest-placed and most-celebrated German banker of the Nazi era . . . positive, intimate, colorful piece." — *Newsweek*

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"A factually true story that is also an engrossing tale of high adventure. Particularly in the early chapters, where the hero and his companions are lost at sea and cast themselves upon an uninhabited island, it offers the same kind of excitement that 'Kon-Tiki' provided. On another level, if you look for overtones and listen for undercurrents 'Manjiro' as a description of the earliest contacts between Americans and Japanese has a plangent grandeur that suggest, 'A Single Pebble,' by John Hersey. But whoever the reader and no matter what comparisons he finds I dare say that once he starts this book his curiosity will be so piqued and his interest so aroused he will find that the old publisher's cliche is, in this instance, applicable: You can't put it down until you've finished it." — *Fabion Bowers, Saturday Review.* **Manjiro, The Man Who Discovered America, Hisakazu Kaneko** ($2.75)



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"The special quality of *In Search of Adam* is that it contrives, vividly and often wittily, to tell two stories at once. One is the story of our own exploration of our past. The other is the story of human progress toward the present. It is therefore an admirable description of one of the most successful scientific efforts of modern times, and at the same time a clear and convincing account of the lives and habits of our remotest ancestors." — *Gilbert Highet.*

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EDITOR AT LARGE



WHAT DO YOU KNOW?

(A brief quiz on some current paper books)

1. What English novelist and poet wrote "An Essay on Comedy"?

2. What French poet was France's greatest critic of modern art?

3. What is "Zen Buddhism"?

4. What American critic's works have been collected in a new volume called "A Literary Chronicle: 1920-1950"?

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L. L. Day
EDITOR-AT-LARGE

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a good many of the grubbier sort of facts about Indian politics that one would like to know and that are not in the book. Where, for instance, does the Congress party get its financial support? But at least Moraes presents a Nehru who is a hard-working practical politician, to be understood and judged as other hard-working practical politicians are without recourse to fancy anthropological theories about the Mysterious East.

In writing his book Moraes, who is a native of India, a Roman Catholic, and editor of the *Times* of India, has clearly kept an American audience in mind. This is not entirely an advantage—the comparison, for instance, between the American and Indian struggles for independence breaks down too often to be useful, nor is it very illuminating to have Krishna Menon referred to as "the Harry Hopkins of India." This and other graceful invitations to the reader to draw a parallel between Nehru and Franklin Roosevelt is not a particularly well judged maneuver. Except that both were born the only sons of rich and doting parents and later became leaders with immense popular followings, Roosevelt and Nehru are not much alike. Both, of course, were endowed with that mysterious charm which the social scientists call *charisma*, and both have been the occasion of that intense animosity in their critics which personal powers incapable of being combated by rational argument always call forth, though Nehru's critics seem to be largely outside India—if there is any large or organized opposition to him in his own country, Moraes neglects to mention it, and it fails to show at the polls.

But Nehru is a more intellectual and more doctrinaire man than Roosevelt. Moraes attacks the popular idea of Nehru as fuzzy and vague and directionless; his chief point is that Nehru's life has been, from his own point of view, unusually consistent. He is unwaveringly committed to the idea that India must reach Socialist objectives by democratic means, and his enormous skill in maneuver is all deployed in protecting and realizing that program.

Obviously Moraes has not said the last word on Nehru, but his book



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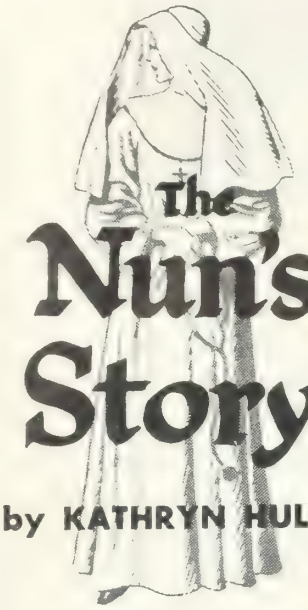
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by KATHRYN HULME

This book actually happened; it is true in its essentials. It is the portrait of Sister Luke, a Belgian girl who turned aside from marriage to enter a famous nursing order. In the trials, medical and spiritual, which Sister Luke must pass as she moves from novice to nun and thence out to a hospital in the Belgian Congo, she makes us feel the humility of the true religious; she makes us realize as never before what a voice the conscience must be in such a life.

Yet it is in her obedience that Sister Luke is most vulnerable. For she is more nurse than nun. When in 1940 her hospital on the Dutch border is caught up in the Resistance, her abhorrence for the Nazis cannot be subdued. So begins the deciding struggle within herself.

The author, Kathryn Hulme, who won the Atlantic Nonfiction Award in 1953, is writing about a woman immeasurably dear. To read THE NUN'S STORY is to be brought within the radiance of a noble, deeply felt experience.

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contains a lot of useful information about the man who, since the end of the Churchill-Stalin-Roosevelt era, is the most arresting figure on the world political stage.

THE NEW YORK THREAT

AL SMITH was a popular leader who emerged from the people he led, and in the years since his death it has sometimes seemed as if he were being allowed to return to the obscurity he came from. Until recently his career had not been much studied; up to a few weeks ago there had been no life since his not very impressive venture into autobiography of nearly thirty years ago. Now his daughter, Emily Smith Warner, in collaboration with Hawthorn Daniel, has published a biography under the title **The Happy Warrior: A Biography of My Father** (Doubleday, $4.50).

It is a pleasant, affectionate book. Mrs. Warner has not attempted to get very far behind the surface of events; she presents an agreeable narrative of campaigns, elections, and inaugurations, interspersed with details of family life. Perhaps wisely, she makes no effort to assess the social significance of the first candidate for the Presidency whose log cabin was the city streets. More regrettably, she offers no account of her father's political thought. This omission is unfortunate because it has a direct bearing on Al Smith's reputation today. Probably a good many readers remember him less as the Happy Warrior than as the Disgruntled Veteran, less as the able and energetic pioneer in social legislation in his days as Governor of New York than as the bitter critic of New Deal social legislation in the days of the Liberty League. In order to judge the scale of Al Smith we need to know whether this was the reversal of a man stung by disappointment and defeat or the logical development of a consistent and reasoned position. Mrs. Warner offers little help with the problem.

But before an adverse judgment is passed on Mrs. Warner's book it should be pointed out that her father is curiously elusive for so recent an historical figure. In this age when politicians save everything, Smith seems to have been uninterested in documenting his own career. He wa famous for inviting his auditors t "look at the record," but those wh have inspected his private paper find them disappointingly meage So far as I can discover, none o his closest associates have writte memoirs, and Mrs. Warner says tha no one in the family kept a scrap book. The speeches she quotes ar certainly competent, but in col type they have little individuality So we must be grateful that one pe son who was near him has set dow her recollections, even if they d not tell us all we would like t know.

A MORE specialized study of on phase of Smith's career is provide by Edmund A. Moore's account the religious issue in the Presidenti campaign of 1928, **A Catholic Ru for President** (Ronald, $3.5 Moore makes something less tha an enthralling story of it, but he h collected a body of material of pe manent importance for anyone i terested in American politics. H conclusion is that Al Smith's defe in the election of 1928 was not clear test of a Catholic's chance become President. There were t many other issues involved—Repu lican prosperity was virtually vincible, and not only Smit Catholicism but also his stand Prohibition, his popular identifi tion with Tammany Hall, his acce and clothes and manner all count against him. To the country as whole he stood as the representat of the big-city masses, whose Catho cism was only one among many acceptable characteristics.

Moore does not choose to test conclusions against the careers more recent Catholics in polit but possibly if he were to do so would attach even less importa to the Catholic issue. Several gro in the population that were n ardently against Smith have si been most ardently for McCart which suggests that other consid tions can override church mem ship in politics.

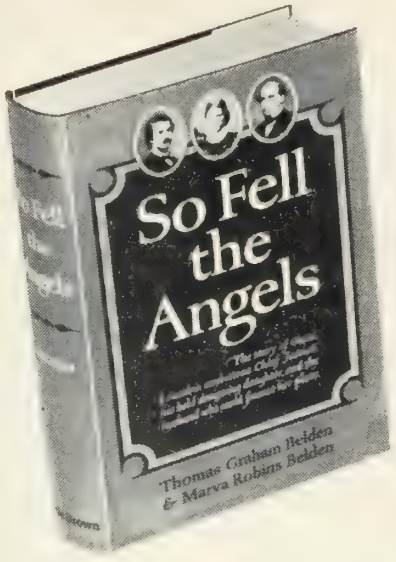
WINNING HER W

SINCE history records no ki who have abandoned their thro for ladies of literary talent, it

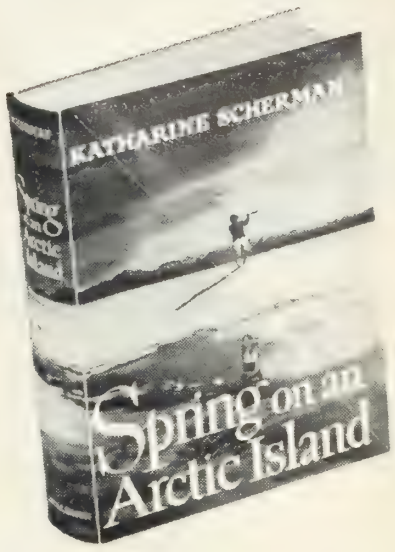
come as slight surprise that the memoirs of the Duchess of Windsor, **The Heart Has Its Reasons** (David McKay, $5), constitute no major addition to our treasured heritage of belles-lettres. How much they add to what is already known about the most celebrated romance of the twentieth century I cannot say, for of late years I have been a little careless in keeping up with the literature of the subject. But considerations of mere art or history are really beside the point. After all, if we were to find an account of the Trojan War written by Helen of Troy we would not require that it rival Homer or correct Schliemann; we would read it to find out what there was about the girl to cause all that trouble.

Unfortunately what there is about the Duchess remains somewhat problematic even after one has read her story. She (or her editor) has been so tactful and adroit that little is revealed and the space between the lines is quite opaque. On the basis of the record presented she ought to be much like a good many American women of her generation. She grew up in the carefully restricted society of Baltimore before the first world war, its class-consciousness accentuated for her by the fact that she belonged to the poor branch of an otherwise rich and well-placed family. She had the education considered proper for a woman when a woman was not expected to be anything else; she went to the right schools and the right dances, though in dresses made by the less expensive seamstresses and in vehicles provided by her more prosperous relatives.

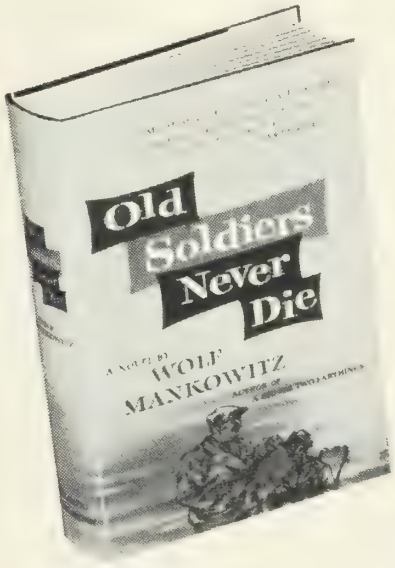
After the war she popped out of the Baltimore cocoon. She made a wildly adventurous but socially undistinguished marriage to an aviator; when it failed she knocked about the world, living with fashionable friends most of the time (once in China for a year) and staying at unfashionable hotels when she wasn't visited anywhere. The first part of her life recalls Booth Tarkington's *Alice Adams;* this part was pure Scott Fitzgerald. Then she began to get a little desperate; she wished that she had been trained for a job, tried to get work in the fashion world, and even considered becoming a salesman of steel. Anyone who



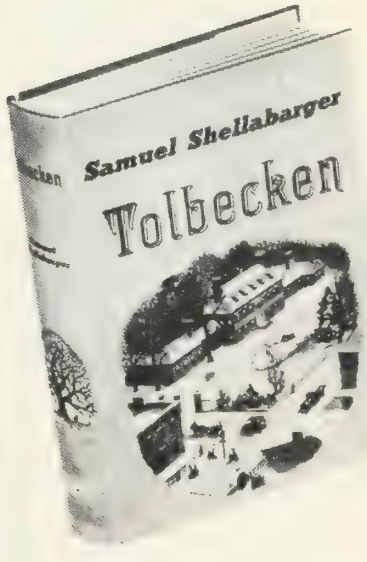
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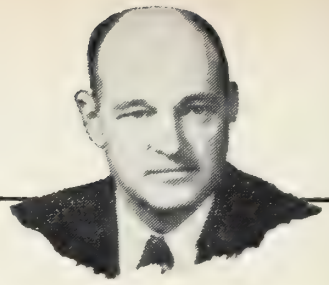
knew her story up to this point could predict several endings for it: she might have become a successful career woman or she might have retreated to a second marriage of suburban respectability or she might have faded into a lonely and bitter woman living discreetly on alimony. What happened nobody would have predicted.

It looks as if her second marriage were the crucial step in her progress. She makes Ernest Simpson sound a little stuffy, but she also makes him sound like a cultivated man who knew how to launch a woman. She already had abundant experience as a guest; under his tutelage she became a hostess. He provided a setting for her (though the dining-room wallpaper turned out badly—she had it varnished); he dragged her around England to look at cathedrals and improve her mind; he had some money and his connections were good. When a royal personage started dropping in of an evening, Ernest found that business matters required his attention in another room. In playing Menelaus to the Prince of Wales's Paris he certainly improved on the urbanity of the original, but of course he had no army.

The Duchess makes the events surrounding the King's abdication both harrowing and exciting. As she describes it her position was one for which the word awkward is totally inadequate, and it is comforting to know that she and the Duke have agreed never to discuss the subject. What they do discuss the Duchess fails to say. Her book ends with an account of their life in France and the Bahamas during the war and of various housekeeping problems thereafter. Any ending would be an anti-climax.

You will probably read *The Heart Has Its Reasons* if you have a chance.

SINCE a graceful transition from the Duchess' memoirs to a book about a nun proves to be somewhat elusive, we will simply leap the chasm to **The Nun's Story** by Kathryn Hulme (Atlantic-Little, Brown, $4). Three years ago Miss Hulme won the respect of readers with a fine book about displaced persons in Germany, *The Wild Place*, and her new book is equally dis-



George F. Kennan

One of the world's foremost experts on Russia, and former Ambassador to the Soviet Union, recreates a fascinating but little-understood period of Soviet-American relations—the critical months beginning with the Bolshevik Revolution and climaxing with Russia's withdrawal from World War I. He traces the confusion of American circles in St. Petersburg, the turmoil caused by a host of quasi-diplomatic U.S. agencies with undefined functions, and he underscores the far-reaching effects on world history.

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A Certain Smile

DUTTON

uished. Not only does it go far and satisfying the apparently end- curiosity of the worldling about cloistered life; it also presents a norable picture of a courageous an, a Belgian girl of good ily, daughter of a physician and ned as a nurse, who served her amed order in the Congo, then rned to Europe to work in a ital during the second world , and finally left the religious life ugh not the church) because she ld no longer accept her vow of lience. The book is full of tell- details about convent life and nating characters—the great an who was Superior General e order, an atheist Italian doc- in the Congo, a German nurse ng the war who died rather than pt a transfusion of non-German d, a pet monkey trained to be- like a nun.

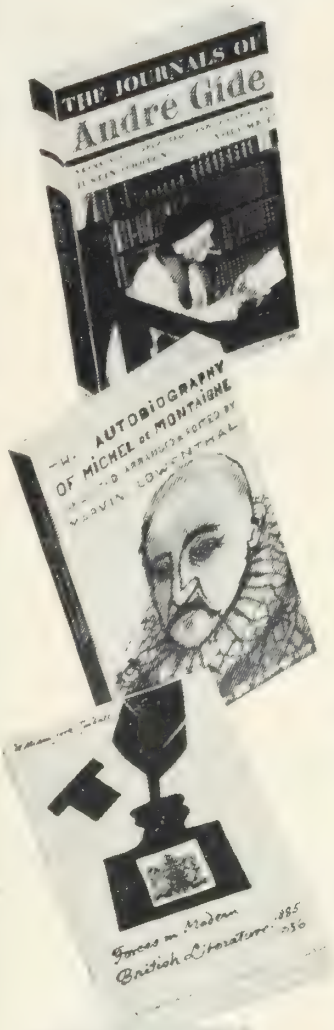
GETTING AHEAD

VING paid my respects to devoted to literature, religion, ics, and amour, I have little left for those who work for a g, but I want to mention briefly books about people who do.

he first is **The Executive Life** e Editors of *Fortune* (Double- $3.50). But to speak of this as a e book is a little misleading, t is actually several books pre- d under one jacket. In part it how-to book, with chapters on to get a raise, how to change how to retire, and so on. Since helpful hints are directed at the text calls "the executive " (a portion of the stratosphere ited by those who earn $50,000 r or more by running com- s), their practicability is be- my competence to judge, but mably this aspect of the book ppeal to those who are or are ed to executives, and to that erably larger portion of the lation who aspire to such emi- . In part the book is a socio- l study, a sort of rich man's *Elite*. In this capacity it pre- some interesting facts—for in- , it tells us that executives live s long as anybody else, contrary pular opinion, or perhaps one d say in spite of popular opin- But the book is most interest-

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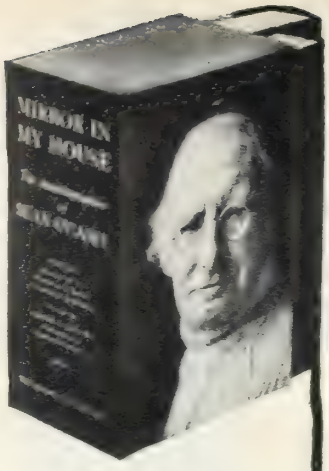
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ing as a study of the hiatus betwe the current mythology of busin management and the facts. It sho businessmen inhibited by their ov public relations, subscribing to myth of teamwork, democratic ma agement, and decision by committ whereas the fact is, according to t Editors of *Fortune,* that the boss st bosses.

Less legitimate ways of getti ahead in the world provide the su jects of Robert Rice's **The Busin of Crime** (Farrar, Straus, & Cudal $3.75) and Andrew Varna's **Gift Time** (Putnam's, $3.50). Varna (th is not his real name) is a Latvi with an advanced degree in ancie languages. During the second wo war most of his family was wip out and the life he had known Eastern Europe destroyed. escaped to the West, served w Polish troops in the war, and enc up in Britain, a crippled, hopel refugee. But he decided on a p gram of trade not aid, and t advantage of the currency conti and other trade restrictions of postwar period to become a sm gler on the grand scale. He v never caught, and now runs honest business in South Ameri disposing of his smuggler's fortu by giving it away slowly enough prevent suspicion. *Gift of Time* not, as the title suggests, aimed Mrs. Lindbergh's audience, but i a fascinating adventure story and instructive lesson in the seamier s of contemporary economics.

Robert Rice's *Business of Crim* if anything even more entertain and instructive along the same lir This book is a collection of f factual accounts of men who, l Varna, have seized upon the we nesses and distresses of twentie century political and economic to go into crime as a way of mak a living. One is a Brooklyn arso who for a time in the early 'thir ran his own New Deal for su business; with the aid of a plumb candle and scrap celluloid he tur unprofitable premises into insura money for financially embarras entrepreneurs. Another is a n who more recently helped stran Europeans and Asians around difficulties of American immigrat laws by smuggling them in fr Cuba. (His policy, however, was

o enlightened as the liberal press would like; he charged Asians more han Europeans.) A third is the New York jeweler who bribed basketball players. And so on. Some of the stories involve such large casts of characters that they are not altogether easy to follow, but Rice is a ively and resourceful writer, with n eye for the revealing detail and sense of the relevance of his material to the larger issues of the time.

BOOKS *in brief*

KATHERINE GAUSS JACKSON

FICTION

The Tribe That Lost Its Head, y Nicholas Monsarrat.

The author of *The Cruel Sea* rites in this 600-page novel of native uprisings on the fictional British-ruled island of Pharamaul, off he southern coast of Africa. It is a monumental work and a monumental story, mirroring conditions many parts of the world today. is told largely through the eyes a young civil servant who goes t to his first post on the same lane that brings home an even ounger Oxford-educated native ieftain to take over the leadership his tribe. The situation is failiar—life at government house, d in the more remote inland sts; good and bad administrators; od and bad natives—but the characterizations are excellent (these are ry real people) and the narrative mpletely absorbing. I hasten to rn off those without strong stomhs. There are sexual orgies and rture scenes which seem to me out all proportion to their importance the story. One feels that they are d on and therefore doubly repelt and there are other scenes ich might well have been omitted. t it is a powerful novel that no e will leave half-read, a terrifying mmentary on our times.

William Sloane, $5

chel Cade, by Charles Mercer.

To the tiny village of Dibela in shadow of the glacier-topped wenzori mountains (called The

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BOOKS IN BRIEF

Mountains of the Moon by the native Bantus) in the eastern Belgian Congo, the American nurse, Rachel Cade, was sent by her Protestant mission board to assist a Dr. Brickel, in charge of the hospital there. She doesn't know it, but a thahu, a death curse, has been placed by an ancient medicine man on any white person who should try to climb the mountains. The very night Rachel arrives in the lonely outpost, Dr. Brickel, the only other white person there, dies. It turns out that he has not only tried to climb the mountains, but has done very little to organize the hospital or teach the people. Rachel, under the spell of the place and the great challenge, decides to take on the job alone. The physical background of Africa seems extremely real and the author does much to clarify—often with drama and humor—the basic conflicts between the Christian and Bantu philosophies. It is a novel that one reads with intense interest in spite of Rachel's superwoman attitudes and qualities, and it should make a wonderful movie with the snow-capped mountains, the beautiful and indomitable heroine, the handsome doctors and missionaries, and dramatic lion hunts. Literary Guild choice for October.

Putnam, $3.95

The Sacrifice, by Adele Wiseman.

Abraham and his wife, Sarah, and their one remaining son, Isaac, escaped from the Russian pogroms that had killed their two older sons, and fled first to Poland and then to Canada, between the two world wars. They are numbed (especially Sarah) but brave; they are devout, kindly, hard-working, and above all ambitious for their son, and slowly make their way in the Jewish section of the Canadian city to which they have been transplanted. They are a closely knit family, even for devout Jews. Nice writing and understanding passages give the novel moments of richness but the title and the names of the characters are a burden from the beginning. With *The Sacrifice,* and Abraham, Sarah, and Isaac one understands at once that because of the horrible death of the older brothers the father and mother are going to put the whole weight of their hopes into Isaac, who



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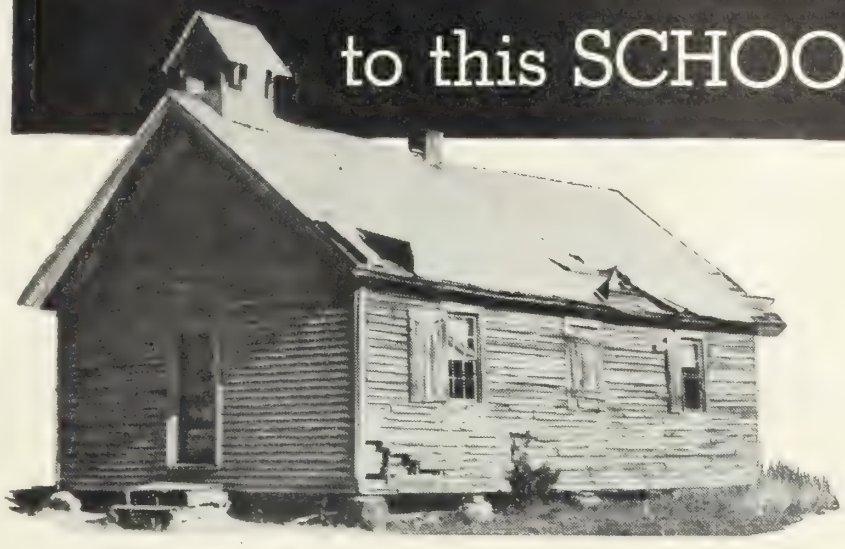
God Bless 'em

At least ten books on the fall lists elebrate the ladies in one guise or nother, in fiction or in fact. It is tting in the year 1956 that first on he October list at Coward McCann ; *My Fair Lady,* that musical play y Alan Jay Lerner. Of another day nd another mood is *Women of 'rachis* by Sophocles, translated by zra Pound, from New Directions, lso in October. In the same month, om Simon & Schuster comes *What hall I Wear? The What, Where, 'hen and How Much of Fashion,* that eminent dress designer, laire McCardell; a novel, *Jericho's aughters,* by Paul I. Wellman, uthor of *The Walls of Jericho,* om Doubleday; and *Three Geishas,* e true stories of three lovely ladies, Kikou Yamata, from John Day. non and Schuster puts high on its ovember list *The Ladies' Home urnal Treasury,* the best stories, ticles, and poems that have ap- ared in that periodical since 1883, osen by the editors of the *Journal* d John Mason Brown, who also ites the introduction. In Novem- r, too, Appleton will publish a w novel by Edna Lee, the author *The Web of Days,* called *House Women;* Putnam will release *A torial History of Burlesque* by rnard Sobel; and Dial lists *oman Surgeon* by Else K. LaRoe.

alth and the Production Thereof

Doubleday announces that in No- ber they will publish a detailed l exciting history of diamond ning and the people who made unes in it by Emily Hahn who, ieve it or not, holds a degree in ning engineering from the Uni- ity of Wisconsin. It is to be ed *Diamond.* World Publishing npany approaches wealth in an- r way in *Live to Enjoy the ney You Make,* by Lelord Kordel, in November; while in Decem- from Simon & Schuster comes hardy perennial, the 1957 edi- of J. K. Lasser's *Your Business es.* And, to pull it all together, t plans to publish in November ttle book by Harriet Gardner ner called *How to Stay a Lady Make Money.* Some people k of everything.

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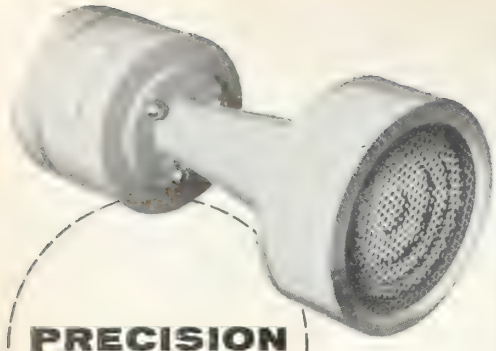
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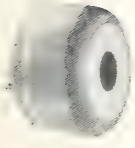
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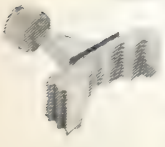
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the new RECORDINGS

Edward Tatnall Canby

AMERICAN IN PARIS

A month in Paris and environs this summer brought me no great musical experiences—except for one: American jazz. It had me really fascinated, though by background I am as long-haired as they come. The American influence on France is now reaching the language itself, which is full of outright Americanisms (*le camping, les courses stock-car, un iceberg, le snack-bar,* a cafeteria called *Super Self Service La Source, le ski-lift,* and a bottled pop called *Verigoude*). But the country has gone jazz-mad on the side, and the French taste in selecting the best grades of our product for popular listening astonished me. I couldn't help feeling, after a few weeks, that what had seemed to me conventionally regrettable at first might actually be a good thing, and even an important thing for music.

One is not likely to forget, even in Paris, that "popular" and "classical" are very recent and arbitrary terms. They have never made much sense in Europe and in past days, of course, did not exist. The French also have an ability to import and absorb the best from "foreign" cultures with unerring taste. I thought of the Italian Lully and the Viennese Gluck and I remembered the invasion of Italian music, back a few centuries, when Italian was sung in Paris as English is now. There were Berlioz and César Franck, ultra-French exponents of German Romanticism, as there are now French jazz men. And I wondered, as I heard American music and American lyrics everywhere in Paris, whether the French haven't once again put their finger on the most constructive and original of our currently exportable products.

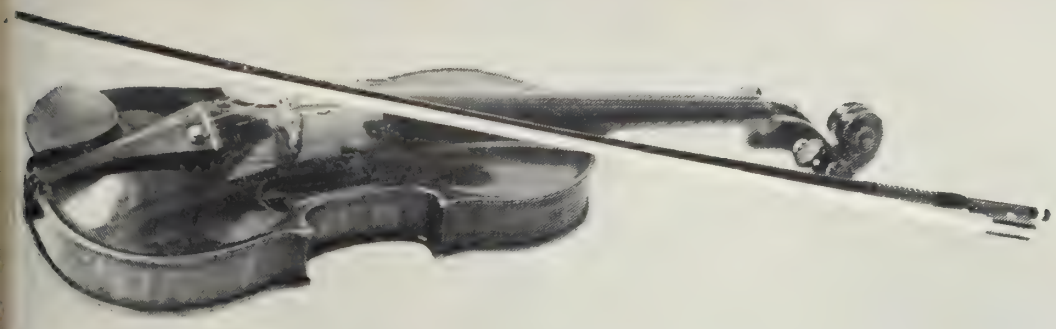
I am not speaking of *recherché* jazz, though that too exists in France. I mean a more popular product—but the best of it, and the essence of it. What "classical" music has not begun as "popular"? In France, the 45-rpm juke box has spread everywhere since I was here three years ago, and in Paris eight out of ten juke-box items are American. Half of these, judging by the sound, seem to be old Satchmo himself, whose amiable growl and piercing horn are heard wherever you go. Strange anomaly in gay Paree, but not displeasing. In fact, I felt an incongruous twinge of reflected glory—for this, in a way, was my music, even if I can't blow a note of jazz or whistle a phrase of it.

At the Piscine Deligny, a huge floating swimming pool in the Seine just off the Place de la Concorde, the juke box never stopped. The pure strains of the "St. Louis Blues," the hoarse English lyrics and the super-hot horns, mixed pleasantly with the sounds of splashing and diving and the animated flow of French on all sides. A group of excited youngsters jitterbugged most of the time, in bikinis and briefs (*slips de bain*); everybody knew the English words and tried to sing them, though how much was understood I could not say—Satchmo's heady American is not exactly Webster's. It was an honest pleasure to see such enthusiasm—and the more so in that nobody could possibly have mistaken these kids for anything but French. The few Americans present looked mostly pained.

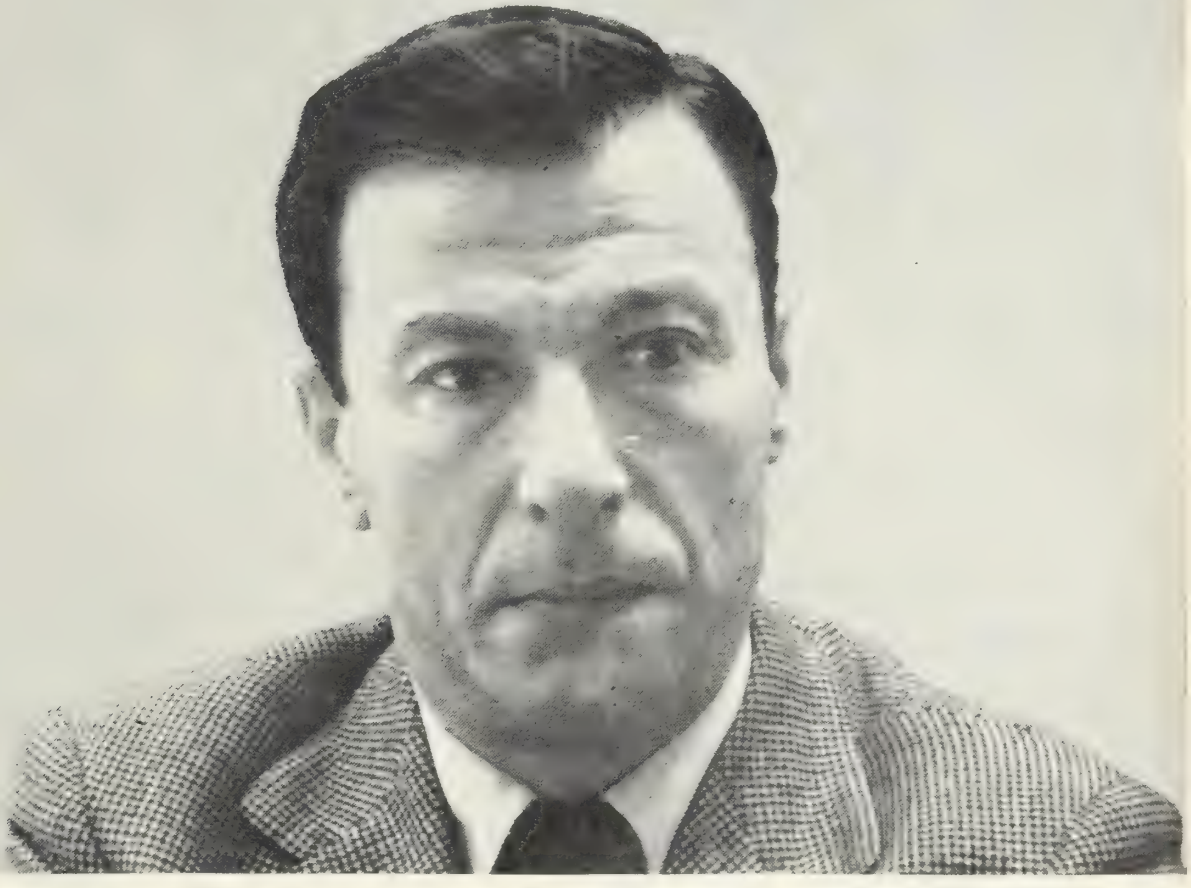
ONE balmy night on the banks of the Seine, where late fishermen and strollers pick their way between the shapes of amorous couples along the water's edge, we heard jazz that was clearly *au naturel,* not from a machine. It came from a group of French students, most likely from the Sorbonne, dressed in the typical rakish clothes, with Abraham Lincoln beards or the more stylish pencil-thin sideburns, lolling with bare feet in the water. One had a guitar and played chords, from a dimly lit sheet of paper; he was no musician and half the chords were wrong. But another had a clarinet and a sax, and it was he, plus a sporadic vocal chorus, that we heard. He improvised, and improvised well—on American tunes, of course. A group of people gathered quietly at the railing on the edge of the street, just above, to listen, and the sound in such a setting was entrancing. Having heard us mutter a few words of American, the students poked each other, hemmed and hawed, then broke out into a garbled American chorus, the words grotesquely mispronounced but the intonation clearly that of an American jazz singer; they got embarrassed in the middle, forgot the words, tried again, and gave up with a laugh. We beamed.

And it struck me again that here was

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jazz in a place where it does not exist at home. Our jazz lives unhealthily (so we would have it) in smoky dives, back rooms, night spots. Around the campfire or on the river bank, we would sing the new-style folk songs, or the old fashioned Sweet Adelines and Kentucky Homes. Not jazz. It would take the French to put it outdoors!

On the Fourteenth of July the dancing in the streets in Paris was curtailed due to the "war" emergency. But the square in front of the Sorbonne was doubly active. The usual line of taxis down the middle was cleared out, chairs and tables were set up by the restaurants on either side, and in the middle a modest band with a whopping amplifier system began operation a day ahead, and played without a break twelve hours a day for three days on end. The place was jammed with dancers and onlookers until three in the morning and nobody in the neighborhood got any sleep.

The music? A most interesting mixture, reflecting current student taste. Three sorts, wholly different, but again the American music, competently imitated by these musical jacks-of-all-trades, was the standout success. When a group of pseudo-Hungarian hotel-style numbers began, there were piercing cries, until the band amiably gave way and played hot for another spell. They did it well, too, and the lead tenor, from the Radio-diffusion and an impeccable stylist in the Chevalier tradition, shifted easily into tolerable American as the band leader put aside his gypsy violin and took up an excellent American clarinet. He was no Tony Scott, but his fat, rotund music was truly improvised and *sympathique,* commercial or not. The next group, just as easily, shifted on into Spanish and Latin-American. But it was the jazz that drew the enthusiasm, including the *musique "slow."*

Well, maybe we aren't at the jazz millennium yet, but all of this has much to do with records. For it is the tremendous flow of American "popular" recordings to Europe which provides the economic balance for the familiar Westward stream of European classical music that has benefited us these last ten years in such enormous measure. Trade and trade about—and I wonder, really, whether Europe hasn't the best of the bargain.

Modern and American

Ives: Violin Sonatas #2, #3, #4 ("Children's Day at the Camp Meeting"). Rafael Druian, vl., John Simms, pf. Mercury MG 50097.

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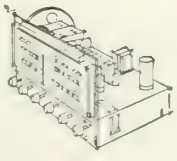
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dauntlessly original music, so mod-
so old-fashioned, back in the early
s. I think that, without having to
down in slavish obeisance, we can
gnize the old man as a great pioneer
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right way as Thomas A. Edison was
is. (Neither one of them was a Ben
klin or a Thomas Jefferson.)
his is a thoroughly enjoyable record-
along with another companion disc
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ood, original, modern, consistent,
inconsistent in the curious Ives
Here is the expected violent but
easily taken "modern" dissonance,
here are the constant barn-dance
band tunes, the gospel hymns, that
so neatly absorbed into his idiom,
g them the sentimental and the
ntly dissonant treatment all in a
h.
ost listeners will feel here a very
g personality, whose language was
nly forceful and original but was
unfused, if not confused, stylisti-
unsettled, in a time when nobody,
nobody, wrote this kind of music,
here else. It all goes to prove, the
antics notwithstanding, that a
ly one-man art is impossible. The
nage must, always, derive mainly
other language, must always be a
of some larger segment or segments
llective human endeavor. Ives was,
sarily, too much off by himself to
Bach or a Handel or a Beethoven—
en a Bartok.
e Mercury recording is positively
ous, in both piano and violin. The
ever.

**F: Concerto for Piano and Orches-
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**F: Four Juke Box Pieces, Five
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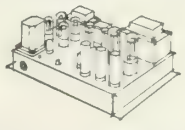
F is a man to be reckoned with.
is a piano concerto of solid, serious
re, great weight, and very consider-
content. The past influence of
nsky is evident enough, both in
ud, square, asymmetric brass-drum
of introduction or proclamation
cter, like much in the Stravinsky
'twenties, and more profoundly
highly developed inner motives,
ear tone relationships between cer-
ey tones that hit the ear through-
nd the constant short, abrupt, off-
wo- and three-note motives.
not easy listening, this, and wasn't
ended. It has plenty of piano show
but only as part of the musical
e. The music is not exactly easily



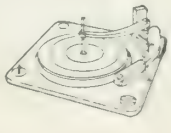
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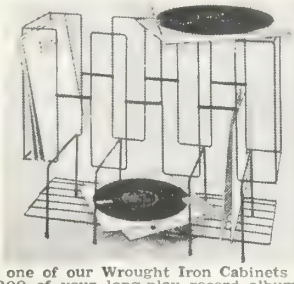
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THE NEW RECORDINGS

digested. It's not so much too rich a on the lumpy side. Lumps of solid meat, though.

The Five Piano Pieces are of simila nature, percussive and again asymmetric As for the Juke Box items—they ar solid little pieces of light entertainment much nearer to the thumb-in-nose sor of French light music like Poulenc, tha to anything I ever heard come out of juke box. Yes, there's a beat and plent of tunes. Even a slight—very slight trace of jazziness. But they're charmin pieces all the same, first-rate piano en tertainment.

Colin McPhee: Tabuh-Tabuhan. Elliott Carter: The Minotaur (ball suite).
Eastman-Rochester Symphony, Hanso Mercury MG 50103.

Elliott Carter is another man to reck with. He is a composer of a classic tu of mind, as is suggested by the Gre legend origin of this ballet from 19 The music, again, is solid, abrupt, d sonant, heavily weighted with conte It's all rough curves and hard gran outcroppings.

But in this case there is an extra co sideration: the music was intended to with a stage presentation. I saw t first performance of "The Minotau and was decidedly impressed. As a co cert suite the work is less easy to abso than in its original dramatic role as p tagonist along with an intensely p trayed ballet drama. It won't dig easily, but it's well worth digesting.

The McPhee piece is a hi-fi, virtuo combination of Balinese gamelan effe with "Western" orchestra. As a piece orchestration it is brilliantly done a its effects are . . . well, effective. Tha the best I can say for them. The stud musical content is pretty pretentio even if authentic, and toward the e the "grand treatment"—McPhee's o words—got so noisily tasteless that I to shut it off.

Give me Carter any day.

Griffes: Roman Sketches, Op. 7; Th Tone Pictures, Op. 5; Fantasy Pie Op. 6. Lenore Engdahl, piano. M-G E3225.

Griffes was America's contribution Impressionism, though Griffes hin went on to other things. His "W Peacock," included here, is the work always hears played; its lush sounds s midway between Debussy and De The other short works are of a sin nature, interesting period pieces quite good piano material as well, ni played by Miss Engdahl. (Griffes d in 1920; this piano music dates f between 1912 and 1916.)









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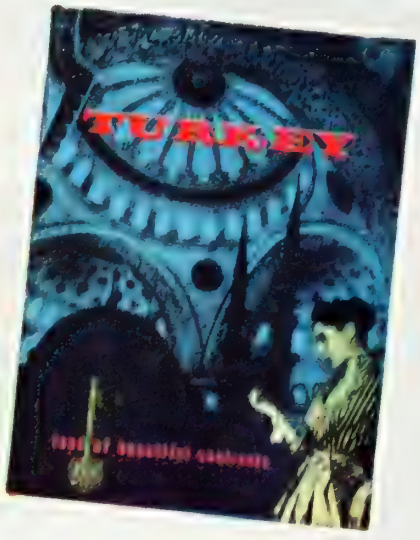
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LETTERS

John Foster Dulles

To the Editors:

Thank you and Joseph C. Harsch for helping to remove Mr. Dulles' unnecessary halo ["John Foster Dulles: A Very Complicated Man," September]. . . .

Probably Mr. Dulles' soul is animated by worthy missionary purposes, but his mind is perilously fascinated by adolescent juggling of legalities in a manner that ignores those durable realities which are always more important. And the end product is brinksmanship—an entertaining parlor trick, but hardly a foreign policy. . . .

If writing later, Mr. Harsch would undoubtedly have added other self-evident truths about Mr. Dulles. It was Dulles-inspired pressure from us, in 1953-54, that persuaded Britain, reluctantly, to contract to end her military control of Suez by 1956. . . . If there ever really was something deep in the heart of America requiring displacement of the most friendly possible one-nation control of the Canal . . . surely any but the most dilatory and confused of all possible Secretaries of State would have negotiated from strength, before Britain actually vacated, to that international control now earnestly sought.

B. Douglass Harris
New Canaan, Conn.

In the article on John Foster Dulles I made the statement that Mr. Dulles broke off relations with his son Avery when the son entered the Roman Catholic Church. I have learned that this statement is contrary to the facts.

I am happy to be able to correct my mistake. I regret, of course, that I made it.

Joseph C. Harsch
Washington, D.C.

Crowded Airways

To the Editors:

Ernest Conine's "Russian Roulette on Our Airways?" [September] was a fine exposition of the over-all problems. As a member of the Harding group to which he refers, I read it with great interest.

Jerome Lederer
Flight Safety Foundation
New York, N. Y.

. . . To take the collision out of flying we must take the man out of the cockpit when it gets too much for him. Automation in the plane is the primary, not the supplementary, answer to this problem. Research is being done on an airborne device which will (1) detect a potential collision, and (2) automatically avert it. . . .

From research like this will come the nearest to a foolproof answer.

John Rooney
Fairbanks, Alaska

Juvenile Delinquents

To the Editors:

During my three-year tenure (1952-55) as judge of the corporation court of the City of Palestine, Texas, I disposed of some 3,000 cases. Probably 50 per cent involved kids, despite the fact that the jurisdiction of my court, as provided by statute, did not extend to juveniles except in traffic cases. Partly because of this background, I especially appreciated Mrs. Ruth Doyle's "What Nobody Knows About Juvenile Delinquency" [August]. Mrs. Doyle's incisive analysis of the dual function of the court dealing with juveniles as a court of justice and as an administrative welfare agency sheds much-needed light on a problem with which I, and most judges I suspect, wrestled continuously, though largely unconsciously. I think it should be called to the attention of all judges, prosecutors, and defense attorneys dealing with juveniles.

It is unfortunate that the whole subject of juvenile courts . . . has received so little attention in the legal profession. . . . Mrs. Doyle is right in appealing to public opinion. . . .

E. R. Stanford
Palestine, Texa

Conspiracy Theory

To the Editors:

In your September number, the ersatz occupant of the Easy Chair, Richard Rovere, attributes to me a belief which is not mine and which I wish you would correct. Because I wrote: "Why do Western peoples once more ask to be duped? Obviously it is the fault of the leaders, as in the 'thirties," he charges me with subscribing to a "conspiracy theory" of history.

To the contrary. Today's peoples ask to be duped, as peoples always will. But instead of telling them disagreeable truths . . . the leaders encourage them to believe that all is well. Not becaus

What was his philosophy?

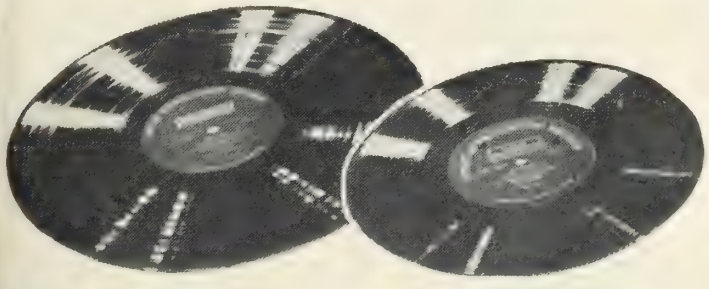
BEETHOVEN never failed to say Yes to life," wrote Howard Taubman, music critic of *The New York Times*, "and the *Ninth Symphony* is his most glorious affirmation. He had walked through the dark valley of despair from the time in his early thirties when he knew that he, of all people, a musician, was beginning to lose his hearing. He had put his agony into words in 1802, when he wrote a testament... in which he spoke of suicide and said farewell to his relatives and friends. But the deepest source of his nature had been a will to live and a determination to 'seize fate by the throat,' and from that source came his music."

THE CONSENSUS among musicians is that the *Ninth Symphony* represents Beethoven's "final passionate testament of faith." What was – what *is* – that testament? Just how did he go about presenting it in musical terms?

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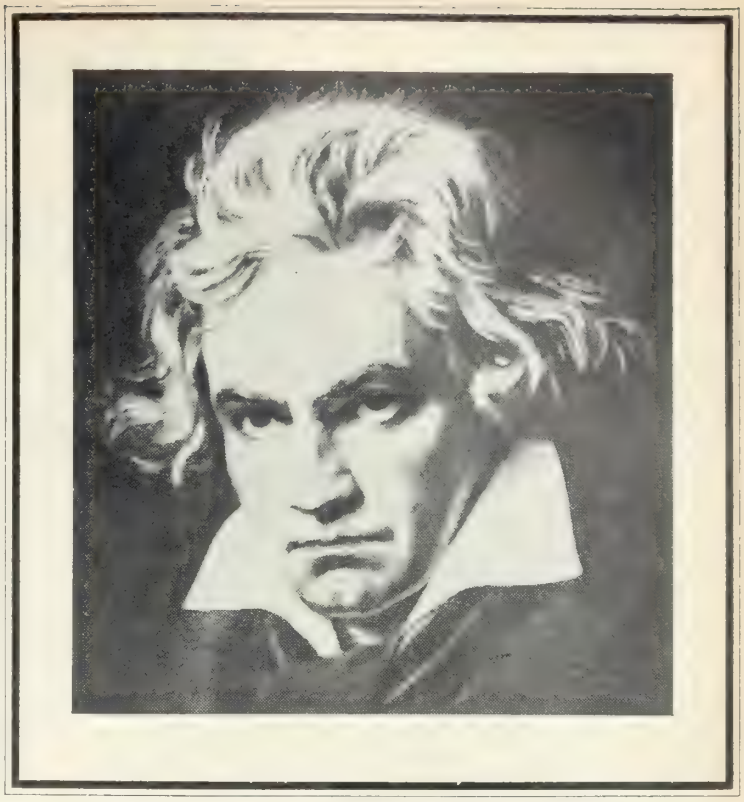
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these leaders are part of any conspiracy. Not even—as partly in the United States—because to admit the facts might diminish the leaders' chances of being re-elected on a peace, progress, and prosperity platform. No, the leaders are as much duped as the followers. They are not conspirators but—in this respect—incompetents.

EDGAR ANSEL MOWRER
Wonalancet, N. H.

From the Shelf

TO THE EDITORS:

As a "retiree" (since 1950 *so* busy), I write to tell you that it was a rare delight to read "A Few Words from the Shelf" by Bruce Bliven in your September issue; and, referring to P&O [claiming that Mr. Bliven invented the word "retiree"], that I have before me a letter from a friend in Tavares, Florida, dated November 14, 1954, which reads in part: ". . . our neighbors are retirees also—quiet but interesting." Since receiving the letter we have used the word frequently within the family and a small group of retirees and near-retirees.

SAMUEL J. BRANDENBURG
Worcester, Mass.

. . . It is refreshing to read an article [on retirees] by one who has personally experienced some of the problems, written in a style that combines fact and humor. As [Mr. Bliven] points out, we retirees are usually "researched" and advised by men in life's prime, if not younger, while poets writing so beautifully of old age and death do so in their earlier years. I believe William Cullen Bryant was seventeen when he wrote "Thanatopsis," and Robert Browning was in manhood's prime when he wrote "The best is yet to be."

"Busy" as the retiree may be, it calls for considerable adjustment after the farewell banquet and gift, especially for the man who has been happy in his business or profession. . . .

Fortunately there are "a flock of compensations," so nicely described by Mr. Bliven. Perhaps basic is that lessened energy more readily accepts the lessened pressure. . . .

We retirees also have more time to write letters to the editors.

ROBERT I. ADRIANCE
Orono, Me.

The Pittsburgh Record

TO THE EDITORS:

In your August issue, in an article entitled "Lawrence of Pittsburgh," the author referred to me as a "playboy" Governor with my administration ending in disgrace.



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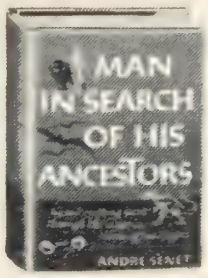
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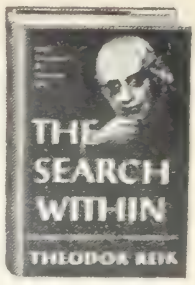
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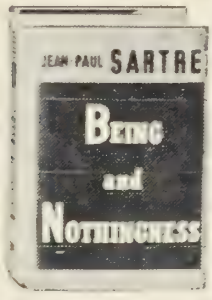
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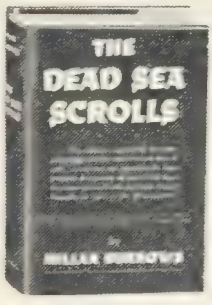
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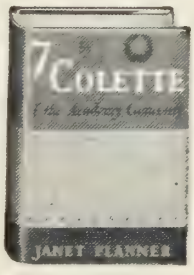


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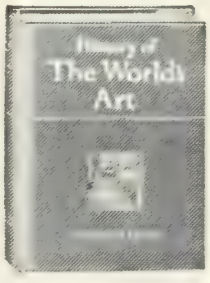
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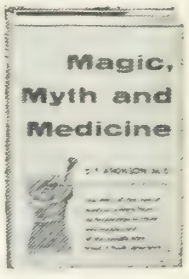
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LETTERS

A spirit of fair play pervades the press of America. . . . Therefore I hope you will publish the enclosed summary of my administration and an unasked-for recent letter from my attorney general, Charles J. Margiotti, the author of the charges against Mr. David Lawrence and other members of my administration.

GEORGE H. EARLE
Radnor, Pa.

[*The Editors regret that space does not permit them to print the entire summary of Governor Earle's administration which includes "humane social security and labor legislation," building the Turnpike, a new tax structure, and the Equal Rights bill. Mr. Margiotti's letter reads in part: "I want you to know that . . . it is my opinion that you were one of the best Governors that this Commonwealth has had in its long history, and I am satisfied that under your guidance more humane legislation was passed than under all of the other Governors combined."*]

In the article, "Lawrence of Pittsburgh," the following quote appears, attributed to a Republican:

"Garbage collection is poor."

I take exception to this statement as being untrue and contrary to the fact. Under the fine administration of Mayor Lawrence, and the co-operative program of the Union, garbage collection has been the best in the city's history. The membership of the Union feel this is a slight upon the fine work and conscientious effort they have put into their jobs. . . .

THEODORE JOHNSON, Sec.-Treas.
Refuse and Salvage Drivers and Helpers Union, Local 60
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Car Dealers' Mutiny

TO THE EDITORS:

Will someone please tell me if J. Edgar Travis, Jr. ever got back his General Motors franchise?

I read and enjoyed Hubert W. Kelley, Jr.'s "Mutiny of the Car Dealers" [August], but would still like my question answered.

GEOFFREY M. BERMAN
Los Angeles, Calif.

In reply to Mr. Berman, I regret to report that we had no other choice but to liquidate our sales agency, and we have leased most of our facilities.

. . . While the "mutiny" was too late to help us, I am sure it will be of benefit to those remaining in the business and to the general public.

I have had a great deal of satisfaction from having warned *Time's* "Man of the Year" [Harlow Curtice of GM] of my



What are the world's three great whiskies?

complete liquor cabinet must contain *three* great skies. A great Scotch. A great Canadian. And the t of all *American* whiskies—Lord Calvert.

whiskies are necessary because a true host is terested in his guests than in himself. And it is spitable to offer your guests their *choice* of the three great whiskies—Scotch, Canadian and America's own Lord Calvert. We recommend, therefore, that you add Lord Calvert whiskey to your liquor cabinet, alongside its equals.

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Photograph by Tom Hollym

Puerto Rico — civilized 100 years before the Pilgrims landed

HERE in Puerto Rico, sharing the benign sunshine, are a lovely old church and a lovely young girl.

The church is San Jose; it was built in 1523. Step inside its cool, vaulted nave and you feel at once the splendor of that old world culture which flourished here a century before the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth Rock. It's hard to believe you are scarcely a stone's throw from the bustling downtown section of modern San Juan—the center of a remarkable renaissance.

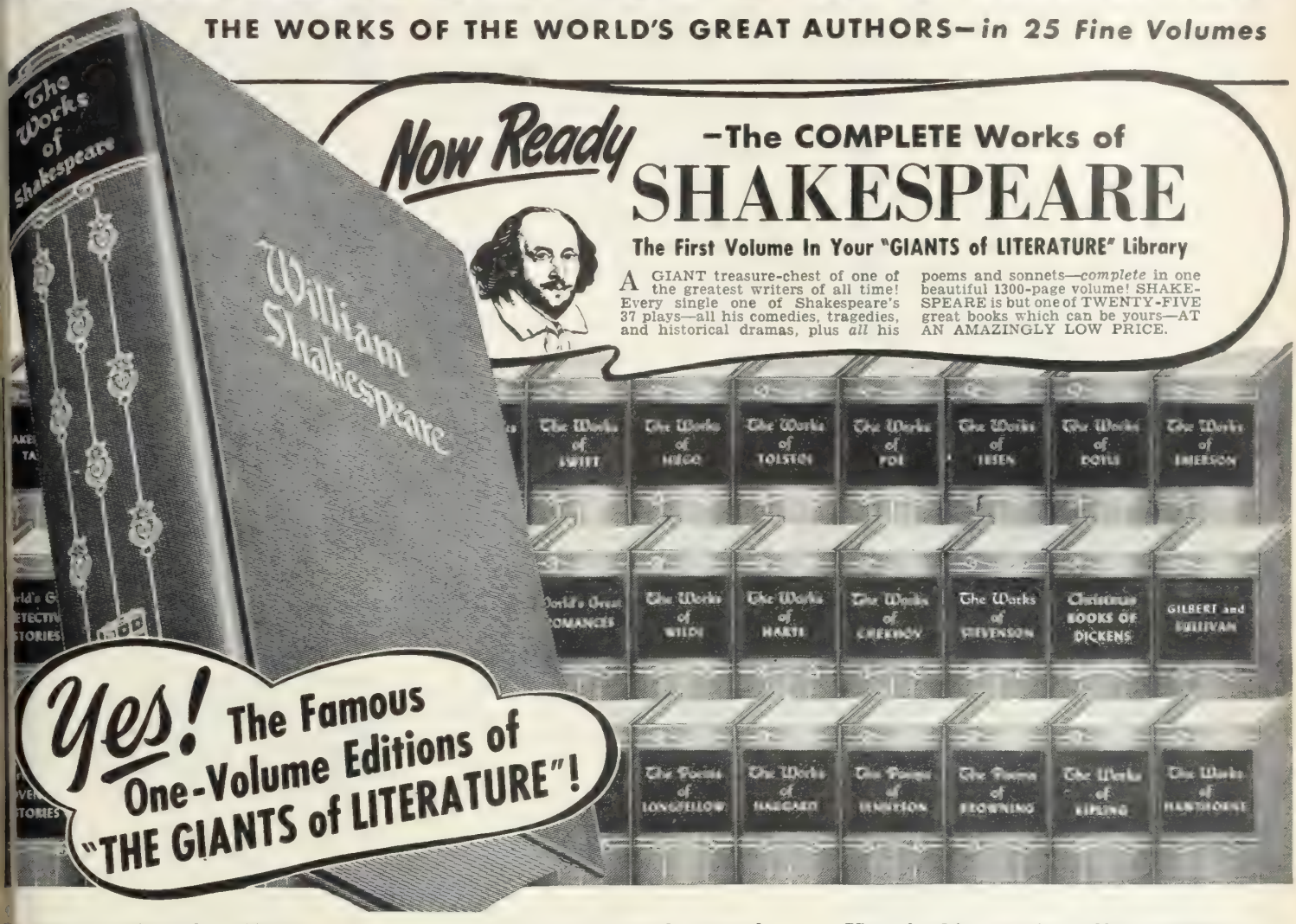
Under the impetus of Puerto Rico's renowned Operation Bootstrap, more than four hundred new factories have opened up. There are luxurious new hotels, ultra-modern schools, magnificent super-highways and thriving universities. Slums are vanishing. All over the island there is an infectious atmosphe of buoyancy and confidence.

Not to forget our pretty girl. She María Luisa Fernández Martínez— "Taty" to her friends. She is a pianist talent and a Kappa Phi at her colleg Could we ask for a better symbol of that is vital about Puerto Rico today?

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LETTERS

of the troubles he was soon to experience the hard way. As early as a year ago September I told him of the conditions as they existed. . . .

J. Ed. Travis, Jr.
St. Charles, Mo.

Labor and the GOP

To the Editors:

Arthur Larson's "Why Labor Should Vote Republican" [September], while covering a good many points, seems to stress one point in particular: that a Democratically controlled Congress can achieve little in the way of liberal labor legislation because the Committee chairmanships are held, by and large, by Southern Democrats. While it is true that the Southern wing of the Democratic party is, with some very notable exceptions, less liberal on such matters than their Northern counterparts, it is also true that most Southern Congressmen are at least as liberal on labor matters as a great majority of the Republican Congressmen. . . .

If anyone doubts this, let him check the voting records in the last session of Congress.

Mr. Larson also ignores the fact that even if Southern Committee chairmen did attempt to bottle up legislation in the Committee, the issue could be forced to a vote and onto the floor if the Republicans on the Committees would vote with the Northern Democrats. However, Republican actions of this sort have been conspicuous by their absence. . . .

Theodore Kinnaman
Galena, Ill.

. . . In cataloging the generous gifts bestowed upon labor by the Republican party, Mr. Larson wrote: "Republicans enacted . . . the Norris-LaGuardia Act prohibiting labor injunctions. . . ."

The Norris-LaGuardia Act was passed in March 1932. In the House, 187 Democrats voted for it, while only 174 Republicans voted aye. . . . The Senate was more evenly matched with 37 Democrats and 37 Republicans voting aye. However, five Republican Senators voted nay, and *no* Democrats voted against the bill. . . . Caskie Stinnett
Philadelphia, Pa.

[*However, at the time the Act was passed, both Norris and LaGuardia were Republicans.* The Editors]

. . . There have been two Republican-controlled Congresses since 1930. Does Mr. Larson wish labor to believe that all beneficial legislation came out of those two Congresses? . . .

Of the eleven bills Mr. Larson recites, four benefit federal workers. The record

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the present Administration is notably
ti-labor. . . .
Labor can vote for the President's
nile, but not for his friendliness toward
even concern over labor and its
oblems. . . .
JAY E. DAILY
New York, N. Y.

For some time I have known and ad-
red my fellow Pennsylvanian, Art
rson, as a keen student of the law, an
le administrator, and as one of those
est of rarities—a Republican egghead.
owever, not until I read the September
rper's did I realize what a tremen-
us flair for comedy he had.
Surely only a brilliant and daring
nic would attempt to write an article
"Why Labor Should Vote Republi-
n" without mentioning *even once* the
h Congress.
Instead of being confused into voting
publican by "Larson's Seven Slapsy
ioms," all that labor really need do is
k at the record—all the record, in-
ding that of the Republican-con-
lled 80th Congress. . . .
REP. JAMES M. QUIGLEY
Washington, D. C.

n his zeal to record an impressive list
social and labor legislation enacted
a Republican Congress, Mr. Larson
awarded a pay raise to civilian gov-
ment employees a full year before
increase actually became law. True,
1954 the (Republican) 83rd Congress
pass a bill giving a small raise to
eral workers, but it was vetoed by
(Republican) President. In 1955
(Democratic) 84th Congress voted
m a much more substantial increase.
LAURA L. PERLMAN
Greenbelt, Md.

. [Mr. Larson], lumping West Vir-
ia in with the deep South (has he
gotten, or maybe he never knew,
t West Virginia . . . fought on the
of the North in the War of
thern Rebellion?), in his disserta-
on Senate Committee chairmen,
rs, I presume, to the late Senator
ley Kilgore.
enator Kilgore was the antithesis of
"Southern Democrat" Larson de-
bes: a long-time friend of labor, he
w his principal support from the
verful Mine Workers Union and
known nationally as a staunch lib-
. This is also true of Senator Mat-
w M. Neely. . . .
very member of the West Virginia
gation to Congress is a dyed-in-the-
l liberal. In my memory West Vir-
a has sent two conservatives to
shington. Both were Republicans,
n lasted just one term. . . .
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March of the Hard-boiled Eggheads

THIS was the year the eggheads, in both parties, picked up their shillelaghs and moved into the front ranks of the political parade.

In the long run this may turn out to be the most memorable development of the 1956 campaign. Already it is changing the nature of both parties, and they are never likely to lapse back into their old patterns.

For about a century, the eggheads had been camp followers. A long while ago, during the heyday of Jefferson, Hamilton, Franklin, and Madison, they had held posts of command; but these were lost, apparently for good, in the Jacksonian Revolution. Since then the intellectuals have had to tag along at the end of the column —or, like Henry Adams, they muttered their advice (usually unheeded) from the sidelines. Even such a notorious coddler of eggheads as Franklin D. Roosevelt never dreamed of letting them march with his combat troops. His seraglio of heavy thinkers—Tugwell, Sherwood, Corcoran, Cohen, Frankfurter, and all their kind—were not encouraged to drink in the same taverns with the Old Pros, and they certainly never got into the back rooms with the Farleys and the Flynns.

Through all this period, the working politicians, from ward leaders to Congressmen, treated the long-haired boys with more or less good-natured contempt. On the Democratic side, this attitude was summed up by the late Senator Kenneth McKellar, who told an economist testifying before one of his committees that he had no respect for any man "who never met a payroll or carried a precinct." The Republican view was aptly expressed by President Eisenhower himself, when he described an intellectual as "a man who takes more words than he needs to say more than he knows."

Nobody in either party would talk that way today. He might get hurt.

For the eggheads have earned respect in the only way that makes it stick. They fought for it. They muscled their own way into the inner councils, and they proved that nobody was tough enough to throw them out.

Among the Democrats, this point was settled in an open, raw-knuckled brawl at the Chicago convention. Harry S. Truman is, of course, the very model of the old-fashioned professional—just as Adlai E. Stevenson is the walking symbol of political eggheadry. For four years, Truman had been simmering with resentment against Stevenson and his corps of fellow eggheads, and at Chicago he set out to show who was boss. He led his gas-house gang uptown to teach a lesson to the boys in buttoned-down collars; and he ended up flat on the sidewalk.

Stacked there beside him, when the slugging was over, was a choice collection of once-fearsome political bosses ranging from Frank McKinney to Carmine DeSapio. They all knew, as they fumbled for the Band-aids and liniment, that an era was over: from now on they would share power with a new breed.

THE Republicans always handle these little family differences in a more decorous manner. Their infighting resembles the polite and muted struggles of the corporation board room, rather than a saloon haroosh; but the results are much the same. The GOP eggheads also are rising—though more slowly and in smaller numbers—toward the top of the heap.

John Emmet Hughes is a case in point. He is a Certified Fresh Grade A egghead—historian, editor, amateur theologian, and foreign correspondent. He never carried a precinct; he is not even a registered Republican; but he is the best ghost writer Mr. Eisenhower ever had. In a ceremony of considerable symbolic significance, he was invited to speak before the Republican National Convention. There—for the first time



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in the history of either party a ghost appeared in his own flesh before the sachems-in-council. In the opinion of a good many connoisseurs of oratory (including some rival spooks in the Democratic camp) his was the best speech delivered at either convention.

Some of the Republican elders found Mr. Hughes an unsettling apparition; if ghost writers are encouraged to speak their own words, a certain number of political mouthpieces might in time become victims of technological unemployment. Nevertheless they applauded him dutifully, for they knew they couldn't get along without him and his ilk.

The rise of Arthur Larson has proved even more unsettling. A former professor, lawyer, Rhodes Scholar, bureaucrat, and author, he was called to Washington in 1954 to serve as Under Secretary of Labor. He toiled there in useful obscurity until last spring, when he wrote a book called *A Republican Looks at His Party*. President Eisenhower, during one of his convalescences, happened to read it.

With a whoop of astonished joy—so the legend runs—he announced that here at last was a genius capable of putting the Eisenhower philosophy into words. He summoned the young man to his sick room, and the Larson star has been ascending ever since. The President's acceptance speech at San Francisco was a prime example of Arthurian prose*; lately Mr. Larson has spent nearly as much time at the White House as in the Labor Department; and dozens of magazines and newspapers have saluted him as a coming man.

Naturally this abrupt introduction of a professor-come-lately into the throne room has stimulated the flow of bile in the gizzards of the Old Guard. They have choked it back, however, because they realize, in a dim way, that the ability to articulate ideas has become a political asset . . . that they don't have it . . . and that they had better cherish those who do.

Indeed, Sherman Adams, the White House regent, followed up the Larson Discovery by launching a special campaign to recruit other writers, educators, artists, scientists, and kindred *illuminati* who can "argue and articulate Eisenhower Republicanism." This is a project which the anti-Eisenhower stalwarts, such as Joe Martin, John Taber, and Senators Bricker and Jenner, can only watch with strangled horror; they would as soon invite a herd of tarantulas into their beds.

Mr. Larson is by no means the only egghead who has climbed into national prominence with the help of a book. For example, until 1955 John F. Kennedy was a junior Senator well-regarded in New England but little known outside. Then his *Profiles in Courage*—a history of political valor, written with the deftness one might expect from an honor graduate of Choate, Harvard, and newspaper city rooms—became a best seller. Within a few months his name was recognized, and respected, throughout the country; and last August he came within a hair's breadth of winning the Democratic Vice-Presidential nomination.

A few hours after that unexpected demonstration of Senator Kennedy's popularity, a television executive who is wise in the techniques of political propaganda made this observation:

"A politician can reach up to fifty million people in a single TV broadcast. With a book he reaches a few thousands. Yet it is a funny thing that the book sometimes seems to have the greater impact. Maybe it sticks in the memory better. Maybe, too, it hits a different kind of audience—the sort of people who have influence on others, so that its effect is multiplied many times. Anyhow, I have been wondering whether it is just coincidence that three of the four national candidates—Ike, Stevenson, and Old Keef—are all authors of books."

AMONG the Democrats, at least, a surprising number of eggheads are also filtering into the back room. Today the technicians of politics, the men who keep the machinery oiled, are notably different from their counterparts of twenty years ago. Jim Finnegan, the Democratic campaign manager, is an urbane and razor-witted accountant who would appear perfectly at home either on a college campus or at a meeting of the American Management Association. William McC. Blair, Stevenson's personal assistant, is a young man of considerable wealth and culture; he also has a cold grasp of political tactics respected by veterans twice his age. Most of the other officers of the household troops—Willard Wirtz, Barry Bingham, Jim Rowe, George Ball, Roger Stevens, Thomas K. Finletter, Newton Minow, Archibald Alexander, Clayton Fritchey—come from similar molds. A Jim Farley or Mark Hanna simply wouldn't know what to make of them.

Much the same thing might be said of the new bosses of the state machines, and the other rising young men who will supply the party's national leadership ten years from now. Not one bears any resemblance to the pudgy, bald, cigar-champing politicos of the last generation. Many of them—Meyner of New Jersey, Leader of Pennsylvania, Ribicoff of Connecticut, Gore of Tennessee, Mansfield of Montana, Neuberger of Oregon, Clark of Philadelphia, Humphrey of Minnesota, Fulbright of Arkansas, Richards of

* Another was Mr. Larson's article, "Why Labor Should Vote Republican," in the September issue of *Harper's*.



Upstairs in a Vista-Dome, you can look up, look down, look all around at the magnificent scenery.



Spacious private bedrooms provide the same standard of privacy you enjoy in your own home.

ROOM to ROAM



During daylight hours you travel through the Rockies, over the High Sierra and down Feather River Canyon.



Downstairs in the Observation Lounge Car, there is a cocktail bar as well as the main lounge.

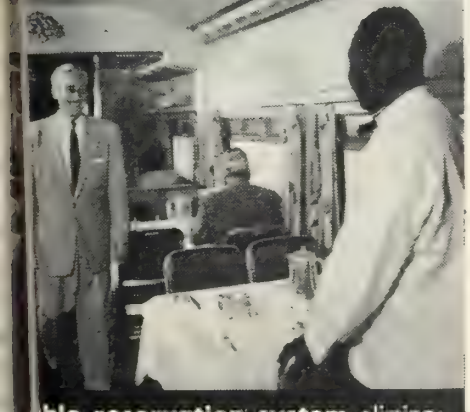


Table reservation system eliminated crowding in the Diner, famous for its delicious, freshly-cooked meals.



If you like to have fun while traveling, you'll certainly like the Vista-Dome California Zephyr. For one reason, you're not tied down to one seat in one room. You have room to roam, for this is an unusually spacious train, one that will remind you of a luxury cruise ship. Besides the five Vista-Domes upstairs, there's loads more extra space downstairs. There's always something to do aboard the train, always some spectacular scenery outside the train. You eat what you want to, when you want to; go to bed when you please; get up whenever you wish.

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California—remind you of young college professors. (A couple were, in fact, precisely that.)*

As James Reston of the *New York Times* has pointed out, the Republican party is "comparatively thin in outstanding young men." Yet it is changing too. Since 1952, about 100 of the 159 members of its national committee have been replaced; and nearly all the newcomers are Eisenhower types. Moreover, some of its most promising vote-getters are also its most intellectual: for instance, Case of New Jersey, Javits of New York, and Herter of Massachusetts.

If these new men are spectacularly different from the old corner saloon politician, they also differ just as sharply—in one important way—from the typical intellectual of the past. They can take care of themselves right handily in any kind of political roughhouse, from the precinct on up.

The extreme example of such newly-developed combat worthiness is perhaps James M. Landis, one of the loftiest intellects of the New Deal and one-time dean of the Harvard Law School. Recently he got himself elected county supervisor in notoriously Republican Westchester, after a real slug-fest of a campaign. His former associates couldn't have been more surprised if he had knocked out Rocky Marciano in a street brawl.

Maybe it means something that nobody could, with accuracy, describe the current crop of intellectuals as long-hairs. Today their favorite styles in hair-cuts are the Crew-cut and the Butch.

* The growing influence of women in politics may have much to do with this. A candidate who strikes the ladies as impulsive doesn't stand a chance. Hence the new men tend to a suburban personality—even if it is not very far down—rough and well-known in the domestic virtues. The smoke-filled room has disappeared not so much because of air conditioning as because the modern politician often doesn't smoke. Moreover, he drinks with noticeable discretion. One correspondent who has covered conventions for twenty-four years reported that this year, for the first time, no delegate offered him a cigar; and that he couldn't get a single drink either at Chicago or San Francisco, although at least plenty free liquor was, as promised, on ice.

EASY MONEY, HARD WOR

THIS campaign has produc other signs that American is changing fast—and that some the most radical changes stir hardly a flicker of public attenti

For one thing, nobody seems worry about money any more. L of old-timers can remember actually when economy in governm was The One Big Issue. Yet spring Congress voted a $50 bill highway program with less com tion than it once devoted to a pouch for the White House. And very same legislators who were dicting, twenty years ago, tha $7 billion public works progr would bankrupt the country are bragging that they have launc the biggest construction projec all history.

Meanwhile, the federal payroll civilian employees has reached all-time peak—well over $10 bill a year. Senator Harry Byrd, as us frothed fit for a bib; but nobody paid the faintest attention. E Honest John Taber, who used to awake nights fretting about horde of bureaucrats who plag the country, strolled past that fi milestone with his eyes averted.

Another sad lapse from anci tradition is the decline in poli invective. The columnists who calling this a rough campaign h simply forgotten their history; grandfathers would have regar it as mealy-mouthed to a fault.

In the good old days, such soft-spoken man as John Qu Adams thought nothing of deso ing Thomas Jefferson as "dou dealing, treacherous and false beyond all toleration." When friendly critic remarked that He Clay had "all the attributes of a except fidelity," Clay shrugged it as part of the normal give-and-t of statesmanlike discussion. Huey Long took no visible off when Carter Glass retailed that Romans had once elected a hors their Senate—and added that had done better than Louisiana cause the Romans "at least had the whole horse."

In the past weeks Democrats h been dropping hints about the P dent's health with a delicacy wh



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THE EASY CHAIR

vould have astounded such a robust ld campaigner as Thomas Hart Benton. One day in 1849 he walked nto the floor of the Senate to eliver an attack on John C. Calhoun which was calculated to leave elts like a bull whip. When his olleagues told him that Calhoun as too ill to defend himself, Benton nounced grandly that he would ithhold his assault.

"When God Almighty lays His nds upon a man, sir," he exained, "I take mine off, sir."

INSIDE STORY

VERY magazine seems to feel ity-bound to give its readers The side Story of the campaign; and is magazine is not one to shirk its ity.

Our only inside story concerns an cident at the Chicago convention hich was suppressed by all the teleion networks. Their cameramen l all over themselves to get shots an eye-catching lady with a big card who was parading up and wn the lobby of the Hilton hotel—t not a single picture of her got the air.

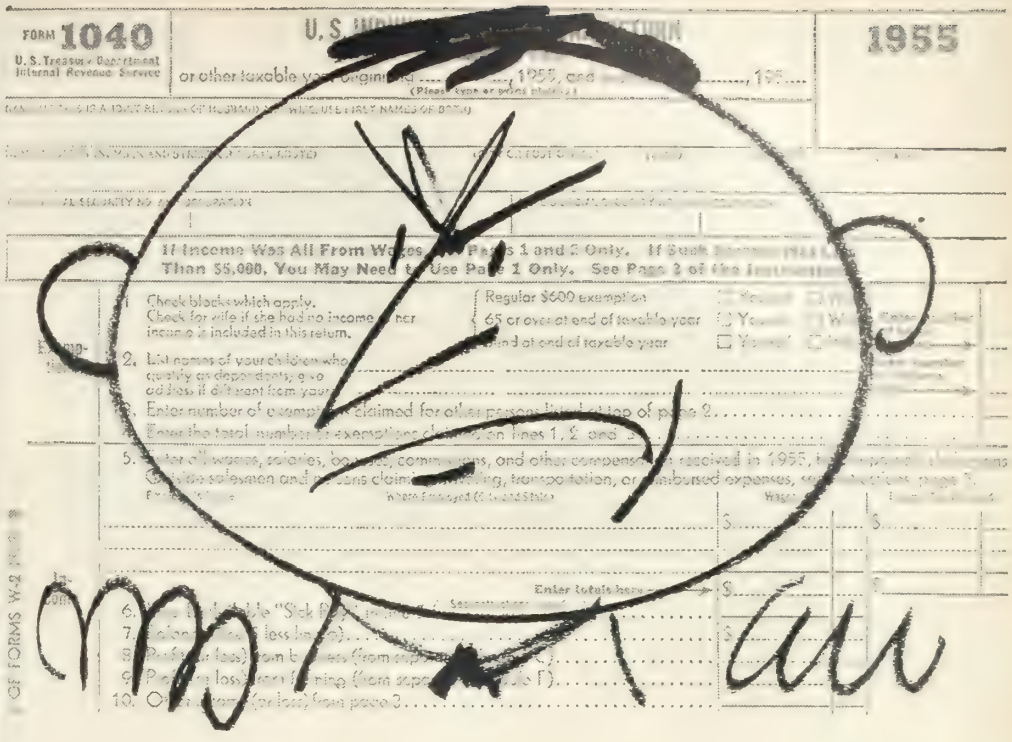
She was about eight months pregnt, and her sign read "Harriman The Man."

COMING NEXT MONTH

w many headaches can you buy h $33,000,000,000? That's what ngress has authorized for building 000 miles of highways. Commisner **Robert Moses** casts an rmed look at the money, the lack planning to protect the landscape n desecration and communities n becoming highway slums, and es some sound advice about how headaches can be avoided.

ne Most Exclusive Club in the rld," the U. S. Senate, is fiercely ous of its reputation, as cliquish Greek letter society, and moves nysterious ways that most of us no notion about. **William S. ite,** who has for years reported the Senate for the *New York es,* lifts the lid of this public also intensely private) institu- in "Who Really Runs the te?"

. . . "How to Buy a Baby" by **h Monroe.**



Is your job your only income?

Then maybe it's time you paused to consider this attractive idea. Millions of people have bought common stock in American corporations to get income from other sources and to make their spare dollars *grow.*

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Or perhaps you feel you have to be an expert in investing. You don't. Any nearby Member Firm of the New York Stock Exchange will be happy to give you the benefit of its experience and advice. You need the facts before you invest and they'll help you get them about the kind of securities they think are best for *you* (perhaps bonds instead of stocks).

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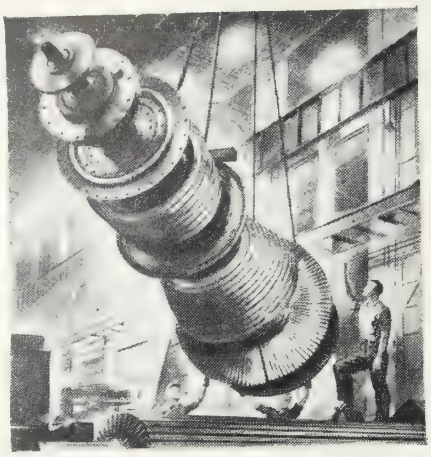
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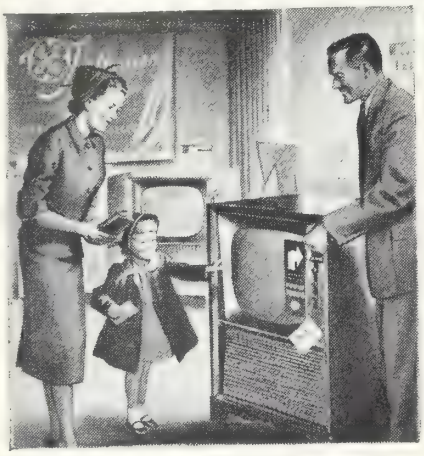
SIX WAYS GENERAL ELECTRIC HELPS CREATE BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES FOR OTHERS



By creating new products: For example, food-waste disposers, first manufactured by General Electric, are now also being made by eleven other companies, and are a source of new business to many thousands of local retailers.



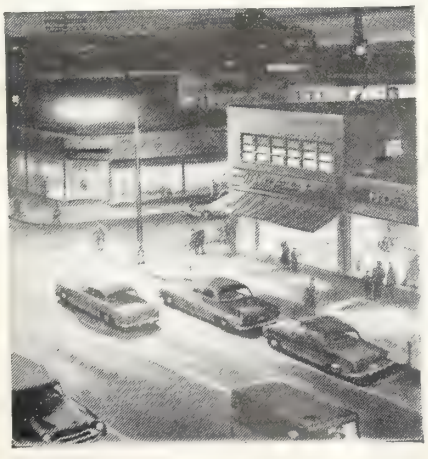
By helping keep the cost of electricity low through development of better equipment for producing and using it. The ever-increasing enjoyment of this "household bargain," electricity, creates business opportunities in every community.



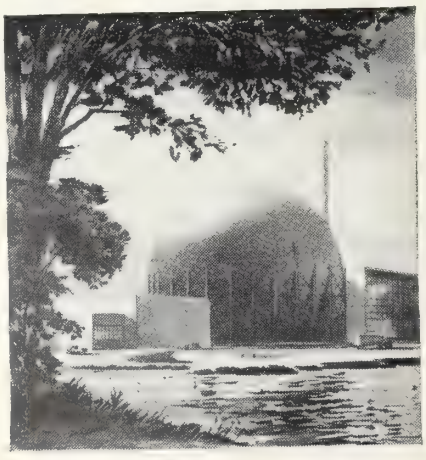
By working closely with dealers to help increase their business and payrolls. Marketing counsel, factory service training, advertising support and consumer credit arrangements are all available to these independent businessmen.



By breaking down the big jobs: Complex defense projects, for example, are beyond the scope of small businesses but, through subcontracting, they get jobs they can handle when a large company takes the over-all risks and responsibility.



By buying locally, where possible, and thus stimulating commercial activity in the 112 communities where General Electric has plants. Each $1,000 of purchases and payrolls generates about $5,000 more in business within the community.

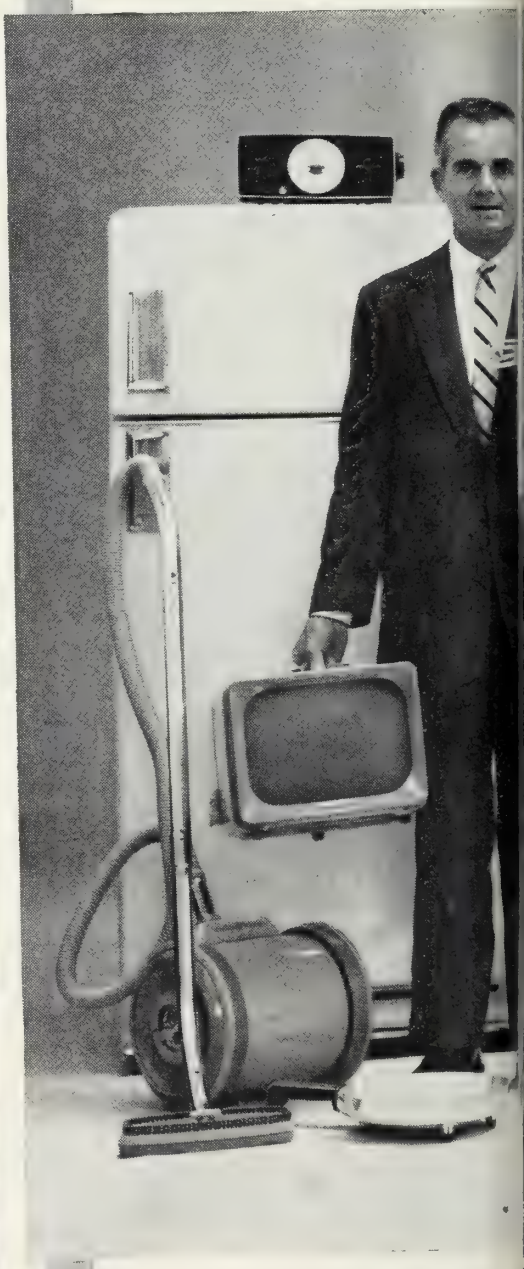


By pioneering in new fields that can open up new industries with future business opportunities for many companies large and small. General Electric's current pioneering investment in developing atomic electricity is a good example.

How progr

Today Americans are putti
tricity to work to a degree unr
anywhere in the world: every
for the past 75 years, they have
the amount they use, and t
now doubling it every eight y

The electrical industry is t
one of the fastest growing in
tion because, essentially, it
products and services many
want, in the way they want th



400,000 local, independent
other retailers: They have mo
opportunities today than eve
selling and servicing the ma
improved products from Gene

General Electric benefits other businesses

cause electric power is at the very art of the American economy and tional security.

As a part of the industry, General ectric has shared in this growth and, believe, contributed to it in many ys. And so have hundreds of thou- nds of other businesses, both large d small.

In the process of serving customers, oviding jobs and trying to earn a return for its owners, General Electric now depends on the skills and enterprise of nearly a half million of these businesses — dealers, suppliers, contractors, service men and others. They, in turn, get from us day-to-day business and opportunities for growth that they might not otherwise have.

In their relationship with us, these businesses expect more than the chance to make a reasonable profit. They want to be recognized as independent, with the right to operate their own businesses according to their own ideas. We know they want from us, as we want from them, lasting friendly associations based on helpful service, courtesy, integrity.

On these pages are some of the ways we at General Electric are trying to live up to our responsibilities in relationships with other businesses.



suppliers — 90% of them sinesses: These firms, ore than in 1950, get al- General Electric's income ge for skills and supplies.

Over 155,000 jobs in electrical contracting: This is a more than 150% increase since 1939. In that period, jobs in electrical wholesale and retail businesses doubled.

Over 140,000 jobs in electrical service trades: The opportunities for small businesses here should multiply even faster as Americans continue to live better...electrically.

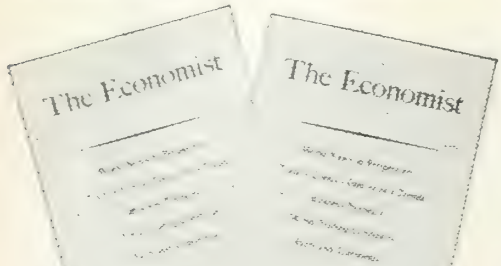
Over 1,400,000 jobs in electrical manufacturing: G. E. is one of more than 5,000 competing firms, large and small. All stimulate and share in the flow of business opportunities.

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PERSONAL *and otherwi*

A Tree Grows

IN addition to the three tremendous trifles mentioned by **C. Hartley Grattan** (p. 57), another object that the world wants very much indeed is that common thing, a book.

This fall an American show produced surprising results in the university city of Jogjakarta in Indonesia at the 200th annual Cultural and Economic Fair. There, on September 7, opening day, a crowd of 7,000 jammed in to see a model United States bookstore which was displaying 5,000 American books. The local Sultan, who sponsored the fair, the Indonesian Prime Minister, the U.S. Ambassador, and the Mayor of Jogjakarta were present too. So enthusiastic were the visitors that the American representative was dubious about whether the books would survive the scheduled six weeks in fit condition to travel on to India.

(The Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York normally has a Sunday afternoon gate of twenty-five to thirty-five thousand; but the Met is a vast building, solidly made and well staffed. Seven thousand browsers on five thousand books means better than one pair of hands per book per day.)

It is true that the island of Java has an ancient culture. It is also true that many of the hands reaching out on that opening day must have belonged to people whose knowledge of books is elementary. The Republic of Indonesia is conducting one of the greatest literacy campaigns of all time—some two million men and women are learning to read every year—but illiteracy is still high. The people's eagerness for studying was described in this magazine two years ago by Cameron Hawley, the author of *Executive Suite,* who was traveling in the islands. Mr. Hawley was puzzled by a strange sound in his hotel one night.

"I heard a voice reading aloud with the unmistakable accent of a child struggling with a primer. But the reader turned out to be no ch He was a thirty-eight-year-old 'ro boy' doing his homework for tor row night's class. There was an but indescribable joy of victory those liquid brown eyes as he dem strated to me that he could actu *read*—and after completing only of the six months' course!"

Indonesia was a natural choic be the first country to have American Book Shop at its fair, its success makes further experim more likely. The plan was laun under the joint sponsorship of American Book Publishers Cou the American Textbook Publis Institute, and the U. S. Informa Agency, which paid for transp tion, rent, and equipment of shop. Publishers suggested titl books they would contribute several categories—adult trade bo children's books; paperbounds; s tific, technological, and me books; and textbooks at every l

Sixty-seven American publi also sold books this fall at Frankfort, Germany, Book and this November, the Ame Book Publishers Council is agai operating with the U.S. Inform Agency in supplying books f more specialized display in Ca Venezuela, at the First Ame Book Festival. Since publisher businessmen primarily—as unh authors often bitterly compl their co-operation in the wo world enlightenment must have some concern for profits. The pect to sell books, and they rising market. What's more, ma them have undoubtedly sensed if the common man around globe is looking first of all fountain pen, as Mr. Grattan sooner or later he (or his wi going to sit down to *write* a Unquestionably, some Ame publisher already is scouting fo manuscript of *A Tree Gro Jogjakarta.*

Mr. Grattan is an experi man with a book and pen hi He developed this article fro

P & O

bservations at a recent World Sales onvention of one American manu- acturer. He writes on a wide range f subjects, including social and eco- omic affairs, the Australian conti- ent, and literature. He is the uthor of several books and is an litor at Frederick Praeger, Inc.

. . It has been said frequently dur- g this political campaign that the ection will not only determine the inners but will also be a test of the owers of television as an instrument political persuasion. Or, to re- rse the emphasis, the balloting will nstitute a kind of vast audience search poll on the "huckstering" of olitics: whether—as Governor Stev- son put it—"you can merchandise ndidates for high office like break- st cereal. . . ."

You won't catch anyone in the evision business making such a im. For they know that nothing more mysterious than the reaction television viewers en masse to the arms of the gyrating and mouth- g shadows on the lighted screen. rtly for this reason, the program- g of television is characterized by imsicality in standards, as well as ge creative zeal and lavish re- rces. The lords of creation who od over the chaos of the studios rcise the freedom of a youthful dium—and submit to the tyranny ceaseless change.

Martin Mayer, who describes pro- m strategy at NBC and the other jor networks (p. 25), also wrote urbane series of articles on "The ll Street Lawyers" for *Harper's* winter. He is the author of *Wall et: Men and Money* and of a itical novel, *The Experts.* Part f the present series on television, ppear next month, will concen- e on a major CBS programing ture, "Air Power."

In comparison to the principal- f Monaco, the tiny Kingdom of ndy has received a miserable ld press—in fact, no world press ll, until now. **John Sack,** young erican reporter, Korea veteran, rvard graduate, and globe-hopper ects that deficiency in "Almost tly for the Birds" (p. 33).

aking off from Albany, New k, Mr. Sack set out in the spring 955 to visit thirteen small coun-



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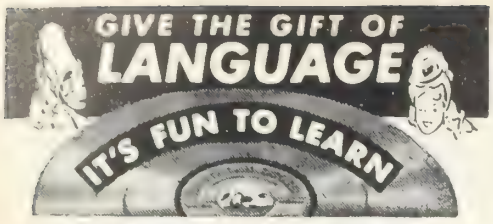
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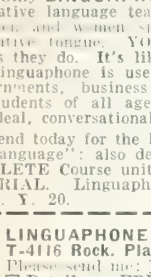
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tries which he calls "the least of all possible worlds." In a forthcoming book, Mr. Sack will present, in addition to Lundy, Monaco, of course, Athos (where no women have been allowed for a thousand years), Amb, Punial, Sikkim, Swat, and other fascinators. Mr. Sack traveled by the usual conveyances and also by dhows, tongas, samlors, motorcycle (which cost him four teeth), and skis (which cost him five stitches). And besides the usual languages, he spoke to people in Catalan, Serbian, Latin, Urdu, Pushtu, Tanawali, Shina, Burushashki, Nepali, Lepcha, and Tibetan—oh well, yes, by interpreter.

Mr. Sack's last book was *From Here to Shimbashi.*

. . . The much-revered "old-time religion" must have been more potent in depth than in spread—to judge by figures newly released by the National Council of Churches of Christ in the U.S.A. A century ago, less than 20 per cent of the population was church-affiliated; today 60.9 per cent are. Even in 1900, the figure was only 36 per cent. The National Council's Yearbook, published September 15 and based on figures for 1955, said that church members in this country now total 100,162,529, including Protestants, Catholics, and Jews, as well as Buddhists (only 63,000). The only large group not included were Christian Scientists, who have a regulation against the "numbering" of people.

The most skeptical critics of the significance of these figures are the clergymen, who frequently preach against the bogus worth of religious affiliation for non-religious motives. But even discounting the value of spread in belief as opposed to depth, there is plenty of evidence of searching interest in matters of religion today. An informed review of the way contemporary thinkers and believers are revolutionizing the study of religion appears in **George Hedley's** "Frontiers of Religion" (p. 40).

Dr. Hedley, who is now a professor and chaplain at Mills College, is the author of nine books, including *Religion on the Campus* and *The Minister Behind the Scenes.* Born in China, Dr. Hedley holds degrees from the University of Southern California and the Pacific School of Religion. His article in this issue will be part of an thology, *Frontiers of Knowle* edited by Lynn White, jr., wh will be published in November.

. . . "Digging the Weans" (p. 46) **Robert Nathan** is what you mak it. It might be called, without g away, a fantastic spoof on cert fantastic pedantries of our ti Mr. Nathan has written many wi read and loved novels, twenty-e in all, including *One More Sp* and *Portrait of Jennie;* as well as books of poetry, and a volume plays. At present he lives in Angeles, though he was born in N York, graduated from Harvard, has traveled and studied in Eur His latest novel, just out, is *Rancho of the Little Loves.*

The story of the Weans wil dramatized by CBS Radio W shop and presented over a nati hookup on the evening of Fri November 9, at 8:30 Standard T on the West and East coasts: at Central Time; and at 6:30 M tain Time.

. . . Curtain has not finally r down on the tragedy of "Shiver Texas" (p. 50), for Texas politics fluid and are not likely to jell with the election. **D. B. Hardem** view of the drama-till-now is al as thoroughly Texan as could Mr. Hardeman is completing second term in the state Hous Representatives, is a graduate of University of Texas, the former tor of the *Daily Texan,* of a cou weekly, and of a state capitol bureau. His family on both were in Texas well before 1836.

He is a licensed attorney a World War II Army intelligence counter-intelligence officer; he traveled widely in Europe wr for Texas papers; and he has an assistant to Speaker Sam Ray during the 1952 and 1956 Steve campaigns.

. . . With the superb detach that is characteristic of some En men about their own beloved c try, **Norman MacKenzie** has critical of Britain's sometimes h than-thou attitude toward race tions in the United States. As a member of the *New Statesman Nation,* and as a Labor party c

P & O

ate for Parliament in two elections, e is particularly interested in the eaction of the British labor move- ient to the influx of British West ndies colonials into England.

"England Gets a Race Problem" . 61) sketches the situation as it evelops and makes clear its vital nnection with the colored peoples' orld-wide bid for real equality.

. . The perennial claim of Red hina to a seat on the Security Coun- l constitutes the "Chinese Puzzle at ie UN" which usually defies under- anding, let alone solution. **Wil- am Howell Wells**, who makes a mprehensible analysis of the prob- m (p. 66), is a book-advertising an on the staff of Denhard and ewart and a free-lance writer and cturer on international affairs. He served on the information staff UNRRA from 1944 to 1947 and d a similar position with the nited Nations till 1949. Since then, has made a special report on cumentary films for the Rocke- ler Foundation, and he writes gularly for Spadea Syndicate. His st article in *Harper's* was the pro- cative critique of the U.S. informa- on program, "The Mumble in the ice of America" (January 1951).

. **Wolfgang Langewiesche** reports "The Polar Path" (p. 70) from e point of view of a pilot. Until 50, Mr. Langewiesche was a test ot for an instrument manufac- er, as well as a writer on aviation *Air Facts, Harper's,* and other gazines. Since then, he has been ing his own plane with his wife, ising over Africa and grazing ound North America. The polar ht was particularly up his alley, ce he is an expert on climate and nate control.

Mr. Langewiesche's most recent icle in *Harper's* was "The Dutch stle" in January, and in the past has written on winds and weather, h flying and blind flying, air fic control, and "The U.S.A. from Air."

The poets who appear in this e write from the far ends of the l: **Hannah Kahn** from Florida; **este Turner Wright** from the versity of California; and **Allen fer** from Long Island, New York.



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"This is why I believe that if our nation is to continue to show the world the true glory of freedom, then we must forever keep the freedom of competition as unfettered as we intend to keep the freedoms of expression and worship."

Cecil B. DeMille

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Harper's MAGAZINE

TELEVISION'S LORDS OF CREATION

Part 1: Strategic thinking at NBC

MARTIN MAYER

HISTORIANS may remember 1956 as the first year in which Americans spent as much time on a single leisure occupation as they did on their jobs. That occupation, of course, was watching television. If the research services of the networks can be believed, the total time involved mounts in a single year to more than 130 billion man-, woman-, and child-hours. Historians will note particularly that the average viewing audience at ten o'clock on an ordinary evening in 1956 is larger than the voting electorate which chooses the President—sixty to seventy million people.

This enormous audience divides up among some 430 television stations. Perhaps three-quarters of it belongs to the 250 stations which broadcast at ten o'clock the programs sent out by the CBS or NBC television networks. What this audience will see is decided by the networks, which can, as an ordinary matter, "option" the time necessary to present their key programs on their affiliated stations. The making of this decision is—depending on whom you talk to—either a great privilege or a fearsome responsibility.

It is also an unending burden. Between them, the two major networks are on the air some 9,000 hours a year, and every hour must be at least superficially different from every other hour. Network shows are rarely repeated; this is a tradition inherited from radio—one of the few to survive.

Programing itself is, in fact, a new network function. In the radio days networks sold to an advertiser the use of their facilities and a time period on their affiliated stations; and the advertiser's agency then "packaged" the program which was put on the air. A modest network program department existed to fill up the time not sold to sponsors, and a network "continuity acceptance" department watched out for rude words, libel, or political references which might get the network in trouble. Otherwise the advertiser ran the show. He "owned" the time.

From the beginning, television found this method of operation unworkable. Only 16,000 American homes had television sets in 1947, when NBC began to present regularly scheduled

network programs; and while a number of advertisers were willing to buy time to put their message before this upper crust, few thought it sensible to pick up the added costs of programing. NBC as a subsidiary of RCA (the largest maker of television sets and then practically the only maker of television tubes and transmitting equipment) had a high stake in getting the television ball to roll as rapidly as possible. If nobody else would pay to produce elaborate programs, NBC would foot the bill itself.

Meanwhile, CBS Radio had kicked the Achilles heel of the old system by buying Jack Benny and his program away from the agency which had handled the show for an NBC advertiser. NBC Radio lost millions of listeners to CBS. Consequently it became clear to the deep thinkers of both networks that future safety demanded network control of programing. A Federal Communications Commission report (which described this new trend as "a step in the direction of returning control of productions to those licensed to operate in the public interest") was encouraging. The networks took charge.

The need for network programing grew even more rapidly than television itself. Television shows proved to be almost universally fragile: programs which might have been good for a decade on radio became "fall-outs," within a year or two after their debuts. New ideas were needed more rapidly than outside sources could supply them. The networks also found themselves forced to produce the shows that appeared opposite a leading attraction on the rival network. Program mortality in such time slots was virtually 100 per cent, and no outside packager could be asked to waste his shining light on such a mission.

The networks themselves, in their bitter competition, never say die; in seven years CBS threw twenty-one unsuccessful programs against Milton Berle. With the twenty-second, "The Phil Silvers Show," they destroyed him.

It is an interesting case history. CBS hired Silvers after his now-famous appearance before the assembled top brass of the government, in the television industry's annual Washington party. (Silvers came on stage, looked over the complete panoply of executive officers, justices, and legislators, and said nervously, "Who's keeping the store?") Already on the CBS payroll was a skilled comedy writer named Nat Hiken, a fugitive from Martha Raye. Hubbell Robinson, Jr., CBS Television executive vice president in charge of network programing, brought Silvers and Hiken together, rented them a hotel room to work in, and told them to report back with a show. Some months later they brought in the idea of Sergeant Bilko. CBS put up the additional money to make two pilot films, and then locked the films away and waited for the right moment, paying salaries all the while. The moment came, and Berle's hour struck.

WHY IT PAYS OFF

OTHER network programs grow in less orderly fashion. As Hubbell Robinson puts it: "The greatest mistake anyone in my job can make is to acquire patterns of mind that shut him off from imagination." When the now footloose Sylvester "Pat" Weaver first came to NBC Television in 1949, he was already dreaming of "Producer's Showcase." He felt that he needed one of the recognized greats of show business to produce it; and, in the idiom of the business, "he was in bed with Leland Hayward" on the idea, when Hayward suddenly took to his own bed with a severe illness. Most of the negotiating for Hayward had been done by his lawyers, Henry and Saul Jaffe, and they continued at work.

When Hayward recovered he decided that life was too short for television, and the Jaffes themselves went into partnership with NBC to form Showcase Productions, Inc. As attorneys for many top entertainment personalities (including, today, Pat Weaver), they were in a unique position to persuade stars that their program would be, in fact, the perfect showcase for a television debut. Their participation in "Producer's Showcase" has increased with the passage of time, to the point where Saul Jaffe has become *de facto* casting director of the show. But it wasn't planned that way.

The networks also produce their own public-affairs shows—news broadcasts, documentaries, interviews by individual reporters or "panels." CBS runs seven of its eleven "anchor" shows, the programs which are supposed to seize the evening audience; NBC produces its "new concept" programs (the Spectaculars, "Today," "Home," and "Tonight"). Network production, however, does not tell the whole story of network control. Half the total time is still occupied by programs produced and packaged by outsiders, as they were in the days of radio. But the advertisers no longer "own" this piece of time; the networks have accepted responsibility for determining what kind of entertainment shall be offered to the American people at what hours of which evenings. NBC gave up the Firestone sponsor-

ship entirely rather than broadcast "The Firestone Hour" on Monday nights.

This new assumption of responsibility is not exclusively a public service, even though the FCC approves. Programs draw audiences, which are what the networks sell to advertisers. A strong program may lure an audience that will stay tuned to the network's stations all night long; a weak program may lose millions of viewers who will not return until another evening. The relationship between program popularity and network profitability is direct and obvious. For example, in 1952 CBS Television passed NBC in the aggregate popularity of its programs; the annual report to CBS stockholders two years later featured the proud but simple statement: "In 1954 the CBS Television Network became the largest single advertising medium in the world."

The departments that plan programs and arrange schedules have become the darlings of the networks, and their executives have first crack at the corner offices, the air conditioning, the custom-designed furniture. Policy conferences from which vice presidents are excluded to save space and time will often be attended by mere producers of network programs. But the emphasis can be carried too far. It was NBC Chairman Pat Weaver's interest in programs rather than money which led to his resignation a few weeks ago.

WEAVER'S STRATEGY

PROGRAM planners and executive producers belong to management. Though their work is largely creative, they are not "creative personnel"; rather, they are The Lords of Creation. Planners do what Pat Weaver used to call "strategic thinking"—as distinguished from "tactical thinking," which involves the actual physical production of programs, the counting of affiliated stations or thousand-dollar bills. "Strategic thinking" itself is a large and airy realm in which Weaver—who lived on a more exalted level than anyone else who had ever been in broadcasting (or any other business, for that matter)—moved with peculiar ease and individual grace.

"I don't think any people can understand strategic thinking in television," Weaver said shortly before his resignation, "unless they are essentially broadcast-trained people. . . . Nowadays, going to the movies on a regular basis is actually a minority experience in American society. I think this is because of Hollywood's strategic approach in opposition to that of the advertising-trained men who look at all America as their total market, because they must do so when they deal with the popular brands."

Weaver is thoroughly advertising-trained. Though he is only forty-eight, he has been a major figure in national broadcasting for two decades. He is a Californian with an Ivy League education, a low-pressure enthusiast, very tall and almost indecently youthful, with freckles, jug ears, and sandy hair. He has climbed on all sides of the agency-advertiser-broadcasting triangle—as manager of the radio department for Young and Rubicam, advertising manager for American Tobacco during the glory days of George Washington Hill, and, from 1949 to September 8, 1956, (in what are already known as the glory days of Pat Weaver) as a top officer of NBC.

Weaver devoted much of his time at NBC to the systematic destruction of the strategic approach which television derived from radio. Instead of broadcasting a repetitive pattern of half-hour and hour programs, Weaver launched the Spectacular (his own word), which will *not* appear next week, same time, same station, and which can run anywhere from ninety minutes to three hours. He had written into all NBC contracts with advertisers a "pre-emption" clause, giving the network the right to take away the advertiser's time and program whenever it had something extra-special to present. Even where programs appear on a daily basis, Weaver tried to avoid the establishment of a formula for them. One-third of NBC network time is devoted to "Today" (which is planned to prepare the early riser to read his morning paper), "Home" (a kind of women's magazine of the air), and "Tonight" (the theatrical section of a tabloid)—all casual, what's new shows which the viewer is supposed to tune in because he *doesn't* know what's going to be on.

Weaver's approach to sponsorship was equally original. He pioneered what he called the "magazine concept," by which the network sells spot advertisements on programs the way a magazine sells pages. ("If you don't sell all the spots," said one of his assistants bravely, "it's like a thin issue of a magazine.")

In bringing forth the ultra-expensive Spectacular (the two presentations of "Peter Pan" cost their sponsor more than $600,000), Weaver virtually abandoned the classic cost-per-thousand measurement which advertisers traditionally use to determine whether they are getting their money's worth of audience.

In Weaver's analysis, impact replaced volume. Asked what he considered the maximum price that an advertiser could reasonably be asked to pay for a television program, Weaver replied, "A Spectacular goes into fifteen million homes. If you could convince *half* the viewers in those homes to smoke your brand of cigarette it would be worth at least, well, five million dollars."

Weaver's enthusiasm for the commercial aspects of television was only a small part of his optimism about the medium. He believed that television "must be used to upgrade humanity," that the little box could serve as a kind of new Chautauqua to deliver "enlightenment through exposure." Most remarkable of all, he believed that the citizenry has an unrealized capacity for creating Art as well as an unrealized capacity for enjoying it, and he set up a special Program Development Department, with a staff of nineteen, to beat the bushes for amateur and semi-professional comedians, writers, personalities.

This department appears to have survived the Great Purge. "All I know is two things," said its director, Leonard Hole.

"One, I've seen Bobby Sarnoff and he's told me to keep working just as I was, keep the capital Ds in Development Department.

"Two, there's a sign on my desk, reading, 'Somebody Up There Likes Me.'"

GENERALSHIP AT CBS

AMONG Weaver's rivals at CBS, the attitude toward his enthusiasms ran the short gamut from distaste to disgust. Public interest in pre-emption clauses and big Spectaculars was so obvious that CBS adopted them, *force majeure*.

"But we still believe," says Executive Vice President Hubbell Robinson, Jr., "that the advertiser is *entitled* to identification with the program he sponsors."

CBS has even managed, by the device of "Ford Star Jubilee," to achieve advertiser identification with the Spectaculars—of which it does no more than fifteen a year.

"If you're going to do them at all," Robinson says, "they should genuinely *be* Spectaculars, *events* that people talk about long after the actual broadcast. It's not possible to do more than ten or fifteen a season, there's a direct relationship between quality and quantity."

Robinson, who was Weaver's boss at Young and Rubicam, is fifty-one and looks younger, a black-haired man with a long, narrow, lined face that his friends call Lincolnesque. He is unusually nervous even for someone in the broadcasting business, unable to sit down for more than three or four minutes at a time, constantly turning a pencil in his hands, giving an odd thought a whiplash of a smile. Although he has a lesser title, he occupies with relation to entertainment programing a position similar to the one Weaver held.

"I'm the man," as he puts it, "to whom they turn and say, 'Why in God's name was *that* done?'"

Except in the realm of public affairs, CBS feels under no obligation to do anything but what the public wants. "We try to put on top-notch entertainment," Robinson says, "the kind that always draws an audience."

The difference between the two networks is nowhere more striking than in their search for new programs. At CBS, Program Development is a one-man department, headed and staffed by Robert Weitman, a silver-haired, stout, friendly vice president with a florid complexion and a well-chewed pipe.

"I cover all the bases," Weitman says. "An idea comes in, I take it from the womb to the tomb, then I turn it over to my father—Hubbell Robinson, you know, he's my father. This is an informal operation. We have five executive producers and a staff of assistants, all on this floor, and they come in, we start shrapneling, suddenly someone has a great idea." Weitman clicks his fingers. "I say, 'Let's throw a blanket on this and keep it warm.'"

Weitman is a thorough professional from that most professional of the creative fields, the movies. His entire career was with Paramount Theaters until they merged with the ABC Network; Weitman then became vice president in charge of programing and talent for ABC. He moved to CBS in February. He looks over all new talent for the network. ("My door is never closed, we turn no one away. You cannot, Martin, have too much material in this business.") He also handles most of the negotiations for big new properties. ("You've got to keep quiet, watch out, you find yourself in a can of angleworms if you manifest too damn much anxiety.")

"I don't kid myself," Weitman says, "I know a guy's got it or he hasn't got it. In this business you've got to have good taste and you've got to have guts, you've got to be able to make a decision right now, with a lot of money riding on it. If you can't make a decision now, you pick up the paper the next morning, and you find Sam's got it."

Program Development as a department of CBS dates only from the arrival of Weitman a few months ago; NBC has had such a department for seven years, since the early days of Weaver. NBC's first director was Fred Coe, who developed "Television Playhouse" and its writers, and left Development to produce the show. Coe was followed by Pete Barnum, whose work culminated in "Four Star Review," on which the key credit card read: "Produced by Pete Barnum." Weaver tried once again, with Joe Bigelow, who grew enamored of the idea behind the "U.S. Rubber Show" and like his predecessors became a producer.

HOW TO FIND TALENT

AT THIS point Weaver decided a bit grimly that creative personnel were incorrigible tactical thinkers, and went looking for a management man who could do strategic thinking and stay with it. He turned to Leonard Hole, a small, spare, precise man in glasses with half horn-rims, who was then production director in charge of all NBC's physical and mechanical facilities and their use. Hole's experience—as manager of Dumont's New York station and operations director of the Dumont Network in the early days of network television—guaranteed his understanding of programing problems. Moreover, his imagination had been proved by an outstanding contribution to the success of "Today." As production director, Hole was primarily concerned about housing for Weaver's pet new project.

"You couldn't," Hole said recently, "tie up two studios for two hours, every morning. Not in those days—there wasn't enough space. I was leaving the office one afternoon, and I walked up 49th Street. I looked into the windows of the RCA Exhibition Hall. I turned right around, went back to the office, straight to Pat, and I said, 'Come with me.' Pat said, 'What for?' I wouldn't tell him, I just led him away. He looked at the Exhibition Hall and all he said was, 'Yeh-h-h.' Next I heard, he was up with the General making arrangements for 'Today' to use the Exhibition Hall as a studio."

(Because of the number of Sarnoffs working in and around RCA, the name "Sarnoff" is never used. Robert Sarnoff, president of NBC, is always "Bobby." His father, Brigadier General David A. Sarnoff, chairman of the board of RCA, NBC's parent company, is always, simply, "the General.")

Hole's first assignment was to find new supports for NBC's wobbly comedy establishment, and he set about it methodically. Through the University of Chicago Press he wrote all the nation's college newspapers, magazines, and dramatic societies; through the station-relations department he wrote to four hundred managers of broadcasting stations. He also got in touch with established comics and their writers, and asked them to refer inquiries from aspiring funny men to NBC Development.

The response poured in for several months. After a while they lost track of the exact number of people who replied to the NBC invitation, but it was between 13,000 and 14,000.

"The big bulk of the entries, of course," Hole said, "were carbons, stuff we'd seen before. In no time we were down to nine hundred. We asked those nine hundred to pick a comic they felt comfortable with, write some material designed for him, and that reduced the list to thirty. Then we took their stuff to Ace, Caesar, Hope, Pat, the General, lots of others, and everyone agreed that nine of our writers showed great promise. We hired those nine—gave 'em a seven-year contract. That is, we have *them* for seven years if we want them; we can drop them any time. Since then we've added a few, dropped a few, and we're back to nine. They work for the Development Department, we pay their salaries, but they sit in on writing sessions with the great comics. If they turn out good material in those sessions and the stars want 'em, the stars keep 'em, and they're off our payroll."

Those who do not catch on with the great comics are employed writing material for the beginning and semi-successful comedians hauled in to NBC by the same net that caught the writers. Last year an effort was made to use these unknown talents commercially, with Leo Durocher as MC, in the time slot opposite Ed Sullivan; the effort failed, to say the least. Now the young comedians display the results of their studies only to members of the Development Department. Most of what the department sees it junks; some it orders worked over again for polish; and every once in a while it puts something aside in the small pile of material which will some day be a series of programs. The waste is considered normal and proper.

"If we can get two or three useful people out of it," Hole said, "all the money comes back." Weaver had set his sights higher: "One Godfrey, and we *make* money."

At present NBC has especially high hopes for two of its youngsters, neither of them completely untried—Jonathan Winters and Kaye Ballard.

Hole has taken Ballard in hand personally.

"I went backstage to her dressing room after a show," he said, "and I kicked out her entourage. I said to her, 'You think you're pretty good, but you're a long way from being a star. You've got a bad physique. You obviously never studied pantomime because you move badly. You've watched Martha Raye too much and you have too many of her mannerisms. Your material is lousy. You sing a great song.' She looked at me as though I was crazy, but it sank in.

"We took her over," Hole continued, "worked all summer and spring on her, booked her into a night club called Bon Soir, with our material. The next step is exposure on camera. We'll put her on the Steve Allen show, the late one. She wants Perry Como, but I'll beat her over the head until she takes Steve Allen. Then, if she goes, there'll be a series of exposures, guest spots on a number of programs, and if *that* goes, maybe she'll have her own show in the fall of '57."

PEARL BUCK'S SHOW

INDIVIDUAL comic routines are by no means the sole quarry of the Program Development Department. Among the major NBC productions which came out of the department are such serious efforts as "Our Town," "Darkness at Noon," "Caesar and Cleopatra," and "The Sound and the Fury."

"We have three hundred Spectaculars in development," Hole said, "in all stages—from a one-page outline all the way to book done, music done, all we need is the right producer, the one with the right taste."

Hole is in constant touch with NBC's staff producers, and keeps a record of their plans. He knows who has an option on the first television appearance of Alec Guinness, and who has an option on property that might tempt Guinness to cross the ocean. He also knows how each producer is likely to react to each show in the development works—though Hole has a small budget for producing his own programs, he is supposed to sell them to NBC staff producers.

Among the memoranda with which Weaver from time to time favored the Development Department was one in which he urged Hole to go after important talents in other fields.

"The great ones," Hole says. "The Nobel Prize winners."

The part of the memo that concerned writers was passed on to Ross Donaldson, a large, leonine young man who came from Simon and Schuster to manage writing services for NBC.

"Right now," Donaldson says, "we're working with about two dozen non-television writers. Some of them are in the lunch stage—I take them to the Players'; some want their hands held; some will have a script for me in November. One play, by a pretty eminent playwright, has come in and we've sent it back for revision. [Hole has little hope for this one: "I've told the man what's wrong with it, and he says, Yes, yes, he'll fix it, but he won't. Because *in his heart* he doesn't believe I'm right."] Another play has come in, and we've bought it, and an NBC producer has already picked up the bill."

This play was "The Big Wave," the story of a Japanese fishing village, destroyed once in every generation by a tidal wave. It appeared on the Alcoa-Goodyear Playhouse on September 30, and it met Weaver's prescription exactly: it was by a Nobel Prize winner, Pearl Buck.

Donaldson reached Miss Buck through a young producer-director on Hole's staff, Tad Danielewski, who had directed her in her appearance on "Omnibus," and the two of them went up together to see her.

"She didn't know whether she could do it," Donaldson recalls. "She'd never written for the theater. But she said she'd like to try. We talked over the problems of writing for television, gave her some sample scripts. Two or three weeks later we talked over her ideas. Then she went off to Vermont, a couple of months went by, and one day a script arrived in the mails. It was a very good script."

The Development Department thought hard about how the script should be produced. (Film or live, with or without film clips? Stylized backgrounds in the Japanese style? Actors—Oriental greats or Occidental greats? Hour or ninety minutes? Score—"If it were my show," Hole said, "I'd try to get those guys who did "The King and I.") Then the department called itself back to duty and sold the script to executive producer Herbert Brodkin and producer Philip Barry, Jr. of the Alcoa-Goodyear Playhouse; and the Development Department was done with it.

Brodkin and Barry spoke with Miss Buck about general changes, and then Brodkin went off for twelve weeks' fishing, which was provided for in his contract. While he was away, NBC slashed the Alcoa-Goodyear schedule to make room for periodic Bob Hope and Dinah Shore shows on Sunday nights, and he decided to stay away. "The Big Wave," which had been scheduled for winter presentation, was moved up to

September by Barry, who was sole producer of the program during that month.

About six weeks before production day Barry chose a director, Norman Felton, a tall, blond, English-born expert who had already handled no fewer than 152 one-hour television plays, mostly for Robert Montgomery. The two men flew up to Vermont early in September to talk with Miss Buck about the changes necessary to make the play suitable for all-live television (Barry is the son of the late playwright and has little truck with film). They also made arrangements for Miss Buck to appear in person for two minutes at the end of the show, and talk about her play.

Back in New York, staff designers got to work, and the NBC shops began building sets. In mid-September a cast was chosen, and on September 20 Felton and his cast held the first readings, which built to a crescendo of rehearsals as September 30 approached. For one of the last "dry rehearsals," on a rented stage in the Jewish theater district on Second Avenue, the outline of the sets was marked off in masking tape, and technical staff and actors began to learn exactly where they would stand and what they would do during the show. Usually, the musical director does not start composing the score for the show until after this rehearsal, four days before performance; on "The Big Wave," however, he started early, with the help of a Japanese musician in the orchestra.

THE LAST 24 HOURS

ON THE day before production the cast assembled in Brooklyn Two, second of the huge NBC color studios, and the cast went through its paces before the sets while Felton studied on a television screen the appearance of each of the hundred or more separate shots that would go into the hour-long program. Lighting, camera angles, positions of people and other movables were all checked, changed, changed again, approved, and finalized by means of painted marks on the studio floor.

Then, on Sunday at one o'clock, the last, desperate day began. The first step was a check of the color cameras, done by focusing them on the face of a pretty girl named Marlys Johnson, whose skin represents, in the opinion of NBC color technicians, the perfect flesh tone. The actors assembled in costume before the sets; the four cameramen took their places behind the four heavy cameras which they would wheel around all day; the four camera control men sat behind individual television screens in the control booth, each watching the picture from one of the cameras.

The director and his staff were also in the booth, seated at a long table facing an array of television sets much like the set at home. Since the program was presented in color, there were two sets for each picture—one color, one black-and-white; quality must be good on both. The central screens, labeled PROGRAM, showed the picture that would at this point be presented to the viewers. To either side, screens labeled PRESET showed the picture on the camera that would be cued in next. Felton called, "Take!" and the PRESET picture moved over to PROGRAM, while a new picture appeared on PRESET.

In another room, a short walk down a bleak corridor from the studio, Barry and the program's permanent staff watched the program on two screens—one color, one black-and-white—to see how it looked, played, felt. They saw the play four times all told—twice in run-through, once in dress rehearsal, once for keeps.

The first run-through was for technical certainty: Are the cameras correctly placed for composition and for the comfort of the actors, can costume changes be made in the time allotted, does the lighting aid or hinder characterization? During the second run-through everyone paid careful attention to the acting and the lines themselves, the total dramatic impression. Dress rehearsal was the time for the eagle eye, the picking up of the last minor flaws that could be remedied without confusion in the hour's harried time before broadcast. Then, at nine o'clock, the program went on and nothing more could be done.

At ten o'clock the program was over—and nothing more ever would be done. This is the final fascination of television programing: its utter impermanence. All the strategic thinking, the program development, the production plans, the directing and rehearsing, the sweat of the last two days—all exist to produce this deliberately ephemeral result. Time rushes past, a new show must be supplied for every hour of it, and within a matter of days nobody but the participants remembers even the best of television programs.

If Pearl Buck's play is especially remembered, it will be not for the show's own excellence but for its role as Weaver's valedictory. It had all the elements: a Nobel prize winner, the important use of a simple symbol, and the fact that the symbol was a tidal wave.

Weaver's trap-door exit from NBC has demon-

strated, not for the first time, that executive jobs in TV can be as ephemeral as the programs the executives plan. Featured shows lose their audiences overnight, sponsorship agreements usually run thirteen weeks and never last longer than a year. At the same time, talent must be signed to long-term contracts and promising ideas must be snatched up at high prices, or else Sam gets them. Bobby Sarnoff, who will now be sole boss of NBC (under his father's benign eye), last spring told the Senate investigating committee that his network often had more than $100,000,000 "at risk" in commitments to performers and programs not ready for broadcast.

Only part of this money comes back from advertisers. In 1955 the two big networks lost on program production and development three-fifths of their $75,000,000 profit from selling time. Part of this program loss is inevitable, the dead weight of unsponsored shows; part comes from selling elaborate programs to sponsors for less than the real production cost; part results from experiments that fail to produce usable material. Every creative enterprise involves a good deal of waste, and it is almost impossible for an outsider to judge whether the networks waste wisely or foolishly. But the outsiders of Booz, Allen & Hamilton, management consultants, decided that NBC was being prodigal with RCA's money and hacked the floor out from under Chairman Weaver.

Most people close to the situation feel that RCA's decision to change strategic thinking was motivated less by past results (though NBC Television has not been half so profitable as CBS) than by future worries. During the next few years the networks will have to weather the twin storms of their own commitments to technological change (in the form of color), and new competition from the flood of feature films recently released by the movie studios for television sale.

The interest of CBS in color, like CBS interest in Spectaculars, is strictly a matter of keeping up with the Sarnoffs—but RCA has taken a very deep plunge. Between unearned depreciation on the new color installations and the extra expenses of color programing (which advertisers will not yet pay; they regard it as a contribution if they prepare their ads in color), NBC stands to lose $100 million or more during the next five years. Meanwhile, RCA is selling color sets at or below cost of production (and practically giving them away to bars and restaurants), investing tens of millions in saturation advertising. RCA in the next five years will be risking close to half a billion dollars on the unproved premise that the public wants color, and all other belts must be tightened.

The film threat to network revenues is even more immediate. Eleven metropolitan areas account for more than half the total television audience and more than three-quarters of all television profits; and each of these eleven areas has an independent, unaffiliated, commercial television station. Until recently, these stations had to live on baseball games, personal imagination, and scraps of film not wanted or already used by the networks. Now the whole panoply of Hollywood production has been opened to them, with every indication that major national advertisers are willing to pay the Hollywood bills. If these independent stations can steal any sizable proportion of the network audience, the entire structure of network programing will be undermined.

Again, NBC is most vulnerable. NBC's $250,000 Spectaculars are no better than an even bet against a movie made with four, ten, even twenty times as much money. Moreover, while CBS has been dickering with major studios for their best backlog, NBC is dedicated to *live* broadcasting as the true benefit and unique opportunity of television. This dedication was first enunciated not by Weaver but by General Sarnoff himself, and there is no indication that Weaver's departure has changed it.

Few men have been so popular as Weaver with the public they served or with their employees, and his dismissal has generally been seen in terms of "Dropping the Pilot." A more accurate image would be a shortening of sail against a falling barometer. Weaver is a money-spender, and NBC had moved into a time when its owners felt the need of a money-saver. General Sarnoff is as proud as Weaver was of NBC's more prestigious accomplishments. According to those who know him he has managed (by the application of a strong will to an intensely selective memory) to retain an idealistic view of the broadcasting end of his business. NBC without Weaver will be a less interesting place to work in, and a less entertaining place to read about. Whether the broadcast programs will be better or worse is a question that ought not to be answered until the new, businesslike administration has found its own solutions to the problems of programing.

[*Part II in December will deal with public affairs programing, especially at CBS and specifically in the production of the forthcoming series of twenty-six films on Air Power.*]

By JOHN SACK

Drawings by John Teppich



ALMOST strictly for the birds

Mr. Harman, who insists he is King of Lundy, rules his 45 subjects—plus hordes of puffins and rabbits—with only a moderately iron hand.

THE island of Lundy is a big, grizzled, windswept hunk of granite in the Atlantic Ocean, not very far from Land's End, England, which is inhabited for the most part by untold thousands of rabbits and birds, notably puffins, and by a dozen or so grizzled, windswept human beings who stoutly maintain that Lundy is an independent nation, with an hereditary king, Mr. Harman. Great Britain, a neighboring and more heavily populated island twelve miles to the east, maintains antithetically that Lundy is nothing but Lundy, with an hereditary queen, Elizabeth. I myself would have hoped that a matter so vital as this would have been settled ages ago, but the awkward fact is that Lundy's status has been uncertain since 1135 A.D., and, after eight hundred years, a clarification of it isn't in sight.

Consequently, there has been no end of confusion. Not the least of it was in 1929, when Mr. Harman, the king, or non-king, depending on whose side you're on, having already issued his own postage stamps, began to issue his own coins, and shortly thereafter was hauled into court on the neighboring island, Great Britain, for allegedly violating its Coinage Act of 1870. (Mr. Harman's specie, portraying the face of Mr. Harman, was in two denominations, a one-puffin coin and a half-puffin coin, neatly convertible to a penny and a ha'penny at the legal rate of exchange. The postage stamps were in several denominations, the twelve-puffin stamp portraying twelve puffins, the nine-puffin stamp nine puffins, etc., and the half-puffin stamp half a puffin—the upper half.) The trial, in Great Britain, was held at the King's Bench Division of the High Court, and, it was hoped at the time, would resolve the status of Lundy once and for all. It didn't do anything of the sort, for, as anyone studying a transcript soon realizes, Mr. Harman, the defendant, was the only person at the trial who took it seriously. The following excerpt is typical:

> MR. HARMAN: The mainland has never interfered when Lundy was reasonably well governed. And it repudiated all responsibility when anything really called for investigation, like the murder of the whole population.
> THE LORD CHIEF JUSTICE: Does that often happen? [Laughter.]
> MR. HARMAN: It happened two or three times in the past.
> MR. JUSTICE AVORY: The population of what? Rabbits? [Laughter.]
> MR. HARMAN: There are about one thousand rabbits to every human being, but the residents number forty-five, apart from visitors.

Such arguments as these having been heard, the justices deliberated, and subsequently opined it had been a very entertaining case—it was to *them*—which had been lost by Mr. Harman. That was in 1931. Today, notwithstanding, the residents of Lundy *still* aren't paying taxes and

when they visit Great Britain are liable to customs. There aren't any policemen on Lundy, and the laws of Britain are unenforced. Lundy publishes its own postage stamps, portraying, in addition to puffins, such eminent non-puffins as Eric Bloodaxe, Mrs. Graham in her aerial balloon, and a horse named Betty Brown, and a letter cannot be gotten off the island without one; and Mr. Harman's coins, which he priced at a penny and a ha'penny when they were legal tender, are considered nowadays to be historical relics, and are sold on Lundy to tourists and numismatists for forty-eight times as much. Mr. Harman is dead, but his son, Mr. Albion Harman, is



The Hereditary King

reigning in his stead, and stoutly maintains that Lundy is "a vest-pocket size, self-governing dominion," out of the realm for every practical purpose.

Unfortunately, I wasn't able to attend the trial in 1931, being ten months old at the time, but in 1955 I happened to be in London, and I made it a point there to visit the king, Mr. Albion Harman, to learn how Lundy finds itself in such a curious position. Mr. Harman is a healthy, middle-aged man with a quiet smile and a spray of unkempt white hair, and, when I found him, was himself in a curious position—sitting amidst a pile of junk in his old, weather-beaten auto. He told me he was employed, in London, as a mining engineer for the Balakhany Black Sea Oil Company, and often used the car on geological field trips, accounting for its condition.

Presently, we decided to continue our conversation at a nearby pub, and drove to one of Mr. Harman's favorites, the Horse and Groom, ordering a Worthington apiece. Worthington, Mr. Harman commented, is the only beer or ale continuously aging in the bottle, and he started to explain how this singular chemical process occurs when I steered the conversation to Lundy; thereupon, he revealed that he visits the place once or twice a month, that he enjoys it hugely, and that its sovereign status arises, principally, from the English penchant for keeping things just as they always were.

In 1135, Mr. Harman said, Lundy apparently was the domain of the king of England, but in that year he gave it to the Marisco family, one of England's foremost. Since then, it has belonged, essentially, to whoever was there at the time, a heterogeneous group that includes not only the Messrs. Harman, father and son, but also a Reverend Mr. Heaven and *his* son; Mr. Thomas Benson, a smuggler, who fired on any ship that didn't dip its colors; a pirate named Salkeld; a pirate named Nutt, who still haunts the place; and other pirates of Turkey, Spain, France, and Holland, the last of whom murdered the whole population in the 1700s, to the immense amusement of the Lord Chief Justice in 1931. In all these years, Mr. Harman said, Parliament never interfered in Lundy's affairs or tried to tax it, apparently feeling it was too far away to bother with, and thereby setting a precedent that still obtains.

Next, Mr. Harman recalled that the pirates on Lundy had enacted a total of two laws, and observed that nowadays, in the twentieth century, its body of legislation still is admirably brief. The pirates' laws were these:

"The man who shall snap his arms or smoke tobacco in the hold or carry a lighted candle without lanthorn shall receive Moses' law [forty lashes]. If any man meet with a prudent woman that offers to meddle with her, without her consent, he shall suffer death."

The laws of contemporary Lundy, Mr. Harman explained, are contained in half-a-dozen letters and scribbled notes, which he and his father left about. The first time they were codified was today, by me, as follows:

THE LAWS OF LUNDY

ARTICLE I. Nobody can come here if Mr. Harman doesn't want him to.

ARTICLE II. Anybody with a gun must give

it to Mr. Gade at night before it gets dark.

ARTICLE III. Nobody can shoot any birds, especially puffins.

ARTICLE IV. Every dog must be the same sex, and visitors can't have dogs at all.

ARTICLE V. Anybody who wants to do something very odd, like bring a kangaroo here, has to ask Mr. Harman.

A few explanatory notes and judicial interpretations on this body of laws seems to be called for, at this point. Article I, Mr. Harman told me, has resulted in a blacklist, a dozen or so persons forever banned from Lundy—for example, a trawlerman who used naughty language there, an alcoholic, a homosexual. Article IV, the anti-canine statute, is to prevent their proliferation about the island, and the sex that Lundy's dogs currently must be is female. Article II, relative to the use of firearms, was enacted in 1927, when two residents were feuding over a woman; now, Mr. Gade doesn't enforce it.

Mr. Gade, I learned, is Mr. Harman's viceroy and the King of Lundy *pro tem,* as well as the postmaster, innkeeper, grocer, bartender, Lloyd's of London agent, Volunteer-in-Charge of the Rocket Life Saving Apparatus, and official representative of the Shipwrecked Fishermen and Mariners Society or the Shipwrecked Mariners and Fishermen Society—no one can remember which, including Mr. Gade. Also, Mr. Gade is judge and jury at Lundy's trials, of which historically there have been two, one civil and one criminal. In the civil action, he handed down a writ of mandamus, so to speak, constraining the longshoremen to divvy up their tips; in the criminal one, he fined a visitor five dollars for accompanying a dog to Lundy, in contravention of Article IV. The corpus delicti, incidentally, a chowchow, got lost on Lundy shortly afterwards. It was discovered in a cleft of rock, dead, thereby demonstrating to the satisfaction of everyone resident on Lundy the simple, laconic wisdom of their country's legislation.

MUGGS AWAY

HAVING familiarized myself with the laws of the realm, and having thanked Mr. Harman for the interview, and for the Worthington, I went to Lundy itself. Formerly, a three-seater plane had gone there—at various times, it was called the Lundy and Atlantic Airlines, the North Devon Flying Club, and Devon Air Ltd.—but several weeks earlier, it fell into the Atlantic, so I traveled to Lundy on a boat, a big white paddle-wheeler that makes the trip every two or three days from Ilfracombe, Great Britain's equivalent of Atlantic City.

Besides myself, there were seven hundred passengers—all of them excursionists. I am utterly unable to account for such an extravagant number of them, and, after observing their behavior at close range, on Lundy itself—they looked at one or two pigs there, had a beer, and returned to the paddle-wheeler—I find it even the more mysterious. The tourist's lot is a difficult one almost anywhere, but on Lundy his adversities are of epic proportions. Many of the seven hundred were seasick; as we got off, drizzle fell upon them, and the ocean slapped over the flimsy wooden pier, soaking their skirts and trousers. A man fell into the water, and a middle-aged lady, after enduring some unknown misfortune at shore, was carried back to the paddle-wheeler all bloody, while the rest of us were getting off it.

The tourists bore their crosses stoically. Huffing and hawing, they climbed the palisades of Lundy by a steep, switchback trail, and hurried to the only gay spot, the Marisco Tavern; like subway riders, they pressed inside, and were given beer furiously by an old, gaunt, eminently harried man, whom I took to be Mr. Gade. He, Mr. Gade, was afforded no quarter by the tourists; in his capacity as postmaster, he was called upon for postage stamps; in that as grocer, for fig newtons and crumpets; meanwhile, his assistant, Audrey, equipped the tourists with puffin book ends, puffin ash trays, and plaster puffins of no apparent utilitarian value. The tiny tavern was full of smoke, darkness, and noise: of men calling for beer, of plaster puffins falling to the floor, of a boy crying,

"Buy a pennant, Mommy, so they'll know we've been to Lundy."

"Hush, dear, we already have a puffin."

I surveyed this Doré-like scene for a minute or two; then, I pushed outside for a breath of air. The drizzle had stopped, and the sunlight fell in ribbons; the island of Lundy dried beneath it, a desolate plain of scrub, stones, and faraway, gray sheep. The color of everything was gray—the stones, the abandoned lighthouse, the Marisco Tavern and the ashen huts nearby —an island that was built of rain-clouds. I strolled to the edge of the cliff, watching the sunlight's glare on the water, four hundred feet below. When I returned to the Marisco Tavern, the tourists had gone, and Mr. Gade, Audrey, and two or three islanders were sitting quietly

in the darkness, desperately trying to get their bearings.

Now, the Marisco Tavern was a friendly, easy-going place. Mr. Gade, with all the slow deliberation of a bartender making a pousse-café, had filled his pipe, and leaned against the gray stone wall, cheerily smoking it; the others, with beer mugs in their laps, talked idly of the unimportant, important things of life. Charlie and the Captain, who worked at the waterfront, came from there in black turtleneck sweaters, nodded for a beer apiece, and started throwing darts at a raggedy bull's-eye, inaugurating each of their games with an esoteric cry, "Middle for diddle!" or "Muggs away!" A few others drifted in, and every now and then the assemblage raised its glasses, toasting itself with enthusiasm: "*All* the very *best*!"

"All the *very* best," cried Charlie, at the dart board, "and muggs away!"

These were the "islanders," the dozen or so persons who live on Lundy, as distinguished from the seven hundred "trippers," or "bluebottles," who just had left. (A bluebottle, my dictionary explains, is *Calliphora erythrocephala*, a pesky insect that flies about in circles, going buzz.) They were a friendly crowd, and, later in the evening, as every evening, we made it a point to get together again. Audrey, the girl who sold puffinware, sat herself at a piano, and we all sang "Home on the Range" and "The Whiffenpoof Song"; then, "What d'ya say you jive it, Audrey, up a bit?" cried Charlie, and we all sang "Tavern in the Town," "Landlord, Fill the Flowing Bowl," and two choruses of "The Halls of Montezuma." At ten o'clock, we were given a solo by a retired sea dog with a vivid, animated face:

When I catch Alfonso Spugoni, the toreador,
With one mighty swipe I will dislocate his bally jaw,
I'll fight the bullfighter, I will,
When I catch the bounder, the blighter I'll kill,
He shall die. . . .

Whenever the old sailor came to this particular point, he swiped himself on the jaw. Presently, Mr. Gade was called upon, and maintained the toreador theme by singing "Flow Gently, Sweet Afton" in a voice that is occasionally heard in Spain, emanating from mortally wounded bulls, and I, being an American, was asked to obtain a fiddle somewhere and call a square dance. A good time was had by all, and there were cries until early in the morning of "*All* the very *best*!"

Lundy seemed like such a delightful place to live that I wondered, naturally, how the Harman family had managed to come by it. I asked about this the next day and discovered that the late Mr. Harman—Mr. Harman I, or "M.C.H.," as his subjects knew him—had set his heart on Lundy when only a bluebottle, aged eighteen, and finally bought it in 1925 for $80,000, a thousand times what it went for in the Mariscos' days. Theretofore, Lundy had been owned and operated by the Reverend Mr. Heaven, and was known as the Kingdom of Heaven, of course, while the voyage to Lundy was known as Purgatory.

Lundy, I also learned, has gone by many other names, historically, but all of them sound decidedly like Lundy—*viz.*, Landy, Londi, Londey, Londay, Lounday, Lunday, Lundeia, Londia, and Londai—and scholars have just as many explanations for the word, one of the more extravagant being that of Westcote, who suggested in 1646 that it was "island" backwards. In fact, Lundy is from the Icelandic *lundi*, meaning puffin, and *ey*, meaning island, and so means Puffin Island. Etymologically, then, we must note that "Lundy Island" is a tautology, and that a resident is properly a Lundyskeggi, two or more of them being Lundyskeggjar. The late Mr. Harman was in the forefront of the battle to prevent the ungrammatical use of "Lundy Island," and, a few years before his death, he wrote an impassioned letter about it, saying, "I hope [the residents] will help me to combat this practice. As the British Post Office insist on perpetuating the error we shall never quite succeed, but we can at least do our best." It is not recorded, however, that Mr. Harman ever called himself a Lundyskeggi.

BLOTTER ON BIRDS

So MUCH has been said, on these pages, of puffin islands, puffinware, half-puffins, and non-puffins that a word or two about the puffin itself seems to be called for. Puffins, on Lundy, are residents in the spring and early summer, and as I was there in the fall, we missed one another; however, the Lundyskeggjar told me they're a small, black-and-white sea bird, with an outrageous beak of every color, a singing voice that somewhat resembles Mr. Gade's, and a gait like a rolling ship. Further research turned up the news that puffins were eaten in the Middle Ages; that they themselves eat animals 98.22 per cent of the time and algae 1.78 per cent of the time; that they are popularly known as sea parrots, Lundy parrots, tommie

noddies, tammy nories, and bottlenoses, and ornithologically as *Fratercula arctica*—"little arctic brother."

In addition to puffins, I learned, one hundred and forty-five species of birds inhabit Lundy, and many others visit it from time to time, including such transoceanic rarities as the Sardinian warbler and the American robin. Personally, I'm not a practicing bird-watcher, and none of this stuff especially fascinates me, but, I realize, there are readers of mine whom it *does,* who are anxious to hear even more, and for their benefit I have studied some of the voluminous, ornithological logs that were kept, on Lundy, for not only years but centuries, and I have recorded, in the next three paragraphs, and in no particular order, a few of the sightings that seem of more than routine interest. They are paragraphs that persons like myself, who aren't markedly fond of birds, might very profitably ignore.

Lundy, anyhow, I learned from my readings, has been visited by such exotic feathered creatures as the great auk, the great tit, the twite, knot, teal, stint, snipe, shag, rook, widgeon, and wood pigeon, as well as by two apparently distinct species, the chaffinch and the chiffchaff. The chaffinches were seen in great profusion at lunchtime, September 9, 1880, and, in the following year, one was caught by a fellow named Ward, who gave it to Annie. The chiffchaff, for its part, was duly noted but escaped captivity from March 12 to October 23, 1954, and a fate worse than a chaffinch's was meted to a gray phalarope on December 9, 1881, when it was shot by W.B.; Cecilia Harriet Heaven called it "an evil deed," and so do I.

Mr. Norman H. Joy saw an arctic skua on August 22, 1905. A peregrine falcon was recorded in 1274 A.D., and an albatross on June 13, 1874, and, on an unspecified date in April 1906, Mr. Norman H. Joy saw a cirl bunting. Crespi saw a goshawk, but Loyd says he is "obviously in error," and Hendy saw a tree pipit, but Davenport says, "As may be imagined, we saw no tree pipits"; the consensus on yellow wagtails, is three to four, with Perry, Davenport, and an unnamed bluebottle maintaining the affirmative, Crespi, Rousham, Ross, and Cummings upholding the negative, and Loyd keeping his own counsel on the matter.

On September 23, 1954, a spotted flycatcher caught a butterfly, hitting its head against a tree, and in October 1874, a yellow-billed cuckoo hit *its* head against a tree and dropped dead, after flying uninterruptedly from America. Jack snipes, by way of contrast, have been hitting their heads against a lighthouse, while the foghorn there has frightened away the choughs, which were "as common as crows" in 1860, and the gannets, which were as common as choughs since 1321 A.D. A nightjar was churring at 10:30 in the evening, May 30, 1922. Bluebottles on Lundy have reported nightingales, white-tailed eagles, and lesser gray shrikes, but nobody ever believed them, and, in 1953, a cook at the Lundy Field Society reported a pelican, becoming the laughingstock for days. Well, it *was* a pelican; it just escaped from the Bristol Zoo.

While W.B., the lighthouse, and the foghorn have, of course, played an unparalleled role in the lives, respectively, of the gray phalarope, the jack snipe, and the gannet, there surely hasn't been anything of such profound consequence to the average bird, on Lundy, as the founding of the Lundy Field Society there, in 1946. Since then, the birds have scarcely known a moment to call their own. Not only are they kept under a constant surveillance which, anywhere else, would be reserved for suspected criminals, but a full blotter is being maintained on their comings and goings, their associations with other



Since then, the birds have scarcely known a moment to call their own.

birds, their sexual indiscretions, and such intimate details of personal hygiene as the name, number, and whereabouts of their body lice.

Many of these birds, on Lundy, after a dozen years of such scant privacy, are beginning to betray the same signs of nervous collapse that might be expected in a human being. A case in point is the manx shearwater, a shy, rather introverted bird, whose mental state became so desperate that, in 1948, the elder Mr. Harman was forced to memorialize the Lundy Field Society on its behalf.

"This particular colony," he wrote, "has suffered from rats, but has also suffered a bit from being over-birdwatched. I don't take any exception to this, for it is all in the cause of science, but I understand that not a single bird was hatched."

Mr. Harman's charitable attitude toward the Lundy Field Society was manifested as early as 1946, when, welcoming the Lundy Field Society to Lundy, he gave it $250, its first subscription, and the abandoned lighthouse to live in. Today, the lighthouse is still the society's roost, being inhabited in the migrating season by a half-dozen earnest bird watchers and in *every* season by Miss Barbara K. Whittaker, its warden, a young, personable, studious woman whose tireless devotion to the birds is almost a byword there. One afternoon, I visited the lighthouse and introduced myself to Miss Whittaker, and she, in turn, introduced me to several other bird watchers and to Mr. Oliver Hook, an old, lively Englishman who watches seals but hasn't anything in particular against birds. The lighthouse itself was a perfect chaos: of tables and rickety orange crates, of dirty dishes, of unwrapped butter, marmalade tins, Spam cans, and dismembered bits of liverwurst and boloney, of shaggy, gray-green books in topless heaps, of bulletin boards, broadsides, and ornithological pin-ups, and, in the interstices of all this, moving guardedly, of Miss Whittaker and the bird watchers, all of them wearing baggy woolen sweaters and looking absolutely in the pink of health.

THRASHING IN THE BRAMBLE

FOR the most part, the bird watchers were eating liverwurst, and Miss Whittaker was writing assiduously in the daily log. I saw that her entry was a curious one, this:

> WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 7. Oliver Hook arrived. O.H. entered straight way into L.F.S. activities and visited Seal Hole with B.K.W., where a calf about 24 hours old was found. The spirited young lady left her imprint on O.H.

Puzzled by this, I asked O.H. for a fuller explanation, and hastily was told that the spirited young lady wasn't Miss Whittaker but the seal, and that the imprint was of its teeth—now, a purple, terrifying welt on his forearm. Mr. Hook assured me it wasn't malignant and, when I inquired about the seal, observed it had been shooed away by splashing water in its face, apparently, in England, the accepted procedure for shooing away seals. Later, Mr. Hook said, he managed to weigh the seal, measure it, and tag it for future reference with a small aluminum band. Both parties to the operation set a record for Lundy, the seal being the first of its species to be tagged by a human being, and Mr. Hook being the first of *his* to be bitten by a seal.

Mr. Hook now remarked that, for the time being, he proposed leaving the seals to their own devices and investigating the birds, and, if possible, even catching some for more particularized study. The idea of catching a bird rather fascinated me, and, although I confessed I wouldn't know how to begin, he invited me along, and Miss Whittaker came, too. When we left the lighthouse, it was late afternoon, and the fading sunlight swept across the island like a wind. Below us, the beach already was in twilight; sea gulls circled in the warmth above it, and black cormorants stood on the rocks, spreading their wings like Prussian eagles. Miss Whittaker, Mr. Hook, and I walked silently for ten minutes and came, presently, to a sizable thicket of bramble and rock, rising out of which, like a dinosaur, was an extraordinary contrivance of wire fences, wood, and rope, of doors and pulleys moaning in the breeze. This, Miss Whittaker said cheerfully, is a Heligoland Bird Trap, the most serviceable kind there is. Flabbergasted, I stared at the Heligoland Bird Trap, estimating it one hundred feet long, thirty feet wide, and eight feet high—roughly, one million times as large as the average bird.

Presently, Miss Whittaker saw my dismay, and observed that a Heligoland Bird Trap—although, on Lundy, such elemental devices as dead herrings, balls of wool, and W.B.'s rifle had been used instead—is superior to any of these because of its vast, intricate mechanism, which only the most scholarly of birds could hope to grasp. Its proper utilization begins, she continued, when she, Miss Whittaker, thrashes about in the bramble, and, after frightening a



The first of its species to be tagged

bird into the trap, closes a screen door behind it. Thereupon, the bird flies about in consternation; more and more doors are closed, all of them being actuated by Miss Whittaker, who, it ought to be pointed out, is also inside the Heligoland Bird Trap; progressively, the woebegone bird finds itself in smaller and smaller quarters and, finally, when the last door closes, in a small, accessible, wooden box. As she explained this, Miss Whittaker scurried about the trap, thrashing her arms, yanking ropes, and closing doors by way of demonstration, and when she had finished, she put her hand demonstratively into the wooden box, discovering, to her astonishment, there *was* a bird inside. It was a female redstart, which apparently had been there all along, and Miss Whittaker drew it forth in triumph.

Until now, I hadn't considered what Miss Whittaker would do with a bird in the hand once she had it there; so she explained that the customary procedure is to weigh it, measure its wing, bill, and leg bone, observe the color of its eye, put all this in a notebook, appropriate its body lice, put all *that* in a bottle, assign the bird a serial number, put this serial number—a tiny aluminum band—on its leg, and, finally, let the bird, band, and serial number fly blithely away. So saying, Miss Whittaker carried the redstart to a little shack and began to perform these operations, and, as she did so, commented, "The Lundy Field Society ringed more than a thousand birds last year—one thousand and ninety-eight, I believe, of forty-six different species. Birds that were ringed on Lundy have turned up, later, in such places as Chaves, Portugal; Alicante, Spain; and Izmozen, Spanish Morocco; and, of course, that helps us to understand how they migrate, as do the ectoparasites. On Lundy, the birds are lousy—they have a lot of lice, that is—and as you can see, this redstart has two or three, in the scruff of her neck. I don't care for ectoparasites myself, but Mr. Gordon B. Thompson *does,* and asked us to save them. Mr. Thompson has discovered that the most common ectoparasite here, on Lundy, is a tick, *Ixodes reduvius.*"

Mr. Hook and I listened to this attentively, but the redstart, apparently, had heard it all before. It didn't look frightened, it looked bored, and, after its release, it flew to the bramble and sat on a juniper twig, as if nothing out-of-the-way had happened. It didn't even make its experiences known to the other redstarts, to whom, I gathered, the whole bird-ringing business was old hat.

Presently, Mr. Hook observed something to the effect that two birds in the hand are worth one in the bush, and proposed that the three of us attempt to capture, measure, and ring another one, having had such notable success with the redstart. This struck Miss Whittaker as an excellent idea, so she, Mr. Hook, and I equipped ourselves with branches and began thrashing about in the bramble, in front of the Heligoland Bird Trap. We managed to rouse a single bird —another redstart, which popped from the underbrush like a champagne cork, flying over my shoulder to distant, unknown parts. Miss Whittaker and Mr. Hook watched it go, and turned to me with disappointment.

"I'm awfully sorry," I said.

"That's all right," Miss Whittaker said, but I knew that her heart wasn't in it.

A few days later, before departing from Lundy and returning on the paddle-wheeler to England, I visited the old lighthouse again, to see what sort of mention had been made of our activities in the Lundy Field Society's daily log. I knew, of course, that these logs had been preserved for centuries and would be kept, inevitably, for centuries more, so I was delighted to see the following:

> Thursday, Sept. 8. B.K.W. swallow-watched all day, but in the evening she, an American author (or journalist) Mr. Fach (?) and O.H. worked the Heligoland Trap on the terrace and caught and ringed a ♀ redstart.

The hesitant nature of this entry doesn't trouble me at all. The bird was the first and only ♀ redstart in whose capture and subsequent enringment I've been to any degree responsible, and I'm proud as a peacock, happy as a ♀ lark, to have been granted this unsolicited measure of immortality.

George Hedley

FRONTIERS of Religion

Our old religious faiths are being subjected to the most rigorous scientific inquiry they have ever endured—and they are surviving with new luster.

RELIGION is probably the hardest subject in the world to approach objectively. By its very nature it appeals to and seizes upon the emotions of men and women—either positively or negatively. And not only its emotional content hampers exact learning. Since religion concerns itself with the invisible values of life, it depends especially on symbols for its expression—symbols as words themselves, or as other less explicit sights and sounds. That precise verbal statement of meaning which scholars yearn for is unattainable.

Nevertheless in recent years the scholarly study of religion as one of the fundamental ways of human acting, thinking, and feeling—and as our most rewarding way of reaching out beyond ourselves—has developed with a speed and a scope unparalleled in the past.

The literature, history, and psychology of religion have become separate disciplines. The search for meaning has led to a new and intense interest in the philosophy of religion, and in the exploration of symbolic means of religious expression—in liturgies, in the arts, and above all in theology. Even the emotional and symbolic limitations to what we call the "scientific method" of scholarship are leading to new understanding when studied in themselves.

Because scientific inquiry has been most highly developed in the West, it is within the Hebrew-Christian tradition that we look first for new knowledge about both the symbols and the substance of religion.

The documents come first in the story. It is true that some of the Hebrew prophets violently repudiated parts of the Hebrew Law, and that the early Christian Fathers held conflicting views, and conducted completely free debates, about the authorship of many of the books of the New Testament. As time passed, however, the Bible came to be regarded as monolithic, infallible, and sacrosanct. In effect, the medieval Church left it in the background of a scene whose fore-stage was occupied by a mixture (scarcely a combination) of official dogmas and unofficial legends. Protestant rejection of the Church as final authority led to a new emphasis upon the Scriptures, but only very slowly to new techniques in studying them.

The major leaders of Protestantism engaged in no slavish devotion to the letter of the Scriptures. Martin Luther to all intents and purposes dropped the books of St. James, Esther, and the Revelation from his canon. John Calvin admitted no relationship between the Jewish Sabbath and the Christian Sunday. John Wesley excised the imprecatory Psalms from his Psalter. Alexander Campbell, of the Bible-centered Disciples of Christ, in 1826 declared the King James translation to be "in many instances incorrect." It was easier, however, for the mass of Christians (including the majority of clerics) to rest upon a single authority than to investigate a plurality of problems. Thus for some three hundred years Protestantism in general assumed the Scriptures to be not only the Word of God, but also his words; and another century-plus has not disabused either the typical believer or the typical unbeliever of the misconception that this is the standard Christian position.

REBUILDING THE BIBLE

FORTUNATELY, most official schools of theology of the Protestant denominations have not remained captives of this type of anti-intellectualism. (The Roman Catholic path, for many years parallel and often pioneering, diverged sharply after 1907, when Pope Pius X condemned "modernism" in his encyclical *Pascendi.*) From the early nineteenth century onward inquiring minds had seized upon the Biblical writings and grappled with the problems of their actual authorships, dates, and purposes. By a generation ago a number of findings of Biblical scholarship had moved from the realm of opinion into that of settled conclusion.

The "five books of Moses," plus many of the other narrative materials in the Old Testament, came to be seen as a weaving together of four major strands dating variously from 850 to perhaps 350 B.C., and representing not one but many different views both of the purposes of God and of the history of man. The book of Isaiah was seen to consist of an eighth-century work of demolition and a sixth-century one of reconstruction, and interpolations and additions were recognized in almost all of the books of the prophets. In the New Testament the letters of St. Paul were rearranged into chronological sequence, with only nine of the traditional fourteen now regarded as authentic writings of the apostle himself. The Gospel of St. Mark was recognized as a basic literary source for those of Sts. Matthew and Luke, while the Fourth Gospel was identified as being probably a Greek restatement of an originally Jewish faith.

One Old Testament example will show the kind of clarifying that ensued. As the record stands ostensibly, Abraham decides to offer his son Isaac as a sacrifice, but at the last minute learns better. Long afterward (five hundred years?) Moses forbids human sacrifice as the worst of Canaanite abominations. Yet two hundred years later still, the judge Jephthah sacrifices his own daughter in fulfillment of a hasty vow and is applauded for his fidelity if not for his good judgment. How sorely the sequence has confused and embarrassed many a sincere but uninformed Sunday School teacher!

Critical dating of the documents immediately makes sense out of this chaos. The Jephthah episode (Judges 11:29-40), latest in reputed occurrence, turns out to be the earliest in its recording: about the middle of the ninth century B.C. A century later a sensitive pioneer in morality mildly suggests, in his tale of Abraham (Genesis 22:1-19), that human sacrifice scarcely is essential to please the God of the Hebrew family. Finally, after another two hundred years, the time is ripe for the jurists of the "second law" (Deuteronomy 12:31) to issue the flat prohibition which to their mind should have come from Moses. Criticism thus at once relieves the tender modern conscience, and straightens out the order in which conscience grew in the ancient past.

Less easy for modern minds to digest, but not less important for religio-historical understanding, have been such contributions as the first notable one made by the many-sided Albert Schweitzer. Ostensibly a study of existing "lives of Christ," Schweitzer's *Quest of the Historical Jesus* (German 1906, English 1910) turned out to be the statement of a new and revolutionary thesis about the framework of Jesus' thinking. Schweitzer saw the whole gospel record in the light of Judeo-Christian pessimism about the existing world order, and the correlative expectation of its immediate and cataclysmic ending. Jesus, contended the *enfant terrible* who has become the white-haired saint of Lambarene, took this popular Jewish position for granted and taught with it as his basic assumption.

This was fearfully upsetting to many scholars trained in the "liberal" Biblical tradition. They had made up their minds, long ago, that they were under no compulsion to agree with every view stated in the Bible. Many of them, however, had fallen into the habit of expecting that at least the important sections and persons of the Bible would agree with them. There are few today who would follow Schweitzer in making Jesus' belief in the imminent end of the world the touchstone for all his mission, but there are fewer who would deny that this element was present and important. The total effect, and a happy one for accurate evaluation and for religious insight as well, has been greatly to reduce the tendency to make of the man of Galilee a modern liberal Christian, and therefore to identify him the more clearly as a real citizen of Palestine in the first century.

THE DEAD SEA SCROLLS

THE first period of modern religious scholarship, within Protestantism, was heavily Bible-centered. The very study of the Bible, however, demonstrated that the Bible was at least as much a product as it was a producer. Attention then had to be turned to extra-Biblical factors.

In its application to religion, archaeology has clarified history and has amplified understanding. Numerous Canaanite artifacts have been found at what are considered "Israelite" levels in the Palestinian city-mounds, indicating that the Israelite conquest was one largely of interpenetration rather than of total genocide. Particularly common are terra-cotta figurines of the goddess Astarte, with sexual characteristics greatly exaggerated. One realizes, looking at these, that the Israelite and Jewish prophets had reason for their passionate protest against the survival of Canaanite fertility rites.

At several Palestinian sites small and identical weights labeled *pim* have been discovered. These have served to translate a previously obscure line

in I Samuel 13:21, "and it was a *pim* for (sharpening) the mattocks," and have confirmed the judgment that Philistia was in the iron age before Israel had attained to it. In general archaeological evidence has made the Philistines come alive as a powerful and able people, long the victims of enemy propaganda (Israelite, Egyptian, and Assyrian) and of their own literary silence.

Another effect of Biblical archaeology, parallel to that in the classical field, has been to affirm a good deal of tradition which in early "critical" times had been regarded as completely unhistorical. The second excavation at Jericho, after World War I, revealed an almost total destruction of the city about the middle of the fifteenth century B.C. Fitted together with Canaanite complaints of marauding tribes referred to as "Ḥabiri," this at once helped to support the Biblical account of the Israelite invasion of Palestine and to fix its date during the XVIIIth rather than the XIXth dynasty of Egypt, some two hundred years earlier than the previously accepted dating. In numerous cases the evidence of building, destruction, and rebuilding during the period of the Israelite and Jewish kingdoms substantiates and clarifies the narratives found in the books of the Kings.

Excavation in the Egyptian oases has revealed, through a mass of non-literary papyri, that the Greek of the New Testament was precisely the colloquial speech of the Levant in the Hellenistic age. This not only has served to establish the character of early Christianity as a religion appealing consciously and unpretentiously to the common man, but also has provided new and vivid renderings for many New Testament words and phrases. Jesus crucified is, in the letter to the Galatians, no longer merely "openly set forth" but publicly "placarded"; the Law as "schoolmaster" is a tutor-slave; St. Paul does not "buffet" his body but "punishes" it as in a prize ring; and "Be not anxious" turns into "Don't skin yourself."

The most sensational find of recent years, and quite possibly the most important, has been that of the so-called "Dead Sea Scrolls." It will be a long time before the full content of these materials can be known. It will take many times as long till the inevitable battles about their significance will have been fought out. Two points, however, now are reasonably clear.

One is that at least we have actual manuscripts of some of the Hebrew scriptures, dating from almost a thousand years before those of the traditional ("Masoretic") Hebrew text, so that we are much nearer to the original readings, whether of disputed passages or of those that up to now have been taken for granted. The other is that the first century accounts of a monastic community known as the "Essenes," found in the works of Philo and Josephus, are so closely paralleled in the new discoveries as to give enhanced authority and additional meaning to those ancient writings. The implication that Jesus was directly influenced by the Essenes, or that he may indeed have been a member of the sect, will require further and very careful examination. The general effect to date is to reinforce the judgment which scholars long have held, to the effect that the recorded teachings of Jesus were unique in selection and implementation rather than in invention.

LIGHT FROM THE DARK AGES

ANOTHER expansion of interest beyond the Bible has been that into the history of the Christian Church in its first fifteen centuries. To most of the early Protestants this had seemed a period of decline and apostasy, well to be forgotten. The reaction of the Counter Reformation long tended to make historical studies on the Roman Catholic side polemical rather than exploratory. Both antagonists now are doing better: the Protestants trying to identify the real nature of historic Catholic Christianity, the Romans applying the canons of literary and historical criticism to their own tradition. Partisan interests are feebler far than they were a half-century ago.

Christian scholars thus are newly aware, even if the Protestant laity isn't, that Christianity has not only a long history before Jesus, but also a long and critically important history after him. The teaching of the Church is rooted indeed in the New Testament, but its flowering and its fruits are not all to be found there. Many of them came long after, and new and sometimes surprising growth continues even yet to appear.

Taking its theology largely from the historian Gibbon and the novelist Merezhkovsky, recent liberalism had considered the theological disputing of the fourth century to be a senseless quarreling about trivia. Patient and inquiring reading of the Fathers of the Church, and of the memoranda and decrees of the ecumenical councils, has shown that there were not only individual jealousies, and local quarrels, and cultural clashes between regions, and not only honest differences of opinion among churchmen. There were also basic and important differences

in estimates of value. The notable case is that of the Trinitarian controversy: what was the mutual relationship of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost? Here the resolution of the dispute in favor of a single God, manifested in three kinds of appearance to humanity, gave to the Christian fellowship an organic unity which it scarcely could have achieved and maintained if the opposing view, declaring the separation of the divine "persons" and the subordination of the second and third of them, had secured the majority vote.

The Byzantine tradition, long ignored by both Roman Catholics and Protestants as a fatty degeneration of the Christian heart and mind, turns out on re-examination to be rich not only in art works but also in important types of religious experience and expression. The folk faith of the Ethiopians, issuing in the elaboration of the cult of the Virgin; the liturgical riches of Constantinople and Alexandria and Malabar; the quiet quest of the Holy Ghost in the monasteries of Mount Athos; the development of the great Russian churches from a blending of Mediterranean domes and snow-covered gables: all these have captured the interest of scholarship, and all have much yet to yield in data and in comprehension.

To us the story of Western Christendom is more familiar, if not yet familiar enough. Others than G. K. Chesterton and Hilaire Belloc are realizing that the "Middle Ages" were not a void between classical antiquity and modern times, but vital creators of the world we live in. The medieval scholastics and mystics and heretics are being restudied and ever and again re-interpreted. The "reformers before the Reformation," and the founders of Protestant movements large and small, are better known than they were, and will be known better still. The broad churchmen of England, the Socialists of America, the sects of the underprivileged on both sides of the Atlantic, the modern monks of Einsiedeln and Solesme, the theologians of Halle and Copenhagen and Göttingen and New York, are integral to the patterns of religion in the West. None may be omitted if our knowledge and our understanding are to be at all complete.

APPROACH TO THE HEATHEN

NOR is the Judeo-Christian tradition by any means all. "Comparative Religion," which began in medieval polemics against Islam, no longer is a tendentious comparison of the Christian ideal with the non-Christian actual, to the necessary advantage of Christianity. Intelligence and conscience here again have combined to require a fairer and a more accurate approach. The nineteenth century saw a vast amount of first translating of Indian, Persian, Chinese, and Arabic religious writings, and the twentieth is digging deeper into their meanings.

Embarrassing to those who had thought of Christianity as a strictly unique revelation, but greatly illumining to those who inquire to learn, is the discovery of many and great resemblances between the Christian and the "heathen" scriptures. Not only did ancient Babylonia have a flood myth comparable to the Israelite one of Noah, but the arid plateau of Persia turned out to have its own parallel in the "seven fatal winters." Nationalism and universalism appeared in the Hindu Vedas much as they did in the Jewish Psalms, and monotheism was declared with the same rigor by Mohammed as it had been by the second Isaiah.

Something like the "Golden Rule" turned out to be pretty nearly universal. Religious loyalty, at whatever cost to the individual, was as ringingly urged (if to our minds as puzzlingly expressed) in the *Bhagavad-Gita* as in the Revelation of St. John. Confucius evidently would have been quite at home sitting among the wise men who compiled the book of Proverbs, and Laotse would have said, of the *Logos* of the Fourth Gospel, "This 'Word' is just what I mean by the *Tao*." Some deprecated these similarities as mere matters of chance. To others they were new and encouraging evidence that God has not left himself without a witness among any people, that human values and aspirations are essentially alike wherever men think intently and live seriously.

Identity is not all, and comparison with Christianity is not the only, nor the necessary, technique in the approach to the religions of the Orient. Not a few Occidentals, including a striking number of psychiatrists, have found Buddhism, in one or another of its myriad types of expression, to be the religious answer they personally want. Whether or not there is such conversion, there needs to be quite as much scholarly work done on the proliferation of Buddhist movements as there has been on the multiple forms of Christianity; and the complexities of Hinduism and Islam turn out to be scarcely fewer or less intricate.

A notable example of the study of an Oriental system in its own right is the work of Dr. D. T. Suzuki, of the Otani Buddhist College in Tokyo, on that immediate-apprehension form

these men and women had searched for God was evident, and not only in Europe but also in India and Japan. What they had found nevertheless refused to melt away. The psychology of religion had helped to interpret some aspects of religion, but it had no more disposed of religion than the psychology of art has abolished aesthetic experience. Scientific honesty and humility then compelled the judgment that the indemonstrable was not necessarily the nonexistent.

What seemed now to offer itself as an academic explanation, but what may be a cognate religious phenomenon, was that rigorous form of Protestant theological doctrine which bears the name of Karl Barth. The essence of Barthianism, described as "crisis theology" and more loosely as "neo-orthodoxy," is the proposition that man's encounter with the divine is at once absolute and indefinable: that there is no escaping it, but that there is no explaining it either. God is declared to be the "Wholly Other," by no means to be captured within the formulas of men, yet always confronting man with the ultimate in moral obligation. Soon it was recognized that this was just what John Calvin had insisted upon three hundred years before, in his doctrine of predestination and in his demand for total submission to the divine law; and so neo-orthodoxy appears today as an authentic neo-Calvinism.

Because the mystic usually has seemed so assured of his direct contact with infinite reality, and so little dependent upon the authoritative guidance of either Church or Scripture, most of the followers of Barth have refused to admit the validity of the mystic way. It is possible, however, to suppose the kinship which they have thought to deny. Confident as are the mystics of their experience, they are emphatic that it cannot be verbalized with any degree of precision. Both for them and for the Barthians, God is at once totally real and almost totally indescribable. For both, the conviction of divine reality rests not upon scientific demonstration but on immediate inner contact. For both, then, the objective judgment about the subjective is that what is called the subjective is real, whatever scientific objectivity may have to say about it.

These, then, are the inevitable polarities of religion: deity and humanity, intuition and research, spirit and body. Can there be a genuine nexus within each of the pairs? Or are we trapped forever in the abysses that lie between? The basic problem of religious scholarship seems to be the very problem of religion

itself. Questing for answer, St. Anselm of Canterbury asked the question, *"Cur deus homo?"*—Why a God-man?" The seeker of today continues to inquire, "How does God come to man?"

Anselm's reply from the late eleventh century, which is one directed to both forms of the question, seems curiously to lead toward our most advanced twentieth-century thinking; but we shall have to trace it by a somewhat circuitous route. The way is that of symbolism. We do not know God, says Anselm, as we know physical objects, nor even as we know many of our abstract ideas. When we try to think of God, therefore, we have to think in terms of what we do know: of ideas and objects that are in the range of our comprehension and description.

SYMBOL AND SUBSTANCE

THIS is the function of symbolism. It may be as crass as the clay Astarte, as clumsy as the Aztec goddess of the corn; or it may be as subtle and articulate as the finest-spun passages in St. Thomas' *Summa Theologica*. It is symbolism in either case, the use of something else in the effort to reflect and represent something, of the object to carry a value.

The danger of symbolism is obvious. It is idolatry. "These be thy gods, O Israel!" has been applicable not only to the golden calves of Aaron, but also to statues of St. Mary the Virgin, to the creeds of the Church, to days of fasting and festival, to the absolutist formulas of Midwestern fundamentalism. It always is idolatry to confuse the symbol with the reality.

The early Protestants saw this with reference to the images of the saints, though not all of them as to the phrasing of the Bible. The liberal modernists, more inclusively, tried to sweep away all symbols because in themselves they were not finally real. But thereby the Protestants exiled from their ken not only the churchly statues but also the noble army of martyrs whom they represented, and the modernists soon found themselves left with no reality that mattered. A childish use of symbolism had assumed a one-for-one correlation between the immediate and the ultimate. Surely it was a kind of adolescence that reduced the correlation to zero. At last a renewed adulthood has begun to supervene.

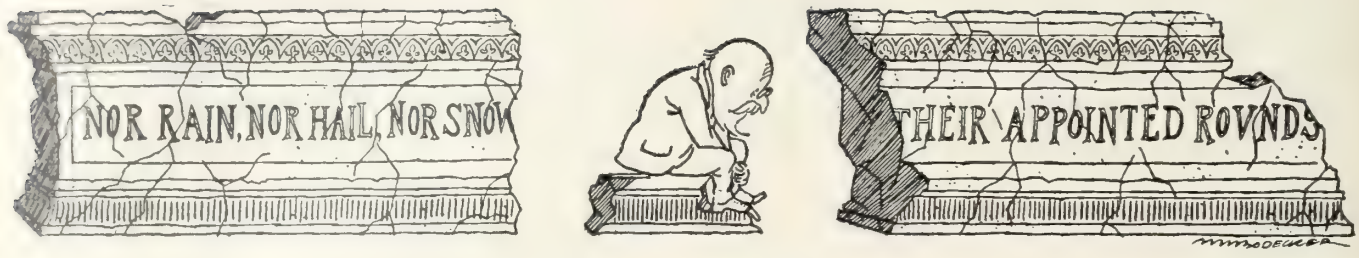
One effect of the realization that man does not get along without symbols, and cannot get along without them, has been a revival of interest in religious architecture and in the procedures of public worship. The fields of liturgics, of Christian iconography and music, of hymnology, have been cultivated with an increasing discernment and a heightened enthusiasm. In one way these inquiries are factual and historical. In another they are psychological too, and ultimately philosophical in the fullest sense.

Even more importantly, the necessarily symbolic nature of every kind of religious utterance has become apparent. The historic creeds have come to mean not less, but more, as attention has turned from their apparent narration of events to their central assertion of meanings. "Modernist" embarrassment with evident crudities in the Biblical texts is yielding to a fresh appreciation of essential Biblical intentions. From the innocence of its childhood the Christian mind thus has moved, through the literalism of its schooldays, toward the sympathetic sophistication of the mentally and morally grown up.

This is where St. Anselm comes in. Why a God-man? The answer is myth, if we will: but it is the kind of myth that alone will lead us nearer to ultimate truth. The myth of the incarnation, "that God became man by necessity," is the nearest that man yet has come to bridging the gap between himself and the creative and sustaining force which undergirds all being. "The *Logos* became flesh, and dwelt among us." This is a considered philosophy. It is vaulting imagination. It is the core of the Christian faith.

Those of us who count ourselves Christian do not pretend that this central myth of ours includes all that is in the outer reality. The very limits of our knowledge, as marked out by scientific inquiry, prohibit any such claim; and religious intuition readily concurs. We nevertheless are persuaded that the actualities of human experience, and the symbolic nature of human thought, unite to drive us to this symbol of the God-man beyond all others, because it does more than any other to bring together the polarities of immediate and ultimate.

Historical, documentary, and psychological inquiry will go on to reap new harvests of learning, and philosophy and theology will continue to build new structures to contain them. None of these will avoid symbolism, both because they cannot and because our time is willing to rejoice in symbols once more. Nor within their inescapable symbolisms will they capture everything of the truth. What their history to date does argue is that the symbol of the eternal Christ revealed in the historic man Jesus is the one best designed to reflect the confrontation of finite man by the infinite God.



DIGGING THE WEANS

A Story by ROBERT NATHAN

Drawings by N. M. Bodecker

THE inscription on the north wall of the temple at Pound-Laundry on the east coast of the Great West Continent has finally been deciphered by the team led by Sr. B'Han Bollek. This work brings us certain assurance of the theory expressed by Bes Nef, Hanh Shui, and Nat Obelgerst-Levy that a people of considerable numbers and power formerly inhabited this salt and desolate land. It is a triumph for those archaeologists who have been working ever since the fortunate discovery of an ivory cross and string of beads at the northeast, or "Bosstin" tumulus, along with a rusted iron wheel which seems to have been designed to run along some kind of track or trolley. These artifacts, as everyone knows, are now in the museum at Kenya.

What we have been unable to discover, is the fate of these ancient people. That they perished in some sort of upheaval many thousands of years ago is clear from the inscription itself, which Sr. B'Han Bollek translates as follows: "nor [for north?] rain nor hail nor snow . . ." there are some hieroglyphics missing, and the inscription ends with the phrase . . . "their appointed rounds."

However, it must be remembered that the *r* and the *w* are readily interchangeable, both in Hittite and in ancient Hivite, and Bes Nef prefers the reading: "their pointed wounds." This naturally suggests a catastrophe, possibly an invasion from the east, a belief, I may add, greatly encouraged by the findings in the Valley of the Sun, which will be discussed later. On the other hand, if, as some believe, including B'Han Bollek, that the phrase should be read: "their appointed rounds," the meaning of the full inscription might well be as follows: "The north rain, the hail and the snow [also from the north] have accomplished their appointed 'rounds' [or tasks]" . . . namely, have annihilated the inhabitants.

So much, then, we do know; but very little else is known of these ancient people. Professor Shui believes that they may have been Brythons, and related to the still older, Druidic culture whose stones are still to be seen in the East Island. Professor Shui bases this theory upon a certain similarity in the two glyphs, the Brythonic "bathe" and the Wean "bath"; but his theory necessarily comes to grief when one examines the glyph for "that which rises"—the Brythonic "lift" and the Wean "elevator" having obviously no common root.

I have called these people the Weans, because certain archaeological findings incline us to the belief that they called their land the We, or the Us; actually, in the southern part of the continent, the word Weuns (or Weans) does appear, as well as the glyph for Wealls, and the word Theyuns.

To return for a moment to the theory of catastrophe, and the "pointed wounds" of Bes Nef. In the Valley of the Sun there have been unearthed many bronze, and tin, and even stone figures of what would seem to be a kind of huge praying mantis. There are many groups of such figures, usually including male and female, and sometimes with young; it is curious that in every case the male figure is larger and more powerful than the female, which we know

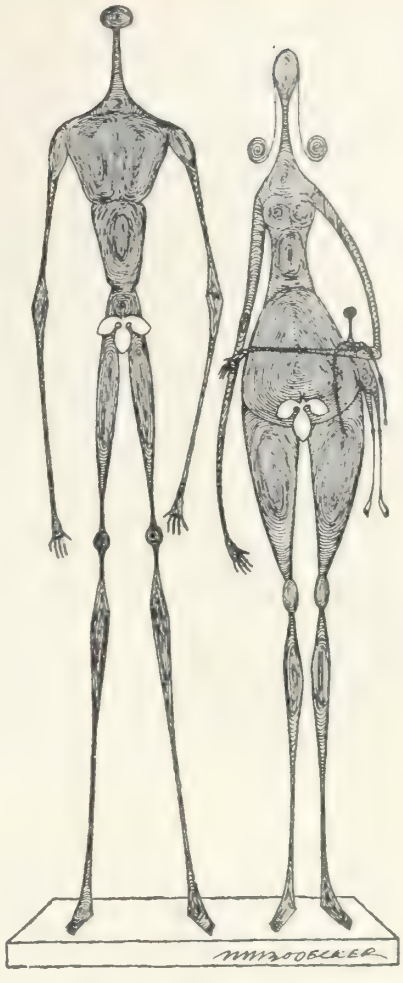
to be untrue in the case of the actual praying mantis. These figures nevertheless have the small, cruel head, the long savage arms, the spindly legs, and the attenuated bodies of the mantis. Is it possible that a civilization of men and women, more or less like ourselves, might have been overwhelmed by an invasion of mantis-like insects? Where could they have come from? and where did they go? The conjecture is, of course, fascinating; but no mantis skeletons or remains of any kind have been found, except the above-mentioned statues.

Pound-Laundry is in itself the richest of the diggings. It is believed that at one time this city (for recent excavations indicate "the laundry," as we call it, to have been a city of considerable culture) may at one time have been, in fact, the capital of We, or at least to have had some political or historic importance. Obelgerst-Levy translates the first word of the name as "washing"; the second is obviously the sign for "weight." It is not known what—if anything—was washed there.

In the middle mound, or Cha'ago, near the Lakes, there have been unearthed several paintings; badly discolored, they yet show enough to prove that the inhabitants of Cha'ago were not entirely without visual art. However, they show almost nothing else. They portray squares, lines, lozenges, and mathematical figures; perhaps they were used in some way by the astrologers of the period. One finds no recognizable human face or figure. We cannot be sure what the Weans of Cha'ago looked like.

(In this relation, it is interesting to note that among the artifacts unearthed at Cha'ago were some unbroken jars and other ceramic objects; also statues of what appear to be eggs, and certain nightmare shapes in stone, iron, and bronze. One is allowed to wonder if there was not some correspondence between these art objects and the praying mantises who may have taken over the country. It is also believed that the Weans had music, but so far at least only a few brass instruments and some drums and cymbals have been found; no sounds have come down to us from those faraway people except a high rasping cry from a slender horn-like object found in Oleens.)

TO RETURN again to the matter of what the Weans may have looked like; no human bones have been found. Although we have turned up many artifacts of the period, we have nothing for the anthropologists to work on. It is probable that the bones of these people were brittle, and turned to chalk soon after interment.



Praying mantises with young

The greatest difficulty in reconstructing the life of the Weans has not been the deciphering of the inscriptions and the scrolls—due to the brilliant work of Professors Bollek and Shui—but the fact that the Weans, unlike the true ancients, used little gold, preferring to build everything of steel or other metal, and of some curious substance which Bes Nef translates as "gastric," or "plastric." As a result, little is left for the archaeologist. Stone was used mainly for monuments, as was bronze, but those which have been uncovered are too heavily encrusted with bird-droppings to be easily recognizable. One theory is that the Weans collected guano; but it is not known what they did with it.

It is here, for the first time, that I must take issue with my esteemed colleague, Professor Kowly of the Institute for Ancient Arts and Letters, who has discovered in one of the scrolls at Pound-Laundry a glyph of what he believes to be a bird-man. Professor Kowly sees in this some correspondence to the djinn of the even

more ancient civilizations of Akad and Sumer. While agreeing in the translation of the glyph, I must dispute its meaning: I believe it to have a purely domestic significance, and not religious at all. For one thing, it is often found along with the glyph of a woman, and the sign of a host, or hosts; there seems to be another letter between the final *t* and the *s*, possibly an *a* or an *e*, which would make it hostas or hostes. I cannot help but see this as a picture of an ordinary family, the man in winged splendor, as befits a husband, the woman merely one of a number, or host (or hostes).

In this relation, it is interesting to note that the Hittite plural, in the feminine gender, often adds the *e*. I am not one of those who hold that these unknown Weans were actually Hittites, although I admit to some strange correspondences. In any case, a Sumerian djinn would never be found accompanied by a woman, unless she were a sorceress. There is no suggestion that the woman-hostes was in fact a witch or sorceress,



Professor Bollek at work

which I believe effectively disposes of Kowly's untenable hypothesis.

Apropos of the mounds or tumuli of the Weans, each one of which appears to contain and cover the ruins of a city or congregation of habitations, an expedition under Hulay-Beneker has been for several seasons in the field in search of a mound thought to cover the most extensive congregation of all. The name of this lost city, or congregation, which is believed to have been more influential in Wean affairs than Pound-Laundry itself, was—as deciphered by both Eretebbe and Bes Nef—Mil Town. So far no trace of it has been found.

All that we have been able to learn of Wean manners and customs we have been obliged to decipher from the copper and silver tablets found in the mounds, and in the Valley of the Sun in the southwestern part of the country. As a matter of fact, it would appear that a considerable civilization flourished in the southwest, not in any way inferior to the middle mound at Cha'ago, or to the eastern tumuli such as n.yok. Here, in transcription, is Bes Nef's account of a religious occasion, translated from scrolls found in the Valley:

"[for that] he did cause them . . . [by] rock and roll . . . to [give out] cries and screams . . . loudly . . . and . . . in the corridors[1] . . . in syncope[2] . . ."

The word "roll" or "rolls" suggests a feast, possibly a feast of communion on a grand scale. So far no one has been able to explain the presence of the word "rock."

However, it is apparent that the people came together, and were seized by an ecstasy of some sort in which they lost reason and decorum. This belief is further strengthened by another scroll found in the same tumulus, in which the scribe reports: "and the spirit came down."

So the evidence points to the fact that the Weans were a religious people. There is additional witness in a silver coin dug up in one of the smaller mounds, which carries the inscription "In God We Trust"—or "Trusted." The translation is by the Bantu scholar, Eretebbe; the tense of the verb "to trust" is obscure.

Neither Eretebbe nor any other member of the Academy has as yet been able to discover what god was meant. It is extremely unlikely that these ancient people had only one; inscriptions found among the ruins of Pound-Laundry suggest, in fact, a number of religious differences among them. There are definite traces of Hebrew culture in the ruins of n.yok; and although nothing has so far been found at Pound-Laundry to suggest Babylonian or early Egyptian influences, there are hints here and there of the Cyprian cult of Antinous, particularly among the arts.

It is probable, too, that the Weans worshiped, among others, a sort of horse-god or centaur. Professor Rass points out that the fragment un-

[1] "Columns"—Bollek. "Aisles"—Obelgerst-Levy.

[2] "Syncopation"—Obelgerst-Levy. But this makes no sense, apparently.

earthed at s.nita, and known as the Rass fragment, contains the unmistakable glyph for "horse," and the simple statement: "Schwaps [schnaps?] was first." Yet another glyph, found not far from s.nita, is that of a bearded god; it, too, states that "Schwepps [schwaps?] was first."

In this regard, it is interesting to note that in a fragment unearthed at Oleens, and known as the Oleens fragment, the wórd "schnaps" is written: "cocacola," which was the name of an Aztec root-deity.

IN POLITICS, we are on surer ground. It is possible to say with absolute certainty, from scrolls unearthed at Pound-Laundry, and also from the ancient city of Boxton, or Bosstin, known to archaeologists as mound x-5, that the Weans were divided into hegemonies or states, each ruled by a theocrat or autocrat, and all loosely joined in a confederacy under one ruler (who, however, was not a theocrat) whose duty it was to retire after an interval varying in length from four to twelve years, and to issue warnings and oracles. These groups, or states, were in turn divided into counties, which were in turn divided into wards. As for the system of government itself, it appears to have been conducted by means of barter, each county or state getting what it could for itself in exchange for helping its neighbor to do the same.

Public servants, we know, were paid little; they were expected to enrich themselves as best they could in private. When this enrichment, which was illegal, was discovered, they were beheaded. This curious fact did not keep the majority of Weans from seeking public office; but one is forced to conclude, from inscriptions found at Nassaw, that the most admired citizens lived in actual poverty, and rarely spoke at all, except in musical sounds or mathematical formulae. As we have already seen, no musical sounds have come down to us, which is unfortunate.

It is true that two scrolls, bound each in oblong form, were found by the team of Haph-Bukong and Sumer, digging one winter among the ruins of what may once have been some sort of library. That it may have been a repository of many such scrolls—or as we should say "books"—is suggested by the remains of metal shelves which may have held the scrolls (or else jellies, but informed opinion veers toward the scrolls).

Unfortunately, both scrolls, though easily legible, due to the brilliant work of the scholars Bes Nef and Obelgerst-Levy, are unintelligible; that is to say, the words, although translatable, make no sense when put together. One of these scrolls appears to be an account of a god or hero named Finigan, or Finnegan; the size of the scroll and its rare state of preservation attest to its importance as a religious or historical document, but it is impossible to make out what happens to him. The second scroll is in what appears to be a metrical, or verse form; nothing can be gathered from it at all.

A tablet unearthed at n.yok gives us a welcome glimpse into business transactions in We. "[Having] borrowed a million," it reads in the transcription of B'Han Bollek, "[I acquired] thereby credit to twice that amount." This suggests an economy not unlike our own: one thinks of the motto of our Treasury Department: "To the Borrower, All." Throughout history there has never been anything more useful than credit, to establish credit. Without a debt, there is nothing.



"Schwepps [schwaps?] was first."

As for the history of these interesting and almost unknown ancestors[1] of ours, no more is known than is known of the Romans, and later the Brythons: they established themselves in the land by killing off the native tribes already there, and built their empire by the sword; when the sword rusted, they perished, along with Egypt, Babylon, and Greece, leaving behind them only these curious mounds, some scrolls, monuments, and glyphs, a few statues of eggs and mantises, and no music.

[1] Nat Obelgerst-Levy denies that the Weans were ancestors of ours.

D. B. Hardeman

Shivers of Texas

a tragedy in three acts

For God's sake, let us sit upon the ground
And tell sad stories of the death of kings . . .
—Richard II

THIS is the tale of an American tragedy. It is the story of a man endowed with great charm, a strong physique, and a brilliant mind—a man of relentless industry, political skill, and courage.

Married to great wealth, he made a fortune in his own right.

At an early age he became Governor of a great state, served longer than any other man, and gained such national prominence that many predicted he would one day reach the White House.

"He came into the Governor's office," a veteran political observer has said, "with the finest mind, the best education, and the greatest skill of any man who ever occupied that office. He might have become a political masterpiece."

But today in Austin, Texas, serving out the waning months of his term, Allan Shivers sits alone, bereft of public confidence, crushingly repudiated by his party and his people.

This is how Allan Shivers rose from obscurity and semi-poverty to the shining heights—and how he fell into tragic failure. It is a story with a particular lesson for our times.

ACT ONE:
HORATIO ALGER, TEXAS STYLE

SUAVE, poised, quiet-spoken, carrying his 195 pounds with military bearing on a six-foot, two-inch frame, Allan Shivers looks, acts, and is a man of distinction. His clean-cut features, light olive complexion, dark brown eyes, graying black hair, and expensive clothes—worn with faultless taste—make him one of the handsomest men in American politics.

Friend and foe alike respect Shivers' intellect. "I've worked with practically every big name in Washington," one politician remarked, "but his mind is as sharp as I've run across."

Born in the East Texas "piney woods" forty-nine years ago, Allan Shivers was the son of poor but respected parents. (The family name rhymes with "rivers.") As a youngster he was nicknamed "Little Buster"; he was shy, studious, active in school affairs, and even then ambitious to be Governor of Texas.

After a short stay in the University of Texas, he dropped out in 1927 for lack of money, and worked two years for an oil company as a tank-car repairman and assistant timekeeper.

"That was a major turning point for him," an old friend believes. "Most Texas families were fairly well-off then, but Allan had to quit school and go to work. He made up his mind to get wealth and prestige and social acceptance, and by golly, he's gotten them."

"The hardest decision I've ever had to make," Shivers himself has said was giving up a $160 a month job during the Depression to return to law school.

Shivers became a campus leader, winning the student presidency by a landslide. He won other honors—student publications chairman, honor council chairman, and selection as one of the eight outstanding seniors. He dated the prettiest girls, attended the best parties, and made a wide circle of friends.

Hard-pressed for money, he worked as a shoe salesman, night watchman, assistant sergeant-at-arms in the state House of Representatives, magazine salesman, and student-dance manager.

After graduation he practiced law briefly with

his father, and then at the age of twenty-six, was elected the second youngest state senator in history. He served competently but quietly for twelve years.

On his thirtieth birthday he married Marialice Shary, only child of a pioneer Texas land developer, John Shary, who at one time had 1,300 land salesmen on the road, and who owned 15,000 acres of irrigated land together with oil, gas, mining, and newspaper interests.

"That was another turning point," a lifelong friend asserts. "Now that Allan was a member of a rich and socially prominent family, he moved with a new sense of strength and security."

During World War II he served ably as a military government officer with the Army in North Africa, Italy, France, and Germany. Afterwards Shivers planned to give up politics to manage the estate of his late father-in-law, but colleagues persuaded him to seek the Lieutenant-Governorship. He won by a good margin.

Then, on July 11, 1949, at his East Texas home, Shivers got a phone call telling him that Governor Beauford Jester had died unexpectedly.

ACT TWO: THE YEARS OF GLORY

THAT morning Allan Shivers wept when he learned that he was Governor of Texas. He refused to be sworn in until after Jester's funeral. He proceeded cautiously and unobtrusively to pick up the reins of power. He studied state problems, traveled far and wide building political fences, gently eased his own friends into key positions. Relatively unknown, Shivers quickly won public confidence with his quiet dignity, and the firmness and intelligence with which he met his political and administrative problems.

None, however, then foresaw that he would become the most powerful Governor in Texas history, and the most controversial Texan since Sam Houston. As Governor, Shivers accumulated a long line of "firsts":

First to win three elective two-year terms, in addition to serving out Jester's unexpired term. He will have been Governor of Texas two and a half years longer than any other man when he retires next January.

First Governor to lead Texans into the Republican column.

First gubernatorial candidate to run on both the Democratic and Republican tickets.

First major Texas officeholder since the Civil War to bolt the Democratic party, then win re-election.

As perhaps the state's richest Governor, he shattered the theory that great wealth is a fatal political handicap in Texas.

He built up more national influence than any of his predecessors.

While he conferred with a never-ending stream of people, Shivers apparently made his decisions completely alone. There was no inner circle, no band of cronies. No single person ever appeared exceptionally influential with the Governor.

"He's so self-sufficient nobody gets really close to him," one observer commented.

He was more successful in dealing with the legislature than any previous Governor. When the legislature met, he would outline his program, then sit back until late in the session. After many disputes were settled and the legislators were weary, he moved in like a fresh fullback in the fourth quarter to force his program through.

He was the first Governor openly to call the lobbyists—who wield a tremendous influence in Texas—to the Governor's Mansion, outline his demands, and tell them to get busy with the legislature. Once, when lobbyists balked at his tax program, he summoned their employers—the major corporation presidents—and successfully ordered them to exert pressure enough to pass his bill.

"He would have made a great military commander," one associate says. "He runs the Governor's office and his campaigns like a general—a painstaking planner, he seeks complete flexibility of maneuver and he keeps himself free for major decisions by delegating details. And when the general commands, his troops really march."

Like a military commander, his aim always was to win, and Shivers has done or said whatever he deemed necessary to victory.

"Allan has no affection for lost causes. He hates to be beaten, even in a friendly game of gin rummy. He always plays like hell to win," commented a state capitol reporter.

For a long time, he consistently out-thought and out-planned his adversaries, and he is coldly realistic about the money, manpower, and timing required for political victory. Moreover,

he is an exceptionally well-informed man about the world he lives in.

The Texas public always has liked the way the Shivers family conducted its private life. They have seen little of the Governor's pretty wife, Marialice, and his four children. Although he often referred to them in campaign speeches, they successfully avoided most publicity. Shivers soberly regulates his personal habits, smoking and drinking moderately, and occasionally playing golf, hunting, or fishing for relaxation. His faithfulness as a father and husband has never been questioned.

Although not a back-slapper, he is a highly effective campaigner. To most of those who meet him, he seems warm and completely charming. It took years for the public to discover that two of his basic weapons are an underlying coldness and a capacity for utter ruthlessness.

Even his enemies concede that he has been a skillful Governor. His greatest achievement was a $35,000,000 mental and tubercular hospital building program, with substantial increases in funds for patient care and treatment. When he became Governor these hospitals were in a disgraceful condition, lacking beds, buildings, and doctors.

Calling a special session, he chided the legislators:

"Texas, the proud Lone Star State—first in oil, forty-eighth in mental hospitals; first in cotton, worst in tuberculosis; first in raising goats, last in caring for its state wards. . . ."

The Legislature gave him everything he asked.

"That was Allan's finest hour," a newspaperman recalls. "He had battled for a humane cause, and people were proud of him. A statewide poll showed that 79 per cent of the people approved of the way he was handling the Governorship. Never since has he been so popular."

He vigorously pushed a prison-reform program started by his predecessor, transforming the Texas prison system from one of the nation's worst into one of the best. Teachers' salaries, retirement benefits, and state funds for local schools have been sizably increased during his tenure, while more money has been provided for highways, old-age pensions, the blind, dependent children, the highway patrol, state employee salaries, and unemployment compensation.

His opponents contend, however, that Texas, with its wealth of oil and natural gas, could have far better public services, and that Shivers has relied primarily on consumer or sales taxes to finance his programs, while letting the oil and gas industry off easy.

Shivers himself believes his major accomplishments have been "the alerting of Texans to the dangers of federal encroachment on states' rights," teaching Texans the need for independence in Presidential elections, and his successful fight for state ownership of the oil-rich tidelands.

In a state noted for such master politicians as Speaker Sam Rayburn and Senate Majority Leader Lyndon Johnson, Allan Shivers became the dominating figure by riding the wave of a violent economic and political revolution. In a single generation it has transformed Texas from a fairly hard-up farming and ranching community into one of the richest and most politically complicated regions of the United States.

The Era of Big Oil began in 1930 with the discovery of the fabulous East Texas field. It brought huge fortunes to some oilmen, and lesser ones to thousands in banking, real estate, oil-field supplies, transportation, and the law. With this new wealth, came a boom in industry and opportunities in new fields which attracted thousands of upper- and middle-class families from the North and East. These new fortunes, new industries, and newcomers fomented the political revolution.

The old-stock Texans had consistently voted Democratic since the Civil War—except for the 1928 Al Smith revolt—and the liberalism of Roosevelt's New Deal had found passionate acceptance among them. The new rich and their allies, however, turned increasingly conservative. In addition, the newcomers—many of them lifelong Republicans who found no local Republican party with a prospect of success—quickly invaded Democratic ranks, intent on taking control.

This conservative upsurge was partially counterbalanced by three developments: (1) the rapid growth in political power of organized labor, (2) the increased campaign contributions of a few "new rich" liberals; (3) the sudden political emancipation of the state's 1,000,000 Negroes and more than 1,300,000 Latin Americans, as a result of their new-found prosperity and a series of United States Supreme Court decisions on segregation and discrimination.

ALL these tempestuous new political forces were scrambled together within the strained framework of the Texas Democratic party. The new right-wing forces three times formed shrill, well-financed third parties—the Jeffersonian Democrats in 1936, the Texas Regulars in 1944,

and the Dixiecrats in 1948—in an effort to defeat Roosevelt and Truman. Then, after three decisive failures, the leaders decided to try to capture the Texas Democratic party from within. For this purpose, however, they needed issues besides States' Rights and White Supremacy, and most of all, they needed a top-flight leader.

By 1952 they had both. The federal claim to Texas tidelands, the Korean war, and the increasing unpopularity of Harry Truman furnished the issues, and Governor Shivers was glad to take command. In December 1951, a group of conservative leaders met with the Governor in his office.

"It's vitally important to us that Texas remain in conservative hands in both state and national politics. We want you to lead the fight, and we are here to tell you that the money you will need is now available," Clint Small, veteran oil and gas lobbyist, and spokesman for the group, told the Governor.

Shivers tacitly agreed. He became increasingly critical of the Truman Administration, expecting the President to be the 1952 nominee.

The morning after Truman unexpectedly withdrew, Shivers sat brooding in his office for a long time, obviously discouraged. Finally he told an aide, "I have it. It isn't just Truman we're fighting—it's Trumanism."

Later he elaborated: "Corruption, ineptness, and inefficiency in high places; the infiltration of Communists . . . an unstable and stalemated foreign policy costing the lives and blood of Americans . . . these are all rolled up into Trumanism."

The Shivercrat delegation to the Democratic National Convention four years ago refused to pledge support of the nominees in advance, but after Shivers told Speaker Sam Rayburn that he intended to support the ticket and planned to issue a statement to that effect, the Democratic high command seated his delegates. Then, less than a month after the convention, Shivers flew to Springfield, Illinois, for a five-hour conference with Adlai Stevenson. When Stevenson refused to back outright state ownership of the tidelands, Shivers declared he could not support him.

Governor Shivers thereupon took command of the Eisenhower campaign in his state, and formed a "Democrats for Eisenhower" organization to work with Republicans. The Shivers-controlled Democratic state convention urged all Texans to support Eisenhower, who after all had been born as one of them. Shivers and all but one of the Democratic nominees for state offices accepted a GOP offer to make them Republican as well as Democratic nominees on the November ballot.

Practically every major political leader in Texas—except for Speaker Sam Rayburn, Senator Lyndon Johnson, and several Congressmen—either supported Eisenhower or remained silent.

Nevertheless the task was difficult. As one Shivercrat leader pointed out: "For Ike to carry Texas, we must convince the people it is no disgrace to vote Republican. We must convince them Herbert Hoover isn't running, but that Harry Truman is, and moreover, that Ike can straighten everything out in Washington."

"Vote Texan—Vote Ike" was the slogan, as the campaign carefully avoided all reference to Eisenhower and Nixon as Republicans.

Often wearing a blue tie emblazoned with a Lone Star flag, Shivers stumped the state with fiery speeches, hammering away at corruption in Washington, the FEPC, the ADA, the CIO-PAC, Communism, and "the theft of our tidelands from the schoolchildren of Texas."

"If Adlai Stevenson is elected," he predicted, "we'll have Stevenson-tinted Trumanism. Stevensonism is Trumanism with a Harvard accent—with wisecracks instead of cuss-words. I'm for Texas, America, and Eisenhower."

When the largest vote in Texas history turned out, Eisenhower carried the state by 133,650 votes, and Shivers had reached his pinnacle. He was the undisputed master of Texas politics; he had just been re-elected Governor; he completely controlled the Democratic party machinery; he could make the Texas legislature and the lobbyists do almost as he wished; he had carried his state into the Republican fold.

The *Saturday Evening Post's* profile of Shivers was accurately headlined, "He Has Texas in the Palm of His Hand."

ACT THREE: THE GRAPES OF WRATH

THE night Adlai Stevenson was defeated, a small group of anti-Shivers Democrats met in a Dallas hotel room. Byron Skelton (who was to be chosen Democratic national committeeman in 1956) stated the case:

"Now we're at rock bottom. We've lost control in Texas, we've lost the election. Let's meet at my Salado cabin next Sunday and see how we can climb back up."

Thus began the counter-revolution.

Since the regular party machinery was in Shivers' hands, Rayburn and Democratic na-

tional chairman Steve Mitchell created the Democratic Advisory Council to serve as a rallying point for "loyalists." For four years this council labored incessantly to rebuild a strong Democratic party in Texas.

Shivers was little worried. He felt politically secure. He had the support of 100 of 103 daily newspapers and of 500 of the state's 550 weekly papers, by his own estimates. More successfully than any American politician since Mark Hanna, he had mobilized the "haves" into a solid electoral force—persuading nearly every Texan whose bank balance exceeded $1,000 that he must back Shivers against the "have-nots," the "liberals," and the "leftists" in order to survive financially.

Early in 1954 Shivers decided to seek an unprecedented third term as Governor. His principal challenger was Ralph Yarborough, a lawyer whom he had defeated easily in 1952.

Now, however, Shivers' bolt to the Republicans, the "no third-term" tradition, several insurance company bankruptcies, and a $425,000 personal profit had the Governor in political trouble more serious than he realized. In 1946 Shivers paid $25,000 for an option to purchase a tract of land; six months later, for a price of $450,000, he sold the option to some of the original owners. Although Yarborough demanded an explanation of "this fantastic profit," hinting it was a reward for Shivers' political favors, the Governor calmly defended it as routine private business.

IN THE middle of the campaign the United States Supreme Court handed down its school desegregation decision. At first, the Governor commented temperately on it, but—as his campaign faltered—he seized upon the racial issue as a welcome windfall.

"If we bow down to the Supreme Court decree, if we artificially and arbitrarily enforce the mixing of white and colored children in the classroom, we are going to blight the education of whole generations of children from both races. While I'm Governor, this is not going to happen," he promised.

Nevertheless, during much of the campaign, Shivers' own son was attending a non-segregated Catholic school. After he won re-election, a lieutenant explained:

"Allan really doesn't like to demagogue, but he was about to lose the race. He had to have a white charger to ride in order to win."

His ultimate strategy was to link Communism to both the Negro issue and organized labor. A labor union charged with Communist affiliations had moved into the Governor's home town, Port Arthur, to organize retail employees. A long, bitter strike ensued. Shivers made the most of it. Insisting that the CIO-PAC and Communist-dominated unions were trying to take over Texas, Shivers' pamphlets and television documentaries emphasized pictures of white women and Negro men walking picket lines together—pictures which union officials claimed were faked.

A labor leader summed up the results like this: "Membership in, or connection with, a labor union in Texas today is considered by many as synonymous with disloyalty, thanks to Shivers. He knows better. He gladly accepted union support—he courted it—until he became Governor."

When the votes were counted, Shivers had won a third full term with the identical 53 per cent majority by which Eisenhower had carried Texas.

Soon after the election, however, a major scandal shook the Shivers empire. Instead of paying a World War II bonus, Texas created a $100,000,000 loan fund to help veterans buy farms and ranches. The Governor, Land Commissioner, and Attorney General were named to handle the fund. Late in 1954 a young small-town editor, Kenneth Towery, discovered that promoters had defrauded the state of millions of dollars through the sale of land at fictitious values. Towery won a Pulitzer Prize.

Land Commissioner Bascom Giles now is serving a maximum six-year sentence for bribe-taking and conspiracy to defraud the state—the first Texas state official ever imprisoned for official misconduct. More than three hundred indictments and several prison sentences have been assessed against other people.

Soon to break was a greater scandal. In recent years several insurance companies, organized under the peculiarly lax Texas statute, had gone into receivership; and the 1955 legislature finally authorized stronger regulations. In late 1955, without warning to the public the Insurance Commission—composed entirely of Shivers' appointees—revealed the giant U. S. Trust & Guaranty Company was "hopelessly bankrupt." Approximately 150,000 policyholders and depositors faced losses. The company president attempted suicide. A wave of indignation swept the state.

Soon it was revealed that nine of the Texas Senate's thirty-one members had received legal fees or other money from the bankrupt com-

pany, one Senator receiving $10,000 in cash. In quick succession other insurance companies were found insolvent. A complete audit of each of the state's 1,318 domestic companies was ordered. Shivers hotly denied there was "a mess in Austin," and continued to defend the Insurance Commission, particularly his former campaign manager and executive secretary, Garland Smith, whom he had named Commission chairman. However, when newspapermen discovered that Smith and his wife had taken a $3,000 Honolulu vacation trip as guests of an insurance company president, Smith hurriedly resigned.

When the audit was completed, ninety-nine companies failed to win relicensing for various reasons, and the weeding-out is still in process.

Public-opinion polls now showed the Shivers administration had lost public confidence, and on March 1, 1956, the Governor announced he would not seek re-election. (Almost certain to be his successor is U.S. Senator Price Daniel, who won the Democratic nomination this fall in the closest Governor's race in history, nosing out "loyalist" candidate Ralph Yarborough by slightly more than 3,000 votes. While Shivers and Daniel have many financial and political backers in common, there is little personal warmth between the two men, and Shivers is likely to have almost no influence in the new administration.)

Last spring, however, he was determined to lead the Texas delegation to the 1956 Democratic National Convention. Since 1952 he repeatedly had said he would never support Adlai Stevenson—indicating the only Democrats he might support were Senator Lyndon Johnson or Ohio's Governor Frank Lausche.

The "loyalists," led by Speaker Sam Rayburn and the Democratic Advisory Council, were grimly resolved to wrest control from the Shivercrats. In March 1956, Rayburn played his ace, proposing that Lyndon Johnson be named Texas' favorite son and also chairman of "a delegation pledged . . . to work for the election of the Democratic nominees." This was aimed directly at Shivers, who refused to make such a pledge.

Although he had backed Stevenson in 1952, Johnson had remained on good terms with Shivers, and he hesitated to get caught in this political cross fire until the Governor tried to bluff him out of the contest.

"If you'll join me instead of the radical Rayburn crowd," Shivers told Johnson in a speech, "you can be our favorite son candidate."

Johnson later said, "I had to run or fight—I chose to fight." The upshot was a battle which Johnson described as "a campaign of hatred and prejudice . . . without equal in modern times."

On May 5 the greatest outpouring of Texans ever to attend Democratic precinct conventions decided the battle. It was a smashing victory for Johnson and Rayburn—four to one.

The triumph was so sweeping that neither Shivers nor any of those who opposed Rayburn and Johnson was included on the delegation to the national convention. In the national Democratic party Shivers' influence was dead.

A victorious Johnson told the press:

"The voice of the demagogue has been heard throughout our state. The people listened—then voted for the path of moderation.

"Let demagogues everywhere listen and take notice."

EPILOGUE

A MAN of Allan Shivers' competence, political sagacity, and determination can never be counted out permanently. He conceivably could go to the United States Senate (a post he has never wanted) or a Republican appointment might revive his prestige. But Texans never again will feel the same about him.

Why did a gifted man like Allan Shivers miss true greatness? Nine main explanations have been advanced and all seem to hold some truth:

(1) "Like the man who came to dinner, Allan stayed too damn long," a supporter said just before his downfall. Long tenure in office made him bored with administrative detail. This, coupled with increased concentration on national politics and extended absences from Austin, relaxed his supervision of his subordinates and left an opening for corruption.

(2) Shivers failed to detect that the fever of "McCarthyism" had abated in Texas by 1956. Attacks on labor, the NAACP, and "left-wingers" brought him success in 1952 and 1954, but when he tried to label well-known and relatively conservative politicians such as Lyndon Johnson and Sam Rayburn as "captives of the radicals," the people of Texas simply did not believe him.

(3) Repeated victories bred in the Governor a cockiness approaching arrogance.

(4) Shivers flouted the most basic rule of politics—party loyalty. For twenty-two years the Democratic party gave him every honor he sought, yet he led Texas into the Republican column in 1952. Almost without exception,

party disloyalty in America eventually brings defeat to an officeholder.

(5) Franklin D. Roosevelt once said, "Perhaps the greatest duty of statesmanship is that of education." On the great basic conflicts of his day—labor *vs.* management, Negro *vs.* white, liberal *vs.* conservative—Shivers might have used his political genius to bring an era of good feeling to his state. Instead he chose to widen the cleavage in order to win.

(6) He failed to realize that voters expect a chief executive to take a leave of absence from private business. While there is no evidence that Shivers profited personally from his office, he did continue to expand his fortune and that of his wife in private ventures during his Governorship. This example led subordinates to do likewise, and some of them grew reckless. The moral tone of his administration steadily declined, both in the executive branch and in the legislature, and special-interest lobbyists became more brazen than ever before.

(7) A governmental repairman rather than a political philosopher, Shivers never became the symbol of any new ideas, nor did he add anything original to American political history. Although he professed concern about "the loss of states' rights," he never sought the new taxes necessary for the Texas government "to meet its peoples' needs at home without running to Washington." In the end, his talk of states' rights was written off by many voters as just another political gimmick.

(8) While he was winning, Shivers was a tough, urbane, but reasonable campaigner. When he faced defeat, however, he resorted to the smear technique of the demagogues. The voters finally became disgusted.

(9) In the face of obvious governmental corruption, Shivers lost his poise, became indecisive, and appeared to the public to be more eager to protect his administration's prestige than to clean house.

Today, as he sits out these last frustrating months in the Governorship, Allan Shivers must feel that he is leaving Texas public services better than he found them, that Texas in many ways has gone forward during his tenure. Perhaps he has hurried Texas toward becoming a two-party state, to her advantage. But he also must know that he deliberately set neighbor against neighbor, that Texas with its great wealth still is far from having a model state government, and that Texans have been shamed by a corruption in public affairs they had never known before.

The main loser in this tragedy is not Allan Shivers himself, but his state and his country, which needs all the talented leadership it can produce.

Perhaps the Greek tragedies would say that the downfall of Allan Shivers was predestined—that it was inborn in his nature.

History seems to reserve her brightest laurels for champions of the underdog—the Jeffersons, the Jacksons, the Lincolns, the Roosevelts. Yet from the days of his youth Allan Shivers looked in a different direction; he wanted to be respected by the rich and well-born. This led people, in the end, to decide he lacked compassion—or, as one voter summed it up, "He's just the little brother of the big rich."

One night, during Shivers' days of glory, one of his close advisers went out to drink beer with a political foe.

"Allan is one of the most capable men Texas ever produced, and he could be her greatest son if only he would realize that the men who loom large in history are those compassionate about people. Why doesn't he try?" the foe asked.

Ruefully the friend looked down at his beer and said: "I guess he just lacks the heart."

[*In an early issue,* Harper's *will publish an analysis of "What Corrupted Texas?" by an astute observer of Texas politics and the national scene.*]

HANNAH KAHN

TO BE BLACK, TO BE LOST . . .

ASK night how it feels to be dark,
to be pitch, to be black, to be lost . . .
ask winter the feeling of cold,
the bitter edge of frost.

Ask day how it feels to be light
exposed so that all may see
through the sharp lens of the sun
the glare of intensity.

With fears that torture the dark
and days that are rimmed with pride,
ask me how it feels to be both
exposed and doubly denied.



By C. HARTLEY GRATTAN

Drawings by Sam Norkin

The Things the world wants

Even in the "underdeveloped" areas that are drawn toward Communism, there is still a market for American goods—though not always for the products, or at the price, you might expect.

AMERICANS commonly assume that the whole world covets our "things" and is only stopped from buying them in super-wholesale lots by an unfortunate poverty, the frustrations invented by the managers of monetary affairs, or the sheer malignancy of foreign rulers. There are even those who think that the Soviet system would be severely shaken if we "bombed" the country with mail-order catalogues to show the people what you can get in America; and we are not all wholly convinced that it is a joke that Eskimos would proudly install mechanical refrigerators in their igloos if they could come by them.

And we are not wholly wrong. Although it is a truism that you can't export a standard of living, you *can* export both material components of the standard and the means and understanding to produce them elsewhere. The United States has long been doing both of these things —the latter rather purposefully for the past decade, the former as a natural overflow of our abundance. Those Americans who are in the export trade have thus had to learn a good deal about what American things foreigners want, and why they want them.

Recently I had an opportunity to get some light on this matter and it turned out to be far more complicated than you might offhand think. During June 1956 the Sheaffer Pen Company, which was holding its World Sales Convention in Fort Madison, Iowa, invited me to sit in on its meetings, interview participants, ask whatever questions I pleased, and write freely of the results. This was an assembly of men professionally familiar with the market for an American product in South Asia, Africa, and South America. Though the great majority of mankind in these territories still flounders in traditional poverty—only in the market, if at all, for a "Japanese singlet" (that is, a very cheap undershirt)—there is a sizable and increasing minority which seeks to acquire fragments of a Western living standard. It was this group that I heard the salesmen talk about, both in their convention sessions and (more productively) on a number of informal social occasions—including an agreeable evening's trip on the Mississippi River in an old-fashioned paddle-wheeler.

THE BASIC THREE

THE up-and-coming South Asian or African appears to want three things especially: a bicycle, a watch, and a fountain pen. If he is a sophisticated buyer—and the testimony I heard at Fort Madison is that in some mysterious word-of-mouth fashion, without access to consumer research, he has acquired considerable knowingness—he wants (as in Malaya) an English bicycle, a Swiss watch, an American fountain pen, and perhaps a German camera. This is not true in all markets. American fountain pens, for instance, have no particular prestige in Ceylon because the British established themselves there

before the Americans even got a foothold. And it is not to say that the buyer always gets what he thinks the best, any more than Americans do, but he has his ideas.

On occasion other articles join these three. A Siamese wants a pair of sunglasses, not any old sunglasses but a good—and expensive—pair, to "be like the King," although the King wears them on the advice of his oculist. In Mexico before the rising man can acquire articles for his personal use, he must get the family a radio; and he will persist in this (on the installment plan) through innumerable job losses and repossessions, until it is accomplished and he can go on to higher things. In Mexico, too, the local lust for bicycles is fiercely stimulated by the popularity of bicycle racing. But the pattern of bicycle, watch, and fountain pen persists through Siam, Malaya, Nigeria, Kenya, Mexico, and the similar countries.

The rationale of coveting a bicycle is fairly plain: it is the first step on the path of mechanized transport. There is, it seems, a kind of inevitable progression: observers of Italy have noticed how—since the war, as income has improved—the Italians have moved from bicycle, to motor-scooter, to small automobile. Presumably the further progression is to big cars, to airplanes, to rocket ships; but in the emergent backward countries the bicycle at least starts one on the escalator.

The watch is more subtle, but there is no doubt that it is a widely coveted contrivance amongst deprived people. When the Russians moved into Europe toward the end of World War II, the Red soldiers devoted a lot of energy to "liberating" watches; and in Koestler's *Darkness at Noon* the new-generation commissar Gletkin explains the passionate importance of a watch for a man of peasant background. Owning a watch means that one has moved out of a civilization which is timeless—in which time is decidedly *not* of the essence—into one in which man and his machines run on time when they are *right,* and in which any failure of synchronization is decidedly *wrong.* Time is now significant to you, and the watch proves your personal capacity to keep track of it.

A fountain pen is similar testimony to one's literacy. More portable than a writing-brush and a bottle of writing-fluid, more distinguished than a wooden pencil, it shows that the possessor not only can write (presumptively, that is) but also is rather choosy about the devices with which he practices the art.

However, these relatively clear-cut considerations are blurred when another psychological factor is introduced into the equation—that is, symbolism. These articles, like the rug on an executive's office floor, symbolize status. But unlike the executives, who are more or less tightly bound by the status rules of their corporations, the aspiring native of South Asia and Africa is not yet stopped by protocol from reaching beyond his actual status for the symbols of a higher one. Bluntly, the Malayan or Nigerian buys symbols of a status he has not necessarily achieved, a kind of factitious status deriving from mere possession, like a poor man with a new Cadillac.

This works two ways. On the one hand, many purchase fountain pens who can't write—and watches when they can't tell time, and have small need of absolute punctuality anyhow—in the hope of creating the impression that they have achieved the skills the articles symbolize. At the same time, both these customers and those who can write, and who must (or should) be punctual, purchase the coveted articles in a quality, and at a price, far out of line with their actual economic status and income. They overspend on the symbols to keep up with the Joneses. In parts of the world so deprived of worldly goods, such conduct is both puzzling and, in a sense, disturbing.



RECKLESS SPENDERS

TO BE sure, the articles do represent a "store of value" which is fairly steady throughout inflation, and this makes them a reasonably reliable form of savings, much in the way that the rich store up value in jewels. Savings-bank deposits are neither common as yet, nor of comparable steadiness, in the areas we are talking about. On the other hand, these things lose value through use and obsolescence. Fashion rules in all these articles—varieties of faces on watches go through cycles very notice-

able to the merchants. But the value factor finds expression in the high rating of *gold-capped pens,* or *gold-cased* watches, not stainless steel or what have you. It is a fact that gold caps without the pens have even been sold in South Asia, plainly as "savings" which are hedges against inflation.

It is the universal testimony of the salesmen I talked to that it would be utterly impossible to determine the size of the market for an article of high quality—whether in South Asia, Africa, or South America—by studying income distribution. Because of their high symbolic significance, the purchasers buy these things in spite of the fact that the price absorbs an outsize share of their income. The possession of the symbolic article does not transform their basic standard of living; after the purchases are made, the purchasers continue to live in hovels and eat sparingly. A family may even pool resources to get a prestige article for a favored family member. The whole business is almost disconnected from the standard-of-living question altogether and only illogically connected with income.

We in this country have long been aware that no exact correspondence exists between certain articles purchased and size of income. We, too, have our symbolic possessions. In fact, it might be argued that the United States is the paradisiacal home of symbolic consumption goods, acquired usually to simulate a higher status than the economic facts ratify. But what strikes one about the spending of the emerging people is the disproportionate amount of total income spent on symbolic articles, *sharply* out of relation to what is spent on fundamentals—food, clothing, and shelter. It is this that causes observers—even the salesmen—to speak caustically of the reckless, senseless, undisciplined spending of the Asian, African, or South American. Not clearly recognizing the amount of reckless, senseless, and undisciplined spending they do at their own level of income, they become very superior about the ways of the natives.

On the face of it it does look pretty bad, but looked at in context it is simply another illustration of an ancient historical fact. As sage old Samuel Butler once remarked, civilization itself is the art of living beyond one's income. Long before men were in firm control of the essentials, they began to gather luxurious baubles of all kinds to illustrate (or symbolize) what great fellows they were. Otherwise the archaeologists would have precious little to dig up. Perhaps it is by grasping at luxuries—even at a certain sacrifice of necessities—that man makes progress.

And perhaps he grasps most avidly at luxuries which happen to carry symbolic *mana* because he knows that they symbolize something beyond price. Better a golden-capped fountain pen which says, "I am a literate and command a superb writing instrument," even if the economic cost is greatly out of proportion to income, than an empty pocket which says, "I can't write; I am a poor, misbegotten illiterate."



PENS AND PROGRESS

OBVIOUSLY this applies only to societies in which literacy is still a distinction and in which pens, watches, and bicycles are closely bound up with the whole notion of progress. We know altogether too little about such societies, and the aspiring men in them, to be absolutely certain what motivates them. But this I think we do know: that in Nigeria, which is on the verge of autonomy within the British Commonwealth, a prime support of change is the vigorous education program, embracing both children and adults alike. In such a situation, as the merchants have already observed, there is a tremendous potential market for fountain pens, watches, and bicycles, and it will be active as long as education finds new subjects, and the subjects find rewards. The tie-up between progress and fountain pens is, therefore, a real one and exporters should on this showing be the most ardent supporters of developments like those in Nigeria.

What we are talking about is more than a blind clutching at exotic gadgets. The articles may be symbolic but they symbolize something intensely real and significant—the urge of a people long time-bound toward progress. There is no blinking the fact that the only way forward these people see leads to full participation in an industrialized society. This is true whether the form of it is envisaged as capitalist-democratic or Communist-"democratic"; the passion to in-

dustrialize is practically universal. By acquiring bicycles, watches, and fountain pens, the Asians and Africans are giving notice that they are men of tomorrow. In addition to being merchants of coveted articles, the men who sell these things are therefore the abettors of revolutions—the revolutions that are everywhere being promoted by Westernized and semi-Westernized intellectuals and pseudo-intellectuals and their followers—the people who write with fancy pens and are self-conscious about time.

A paradox remains in the question of quality and price. I have suggested that the buyers want the very best available and are prepared to make severe sacrifices to get it. Naturally merchants stand ready to supply it. But from the customer's point of view would it not be wiser to settle for a less expensive version of the same thing? And from the merchant's point of view, would it not be a kindness—and good business too—to supply cheaper models in quantity to satisfy what presumably would be a far larger market?

Of course, cheaper merchandise is available and is bought in quantity. But nobody is fooled. It is clearly recognized that it is inferior in quality; and it carries no *mana*. For these people aspire not simply to possess a "tool" to do a job, but to own one that also symbolizes success. A Japanese, even a Communist Chinese, fountain pen is a very poor substitute for an American pen; an American watch is not as prestigeful as a Swiss (though this gap has closed up a lot since World War II); and a Japanese bicycle is plainly below the par set by the British article.

The merchants say that much is learned in the countries mentioned from the American picture magazines—which are avidly "read" when new and when second-, third-, and fourth-hand. Purchases are made in Singapore, for example, by the presentation of a picture from one of these papers and nothing not absolutely identical with the picture—verified by the customer by a scrutiny so minute as to be astounding—will do. Local pictorial advertising is also effective. A merchant who works the Nigerian market told me he intended to use the "Man of Distinction" gambit, showing a Nigerian legal dignitary, all done up in his British robes and wig, writing a decision with his company's fountain pen.

The essence is that if prestige gets attached to an article of a certain national origin, and if other nations then come along with a cheaper version of the same article, their products may sell (even sell very well) but they are definitely looked upon as inferior substitutes. It is not merely the article, but where it comes from, that counts. So far has this gone that in certain markets, like Malaya, it is next door to impossible to sell an American-type fountain pen manufactured in Australia to the standards of the American company, simply because it does not carry the marking "Made in U.S.A." On the other hand, such pens can be sold in Ceylon and are expected to be acceptable to West Africans.

All this suggests that the way to get the coveted articles to the low-priced market, with satisfaction for all concerned, would be for the producers enjoying prestige to invade it themselves instead of leaving it to foreign competitors like the Japanese, or the Czechoslovaks. After all, the Americans know a lot about satisfying mass, as well as quality, markets. But this line of reasoning runs head on into the prestige question from another angle. If Americans tried to merchandise cheap (price *and* quality) goods in the countries where *mana* is attached to those goods for quality reasons, they would fatally undermine the original prestige. In reaching out from the quality to the mass market, both might be lost. It is just now good business to let those without prestige keep the non-prestigeful market. Or so the merchants say.

AT ANY rate, we can console ourselves that politics seems to play a minimum role in these matters. Anti-American political views apparently have not yet spoiled a market for an American object, unless import restrictions may have been administered prejudicially. But given entry to a market, American technological products with their styling and packaging enjoy global esteem. Political prejudice, it has been observed, does not survive sight of the articles; and this is a finding which other American manufacturers, and others concerned with our reputation abroad, might do well to observe. Where resistances occur it is rather a case of running up against the prestige of a competitive producer—which is normal competition.

As it has been found that American jazz is enjoyed in countries strong in anti-Americanism, so other American products at the top of the prestige pile surmount easily the hurdles of politics and propaganda. Rebel Communists have been hauled out of the Malayan jungles with as many as six American fountain pens on them. It is highly likely that some of the most savage diatribes against the United States produced in Peking are written by Communist scribes using American fountain pens—genuine articles, too. People, after all, *are* funny.

Norman MacKenzie

England gets a RACE PROBLEM

The British—who like to chide us about our racial frictions—are now having troubles of their own with a growing stream of colored immigrants.

THERE are now more than 50,000 West Indians in Britain, and several hundreds more come to join them every month. Early in 1955, the tabloid *Daily Sketch* ran a series of articles on "the Paradise Invasion" by "zoot-suited dupes" who are "doomed to poverty relieved only by the public purse." But to Fred Johnson, from Kingston, Jamaica, Britain is where there is work. We stood talking at a street corner in shabby Brixton, a decaying London borough which has come to serve as a kind of transit camp in which friends and relatives already there find room for immigrants while they look for jobs and homes of their own. Across the street, in a fine drizzle, a Salvation Army band was striking echoes from a brick wall on which, in four-foot letters, was painted the slogan KBW—"Keep Britain White."

"That don't worry we," Fred Johnson said. "Those fascists are crazy people. They aren't British like we." For Fred, like most of his fellow-Jamaicans, is intensely patriotic. He is sensitive about his color, quick to feel discrimination, nostalgic for the warmth and vitality of his home island. But he also feels that he is British, and given a chance to settle in to British habits and conditions, he can belong.

For one thing, there is now nowhere else to go. Some West Indians I have talked to are wistful about the United States. They like to read Negro magazines such as *Ebony* and *Our World*, use Americanisms in their speech, and try to strike up friendships with Negro GIs from the air bases in Britain. There are, after all, nearly 300,000 British West Indians in the U.S., and until recently the stream of migrants moved, not to Britain, but to Panama, Cuba, and the States. Emigration to Britain really began in 1948, and it is only in the last three years that special boats and charter flights have brought West Indians across the Atlantic in large numbers.

By United States standards, the numbers are still small. Only one person out of every thousand in the population is a West Indian. And only one immigrant comes from the West Indies for every seven from other parts of the Commonwealth. Nothing, one would say, to get excited about. The influx is tiny by comparison to the stream of Puerto Ricans arriving in New York, or to Negro migration into Chicago, Detroit, or San Francisco. Yet the West Indians are creating a new social problem for Britain. For the first time, Britain is having to face up to the question of color, not in the colonies, but in the streets, factories, dance halls and public-houses of London, Birmingham, Leeds, and other industrial cities. And though West Indians are no more than half the colored minority in Britain, they are the center of the problem.

There are, I think, several reasons for this. First, they are much more visible, and they are more concentrated in certain areas. Secondly, they are not students, or seamen, or—like many Sikhs and Pakistanis—transients who have come to make some money to set themselves up at home. Most of the West Indians have come to settle in Britain, and they expect to be assimilated. Thirdly, they have no national or cultural tradition which sets them apart: the history, literature, and social patterns of Britain are accepted as much in Kingston, Jamaica, as in Kingston in Yorkshire. And, to the Englishman, this "similarity" is much harder to get along with than the differences he normally expects to find in a "foreigner." When a West Indian enters a factory, his work mates are often genuinely surprised to find that he speaks no other language than English and that he takes quite literally the entry on his passport which reads "British Subject by Birth."

For this passport is the legal token of equality. The law in Britain recognizes no differences of pigment. That is why many liberals hesitate

even to discuss legislation or administrative action against discrimination—a fair employment code such as the FEPC, for example. If laws *in favor* of colored citizens can be passed, then a precedent is created, and there can equally well be laws *against* them. Such matters as the refusal to serve a colored man in a bar (licensing laws), or racialist comments in a dance hall (laws on insulting behavior), or even overcharging for rooms (redress is possible under the rent laws), are in any case equally actionable by white and West Indian. The law knows no color bar, and Mr. Osborne, a Conservative Member of Parliament, made little headway with a bill designed to "regulate" immigration by "undesirables."

But law is different from custom. I have often heard a West Indian say that "there isn't a color bar, but . . ." and then add that it might be easier to know how things stood if there were a more distinct color line. Fred Johnson put this point well. "We can never be sure," he said. Never sure, that is, when someone will draw the line, and never sure whether what seems to be discrimination really is color prejudice. Many West Indians come to Britain believing that they are skilled workers—carpenters, for instance, or bricklayers, or electricians—and when they find skilled jobs closed to them they feel that it is too much color rather than too little skill that has lost them an opening. Yet employers and unions alike have found from experience that what passes for skill in Jamaica often doesn't come up to British standards. The difficulty is to persuade the West Indian that the employer is not simply finding an excuse.

WHY DO THEY COME?

THE ignorance of most British people about the West Indies is matched by West Indian ignorance about conditions in Britain. Traveling up from Dover with a trainload of immigrants I found that they had little conception of distance. One asked me how much a taxi would cost from the London terminus to an address in Birmingham—more than a hundred miles by road. When another told me he expected to stay with friends in Brixton, I was astonished when he announced that he did not know where they lived.

"I'll just stop the first colored man I see and ask him," he told me.

Others, arriving in unusually good summer weather, still found it chilly.

"I'm glad I got a strong suit," one said, showing me a light tweed jacket. "I'll be okay till it gets warmer."

There is so much to learn in a new country, not least the urban disciplines that are taken for granted by an Englishman and are unknown to most West Indians. And yet, even if they knew the difficulties that lay ahead, most of these immigrants would still come. Entry to Britain is unrestricted; it is simply a matter of raising the passage money by saving, selling tools or household goods, borrowing from money lenders or from relatives in Britain. And in Britain, there is both work and welfare. For the labor shortage is acute, while full employment lasts; and everyone is entitled to free medical treatment, to unemployment and sickness benefit, to pensions, and, in case of need, to National Assistance (relief). A West Indian may not succeed in getting the job he wants, at least for a beginning, and he may not earn at first as much as he expects (he usually knows that wages are higher in Britain than in Jamaica, but does not realize that prices are higher too). Yet a job can be found for him. And that is a sharp contrast with conditions at home. Income per head in Britain is $646, in Jamaica it is $170. This explains the migration.

Jamaicans are used to migration. But today, more than ever, it offers the only hope of escaping from stagnation at home. There one worker in five is unemployed. Thousands of young people have never worked at all. Yet, in the next ten years, the labor force will grow by one-fifth: even if 210,000 new jobs could be created in the next decade (at the moment there are about half a million workers in industry, trade, and agriculture), unemployment would still be about 5 per cent. And there is no prospect of creating so many jobs.

A plan drafted a few years ago by the International Bank showed that even an investment of $50,000,000 would only provide at most 20,000 of the 100,000 new jobs that will be needed by 1960. Jamaica does not have sufficient resources to build industry, nor capital enough to modernize its agriculture. Britain could, and should, give more help than is offered at present, but no one sees much hope of ending chronic unemployment in the island or of creating a viable economy. There are simply too many people: in Jamaica, 1,400,000 live in 4,400 square miles; and in Barbados, pressure is even greater, 220,000 living in 166 square miles.

None of this needs stressing, any more than one need describe in detail the appalling housing conditions—four out of five dwellings in

Kingston are one room, measuring ten by fifteen feet or less—or the social conditions, poor educational facilities, and outright beggary. The causes of migration from the British islands in the Caribbean are basically similar to those which drive Puerto Ricans to New York.

Yet many people in Britain were genuinely surprised when Mr. Norman Manley, the newly elected Chief Minister of Jamaica, selected an American to make an inquiry into West Indian migration to the British Isles. When in May 1955 he appointed Dr. Clarence Senior, Chief of the Migration Division of the Puerto Rican Department of Labor and an internationally respected expert, some newspapers asked why the task had not been given to a British sociologist, familiar with British conditions.

Norman Manley was right, however, and even the skeptics in Britain acknowledged this by the time that the go-getting Dr. Senior had finished his investigations. For he not only knew, from experience in New York and Puerto Rico, what patterns to look for, but he was also free from the unconscious and inhibiting assumptions that any social scientist is bound to make when he meets a color problem in his own country for the first time. Norman Manley could not afford to wait while painstaking academics piled up case studies; he needed his basic facts quickly.

When Clarence Senior left London in September 1955, he carried with him a brief case containing twenty pounds of notes. By the end of the year, they had been translated into an official report from which, after careful examination, I can find no omission of any importance. With his assistant, Mr. Douglas Manley, the son of the Chief Minister, Dr. Senior conducted some hundreds of interviews, visited social clubs, factories, and all the neighborhoods to which West Indians have gone. In six weeks, he saw the problem whole. And, what is more important, his survey helped educate many people in Britain about this problem.

Before the Senior inquiry began, few people in Britain had realized that the arrival of thousands of West Indians was more than a somewhat accidental migration. Even those who knew that there was already a problem in certain areas had thought little further than measures to deal with those who had arrived. I was doing my own research at the same time as Dr. Clarence Senior, and I found only two or three experts who had realized that the 25,000 West Indians who have arrived in Britain in the past two years are merely an advance guard. Unless there is either a recession in Britain, or some restriction by the West Indian or British governments, there may be as many as 200,000 more colored immigrants in the next ten years.

If this estimate is proved even broadly correct, Britain will have to take this matter very seriously. That is why the attitudes and policies established now, while the problem is still a modest one, are more important than the actual numbers involved would suggest.

IT'S NOT ME, IT'S HIM

APART from the handful of former fascists—Oswald Mosley's last hangers-on—no one in Britain openly insists that Britain should be kept white. There is, however, a strong but elusive undercurrent of prejudice, which crops up in unlikely places. One liberal intellectual, for instance, argued in this way for some restriction on colored immigration.

"We have no color problem in Britain," he said to me, "and therefore we have no color bar. But if the numbers of colored people increase, then we shall have a color bar. This would create new complications for us, for it would not only corrode our democracy from within, but it would also cause much embarrassment to visitors from the Commonwealth and Asia."

This person genuinely believed, from the most insular motives, that immigration restrictions would in the long run help maintain reasonable relations between the British and colored peoples. What he completely overlooked was the disastrous moral and political impact that such restrictions would make on Britain's claim to believe in democracy and racial justice.

A shop steward—a rank-and-file union leader—in one of Britain's auto factories at Coventry also disclaimed prejudice, but asked why, since British people could not emigrate freely to other parts of the Commonwealth, West Indians should be permitted to enter Britain as they pleased. By singling out the colored group, he distorted the picture. In fact, more people have left Britain since the war ended than have come as immigrants. Every year, there is a net loss of at least 60,000.

The unions, indeed, are one of the really difficult aspects of this problem. In September 1955, the Trades Union Congress passed a resolution affirming that its eight million affiliated members believed in racial equality and opposed any form of discrimination. Yet in March 1954, the Barbados Minister of Labor, Mr. Mapp, had declared that "the main opposition to the em-

ployment of West Indian workers comes from the rank-and-file of the trade unions." And it is true that bus drivers—in Birmingham, for instance—struck several times before accepting West Indians as fellow employees; in other towns, transport workers have successfully insisted on a quota of colored workers. I have noted several cases in which a union has a closed- or union-shop agreement and by refusing to admit a West Indian to membership has denied him employment in the trade.

What explains this difference between principle and practice? Ask any individual worker this question and he will deny any prejudice. "It's not me," he will say, "it's the other blokes." I think there are three reasons for hesitation in accepting West Indians:

(1) There is the craftsman's conviction that they are not properly trained or skilled, and that they will thereby reduce trade standards.

(2) West Indians find it easiest to find jobs in industries that are acutely short of labor, such as public transport. The union members argue that such trades are short of recruits because wages and working conditions are not attractive enough. By admitting West Indians, therefore, they feel that they are weakening their bargaining power—and they suspect (wrongly) that West Indians are not very union conscious and cannot be relied on to strike.

(3) There is sexual jealousy and suspicion. Socially—as the futile effort to introduce Italians and refugee Poles into the coal mines has shown—this may be the most important though least articulate of the workers' objections.

Yet, despite these objections, West Indians are finding work, and they are now working their way up to more skilled jobs as they gain experience and so are proving that the suspicions are ill-founded.

A HOME OF THEIR OWN

HOUSING comes next to work as a problem for the West Indian immigrant. As new arrivals, very few of them can even get on the waiting lists for municipal houses or flats; they must go into lodgings—often owned by colored landlords—which are found most easily in the dingy and decaying streets that more prosperous workers are leaving. Colored workers, of course, do not "bring a district down" by moving into it; they can move into it just because it is already "coming down." That is what has happened in such London areas as Brixton, Paddington, and Camden Town. These "little Harlems" were near-slums before the West Indians began to establish themselves, street by street.

Yet the familiar story repeats itself. Three years ago, in Baynes Street, Camden Town, there was a small race riot. And it took place just at the fringe of West Indian settlement. More and more colored immigrants are buying property, often on short leases or in poor condition, because this is easier than finding rented rooms in a white district. Recent surveys have shown that more than two-thirds of sample groups of landladies refused to take colored people, and even some of those who were willing drew the line at "very dark men." And Dr. Senior quotes an analysis of the Kensington *Post* for August 22, 1955. From 260 advertisements offering accommodation, 46 discriminated against colored applicants. As he pointed out, a great many of the other vacancies would have been "full" if a colored man had turned up to seek the room. Yet he also quotes examples from five cities where West Indians have been employed on the bus system: in each case there was initial resistance, but the men were so polite and pleasant to passengers that it soon became easy to find accommodation for them.

There is, clearly, discrimination in housing, and the more immigrants who come, the more chance there is that housing—with social and recreational contact a close second—will prove to be the main point of friction.

The press can do much to increase or reduce friction of this kind. And though there was a phase, in 1954 and early 1955, when there was an undertone of hostility, more recently there seems to have been a deliberate and increasingly successful attempt to change this tone. A selection of press clippings running from May 1954 to October 1955, shows that of 531 clippings, 46 were hostile; the remainder ranged from neutral news reports to favorable comment. The *Daily Sketch,* a mass-circulation newspaper, was the only one which sought to whip up sentiment against West Indian migrants, taking a "reader's poll" at the same time as it ran a series of tendentious articles. Its readers, naturally, wanted the West Indians to go back where they came from.

In some cities, inter-racial committees have been set up to smooth the path of adjustment. There is a remarkably successful one in Leeds, where there are about 1,500 West Indians, which is called the Aggrey Society. It takes its name, and its motto from an African educationalist who said: "You can play a tune of sorts on the White

keys and you can play a tune of sorts on the Black keys, but for harmony you must use both the Black and the White."

This society tries to meet colored people arriving in Leeds for the first time, providing them with temporary accommodation and helping them to find more permanent homes and jobs. There are similar groups and individuals in other towns, and the British Council of Churches last year sent out a memorandum to all clergymen advising them how best to help colored immigrants and to take the lead in minimizing racial problems.

Until last summer, the immigration had gone on without much official supervision. The Colonial Office maintained a small staff of West Indian welfare officers, who met large groups of immigrants at the dock or airport, gave them elementary advice, and served as emergency counselors for West Indians who had run into serious personal problems. But such facilities were clearly inadequate, with immigration at its present scale.

One of the most important proposals that Dr. Senior made in his report was directed at this situation, and it has already been put into action. Dr. Senior suggested that a West Indian Welfare Office be set up in London, with sufficient staff to operate it effectively. Despite some timid objections to the effect that such an office might "scare" people in Britain and lead to hostile reaction, on June 1, 1956, a British Caribbean Welfare Service was opened in London, exactly along the lines of the Senior proposal. The head of it is Mr. Ivo de Souza, who had previously been the chief welfare officer for West Indians, working out of the Colonial Office in London. Moreover, this fall, the Senior suggestions for the Caribbean end of this service are to be carried out by the West Indian governments, and Mr. de Souza is returning to the islands temporarily to supervise the creation of the on-the-spot services for would-be migrants. The Service is a co-operative project by the governments of the territories concerned.

Though none of the West Indian governments wishes to promote the migration of their skilled and semi-skilled workers, they realize that the migration will go on while the disparity in conditions between the West Indies and Britain remains, and while no barriers are placed in the way of free movement. If, therefore, West Indians are going to migrate, everything possible should be done to prepare them for what lies ahead. They should be given precise information about the conditions that they will face in Britain—climate, wages, prices, job prospects, housing, social customs, and welfare legislation. In this way the migrant will at least know what to expect, and not be dependent upon the glowing advertisements of travel agencies, or upon the letters of relatives anxious to persuade the folks back home that they have made good across the Atlantic.

Proper liaison, moreover, will ensure that London has precise information about future arrivals and that steps are taken to look after them. In the past, even the welfare officers at the Colonial Office sometimes knew no more than a cable from the British consul in Marseilles or Genoa which ran something like this:

"Four hundred West Indians arrive Calais special train Wednesday morning."

BRITAIN'S color problem, then, has two parts. The first is how to meet the challenge of a substantial colored migration, how to reconcile the theory of equality that is accepted in principle and in law with the first practical test. Americans who have listened to British liberals laying down the law on their Negro problems may well watch with interest how the British react now that this is no longer a distant or abstract question.

The second part of the problem is what is to be done in the West Indies—a challenge that Britain has to face jointly with the local governments that want more independence and more economic help at the same time. Until there is some degree of population control in the West Indies, there is no long-term solution to this difficulty. There are only palliatives, and large-scale migration is one of them. It is not merely migration to Britain that is necessary: some must go to British Honduras and British Guiana, both potentially rich and largely unsettled territories. Some may even get to Brazil.

If West Indian migration to Britain has done nothing else, it has at least faced the British squarely with the plight of the Caribbean. The West Indian islands are now on the agenda of British politics. In the depression years before the war, the Welsh miners sang in the streets of London, and the shipyard-workers of Jarrow hunger-marched on the capital. They made the more comfortable and prosperous counties of the South realize that something must be done to give work and hope to the depressed areas. Today, the West Indian migrant is playing a similar role. He is showing the British that the West Indies are the depressed area of contemporary Britain.

William Howell Wells

CHINESE PUZZLE at the UN

This month—after dodging it for years—the United Nations will at last have to face up to the most fantastic problem in its history.

ORDINARILY, the General Assembly of the United Nations meets in September. But this fall circumstances are not normal; the United States is electing a President.

In order to prevent the explosive question of admitting Red China to the UN from becoming an issue in the Presidential campaign, the Assembly postponed its meeting until November. Now the question of Red China's admission almost certainly will be the first business on the Assembly's agenda.

It is six years since the Soviet delegate, Jacob Malik, walked stonily away from the UN Security Council table and stayed away for six months because the Council refused to seat Red China's delegate in the place assigned to the Republic of China. At that time Mao Tze-tung's "People's Republic of China" was only three months old. Chiang Kai-shek, gathering the fragments of his army together on Formosa, threatened to counterattack and re-occupy the mainland.

In the ensuing years dislike and mistrust of Red China have not lessened in the UN. They have grown. Mao sent nearly a million Chinese troops into the Korean war against the United Nations forces. He cold-bloodedly swallowed Tibet. He furnished the military aid which enabled the Communist rebels to capture and hold half of Viet Nam; and he continually threatens to attack the island of Formosa.

Among the member nations who dislike Red China in varying degrees, none has expressed such unqualified opposition as the United States. Three years ago the Senate Appropriations Committee passed an amendment cutting off all U.S. funds to the United Nations if Communist China should be able to gain admission. Only with the greatest difficulty was President Eisenhower personally able to forestall a Congressional move which—he explained—would undoubtedly cost us our major allies by serving advance notice that the United States would not abide by a majority decision in the UN. As a substitute, the Senate and House passed a *unanimous* resolution which put both political parties on record as opposing the admission of Red China to the UN under any circumstances. This position was reaffirmed by both parties at their conventions in August.

Nevertheless, when the UN General Assembly meets there will be a broad movement, backed by many non-Communist nations to recognize Red China's perennial claim. That claim is: a right to name its own delegate to the Security Council seat now occupied by the representative of the Republic of China, Tingfu F. Tsiang. Owl-eyed, soft-voiced Dr. Tsiang is the veteran of the Security Council. He is the only man who has been on it from the beginning. When the push for Red China's recognition comes he can, if necessary, veto any claim for admission as a new member, just as he vetoed—to the astonishment and annoyance of many nations—the membership of Outer Mongolia.

If the Chinese question were merely one of membership, his veto would end the argument. Instead, it is a question of the substitution of one government for another. *Supposedly,* this can be handled by the General Assembly. But, in fact, no decisive action can occur, regardless of sentiment, until the UN takes the Chinese puzzle apart and puts it together again. At

present not even the Soviet Union has been able to figure out a practical way to accomplish it. The number of interlocking issues is formidable—and fantastic.

WHAT IS CHINA?

AS WITH every puzzle, the initial problem is where to start. The Charter of the United Nations speaks precisely. It names the "Republic of China" as one of the five "permanent" members of the Security Council. It does not *define* the Republic of China. Even the Chinese Communists concede Chiang Kai-shek's right to the name. Mao's government calls itself the *People's* Republic of China. And as long as the Republic of China exists—which it certainly does, with a legislature, a president, an army of six hundred thousand men, an air force, and effective control of eight million people on the island of Formosa—the UN Charter offers no direct means of substituting for it some other Chinese government, however big.

The Soviet Union and the Chinese Communists argue that the Republic of China was named as one of the permanent Big Five on the Security Council because it governed the most populous nation on earth and was, therefore, a powerful factor in world affairs. Today the Chinese mainland and its population of six hundred million are represented in world affairs by a new government which wrested control from the Republic of China. Hence, the Communists say, the *intention* of the Charter is subverted by permitting a Chinese government which represents only a little more than one per cent of the population to occupy the Security Council seat as though it really represented all of China.

This argument is shrewdly aimed. The United Nations is full of small nations that are larger and stronger than the Republic of China is today. It galls them to see Dr. Tsiang acting as though his country were still one of the Big Five, and—as in last spring's membership deal—daring to wield his veto to defeat a clearly expressed wish of the majority.

Chiang Kai-shek's answer is that the people of China are *temporary* captives of the Communists; that his government expresses their hopes and desires, and, one of these days, will return to the Chinese mainland. All he asks of the UN is patience. The trouble is, of course, that very few nations believe Chiang can go back. Even the United States, his strongest supporter, no longer expects it, and has no intention of going to war with Red China to bring it about.

As a result, the United States, at the UN, falls back on the argument that Chiang's government in exile really does speak for the people of China. Perhaps it does. But in terms of world politics it has no control over their destinies at home or abroad, nor any prospect of regaining control.

For practical reasons of its own the United States would rather have little Nationalist China than big Communist China sitting on the Security Council. Many other nations—among them several of our allies including Britain, Canada, and Yugoslavia—feel that what may be practical for the United States is not practical for them, or for the United Nations. They want to do business, political and economic, with big China. Consequently, they want Red China subject to the influence of daily contacts, face-to-face debates, rules, and international pressures *inside* the United Nations.

How to bring Red China in is another question. It is clearly not a question of election to membership. Foreign Minister Chou En-lai insists that Red China is already a member of the UN but is being denied its right to participate—especially to sit on the Security Council with the four other permanent members: France, the United Kingdom, the Soviet Union, and the United States. He has never asked for election to membership in the UN. This is not merely because Nationalist China could veto it, but because election as a *new* member would defeat the very thing Red China is after: the Security Council seat which the UN Charter allots to the Republic of China.

At this point the diplomats encounter one of the trickiest parts of the Chinese puzzle: what to do, now or later, with Nationalist China. One thing is very clear. Chiang's government has done nothing to warrant expulsion from the UN. Its record as a law-abiding nation is untarnished and its dues are paid. Yet, until Nationalist China is disposed of somehow, Red China cannot take its place.

Various ingenious proposals crop up, such as bringing Formosa under UN trusteeship or declaring it a separate republic. Such proposals are scorned by Chiang Kai-shek. As the "Republic of Formosa" he would not only lose Nationalist China's seat on the Security Council, but his pin-prick attacks against the mainland could be labeled "aggression." Furthermore, Chiang knows that the UN has no power to alter the status of his independent government.

As a matter of fact, the UN has no choice in respect to any country but to face the *status quo*. It can accept a country as a member, censure it, reject it, or (though it has never done so) expel it for flagrantly defying the Charter. That is all. Back in 1946 the UN resolved on a united Korea and finally fought a war there from 1950 to 1953, but there are still two Koreas. And, despite the Security Council's firm decision that Trieste and Jerusalem should become international enclaves under the UN, Trieste has been divided between Yugoslavia and Italy; Jerusalem between Israel and Jordan.

Big China holds the mainland and claims Formosa, Little China holds Formosa and claims the mainland. Neither can enforce its claim. In civil life such a matter would be brought before a court. But in civil life there are laws. In disputes between nations, and in revolutions, there are none. The justices of the International Court in the Hague could, if requested by the UN, mull the matter over; but their decision, if they ever reached one, would be quite unenforceable. The situation would remain unchanged.

WHAT THE UN CAN'T DO

WAR, or threats of war, between nations come within the province of the United Nations. Revolutions, rebellions, and *coups d'etat* do not. Neither King Farouk nor General Perón appealed to the UN when they were overthrown. President Arbenz of Guatemala tried, but got nowhere—nor did the anti-Communist Czechs when the Communists took over Czechoslovakia. In each instance the country's UN membership remained unaffected. New delegates sent by the new government were accepted without question. But never, until the Chinese puzzle confronted the UN, have there been two governments both claiming the same Security Council seat—a seat which one of them already occupies.

It now seems probable that the proponents of Red China will be able to rally a two-thirds vote in the General Assembly. But what can the members vote for? After deciding that Red China is no longer an "aggressor nation" (the essential first step), they might vote to direct the Credentials Committee—and the Presidents of the three Councils: Security, Trusteeship, and Economic and Social; and the Secretary General of the UN—to recognize the delegates from the People's Republic of China instead of those from the Republic of China.

Simple as this seems it will not be done. Two things stand in the way. First, it would amount to complete disenfranchisement of a member government—equal to expulsion, since the Charter entitles every member of the UN to voting delegates. Second, it would mean UN recognition of the People's Republic as the government of *all* China, which *both* governments insist includes Formosa. Only the Soviet Union and its satellites are willing to place UN support behind Red China's desire to take over Formosa.

A simple switch of national delegates, which has taken place at the UN after other revolutions, is impossible in the case of China because there are two Chinas. Neither Mao nor Chiang admits this, but the realities are against them. Both pretend that the revolution is still going on, and that it will end with a united China—all Communist or all Nationalist. The rest of the world, regardless of its sympathies, has come to regard this, after six years of stalemate, as wishful thinking on both sides. Even if Nationalist China is "a puppet of the United States," as the Soviet delegate angrily repeats, it is for that very reason a mighty tough puppet, unassailable by Red China. Chiang may be too weak to win back the mainland, but, with the pledge of United States support, he is much too strong to lose Formosa. Approval of both Chinas in the United Nations *seems* like a possible compromise. Unfortunately it runs head-on into the stone wall of one permanent seat for China on the Security Council. There has been some talk, and talk only, of persuading Nationalist China, while remaining a UN member, to withdraw voluntarily from the Council. So far no one has been able to think up a sufficiently persuasive reason why it should do so.

More serious has been the suggestion that the General Assembly declare the Security Council seat vacant. This would eliminate any Chinese veto of Red China's membership. Following Red China's election to the UN (assuming of course that this is not blocked by some *other* nation's veto), the Red Chinese delegate could then be accredited to the vacant seat. Nationalist China would still be a member of the United Nations.

However, no one is sure whether, under the Charter, the Assembly has the power to take this drastic step. An attempt to do so will encounter opposition from all five of the Security Council's "permanent" members including the Soviet Union. Once the General Assembly found it could fire a Security Council member, any one of the remaining Big Four might be next in line.

Perhaps an amendment to the Charter, replacing the Republic of China on the Security Council with the People's Republic, might solve the problem? The answer is No. Charter amendments must be ratified by the legislative bodies of *all* five permanent members. There is no possibility that Nationalist China will vote itself out of the Council in favor of Red China.

No solution is now in sight, short of the arbitrary and entirely unjustifiable expulsion of Nationalist China from the United Nations. This is the Soviet solution. The non-Communist proponents of Red China shrink from using it. If it came to a vote, even the Soviet Union's Arab and East Asian friends would probably hold back—not out of consideration for the Republic of China, but out of fear that this sledge hammer, once used, might later be used against any one of them.

Sitting with the Big Four at the Security Council table, Dr. Tsiang knows the strength of his position. Growing sentiment for Red China's admission cannot shake him. Last December, when the chips were down, he defied the Council and the General Assembly by his veto of membership for Outer Mongolia—and made the veto stick. He will not take a softer stand toward Red China.

Among the more diplomatically cynical nations, a few, well aware of the real obstacles, are willing to play both sides of the fence—supporting Red China's claim because they know it is, at present anyway, hopeless.

More than once in the past the United Nations has found ways to break its own rules. This year when, after innumerable ballots, neither Yugoslavia nor the Philippines could win a seat as non-permanent members on the Security Council, the two nations agreed—entirely against the rules—to split the two-year term between them, one year for each. No one objected. It is less than likely that Mao and Chiang will ever arrive at such a solution. Nevertheless, when the pressure for Red China's admission to the UN becomes sufficiently great, some way will be found to get round the existing roadblocks.

But *what* way? That remains the Chinese puzzle.

ALLEN KANFER

ADVICE FOR A WEDDING

NO MUSIC but a fiddle tuned by ear,
No feasting but a golden pear or two,
No singing but an old old woman's song
No dancing but a walking in the dew.

Deny all company, admit no friends,
Except an old magician skilled in verbs
To conjugate confusion to your peace
And plant your sweet semantic garden herbs.

By moonlight draw spring water crystal clear,
Dig shallow for a seed that bears in spring,
Pull down the old nests in the nearest tree,
Pour autumn honey over this year's sting.

Then sit in silence three unbroken hours,
Thunder is what the heart's recording hears,
To prove enchantment, love near by. And when
The prideful hour is come, forbear no tears.

Wolfgang Langewiesche

THE POLAR PATH

where every direction is South

A foreign airline is now flying passengers right across the North Pole . . . cutting time from continent to continent . . . steering by maps that turn navigation upside down.

SHORT-cutting across the top of the world is the coming thing in flying. From Tokyo to Europe, from London to New Zealand and Australia, from Paris to Tahiti, from Japan to Brazil—the short way is via the North Pole! Try it with a piece of string on a globe: New York to Shanghai, the United States to India, Moscow to Detroit. The polar route is the shortest route.

It has always been true, but now it is getting real. To the Scandinavian Airlines System goes the credit for breaking the polar barrier. In 1954 they opened their first short-cut route from California to Europe via Greenland; cutting 412 miles off the New York route, and taking nineteen hours. In February 1957, they will open the Japan-Norway route, making one stop in Alaska, and taking from eighteen to twenty hours. The present track from Stockholm to Tokyo (through Asia) requires fifty hours.

Last April, SAS had a crew-training flight going over the polar Stockholm-Tokyo route, and I went along to see how it is done. The airplane was a DC-6, although they will use DC-7s when the line is in operation. It had everything that makes you disregard the country you fly over: four engines, pressurized, muffled cabin, Pullman berths. The Arctic, I thought, will be merely a place where the earth is painted white instead of green or blue. Why go? Why not just read SAS's Polar Navigation Manual?

But your respect for the mysterious region grows as you approach it. We hit the Aleutians at dawn, coming from Tokyo through an afternoon and a night that were shortened, by our eastward-northward motion, into a mere ten hours. In Tokyo, the cherry blossoms had been blooming furiously, and the population had been in the parks, looking at them. Here now a lone volcano stuck up above the clouds, coughing up an occasional puff of black smoke in a performance watched by nobody. It makes a strange, profound difference when you are the only one who sees a thing. This effect started here—this feeling of "Where *is* everybody?"

We came down on a long approach across black lava rock and white frozen bay and some gale-whipped water and landed at Cold Bay in the Aleutians: it was just an airport, no customs, no immigration—in fact no town. When you stepped out of the airplane the wind felt like a blast from an icehouse, which is of course what the Arctic is. Cold Bay is a former military base, once quite a town. You could still see the system of hard-surfaced roads, but where the buildings had been there was now a pool of water, frozen this time of year into a block of blue-green ice. Everybody had gone away, and left a perfectly good town. The refueling crew came out, heavily packed in clothes. If you lived here, you would be thinking all the time a little about keeping warm. We paced back and forth, some of us jumped up and down.

We flew on into Alaska, to "shoot" landings at the various airports which the pilots would have to know well on later commercial flights. Alaska has, of course, everything and you see it. It has several tall buildings, and parking lots crowded with gay-colored cars, a railroad, a highway, a university—even some farms. But from the air you see it the other way round—what vast empty spaces there are in between things, nothing but wilderness.

Late in the afternoon, we took off from Fair-

banks and headed north. There were twenty-one of us aboard, including five captains, two crews, two hostesses, a Japanese official, a Norwegian newsreel team, and me. Weather clear, and predicted to be clear all the way. Our flight plan called for fifteen and one half hours to Bodö, Norway.

We crossed the Arctic Circle while still climbing; it's just a line on the map. The real beginning of the Arctic is the northern limit of trees. I was watching for it, expecting a gradual fading out. But in Alaska it comes differently. North of the Yukon River, the country rises into a mountain range—the Brooks Range, 10,000 feet high, steep, alpine. Naturally the trees stay below, and all is ice and snow and rock. The country falls again, but the trees don't come back. You're in the Arctic. You're over a snowy plain, grassy in summer. Last sign of man: a military airport, Barter Island, a snow-plowed runway, some army-type buildings, and on the snow a track made on the surface by some vehicle that runs on caterpillar treads, tank-like. The men were indoors and didn't show as we went over.

Right there, the country changed. It became unnaturally flat, and at the same time rough in texture—a "crackle-finish" you would have called that sort of surface in a hardware store. It wasn't country any more: it was the Arctic Ocean, covered with ice. It's a real, full-size ocean. From here it is 2,750 miles to the opposite shore—the North Cape of Norway, the Finnish Coast, the Murmansk region of Russia. Right in the middle, off somewhere on our left, under 14,150 feet of water, is the Pole. Visible was nothing but blue sky, brilliant sunshine, and the ice.

THE CRACKLE FINISH

IT IS a terrific part of the world to see. Until recently the only way to see it was to walk there, with dog sleds; and the chances were that you would die. Now from the air you could see the "country" on which the polar explorer had to move. In some ways it was good. The frozen sea is a sea, flat, every part like every other part. From the air, it looks as if he could travel straight courses, like a ship. And he had an almost wonderful surface to travel on; almost a skating pond. *But*—that crackle finish: the ice is all broken up into floes. Around each floe is a ridge—maybe five feet high, maybe twenty feet. Polar exploring must have been like having to drag a cart across a London suburb in a straight line: up one garden wall, down the other side, across a garden, up the next wall.

This is the surprising thing about the polar ice—that it is so full of commotion. You would think the ocean would freeze over once, and ever after it would be a dead plain. But no. It looks as if someone were going about with a sledge hammer, breaking up any piece of ice bigger than a couple of hundred feet across. Main breaking force: the ice freezes downward from the surface. New ice forms under the bottom of the old ice: it heaves the ice surface up and cracks it.

Then the wind pushes the pieces about. Fifty billion slight wind forces push on fifty billion ice roughnesses; then whole ice-countries start sliding. The floes bump against each other like heavy barges, slowly, but with enormous weight behind the motion. Where they touch, they crunch, and push up those ridges. Then they freeze together. Elsewhere, the ice field tears apart, and gaps like rivers open up. I saw some that must have been three hundred feet wide and, slightly winding, twenty miles long. In summer, these "leads" are open water. They would stop an explorer with his sled and his dogs. He had to wait till the gap closed again, or he had to ferry across, using ice floes as rafts. In winter, the leads freeze over, making new ice that is smooth and strong, fit to land on. But this runway doesn't last. Presently *it* cracks, breaks up, and the pieces grind against each other.

Into this chaos of slow-grinding millstones Fridtjof Nansen took his ship, the *Fram,* in 1893. For the first time now I understood that famous arctic adventure. Nansen knew that the ice moves in a steady, slow drift across the Arctic. By letting yourself be frozen in the ice at the right spot, you might be carried right across the Pole—if your ship wasn't crushed. The *Fram,* specially built, stood the pressure and got farther north than anyone ever had. Now the *Fram* is in Oslo, with a museum built over her—a sacred thing, like our Liberty Bell.

Then there was Salomon Andrée, the Swede, who tried the air. This was in 1897, before airplanes, and before the dirigible was at all practical. Andrée thought he could control flight direction to some extent, by putting sails on his balloon and trailing drag ropes behind him on the ice. The idea was correct. Andrée might have made a perfectly astounding aerial voyage. Before take-off, his drag ropes had been coiled up on the ground, sailor-fashion. When the balloon rose, the ropes, in uncoiling, twisted them-

selves off the balloon and fell back to the ground. It was the kind of evil joke—almost ridiculous and often deadly—that still happens almost every time somebody tries something new in the air. That's why there are test flights. That's why a route like SAS is flown dozens of times, at all seasons and under all sorts of conditions, before it is declared open. Even so, Andrée and his partners flew sixty-five hours and made several hundred miles northward. And they walked back, reached Spitzbergen, built a winter camp, lived several months. Then they died. And now it is just an airline ride, complete with hostesses, and no adventure at all.

What is so special about transpolar air routes? It's not the weather. Ours was perfect—a ski holiday in the Swiss Alps. True, April is the best month of the year; the sun is up but the ice still keeps the ocean sealed tight, so there is very little moisture in the air, hence little cloud. Later on, there are more open leads, and hence more cloud. But for the pilot of a high-flying pressurized airplane, the arctic weather is quite okay at any season. There are no thunderstorms. At 20,000 feet you can be on top of all cloud, all turbulence, all wing-icing. There may be icing fog below, but you fly in clear air with sun or stars available for "shooting": while in the tropics at 40,000 feet you may have to pick your way between thunderstorms or through them. As for the cold, it is a problem mostly on the ground. It makes mechanic's work a torture, and it makes engines hard to start. In flight, cold is a help: it makes jet engines more efficient!

THE CRAZY COMPASS

THE special thing about the Pole is this: it's hard to find your way. The compass goes crazy near the Pole, and the mind, too, suffers a strange kind of dizzy spell. As for the compass, it is a dislikable instrument anywhere: the slightest turn or bump of the airplane makes it swing so that it's hard to get a good reading. It doesn't really point at the North Pole but at the Magnetic Pole, a place in Northern Canada, a thousand miles away from the true Pole, and it doesn't even do that reliably, but has an error in its error! All this gets worse as you go north. There are places in the Arctic where the compass says South when it means North. And when you get within a thousand miles or so of the Magnetic Pole, the compass thinks it is already there, and quits pointing altogether. It turns aimlessly round and round, or it points at the nearest chunk of iron—the airplane's engine. On one SAS survey flight, they had four different compasses point in four different directions.

And the pilot's brain goes dizzy. His whole way of thinking about direction—North, East, South, West—becomes less and less useful as you go north, and finally meaningless. At the Pole itself, *there is no North.* You've gone as far north as there is. East and West don't exist either—at the North Pole, *every* direction is South. And time goes crazy. At the North Pole the sun rises only once a year, on March 21, and goes round and round the sky till September 21. Because every direction is South, the sun is always in the South, and it is always noon! It's also any other time anybody claims it is. All the world's time zones come together at the Pole, so it's your choice.

Suppose now you fly directly across the North Pole. Then at the instant of crossing the Pole, your flight direction changes from North to South; a west wind, at the same moment becomes an east wind; your time jumps twelve hours. All this is not "real": the airplane has not curved, the wind has not shifted, the sun has not jumped. But it's mighty real for the navigator. It turns all his bookkeeping upside down. His pluses become minuses. Confusion has been the biggest source of accidents in arctic flying. The navigator adds an item he should have subtracted; the airplane flies off in the wrong direction and runs out of fuel somewhere over the ice.

If you don't fly directly over the Pole but past it, as we did, all this gets even more confusing. The work load on the navigator becomes fantastic. In military polar flying right after the war, before a way around all this was discovered, it took two navigators to keep track of an airplane. You are flying straight; but the directions wheel around you in a silly way as if you were flying a curve; North moves from almost on your nose over to your wing-tip and then to your tail. On the other side of the airplane, South comes forward from the tail to the nose. Time races; half an hour after nine o'clock, it's 10:30. Time may race backwards! Half an hour after nine o'clock, it may be 8:30. The sun and stars move backward through the sky.

All this we saw . . . we lost track of time first. Our watches were on Greenwich time—the international navigator's time. Our stomachs were still on Tokyo time. But our time sense had been reset at Fairbanks, where at our take-off it had been, locally, late afternoon, with the sun low in the West. Which time was real? To me, Tokyo time was. I kept wondering when the



Where the compass is useless, pilots fly the polar route with a standard American flying map, overprinted with a Polar Grid.

hostess would come around with the dinner. Meanwhile, the sun was acting wrong. It was off our left wing-tip, slowly going down until it just touched the horizon. There now it stopped. For an hour or so, it sort of rolled along with us, holding position on our left wing-tip. And then it rose! This was the magic moment of the flight. For where the sun rises, that's East; and *when* it rises, that's morning. So, during dinner (steak with peas), West had snapped over into East. Evening had become morning. There would be no night. Our course was now no longer North—it was now South.

I went forward to the cockpit. All was calm, all the needles steady. The pilots just sat there, quietly alert; the airplane, on auto-pilot, snoring straight ahead. In the navigator's compartment Einar Pedersen, SAS's specialist on polar navigation, was checking out another navigator on polar methods. How do they do it? It turns out that the whole difficulty of polar flying, instead of being a cosmic necessity, having to do with sun and stars on their eternal courses, is strictly man-made. All you have to do is think a little differently, and the whole difficulty disappears.

To keep their thinking straight near the North Pole, navigators don't make some Einsteinian mental effort: they simply don't *have* a Pole. It's, after all, only in the mind or on paper. In reality, it's just a point like any other point on a

vast flat ice desert. So instead of drawing (in their minds and on the map) the usual lines of latitude and longitude that all come together in that one whirlpool of confusion, they draw a new pattern. SAS uses a standard American flying map of the polar region, but overprints it with a Polar Grid. This leaves the Arctic covered with lines that are as straight and square as the street plan of an American city.

The main avenue of this Polar Grid is the line that goes from London across the (now abolished) North Pole to the Aleutians and on down the South Pacific. The other lines run parallel to it. You call North, *Grid* North—the direction from Europe to the Pacific—and you call it North even after you've passed the (former) North Pole and are flying down toward the Pacific, *i.e.* in ordinary parlance South. With North thus fixed, Grid South, East, and West fall in place—and *stay* in place. Taking off at Fairbanks, we headed by ordinary reckoning North by East. By Polar Grid directions, we headed Grid South by East and we kept the same grid direction all the way across; the same numbers on our direction indicator, the same numbers in our calculations. No fancy, phony curving of the flight path. No switch-over when passing the Pole: No Pole!

HOW THE GYRO REMEMBERS

THE navigators' answer to the compass problem is just as radical: don't use a compass. Polar flying is done by *memory*: an artificial memory, of course, consisting of a gyroscopic instrument, but still merely a direction-keeping device, not a direction-finding one. You start out in the right direction and then you simply hold your course.

It works like a tourist's so-called sense of direction in a strange city, which is also merely a memory and says: "I'm going down the avenue my hotel is on. Now I have turned right. Now I have turned left and am going on a street that's parallel to that avenue my hotel is on." Your initial direction may be that of your take-off runway. Actually, most polar flights start in regions where the compass works, so you take it from the compass. Then you set your gyro, throw a switch, and your gyro starts remembering.

The heart of the gyro's direction-memory is a tiny flywheel, a couple of inches in diameter, spun rapidly by electricity or a jet of air. Any fast-spinning thing has strange and seemingly impossible abilities. The best-known example is the spinning top. It stands on its point: what holds it up? A Frenchman, Foucault, a hundred years ago, first shone the lantern of science into this odd corner of physics. An American, Elmer Sperry, in the 'twenties pioneered its use in flying.

Today the gyroscope is almost as important for flying as the wing and the engine. Nearly every airplane carries several of them. They are what make "blind" flying and mastery of the weather possible. They are also the inner sense organs of the automatic pilot, by which "he" feels what's up, what's straight, what's level. In war, they guide the guided missile, stabilize the bombsight, help aim the guns.

But just as the tourist gets turned around and has to ask his way back to the hotel after all, the ordinary directional gyro has a short memory. Mechanical imperfections make it wander off. The turning of the Earth confuses it. The gyro remembers direction in Space, not in earthly geography. You point your nose at Chicago and set your gyro going—but, as you fly, the earth turns under you, and after a while the same direction in Space no longer points at Chicago. So the careful pilot resets his gyro every twenty minutes—by reference to his compass. Or it is electronically "slaved" to the compass, so that the compass keeps resetting it automatically. In the Arctic, where the compass is useless, fliers needed a gyro that would hold direction not for twenty minutes, but for twenty hours.

When SAS tried to have such a super gyro built, an American firm of instrument-makers took on the job and did it. The Polar Path Gyro is a solid-gold Cadillac of an instrument. Its little flywheel, made of a rare expensive very heavy tungsten, spins fifteen times as fast as an airplane propeller. Its bearings are the most delicate that today's mechanical art can produce. The makers added an electric clock that keeps cranking in small corrections for the earth's rotation; the navigator sets the rate according to the latitude at which he is flying. Result: a directional gyro that remembers straight, not for twenty minutes, but for twenty hours. Price: about the same as a Cadillac.

We carried two (one as a stand-by) mounted above the navigator's desk—just a little black box, slightly warm, slightly buzzing to the touch. A wire from it led to the pilot's direction-indicator in the cockpit. Another wire went to the auto-pilot, which was flying the airplane straight, straight, straight across the ice-flats.

That's the whole secret of polar flying—a mental scheme of directions, and an instrument

for holding direction. On top of that, there is of course an overlay of techniques and hard work. The navigator keeps "shooting" the sun, checking the gyros against the sun and against each other; he measures drift and observes the barometric pressure and calculates the winds and takes radio bearings and generally cross-checks everything against everything—but that's just airline perfectionism. Actually a Polar Path Gyro and a map with the grid on it would take you there.

WHO OWNS THE ARCTIC?

NOW the Arctic has become a busy place, even though you don't see anybody else flying around. The U.S. Air Force has for years run a daily weather flight almost to the Pole. The Russians have had a whole series of camps on the ice. They were the pioneers well before the war, in the difficult operation of setting up and supplying a camp by air. Now, polar gossip is that they are supplying some camps by submarine, under the ice. Our weather map which was given us at Fairbanks, showed one, and only one, ground station reporting weather from the Arctic Ocean area itself. This was the Russian camp, Nordpol 5. It was located almost at the Pole, just a little over on the Russian side. Its reports were evidently available at Fairbanks.

Even commercial flying is already a fact. On a charter basis—when somebody hires the whole plane—SAS has flown quite a bit of pay load over, or hard past, the Pole: two hospital staffs of doctors and nurses for the Korean war; a DC-6 full of Scandinavian business bigshots, with ladies, to a world Chamber of Commerce meeting in Tokyo; an airplane load of Japanese cameras to Europe; the Vienna Symphony Orchestra to and from concerts in Japan, trumpets, fiddles, and all.

SAS had lined up six plane-loads of German and Scandinavian Olympic athletes to go to Australia via the Pole. Even that is a short cut. It's not only shorter, but more pleasant than the southern route through the Middle East and Asia: no visas, no cholera and yellow fever shots, no hostile officials. By now, on that southern route, no matter what a passenger's race, religion, nationality may be, somebody in some country is hoping for some legitimate occasion to give him a hard time.

Who owns the Arctic? The question is tactless. Our Canadian government maps showed as Canadian everything north of Canadian land—all the way to the Pole. Our U. S. government maps showed no such Canadian sector and claimed no American sector for the United States north of Alaska. The Russians don't say. Nobody wants a hassle over this question just now, especially because the world's ideas of "high seas" are changing anyway. The classic idea was that a country's sovereignty used to reach three miles out to sea, or maybe seven, or maybe twenty. Everything beyond that used to be high seas, international water. Now, for air-traffic control and air-defense zones, countries reach hundreds of miles out to sea.

And in the Arctic, there's an extra complication: the Ice Islands. These are not the usual floes of sea ice; they are pieces broken off from glaciers in northern Canada—huge icebergs, really. They are much bigger and taller than the sea ice; therefore they resist the crush and stay big. Estimated life: a couple of centuries. It therefore pays to equip them—with airports, houses, radio stations, weather observatories, maybe radar, they may become floating towns. The Americans are known to occupy at least three named T1, T2, T3; the Russians, at least one—Nordpol 6. They move with winds and currents. Where are they now? Nobody's talking.

In the new air geography, Russia is a large block of *nyet*. Other nations let foreign airlines cross their territory, even if perhaps without the traffic rights to pick up and discharge passengers. Russia doesn't. As owner of the Arctic shore almost half around the world, she blocks many possible polar routes. At the same time, as owner of most of Asia, she forces many airlines to detour far to the south. The present standard track from Europe to Japan goes, absurdly, through India! This is what makes SAS's polar route to Tokyo so attractive. Should Russia ever open herself up, that route would be meaningless; you'd fly through Siberia, and many other routes would immediately become possible.

In the air Arctic, Thule, the U. S. Air Force base on Greenland, is the Paris, the City of Light. Most of us think of Thule as the ultimate in northern outposts. It's not. It is one of the most northern points on earth that can be reliably supplied every summer by ship. It therefore has everything—huge runways, all sorts of radio to get you down in almost any weather, all sorts of supplies, all sorts of talent. You can even have your appendix out.

Thule itself is not open to civilian traffic. This is tough on the Scandinavians, who would love to use it as a refueling stop for both the California and the Japan route. But they care-

On a Philosophical System

MARINER, scan this map with unbelief,
For the cartographer was sick and filled
All emptiness with his conjectured grief:
Serpent, Sargasso tangle, waterspout,
And Furies fiercely puffing toward the reef.

—*Celeste Turner Wright*

---

fully keep all resentment out of their voices when they mention it. But the mere fact that it's there makes a big difference, for the USAF keeps tabs on the arctic weather, and from here Search and Rescue would come after you if you were forced down on the polar ice. And in an emergency, of course, Thule is open. It may be used as an "alternate" in flight plans—as the place to run to if your intended landing place is closed by weather. Every airline flight requires an alternate airport, and its location affects the fuel load that has to be carried, hence the pay load that may be carried.

Beyond Thule, 400 miles or so farther north, there are now airports all along the northern edge of land. Their names are likely to get into the news: Mould Bay, Isachsen, Eureka, Alert—all RCAF fields on the northern-most Canadian islands—and Nord, Danish, on the north end of Greenland. These fields have radio beacons, so you can find them; men are stationed there, and could give you shelter and heat and food. You can even buy gas and oil there, 400 miles from the Pole! It costs $10 a gallon, because it is flown in from Thule. These fields line up into a polar air route, which is the old Northwest Passage. You feel their presence, and if you were the captain of a transpolar airliner, you would feel it even more, off on your right, only an hour's flight away.

Nine and one-half hours out of Fairbanks, we saw land. Big mountains—up to 7,000 feet. Here we saw something which was not ice or snow: rock. It was the north end of Greenland, Peary Land, Danish—the most northern land on earth. For the Scandinavians this scenery rang all sorts of bells. One captain seriously claimed this was the most beautiful sight on earth. From where we were, above the mountains, we had about the same view, only from higher up, that Peary must have had when he set out to walk to the Pole in 1909. It took him thirty-seven days.

Then all that fell behind, and we were once more over the ice, still four hours from Norway. Forward in the cockpit, still the same cool workmanship, but still no strain, and no elation either. These were veterans of the oceans and far continents, and for them "checking out" over the polar route did not mean proving they could do it. It was as if you or I were getting into a car with an unfamiliar gear shift—I see; that's how it works.

Still brilliant sun, ahead of us now, still in this white glistening desert. I admit if you have seen one ice floe you've seen 'em all—but I kept looking, and the longer you look at it, the more you see. Sometimes the ice looked as if it had laundry bluing in it. Sometimes there were pink regions. Newly frozen-over leads looked the color of concrete highways. Tricks of light, like the rainbow? Tricks of the eye? Painters have seen reds and blues in snow right along. Perhaps the eye up there, where all is white, is like the ear in a very quiet room: it becomes more sensitive, so you see colors only the painters saw before. Where a cloud shadow fell on the ice it looked like earth. Once I dozed off and in the confusion of waking up I thought it was still yesterday and I was looking at a low oriental coast chambered-off into innumerable rice fields.

One nap later we were in cloud. Down through holes in it you saw real liquid ocean, very dark. Then we came out again in the sunshine. The sun was now on our right. On our left stood big, bare mountains, glowing pink in the evening sunlight: the coast of Norway.

There are several airports in northern Norway. But one, Bodö, south of Narvik, is big. It belongs in your list of the world's stepping-stone airports, along with Goose and Gander, Kano, Idris, Entebbe, Shannon. On that last lów sweep into the airport we passed low over some small houses—smoke from chimneys, laundry on line: people looked up as we looked down. We were back in the world where what you see is also seen by others. We gassed up here. The sun, which had shone for us for two days and a night, now set in a conventional and orderly fashion. A few hours later we were in Stockholm, where it was snowing. End of flight: passports, customs, hotel. We were sure enough in Europe. For days I could not shake the feeling that I had come in down the chimney, like Santa Claus. But that only shows I'm not a real air-age man. The North is everybody's front door now, and we might as well get used to the idea.

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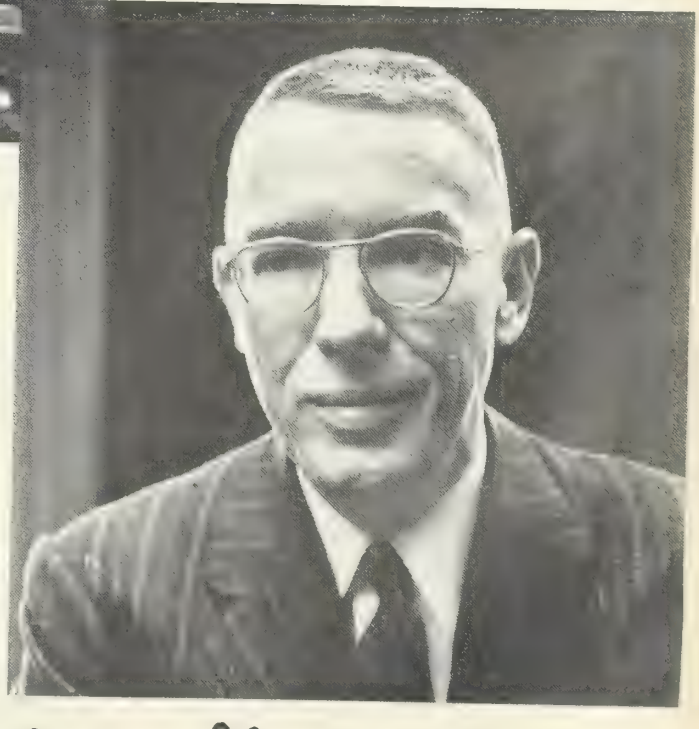
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Mighty midgets. Two tiny Hughes diodes shown above, at left, replace bulky vacuum tube 100 times their size, do better job. Major problems of size and weight were solved largely by "miniaturization." Nature of Hughes work demands utmost skill and knowledge from 2,400 technicians, as well as from 2,700 scientists and engineers. Hughes has grown from 900 people to 24,000 in only eight years.



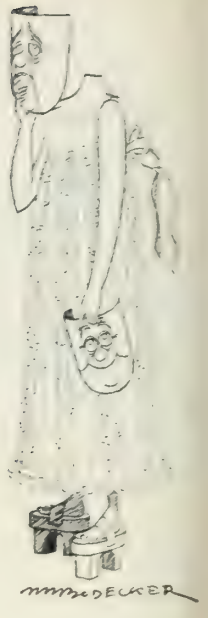
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After Hours



OEDIPUS. SCHMEDIPUS

IT ISN'T often that modern man is exposed to two plays by Sophocles on two consecutive evenings, enacted through two media which have as little to do with the Greek theater as the movies and television. It happened to me: "Oedipus" on Monday night and "Antigone" on Tuesday night, the first a movie, the second a live TV show. "Timeo," I said to myself, "Danaos et dona ferentes."

Even if you are the kind of television viewer who only looks at his set when there is something rare and special on it, you may have seen the Aluminum Hour's "Antigone" with Claude Rains as Cleon and Marisa Pavan in a nightie playing Antigone.

If you saw it, you saw the better of the two. The boxed-in quality of live TV lends itself to static literary tragedy with far greater ease than does the elastic, energetic, and expandable movies. We are accustomed to think of TV as a box into which people are crowded, but we expect the movies to be the wide world. The tight, necessary conventions of live TV seemed to me more sympathetic to Sophocles (whatever you may have thought of the "Antigone" and most people I have talked to didn't think much of it) than the tight restraints artificially put on the movie camera that filmed "Oedipus."

Let me explain.

The movie of "Oedipus" was produced by the Stratford (Ontario) Shakespeare Festival Players, was directed by Tyrone Guthrie (who produced the delightful current version of Thornton Wilder's "The Matchmaker") and may soon turn up at your local art movie house. In it the inexorable tragedy moves to its horrible "come to realize" climax as though everyone were stepping on everyone else's feet. The movie is made in color, played in masks, and acted on a very small stage of the experimental, or rear-guard, type. (It has always puzzled me, in this connection, why the more "advanced" the theater, the more "primitive" the techniques of production.) The effect was not only of congested groups of people moving in tight formation as though they had trained for it by living for days together in a self-service elevator, but it was, to use an art-historical term, "mannerist." Reality was not deserted (masks or no masks). It was merely put into a series of elaborate, unnatural poses, and the succession of tableaux (for the play moved in a series of pictures rather than in consecutive action) were composed with the care, slickness, and affectation of sixteenth-century painting.

Considering the limitations that Mr. Guthrie had placed on his players and on the movies, he managed to generate a fair head of steam. He did not, however, manage even with the help of W. B. Yeats, whose version of the play he used, to make moving Oedipus' horror at the crimes to which he had been led by circumstances beyond his control. It all seemed like a dirty trick, not a tragedy.

One cannot help feeling that t production of "Oedipus" would ha made Sophocles fidget with im tience. He wrote in resoundi cadences for big audiences. His pl is extraordinarily well construct full of invention and exquisite ti ing. It uses the theatrical devices hand with consummate skill, but t devices of the Greek theater are r those of the movies. Sophocles, o feels sure, would have rubbed hands with delight at the flexibil of movie techniques and would ha used them for all they were wor He might, for example, have u flashbacks to describe how Oedi murdered his father where the th roads met, rather than committi the story to the chorus. Instead crowding his Thebans and messen and shepherd and the principals his play into a tiny space punctua with scraps of architecture, he mi have used the tragic quality of dry landscape. He might, in ot words, have used the techniq that Olivier used to make "Henry Fifth" re-exist. The trouble with Stratford Players' "Oedipus" was s ply that it was an art film, no movie; Sophocles deserves be treatment than that.

The Aluminum Hour "Antigo was both better and worse. Rest tions of space are imposed on as on the Greek stage by the size inflexibility of the studio, and producer squeezed by physical lim tions was forced to expand the vi er's imagination with ingenious (not altogether successful) devi In this sense the "Antigone"

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better than the "Oedipus." It was worse principally because Anouilh, who has rewritten Sophocles, tried to make a modern morality tale out of the play, and though there was some very stylish and pleasing writing in it (thanks partly at least to Lewis Galantiere who did the adaptation to English for TV) it seemed to be neither good political polemic nor good pursued-by-the-furies tragedy.

Nevertheless, I am inclined to think that it is better for the movies and TV to try to perform Greek tragedy and fail, or partially fail, than not to do it at all. There is a tremendously purifying effect about art and tragedy. I would prefer, however, to have my "catharsis of pity and fear" either straight or fancy. This business of shaking it up with a little bit of artistical affectation merely makes it tasteless.



MUSIC TO NOT LISTEN TO

THE man who invented Musak, mood music, and Lachrino's string orchestra should go down and make way for Mr. Howard B. Benjamin of New Orleans, who has cleared away the underbrush and cut through to the heart of what makes these curious phenomena prosper. Background music, as an industry, may thrive under the affectionate but disparaging regard of the record companies, who treat it as a girl gone wrong even as they pocket her take; but before Mr. Benjamin no one had the aplomb to take seriously the respectable long-hairs which underlie this market, and try to satisfy them in a more respectable fashion. He is a man of deeply held beliefs and, something even less common, both the resources and resourcefulness to put them to work. As a result, he is offering a more effective demonstration of a man acting purely on principle than many of his better known contemporaries.

Mr. Benjamin is described in a Louisiana newspaper as an author, philanthropist, yachtsman, businessman, and "leading figure of the turf." He has long been fond of music—especially of its capacity, as he puts it, to "charm, soothe, and inspirit. . . ." However, not all music inspirited him; and some time ago he began trying to isolate the musical qualities which he found restful, so that he would have a workable set of rules for deciding what to admit or not admit to his library of recorded tranquilizers. "Experimentation over the years in my own case," he writes, "has defined restful composition as lovely, soft, slow music *without* obtrusive melody. This indicates, of course, composition of a 'classical' nature. . . ." With this yardstick in hand, he set about collecting all the restful music he could find—whether, he adds, "conventional or modern."

Mr. Benjamin soon discovered that the "mood music" provided on records belonging to that category, for all the four-color promise of the inviting pictures on their jackets, was not what he wanted. "These discs gave pleasure in their way," he found, "but failed to suit my purposes, because of obvious and distracting melodic content." One man's melodic content is Mr. Benjamin's vulgarity. Obviously he was not satisfied with what passes, in the trade, for soothing and satisfying music: for him no cocktail-lounge piano, no Kostelanetz massage, none of the caramelized compositions—and they do exist, too (see Capitol H501)—of the Prince of Camillo di Candriano. His standards may sound overly personal, but they were standards, nonetheless; and a man of musical experience and discrimination could work with them. Mr. Benjamin was fortunate enough to secure the assistance of Walter Diehl, formerly program editor of New York's "good-music" station WQXR, to canvass the entire recorded literature and see how much of it would fit his formula.

The result of their labors was the Benjamin-Diehl "Restful Music Listings," a fat loose-leaf volume that Mr. Benjamin has been doing his best to bring to the attention of radio-program and recording directors. And his best is no small best. He has succeeded in getting RCA-Victor to bring out a twelve-inch LP record of Benjamin-Diehl selections played by Leopold Stokowski and his Symphony Orchestra, which promises to be successful enough for the company to repeat the venture. The first is appropriately called "Restful (Good) Music," and if that, or the only *slightly* sexy cover, is not enough to identify it, ask for Victor LM-1875. What will surprise you is not the immediate sound of the music, which is familiar Stowki "symphonic transcription," but the composers listed; in alphabetical order, they are J. S. Bach (three times), Beethoven, Bizet, Cesti, Frescobaldi, Lully, and Purcell.

What surprised Mr. Benjamin, as Mr. Diehl's labor progressed, was the relatively small quantity of "restful (good) music" to be had. The estimated total ran to only thirty or forty hours of continuous playing, which seemed to Mr. Benjamin inadequate to the national needs. "Millions of us come home overtired after busy work days," he says in his notes for the back of the Victor record. "Millions have chores to carry out on nights at home." In his customarily direct fashion, he therefore set out to fill the gap. Since 1953 he has been offering annual cash awards to the composers of new restful music—of a hundred to as much as a thousand dollars—through the music department of the University of Miami, the Juilliard and Eastman schools of music, and the North Carolina state symphony. In proportion to the investment and in the absence of competition, the cultural impact over the years of Benjamin prizes should be considerable. "The potentialities of our era," as he says, "are greater than we realize in music as in all other fields."

What Mr. Benjamin has done, of course, is demand that music perform its therapeutic function without calling attention to itself; he wants it to reflect strenuous composition without demanding strenuous listening, so as to pacify the breast of savage and savant alike—which is both the ultimate of "background"

"But, Pop—Don't You Love God, Too?"



The church bells are ringing and Jimmy and Jane are all dressed up ready to go. And so is Mother.

But not "Pop". He seems to think that "keeping the Lord's Day holy" is all right for the children. For Pop himself, though, it is his day of rest..."it even says so in the Bible." Besides, he will insist, he "is better than some people who go to church regularly."

Not all "Pops" are like this, of course. But empty pews in countless churches bear witness to the numerous fathers ...and mothers also...who are either indifferent concerning their obligation to worship God, or confused as to how they should do so.

There is confusion, in fact, even among those who recognize this obligation. Some Christians insist that the Sabbath (Saturday) is the day to be kept holy, as do Orthodox Jews. In this they are following the literal meaning of the Law of Moses and ignoring the practice of the Christian Church from Apostolic times, as sanctioned by Jesus Christ.

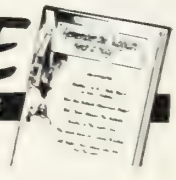
Our Lord Himself substituted the New Covenant for the Old, abrogating the law which made the Sabbath observance obligatory. Sunday became The Lord's Day of the Christians even during the lifetime of the Apostles. After several centuries, it became a worldwide law of the Church, which Christ had authorized to make laws.

There is also confusion as to what constitutes "keeping The Lord's Day holy." Catholics, for instance, must assist at Mass, or The Lord's Supper, under penalty of serious sin. Many other Christians also place great importance on unfailing participation in Sunday worship. But many think going to church, while a "nice thing to do," is not absolutely necessary. Christian opinion also varies concerning what work, and what pleasure, are permissible on The Lord's Day.

Even though you are not a Catholic ...and perhaps never intend to be...it will be inspiring and valuable for you to learn the Catholic teaching and practice concerning The Lord's Day. For these teachings and practice date back to Apostolic times and have their origin in the teaching and example of The Master Himself. They give a clear and understandable guide to those who wish to manifest their love of the Lord on His Day.

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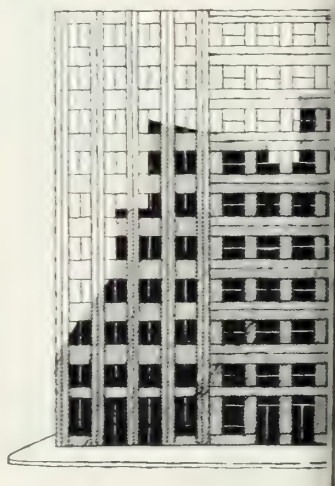
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music and the limit of its po bilities. For this he has recei "nationwide publicity," as Greensboro *Daily News* obser "some of it mildly cynical."

Yet the Benjamin-Diehl listi in spite of a tendency at times resemble an anthology of the wor best slow movements, make a forn able impression; and who would parage off-hand any criterion which Mozart, with forty-seven tries, comes out top scorer? T RCA recording is in its own way pressive, precisely as Mr. Benja intended—I defy anyone not to it restful; I defy anyone to be to concentrate on it for more tha moment at a time. If listening music is and ought to be of righ educated activity, and that al then all this effort is misplaced. it has a directness and simplicity I can only admire; and in time lacking in originality. Mr. Be min's courage in his convict blazes like a beacon in the d May his opponents do half so g



BETTER BUILDI

DESIGNING office b ings must be so easy these that anyone can do it. There pears to be a new one going up e five minutes in midtown New and the only way to tell them a is by whether the outside stripe vertical or horizontal, or mad the stamped metal patterns that —as one architect has said—like over TV-Dinner plates. There have been periods in the past bad architecture was produce fast and as furiously as we pro it, but surely it was never befo densely packed into the same s space. What would have bee

inary event has therefore become
vsworthy, and I am compelled to
ort to you that a new office build-
has been added to the Grand
ıtral area which differs from the

t is called 711 Third Avenue and
architect was William Lescaze. I
l hesitated to write about it
lier, on the theory that the arrival
originality would be so spectacu-
that the newspapers and maga-
:s would be full of it; but they
e not been, and apparently will
be. Actually, there is nothing
ctacular about 711 Third except
appearance of uniqueness—its
trast with the surrounding blur
conformity. The building itself
ot unique, inasmuch as Mr. Les-
did a similar—and, indeed,
erior—version twenty years ago
the Philadelphia Savings Fund
ety. Nor is the design uniquely
ceived. It is just as box-like as
others, a tower sitting on a base
e, the tower is blue—which is
lly startling, but something some-
else could just as well have
ight of). After all, an office
ding can only be just a little dif-
nt and still be an office building.
aze has merely put the essential
ents together with a sense of
portion and personal style—just
gh of both so that they show.
rhaps the building itself has
slighted because of the atten-
paid two of its minor features—
lticolored mosaic mural around
levator core designed by Hans
mann, and a piece of stainless
sculpture designed by José de
ra and fastened to the wall of
vestibule. Neither, again, is so
rkable as the fact that they are
—that the builders have gone to
trouble to show what can be
with just a little extra effort,
imagination, and extra cash.
ly the over-all conception is
Lescaze's, but credit should also
the owners—William Kaufman
Jack D. Weiler—for having the
ge to support him; so doing,
have made every other builder
wn look timorous and stingy.
ly people would speak their
s about new architecture they
r detest, the proportion might
It's always so nice, from either
to know that someone cares.

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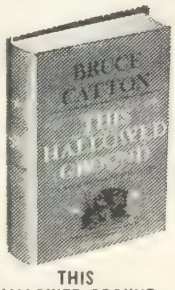
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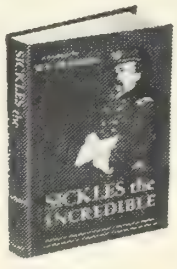
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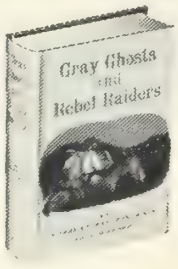
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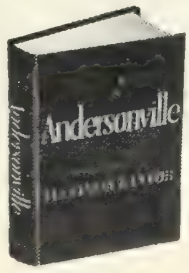
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PAUL PICKREL

The Home Life of the Amphibian, and Unallied Subjects

ALDOUS HUXLEY'S new collection of essays, **Tomorrow and Tomorrow and Tomorrow** (Harper, $4), is standard up-to-scratch Huxley. The old tricks are all there—the extravagant cadenzas of allusion ("consider the flowering . . . of French spirituality in Charles de Condren and Olier, in Lallemant and Surin and Mme. de Chantal"); the striking juxtapositions of the unlikeliest information, from an unsavory episode in the life of St. Dominic to the difficulties created by detergents in sewage-disposal plants, all thrown together on the assumption (not always demonstrated) that "nothing is irrelevant to anything else"; the precocious boy's naughty penchant for bringing up subjects not traditionally treated in the informal essay.

These days, of course, it is uphill work to maintain a reputation for naughtiness, the competition being what it is; and the cultural anthropologists (who may be the informal essayist's true heirs) have made a nice little business out of seeing relationships between highly diverse facts. So if Huxley no longer particularly shocks or startles us, it is not that he has lost his touch but that others have found it.

BEYOND THE BRIC-A-BRAC

BEHIND all his magpie-collection of grotesqueries, what Huxley has to say is not very difficult, and possibly not very new or profound. At the center of his argument is the idea that man is really amphibious by nature, living "half in fact and half in words, half in immediate experience and half in abstract notions" and contriving "most of the time to make the worst of both worlds." The realization that we lead a double life, Huxley thinks, is a discovery of modern times. Medieval man lived in a universe which had been entirely conceptualized—for him birds and beasts, plants and rocks all carried a moral lesson; they were all part of one enormous illustrated textbook God had prepared for the instruction and edification of His favorite creature, man. Then the world a man lived in was a continuation of his own notions and interests and preconceptions.

But now we realize that the universe is different from ourselves. We may think of it as friendly or indifferent or malicious, but we know that it is other than we are. For Huxley this is a blessing. Not that he underrates the element of words and concepts; on the contrary he believes that it alone makes civilization possible, and without it we would be no better than a bunch of Yahoos. Yet words and concepts divide men and set them at each others' throats, whereas immediate experience of the reality beyond words and concepts unites them.

So Huxley is left with a paradox: to pass over the threshold that separates him from the beasts, a man must learn the dialect of civilization, but to be at home in the universe, to be at home with the nonintellectual part of his own being and with his fellows, he must forget it. The highest experience for Huxley is mystical, which requires that the mind be emptied of all learning. His essays are a wide-ranging commentary on St. Paul's reminder that "the letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life," though Huxley argues that the individual must first pass through the straitjacketing ordeal of the letter to reach the freedom of the spirit.

This theme is pursued in various tantalizing directions, most elaborately in connection with education, a subject on which Huxley is suggestive but not very practical. Some of the best essays in the book—like "Hyperion to a Satyr," a discussion of how the smell of the human race has improved—are very tenuously related to the main argument. A few of the essays are not very good, including the one whose title is used for the collection. It is a rather perfunctory review of three books on science and the future.

As a writer Huxley is thoroughly unamphibi-

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ous. If there is anything in old Quiller-Couch's remark that the secret of a good style is thinking with the heart as well as with the head, Huxley is not a good stylist, for he has only to mention love or hate or any other passion to turn it into a word on the printed page. What he has to say can be and usually is entertaining, lucid, stimulating, witty, and enlightening; it is never moving.

Undoubtedly Huxley feels this limitation himself, for the submerged subject of the book, its obsession, is the idea of sterility. There is hardly a ramification of the idea of sterility that fails to interest him; he has long been fascinated by the social consequences of artificial sterility in such forms as birth-control and sanitation, subjects that he gleefully tackles in these new essays whenever the opportunity presents itself. But in his recent work he has been increasingly concerned with the sterility of the mind as a means of apprehending reality. For most people, perhaps, the problem is to get enough of a hold on the element of words and concepts to manipulate the levers of their lives, but that element is Huxley's native territory; his mind is so voracious, so exuberant, and so ruthless that he has been increasingly driven to oppose its tyranny.

Consequently, the end of all his effort is to arrive where a good many simpler souls got a long time ago; man cannot live mindlessly, but the mind in and of itself cannot make us fully human.

Book List for CHILDREN

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END OF THE CONFLICT

IN **The Curve of the Snowflake** (Norton, $3.75) the distinguished neurologist W. Grey Walter has written a piece of science-fiction in which he sees a coming resolution of the conflict between words and reality. Walter is a man with a cast of mind not unlike Huxley's, with the same delight in projecting the possible future course of present social and scientific developments, but the direction of his mind is exactly the opposite of Huxley's, since he is full of hope for a future that scientific knowledge can make for us. In fact, *The Curve of the Snowflake* is a reply of sorts to such anti-utopian books as *Brave New World* and *1984*, though hardly a match for either in the quality of its invention, the sweep of its imagination, its writing, or its ability to convince the reader that what it envisions might happen.

Walter's idea that language can somehow be reformed to correspond exactly to reality (and thus to put an end to our having to live in two elements at the same time) is not sufficiently elaborated to provide a basis for criticism. But I am confident that it will never come about, not because language is intrinsically so difficult but because people are, and what confuses us is not what words mean but what people mean when they use words. Since Walter is a student of the brain (electroencephalography—photographing brain-waves—is his speciality) he certainly knows more about the physiological basis of thought than I do, but in his discussion in *The Curve of the Snowflake* he presents no evidence that convinces me of an imminent change in the way thought is communicated.

At least one of Walter's ideas, however, is extremely interesting. He believes that the harnessing of nuclear energy for everyday use will make power so cheap and abundant as to revolutionize political relationships. He suggests that men have exercised political power in order to keep control of scarce work-power, in the form of slaves or hired workers or livestock or coal or whatnot. But if everybody could have all the work-power he wanted at his command, then presumably much of the reason for present political structures and rivalries would collapse. This might happen, though an era of universal brotherhood such as Walter foresees would not be the only possible consequence. A good many Americans of course already have about as much work-power at their command as they could ask for, and they have not descended into anarchy or hopeless boredom. But if everybody could go to Europe as cheaply as he can ride the subway (and this is roughly what Walter's abundant work-power provides for) the results might be different.

The narrative framework in which Walter puts these and other guesses about the atomic future strikes me as puerile, but then the narrative framework of science-fiction almost always strikes me as puerile.

Whatever the future may bring, Huxley is certainly right in maintaining that at present human life is amphibious, and for no group of people is its amphibiousness more marked than

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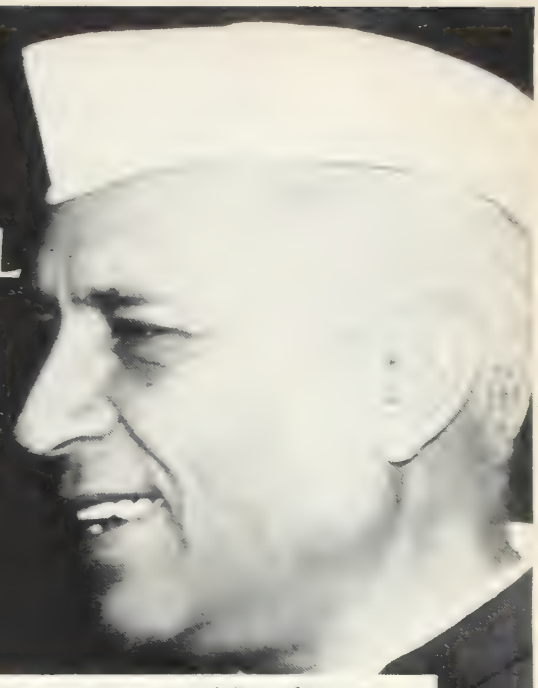
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for those who work with their minds. In the last few years several distinguished novels dealing with the relation between intellectual and personal life have appeared—Mary McCarthy's *Oasis* and *Groves of Academe* and Randall Jarrell's *Pictures from an Institution,* for example, and, in a somewhat different field, C. P. Snow's account of the relation of research to personal life among atomic physicists, *The New Men.*

Now Snow has published another volume in the extended fictional chronicle he is writing. This one is called **Homecoming** (Scribner, $3.95) and it covers about the same period of time as *The New Men.* But in the earlier book attention was focused on the physicist-brother of Lewis Eliot, who serves as narrator in all the books; in this one Eliot himself is the central figure. The subject here is the relation between the public career of a government administrator (a highly-placed bureaucrat) and his friendships and love affairs.

Snow has two great advantages as a novelist—a fine intelligence and firsthand experience of how people in power behave. These two qualifications combined make for many good scenes in his books, scenes such as most writers of fiction cannot handle. If Snow writes a scene, for instance, in which a group of senior civil servants discuss the qualifications for promotion of one of their juniors, the reader is convinced that this is how such decisions are made, and the insight into individual character and the play of one character on another is far from commonplace. Snow is also a sensitive observer of private life, and this is nowhere more evident than in the opening section of *Homecoming,* an account of Eliot's first marriage, which ends in his wife's insanity and suicide.

On the other hand, intelligence and experience can take a novelist only so far. Granted that they can take a man like Snow further than most novelists ever go, one still feels the lack in his books of a powerful imagination shaping and intensifying the material. Perhaps when the whole series of books is finished there will be apparent some unifying plan that combines all the details, but so far it is not in evidence. One episode follows another, a layer

Books of the Year

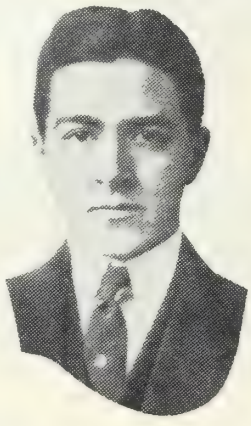
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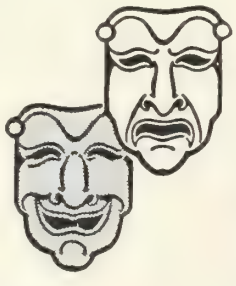


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EDITOR AT LARGE



I can think of at least three groups of readers who will like Bruce Catton's new book, "This Hallowed Ground":

Those who enjoy reading about the Civil War; those who decided, three historical novels back, they had had enough of the Civil War; those who have no strong feelings one way or the other about the Civil War, but who care for fine writing.

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His new book has an excitement, an insight, a sense of immediacy, and above all a perfectly developed literary style which can make even the reader most thoroughly grounded in the field feel that he is reading about it for the first time.

"This Hallowed Ground" is about "a country that could do anything except divide into separate pieces." Granting that any publisher should be viewed skeptically when he uses the word "great," we at Doubleday still believe that this is a great book.

Certainly it is a genuine reading experience. I recommend as strongly as I know how that you get it now and read it now.

L. L. Day

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

"This Hallowed Ground" ($5.95), by Bruce Catton is published by Doubleday & Company and is the November selection of the Book-of-the-Month Club. It is part of the Mainstream of America series and a companion volume to Clifford Dowdey's "The Land They Fought For: The Story of the South as the Confederacy" ($5.75). Both books may be obtained from your own bookseller or at any of the 30 Doubleday Book Shops, newest of which is located at 105 E. City Line Avenue, Bala Cynwyd, Penna.

This is the 100th Editor-at-Large column to appear here and elsewhere. To celebrate the occasion I have 6 autographed copies of the first edition of "This Hallowed Ground" to give to readers of this column. Send your name and address on a card or in a letter to L. L. Day, Room 1718, 575 Madison Avenue, New York 22. On November 15 I will draw at random the names of the six lucky recipients.

of home followed by a layer of office, with no dramatic or necessary connection between them. And what Snow sees in a situation is pretty much what you or I would see in it; the kind of vision that translates it into something more vivid, more revealing, is not there. But reading *Homecoming* is like listening to a shrewd man of affairs talking about the things he has seen and done; it is certainly good talk if not a great novel.

THE MIND AND THE MORASS

CURIOUSLY enough, the peculiar form of human amphibiousness that goes with the life of scholarship has been little explored in fiction. The greatest of English biographies, Boswell's *Johnson*, deals with a scholar, and unforgettably portrays the interplay between the magnificent resources of a learned mind and the sympathies and hopes and fears and prejudices of the wonderful man it belonged to. There is at least one great fictional portrait of a failed scholar. Casaubon in George Eliot's *Middlemarch*, a man who excused all the inadequacies of his daily life on the basis of his scholarly work and in the end had to face the fact that the work too was a failure. But until the recent publication of Angus Wilson's **Anglo-Saxon Attitudes** (Viking, $4.50) I had never read a good novel that put scholarship at the center of its action.

Wilson's subject was almost certainly suggested by the exposure of the Piltdown forgery a few years ago, and the attendant speculation on the morass of twisted motives that must have lain behind the perpetration of such a hoax on the learned world. But Wilson has altered that episode to make it a problem in purely historical scholarship. His main character, Gerard Middleton, is a retired professor of medieval history who as a young man in 1912 just failed (because of a trivial accident) to be present at an extremely important archaeological discovery—the unearthing of a seventh-century Anglo-Saxon saint's grave. Unfortunately the archaeologists found too much, for in the grave there was also a pagan idol, whose presence suggested both that the saint's faith was considerably less pure than a sain faith ought to be and that certa controversial points in early Engli ecclesiastical history required sch arly re-examination.

But for many years Middleton h had some reason to doubt that t pagan idol was really buried wi the saint. If it was planted there, t deception must have been the w of the man who actually opened t tomb, a casualty of the first wo war who was once Middleton's b friend and whose wife was for so years Middleton's mistress. To open the question means for Midd ton not only to set on its ear t little corner of the scholarly wo concerned with such matters, giv comfort to some people he disli and invalidating the work of friends: it also means that he m reconsider some of the closest r tionships of his life, as well as p licly confess that he has put convenience of his personal feeli before his scholar's duty to foll the truth wherever it may lead.

This is a fine situation to st with, and around it Wilson has bu a beautifully intricate plot. The of characters is enormous and b liantly depicted, their lives ela rately enmeshed with one anothe the lives of characters are in V torian fiction.

Yet I doubt that the book w have a great popular success. one thing, it requires rather cl attention than many readers give to fiction, and for another, subject may have a limited app But the most formidable obstacl popularity will be Wilson's attitu To say that it is completely unse mental is to stop short of the tr for in fact the characters all have look of people at three o'clock in morning under the fluorescent li of an all-night cafeteria. Every sl of make-up is revealed, every f gesture shown up. They seem t beyond love or pity or any o human emotion, and the entan ment of their lives with one anot which in Dickens or Thackeray g a sense not only of the shared g of society but also of its esse unity, serves here only to emph their utter separateness. What have together is a shared moral age system; beyond that they alone. Such a vision of society



The Swivel Chair

Primroses on the path to perdition for the book advertiser are the use of the word Fascinating, the Divulgence of Denouement and the Invidious Comparison. So here is a novel that is both in parts and sum total fascinating, that has a beautifully tricky central problem and that can be precisely located by favorable comparison to several guaranteed bestselling names.



It is in fact the novel by **Louis Auchincloss, The Great World and Timothy Colt** ($3.75). Mr. Auchincloss has written one good book after another about the world that migrates between New York and Bar Harbor, and to his readers — as the reviewers have observed with grace and emphasis — his books have introduced their own friends in moments of revelation. In this novel, however, whether it is because he has chosen to take us into partner's row in a law firm rich in clients and corporate dignity, or because he gives one of the nicest of Other Women a few tricks in competition with a wife who is ruinously understanding, or because as a novelist he has paused to tell you the story of precisely that person in the crowded cocktail party whose story you most wanted to know, he has written the book that he was bound to write someday. And he is writing like and rather a little better than his renowned and unnamed competitors.

Though we be Anglophiles all, there has been none-the-less a tendency to skepticism here at home when the biggest guns of British literary criticism sounded the loudest. Now in splendid contrast there is the case of **The Outsider** ($4.00) by **Colin Wilson.** The British said: "An astonishing book. I think Colin Wilson will be a truly great writer." — *Dame Edith Sitwell.* "One of the most remarkable first books I have read for a long time." — *Cyril Connolly.*



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And the Americans now say: " . . . a highly cerebral work which is a blend of philosophic inquiry and literary criticism . . . crackles with intelligence and provocative perceptions . . . an impressive and fascinating book, which leaves the reader with a heightened insight into a crucial drama of the human spirit. It has the compelling quality of a thriller in which one accompanies a bizarre succession of Outsider-heroes as they grapple with the most portentous of all mysteries: the condition of man." — *Charles J. Rolo, Atlantic.* " . . . brilliantly combative book . . . he has imposed his own lonely discipline on that rebellious assembly of genius in an infinity of guises. What his own influence will be, here as well as in England, is something that could make the coming months stimulating in the field of beautiful letters." — *Charles Poore, N.Y. Times.* "Probably the first-book-of-the-year." — *Newsweek.*



"Compelling intellectual thriller . . . consistently fascinating." — *Time.* " . . . brilliant brief biographies and critical estimates of many typical "Outsiders." The book is well worth the price if only for its studies of such tragic figures as Van Gogh, T. E. Lawrence and Nijinsky. More profound, perhaps, are his pages on Nietzsche and his superb chapter on Dostoevsky." — *Sterling North, New York World Telegram & Sun.* " . . . abundantly worth while, even if you take it as merely a study of one challenging theme in modern writing. This would be a remarkable book for anybody to have written. As the work of a 24 year old, self-educated Englishman, the son of a factory worker, it is a minor miracle." — *Edward Wagenknecht, Chicago Tribune.* " . . . a most impressive performance . . . I can imagine that it may become as stylish to speculate on whether your friends are Outsiders or Insiders as it now is to speculate on whether they are "other-directed" or "inner-directed." But the book deserves better of the world than to become a parlor game; it deserves to be read." — *Harper's.*



And just to prove that we have a free press (and to atone for the word fascinating), a sample of the kind of review that is called provocative. "For all its brilliance and passoniate conviction **The Outsider** is still very much a young man's book and is nothing more obviously such than in the endless profusion of quotations and the tendency to let them lead the discourse. Everything Mr. Wilson has ever read is either a negative or a positive illustration and the reader is sometimes almost drowned in the flood. But I rather suspect that Outsider is going to take its place in the current vocabulary alongside David Riesman's 'inner-directed man.' Probably we have not had a new term so usable as either of these since Sinclair Lewis set everybody to talking about Babbitts." — *Joseph Wood Krutch, Saturday Review.*

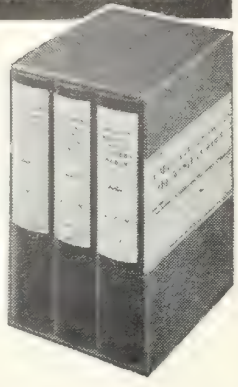


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horrible that one would like to be able to say that it is unconvincing, but it is not. Only a writer of real imaginative power could bring it off; Wilson does.

Anglo-Saxon Attitudes, along with certain other novels, such as those of John Wain and Kingsley Amis, suggests that English fiction has turned a corner in the years since the war. The rather soft focus of the generation of Virginia Woolf and E. M. Forster is all gone; instead there is a new objectivity, hard-headed and satirical, and a new willingness to devise plots with the artificialities and opportunities denied the plotless novel—opportunities for farce and big scenes and dramatic reversals.

Wilson's novel is very skillful, very highly finished, very amusing, and more than a little appalling. It is altogether a brilliant and remarkable performance.

AFTER such a book it is difficult to be fair to slice-of-life novels like **The Big Nickelodeon** by Maritta Wolff (Random House, $3.95) and **Never the Same Again** by Gerald Tesch (Putnam, $3.95). These are both sordid episodes from lower-middle-class American life, a level of society on which I have spent a good many years without coming as close to stultification as these books brought me. Miss Wolff's book deals with the troubles of a young woman in California waiting for a divorce; Tesch's book deals with the relation between a thirteen-year-old boy and a thirty-year-old man.

In these novels man ceases to be amphibious. Both the characters and the authors (so far as their books reveal them) exist entirely in the element that Huxley perhaps too flatteringly calls reality. There is no effort to bring the experience recounted into intellectual or imaginative focus, to organize it in any way that would reveal its meaning. Each novel consists of a series of events put to an end by some arbitrary action—a suicide in the instance of Miss Wolff's book, an arrest in the instance of Tesch's.

Miss Wolff is the more experienced writer of the two. *The Big Nickelodeon* is not representative of her best work, for she has shown that she can write a pretty good novel

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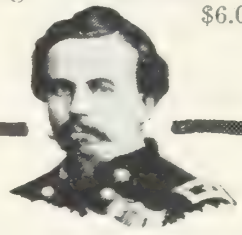
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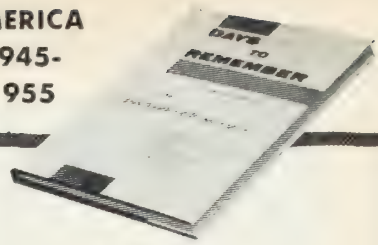
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when she has something to write about. This time she has taken a thin and unrewarding subject and treated it thinly. Tesch is only twenty-three, a product of the same curious writers' colony that produced James Jones and *From Here to Eternity*. His potentialities as a writer are still, presumably, far from being fully developed, and the publication of his work at this time may not be the best way to develop them.

THE FIGHTING FRONT

ANOTHER novel by a very young writer is **Able Company** (Houghton Mifflin, $4.50) by a twenty-two-year-old Englishman named D. J. Hollands. Hollands served as a National Service platoon commander in Korea, and his book is an account of British participation in the Korean war. It is a competent piece of journalism, though it follows the formula of American novels of the second world war so closely that the reader may have the feeling that he has read it all before.

Predictably, *Able Company* starts off with a group of men from different backgrounds (in an American novel the group would include men from Brooklyn and Texas, but here the differences are primarily in social class rather than geography—one man comes from Harrow, another from a shoe factory, and so on). In Korea they go through the fumblings of green troops, experience personal suffering and revulsion, and learn all the shortcomings of the army: there are interludes of rest in Japan, with romantic complications; then back to Korea, where the now disciplined and ready men prove their fighting spirit; and finally the bittersweet moment of discharge. Except for the shallow characterization this is all pretty well done if not very new.

The book derives a certain extra-literary interest from the fact that an Englishman has written a novel so close to American war fiction not only in structure but in mood. So far as I know England has produced comparatively little fiction about combat in the last decade. Most of the good books about the second world war have dealt with the home front, like Elizabeth Bowen's, Graham Greene's, and Bryher's; and the occasional novels of combat, such

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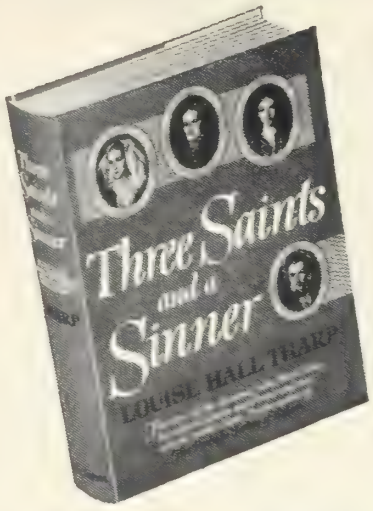
Evelyn Waugh's and Alexander aron's, have been quite different in ne from American war fiction. These names suggest another curi- us generalization: British war fic- on has been largely dominated by riters established before the war. Whereas in America a new writer ery often gets his start with a war ook, in England the new writers, cluding those already mentioned— ngus Wilson, John Wain, and ingsley Amis—have been chiefly oncerned with changes in the social ructure consequent upon the war.)

The tone or mood that Hollands' ook shares with many American ar novels lies in a certain matter-of- ctness, an ultimate acceptance of ar and army life as part of human istence. This attitude is equally r from the turn-of-the-century manticism of a Kipling or a Rich- d Harding Davis and from the nse of outrage that prevailed in nerican fiction after the first world ar. What it means would be hard say: changes in the circumstances combat may have something to with it, along with changes in daily life and expectations of ung men, who grow up in the adow of military service in a way t would have been unimaginable this part of the world even as ently as the 1930s. Perhaps too population as a whole is a good d closer to the facts of interna- nal life than it once was.

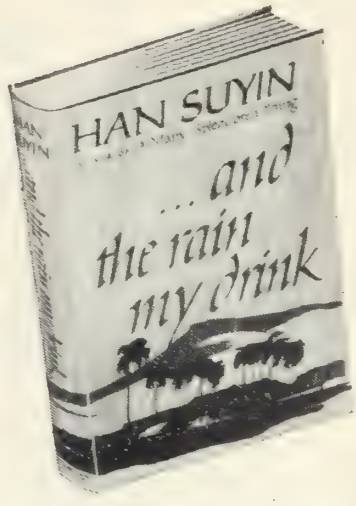
THE difficulty that the United tes as a nation has had in facing ense and war as facts of life is the ject of Walter Millis' **Arms and n** (Putnam, $5.75), a succinct and nly informative account of our itary history.

Millis' theme is the "dawning ization that war, war prepara- s, military tactics and strategy, tary manpower questions, mili- economics, are not problems ng only suddenly and sporadi- in moments of international rgency'; they are continuous rs within the fabric of our ty. Military institutions and consequences are as essential ents of our political history as our religious, economic, legal, artisan political institutions."

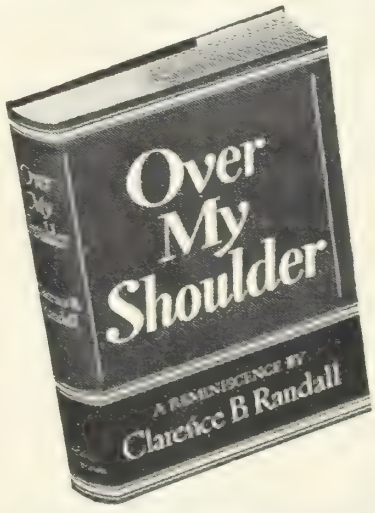
developing this theme Millis a good many different things



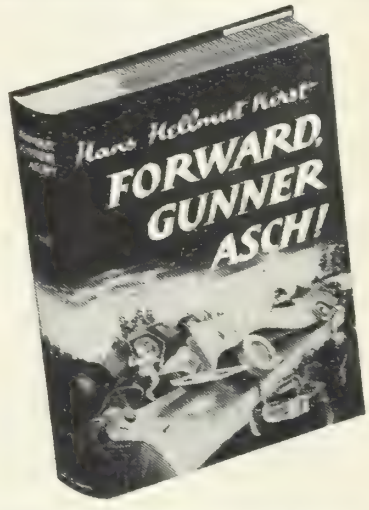
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at the same time, and does them all well. He traces the development of warfare itself, from limited struggles for limited objectives waged in the name of the king to total wars for unconditional surrender waged in the name of (and by and against) whole peoples. He traces the history of military technology and management and economics, and shows that money has become less and less a determining agent in military planning. He follows the jagged neurotic graph of the American attitude toward war. But most important, he shows a nation always in search of a military doctrine that it has never quite been able to find.

Up to about 1900, Millis thinks the United States followed a line of action that often seems simple-minded to later critics but that usually made pretty good sense given the kind of part the United States was called upon to play in the world. Many problems—how to equalize the burden of war among the citizens, how to prepare for war without having a big standing army in peacetime, and so on—never came close to solution, but it was possible for the country to get along with those problems unsolved.

From 1898 on, Millis is usually critical of the way defense has been handled, though in general he thinks well of Franklin Roosevelt as Commander in Chief. He has little good to say of Mahan, Theodore Roosevelt, Leonard Wood, Billy Mitchell and Mitchell's successors in advocating air power—men who, in his view, have looked upon preparations for defense as a kind of undifferentiated capital to be drawn upon in an emergency, without sufficient regard for the particular contexts in which the need for defense is likely to arise. For this is the burden of the argument: to defend itself a nation must know what it is, what it is trying to do, and what kind of world it is trying to do it in.

Millis does not pretend that his book is a piece of original scholarship, but it is nonetheless a real contribution. I have been able to find no other single book that gives the reader anything like so extensive a view of the country's military problems in their social and political setting.

Obviously Millis expresses ma

opinions that are open to dispute, but he always expresses them vigorously, clearly, and from a background of thought and study.

MILITARY history of a different sort is provided by Bruce Catton in **This Hallowed Ground** (Doubleday, $5.75), an account of the Civil War fighting as seen from the Union side. There is little for an unscholarly reviewer to say about such a book except that it is wonderful. Some of it is a little overwritten, especially in the passages that summarize and generalize, but it hardly matters; for Catton has turned out a piece of historical writing that combines intellectual clarity and emotional intensity, that unites thought and feeling in such a way as to remind us that Huxley's amphibious man in his greatest actions is all one.

This is patriotic history at its best —not in any partisan sense (Catton is not an apologist for the Union cause), but in the sense that it stirs the imagination and enlarges the understanding of what our predecessors in this land endured. It would be the perfect story of the Civil War to put into the hands of a boy, but then I can hardly imagine a reader who would not find it thrilling. (A Book-of-the-Month Club selection.)

ONE of the great histories of the Civil War is the four-volume compilation called **Battles and Leaders of the Civil War,** which was originally assembled in the 1880s, with over 350 selections contributed by more than 250 surviving participants, ranging from Grant (Lee was dead by then) to privates and civilians who were caught up in the action. The work has long been out of print, but now Ned G. Bradford has compiled a one-volume selection from its contents under the original title (Appleton-Century-Crofts, $3.95).

Bradford has cut the number of contributions down to about forty and linked them with a brief commentary. The standard of writing is high, though only one contributor could be called a professional writer, General Lew Wallace, who by the time *Battles and Leaders* appeared had added to his military glory his fame as author of *Ben Hur.* One of the best-written passages is a private's

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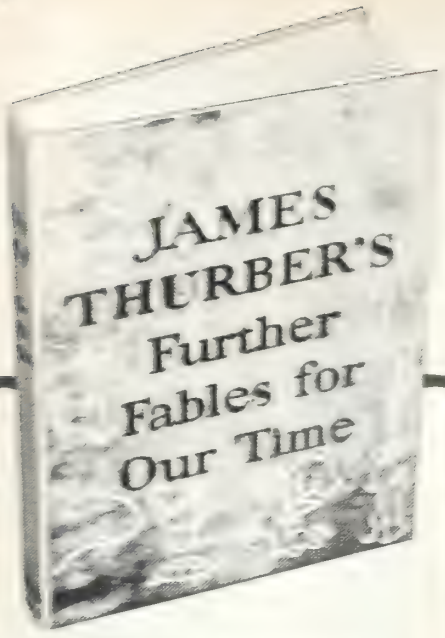
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chapters, especially McClellan's and Beauregard's, are fine if unwitting revelations of character, and others are memorable if for no other reason than that they are eye-witness accounts of great scenes, such as the death of Stonewall Jackson and the final meeting of Grant and Lee, where Grant had some trouble bringing up the subject they had come together to discuss and Lee finally had to suggest that they get down to business. *Battles and Leaders of the* [illegible] How to this new form is a big fat fascinating book, which I have not yet finished reading myself, though I have looked ahead to the end to see how it turns out.

BOOKS *in brief*

KATHERINE GAUSS JACKSON

FICTION

Giovanni's Room, by James Baldwin.

I bow to none in my admiration for Mr. Baldwin's writings. The intensity with which he endows ideas and emotions is very nearly miraculous. And there is plenty of intensity and emotion in this novel. It is the story of an affair between two young men, one Italian, one American, in Paris—beautifully [illegible] degree. It is told by the American on the night the Italian, Giovanni, is to die on the guillotine for a murder which the American feels he could have prevented if he had not deserted his lover for his fiancée. It is subject matter that is violent and repellent and it is a tribute to Mr. Baldwin that he is able to lend it some beauty, some dignity, of a terrible, tortured kind. And perhaps I read it in, but it seems to me that Mr. Baldwin makes clear, as perhaps only a Negro could (he is writing of white men and women) the anguish of self-hatred which the homosexual sometimes feels—the longing to escape the body and be accepted by the world. In a different context and [illegible] Negroes must sometimes experience a similar emotion. From a literary



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oint of view this is not a novel to be gnored, but it is not one to be "en-oyed." Dial, $3.50

Born in Wedlock, by Margaret Echard.

Miss Echard has attempted one f the hardest possible fiction forms -trying to tell an adult story through child's diary. The adult story con-erns a red-headed vaudeville ac-ress, a widow with two precocious aughters, who is looking for a new usband. All this happens back in he days when the telephone was a ovelty. It is the younger of the two aughters, Katie-Linda, aged nine, ho keeps the diary and tells of their nconventional life trying to help, r at least not to hinder, their other in her pursuit. The form susceptible to all the pitfalls of he diary device, and the narration riddled with coy and unchildish mment. Doubleday, $3.50

he City of the Living and Other ories, by Wallace Stegner.

Mr. Stegner's beautifully concise d emotionally satisfying short ories need no introduction to *arper's* readers. Four of the eight this collection first appeared in r pages: "The Traveler," "Maiden a Tower," "The Blue-winged eal," and "Pop Goes the Alley t." Houghton Mifflin, $3

he Head of Apollo, by Elizabeth rbett.

This *fin de siècle* novel about a ng piano teacher who supports r widowed mother in a small town Illinois reads like a parody of lf. Though Ruth, the daughter, the sole breadwinner, she feels lty about leaving her pampered ther even for the Wednesday nings when she goes out to the urch organist's—a romantic, ur-e gentleman—for her own music dies. Out of her meager earnings always buys caramels and a book keep her mother company while 's gone. When her mother dies, teacher and his wife invite her their home: the wife commits ide, and oh, the talk, though of rse Ruth and Lawrence have e "nothing wrong." But Ruth s away, Lawrence finds her and ts to marry her, yet in the end can't, and one is given to under-



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stand that a younger swain will take over. There is no humor. After the week's weary round of work she at one time went to church "and listened to Lawrence King's organ music for the sensuous delight of the music itself. It was a high type of self-indulgence; but self-indulgence it was. She gave it up and devoted her Sundays exclusively to her mother." If this were written in the 1890s, the motivations, the stilted manner, the posturing might seem credible, but not today. It's as if the writer were totally ignoring half a century. Lippincott, $3.50

The Great World and Timothy Colt, by Louis Auchincloss.

This is the story of changing relationships in an old New York law firm and the struggles of a brilliant young lawyer, Timothy Colt, to adjust his life and his conscience to the demands of the firm. The early part of the book dealing with the young man's excited devotion to a job he loves and does superbly well, and with his warm and admiring relationship with one of the senior partners, is excellent. The latter part of the book in which Timmy goes berserk because he imagines himself guilty of that partner's heart attack and death, is less convincing. Nor is Timmy's wife quite believable—shy and withdrawn at some moments, yet sure enough of herself with the great partner and his wife to make suggestions about her husband's career that would be staggering even from a close associate. But Mr. Auchincloss always builds a credible world and tells a good story and the excitement he can generate about the technical details of a complicated legal deal is nothing short of a miracle. Houghton Mifflin, $3.75

With Love From Gracie, by Grace Hegger Lewis.

This is a book to invoke compassion, sometimes as the author intended, more often not. It is the extremely personal account of Sinclair Lewis's first marriage written by the other person most involved—his wife. As the span of the marriage covered roughly the eleven years between 1914 and 1925—the years of his best writing—it is also the story of the writing of *Main Street, Babbitt,* and *Arrowsmith.* The detail of informa-

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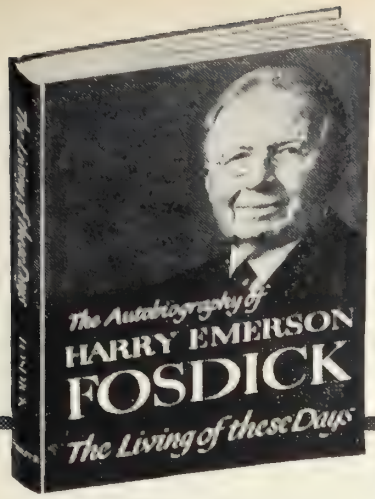
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title reads: "Influences on America's Kitchens and Cookery, from Housewife to Scientist, from 1565 to the year 2000." These influences include contributions from the Indians, the Spanish, the landings at Jamestown and Plymouth, the Pennsylvania Dutch, all very graphically and appetizingly described. There are those old-time recipes (take twenty pounds of butter); there are, on the other hand, very spare and practical ones. There are descriptions of the houses and kitchens of the early settlers. (American cooking could not become an art till the fundamental problems of survival were solved.) There are notes from cookbooks and diaries (you can keep salmon three or four days before cooking but keep it out of the rays of the moon). There is a chapter on the introduction of the wood range. (Women didn't like it; it wasn't more convenient than the hearth, but it "met the domestic need for economy in fuel.") The book begins with a chapter called "We Started with Pea Soup," and toward the end is a rich section on modern American cooking and kitchens called "You Have Nothing to Lose but Your Range." It is an interesting document from an historic as well as a gastronomic point of view. (What do you know about garbanzos, syllabubs, or caudles?) It is bright and succulent fun for both men and women. Appleton, $5.95

What Shall I Wear? by Clair McCardell. Drawings by Anna-Bita Liljesvan.

The American dress designer whose creations (she wouldn't like the word) have become classics in the fashion business—the "Pop-over," the "Monastic," the "Sheath"—writes, according to the subtitle, "the what, where, when, and how much of fashion." Actually and inevitably, she doesn't give any of the coveted answers here, for as the author herself points out, fashion is full of contradictions. ("Be cautious. Be brave." . . . "How different is too different? For you? For me?") In the end it all comes back on the eager reader to make her (presumably) own decisions about what is fashion for her. But it is a help to have all the questions raised and interesting to learn what Miss McCardell has to say about jewelry, belts, shoes, and her

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e World at Home: Selections m the Writings of Anne O'Hare Cormick. Edited by Marion rner Sheean. Introduction by nes Reston.

Already it seems a long time since have been able to turn with ex- ment to look for Mrs. McCor- k's discerning columns on the torial page of the *New York nes.* Actually it is a little over years since her death and now these columns—ranging from 5 to 1945—have been collected, r immediacy is astonishing. The hness, the wisdom, the warmth ies one with the old excitement iminished through two decades lomestic and foreign issues.

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FORECAST

ck Look at 1957

o one will have any trouble pick- a favorite from the publishers' uncements for early next year. January Putnam is launching *Etruscan,* by Mika Waltari, or of the best-selling *The Egyp-* Joseph Wood Krutch has a new for nature-lovers and philoso- s in *The Great Chain of Life* Houghton Mifflin; H. L. Davis, or of *Honey in the Horn* has her novel of the Pacific North- *The Distant Music,* coming Morrow, who also have a new Stanley Gardner scheduled d *The Case of the Lucky Loser;* Harper announces *A Surfeit of ey,* a picture of manners and ges in America, by Russell s. . . . Scheduled simply for ng 1957" at Random House are w novel by Ayn Rand, who *The Fountainhead,* called *Shrugged* and a book called *Third Rome* by Whittaker bers. Something for every

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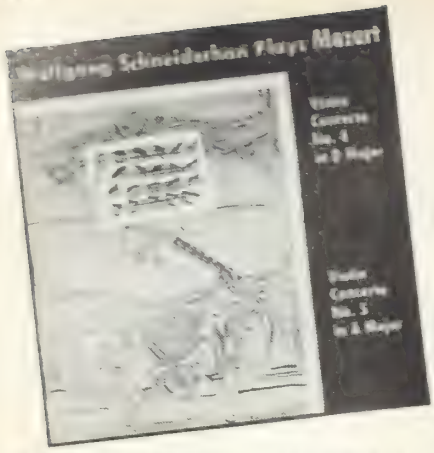
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THE NEED FOR SILENCE

This is an age of too much sound and entirely too much music. I don't mean that music itself is at fault either in quantity or quality. There has always been plenty of bad music around and out of it has always come the good. But today we are so swamped with musical sound that we simply do not listen. We can't. It works both ways, this sound-inflation: we absorb so little musical substance that paradoxically we must have music all the time, in kitchens as well as living-rooms, in bars, restaurants, and even rest rooms. We must have it, that is, in order to ignore it.

True, the idea of background music as such has every historical precedent; much of the "great" music we still hear was forced in its own time to compete with extraneous sounds of eating, drinking, and talking. Our insistence on silence for "classical" listening (though not for jazz and popular music) is strictly a modern eccentricity. The trouble now is not in the extraneous noise, which the mind can always penetrate if it wants to, but in the awareness of the music itself.

In other times, when living musicians were inseparable from the music they made, new each time, musical sound was a far more valuable commodity than it is now. It was seldom wasted, except in ostentation: foreground or background, it was *heard*. Today, music flows like water, or air, so transparent in the hearing that we scarcely know it is there. It makes very little difference whether the actual sound is a deafening juke roar or a discreet bit of low-level thoven in milady's intellectual (*Beethoven* discreet!); the princip the same. I dislike deafening juke b but I hate to hear Beethoven shou his boisterous music in a whisper! B the juke box, which at least was to be loud.

If good music—which by my defin is music that says a lot in its cl way—suffers from this inflation, musical ear suffers even more. The sures of everyday life are as tremen here as in other respects and the going, adjustable person gives in matter of course. Either we learn the ever-present sound slide by us lessly, like the sound of city traffi we fight a desperate fight for real ical hearing, and suffer the consequ of abnormal sensitivity. Most of us choose—we either hear or we do according to temperament, and th that. Those of us who don't can well-adjusted sound-lives, nicely ada to musical inflation.

How can music with a serious pu survive in this situation? It's an u fight. I taught music "appreciation seven years and the entire struggle simply, to persuade those who had sibly learned how *not* to listen, to their ears and their minds once mo the full impact of high-class m sound. It's against the nature o lives, and I can only admire the students who did begin to listen act all the time, to all sound, who ca hear every kind of music that re

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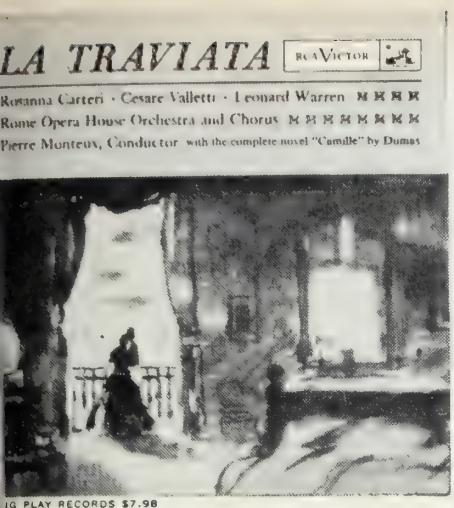
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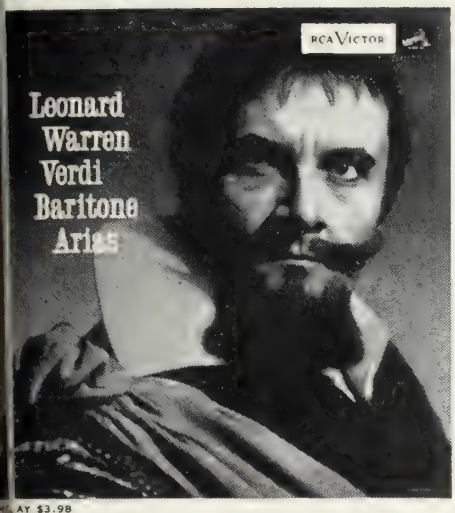
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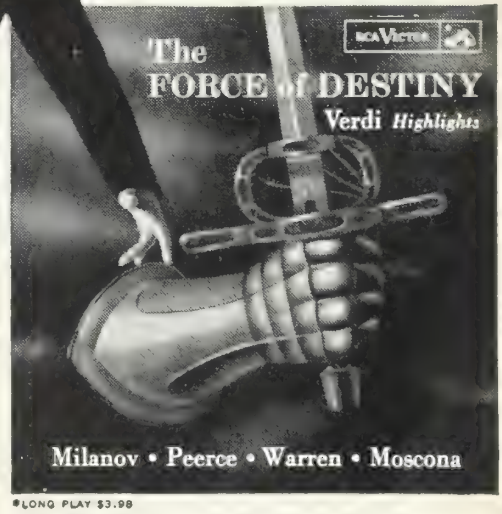
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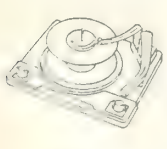
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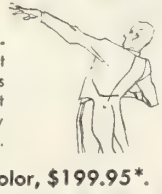
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them, whether they liked it or not. many of us can afford to uncover selves and our ears that way.

As a listening critic I've fought out endlessly myself. My ears, alas, still open. I take in the sleazy stuff al with the rest, willy-nilly. And my tire, my head aches, I long for sile and often seek it. Silence is a won ful, serious restorative for the mu sense. We need it periodically, no record collector should be withou

Until you turn off your machine learn to pick up the faint sound robin across a meadow, a dog barki mile away, or even a bus taking off a distant city corner, the rumble refrigerator through the wall, a m in the closet, a ticking clock, you not hear music with relaxed, wide- ears. Music is a deadly drug, in con ous quantity. It took me three months of silence, last summer, to again how wonderful a single phra real music can be to a thoroughly f ened musical ear. It was worth it. if you really listen, you'll hear far than just music itself, the end-pro All sound has musical qualities if have open ears.

If, for instance, you have jumped at the extraordinary dissor an auto horn can make against a M cadenza—the two mixed together tonally—your ears aren't listenin you are blank to the musical chor distant diesel locomotives (a frien mine spends days collecting them you might fail to notice that wh American clock chimes play in major, Danish chimes sing a hau minor tune and French clocks m go *ting-tang*, at a half-tone distan you don't sit up at the musical *ting* of the warning bells in Swiss rai stations or the blatty, donkey hoot of the Paris paddy wagons; if you musically fascinated by the silvery ter-tones of Alpine cowbells; if you at least try to measure the endles modulations of the American h thrush (I've tried to chart on paper) —well, how can your ears be to the full sense of music itself?

I suppose it's psychological pess to suggest that the present flood o records—more than any of us can with—is in its way another reflecti the current sound-inflation. I thin for it implies, or caters to, a lack o reverence for the power of concen musical expression, originally bu not through abundance but throu tistic economy. If we suppose that can be heard through very nicely day or two (instead of a lifetime), just plain wrong, and I can only that we don't lose any more o precious ear-awareness than we ha ready. And so—on to the new re



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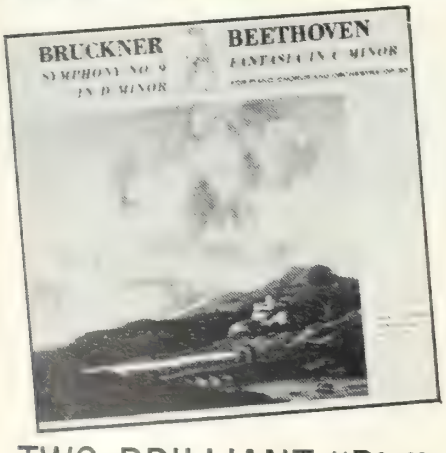
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Haydn and Beethoven, of a wa more Germanic era, come off s best. The same virtuoso playing here one begins to sense that these are really most interested in Beet and Haydn as woodwind write better or worse. There is the begi of a professionalism in these pl that is, of course, characteristic o day.

The wind players of the Vienna harmonic, I suggest, would play last works better. They live in th of Beethoven and Haydn.

Stravinsky: Les Noces (1914-23); (1948); Pater Noster; Ave Maria 1934.) Soloists, Netherlands Ch Choir, percussion and winds, De Epic LC 3231.

"Les Noces" ("The Wedding"), for a terrifying piece of modernity, ha had three recordings to my know each more enthusiastic than the las in three languages, English, R and, now, French. Very simply, i rors are no more, for many a perf and for many a listener. It's one of odd combinations of ballet, opera concert that Stravinsky and others to write in the great days of the R influence in Paris. Closely relat "The Rite of Spring," it is the chr of a wild peasant wedding, sung co ously and percussively to the mu four pianos and a percussion orc

This Dutch performance, in Fre perhaps not quite as accurate a Margaret Hillis English perfor but it surpasses all others in she thusiasm. If you will read over th to get an idea of the rough, humorous, and coarse-grained you will hardly be able to keep from the spirit of gusto here, esp

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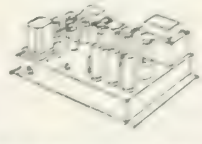


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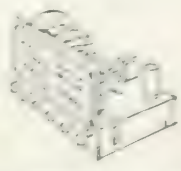
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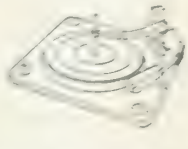
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[SEAL]

(My commission expires March 30, 1957)

near the end, where the performance begins to sound like a revival meeting or a jazz jam session. Actual shouts and yells, amid the singing. It's a pleasure to hear a contemporary work done with such good will and understanding.

The more recent "Mass" is also very accessible in this highly musical performance; earlier performances that I have heard have suffered from the peculiar wobbly church-choir voices that Stravinsky himself seems to favor. The score is for chorus and a group of wind instruments. The remaining two works are short occasional pieces written originally for the Russian church in Paris and later revised to suit the Latin words of the Roman Catholic prayers.

Brahms: Hungarian Dances, complete. Vienna State Opera Orch., Rossi. Vanguard VRS 473.

Originally for piano four hands, these gypsy-style dances have been widely transcribed; a few of them are ultra-familiar as recital and "background music" pieces. These orchestrations are by various hands—three are by Brahms himself, some are by Dvorak, some newly arranged for this recording, to complete the set.

No, the original tunes are not, as we now know, "real" Hungarian folk music; that music was first brought out of hiding by Bartok and Kodaly, many years after these works. Nor is the music, of gypsy café origin, in any way an imitation of folkish styles. These are art works, concert pieces.

And so, with that much of an aside, you may forget everything but the music, which is not so far removed from the Strauss waltz category, more complicated, with more of a folk-dance quality, a real, Romantic harmony. Juicily recorded hi-fi, with big liveness. Makes good background music, for that matter, if you get tired of listening to the gypsy themes.

Divine Liturgy of St. John Chrysostom. Cathedral Choir of Holy Virgin Protection Cathedral, New York, Afonsky. Westminster WN 18204.

Under this overwhelming heading you'll find here simply a group of Russian Orthodox works, in choral settings by various recent Russians including Tchaikovsky and Rachmaninoff, sung by one of those fascinating Russian-style choirs that seem to establish themselves in every major capital of the Western world. (Some of the finest Russian choral music has come from the Russian cathedral in Paris.)

You'll hear the expected tremendous, booming basses, the high, wavery tenors, and the fat-sounding contraltos, all with a colossal vibrato that is completely s ed to the music; every note begins v a dramatic slide upwards from bel there is much expressive crescendo diminuendo, sighing and dying . you've heard it in the Don Cossa now try the New York brand. Of type I'd guess that this group is g but not as good as the similar ch in Europe that we have heard. sound is impressive but the sense of music isn't too easy to follow.

Saul Goodman: Bell, Drum and Cym Saul Goodman, Leonard Sterling, rators. Angel 35269.

This is one of the currently popula lustrated hi-fi essays on percussion struments, and there's nothing wr with Mr. Goodman's playing, Angel's recording either. But I fo the record pretty stuffy, and the edi poorly done, the timing and pacing cidedly clumsy.

Maybe it's a personal reaction (s I do spoken commentary myself) b can't understand why a simple ex tion like this has to be presente cold, measured, formal terms, read a preachy sort of prepared manusc as though we, the listeners, were human beings eager to be recep eager for any trace of warmth and manity!

For all the warmth there is l Messrs. Goodman and Sterling migh well be talking to a slab of marble. things could move easily twice as f after all, this isn't a long-distance sh wave telephone call. Every word is fectly audible—so why talk so slow

To be sure, Angel has tried t lieve the conventional announ voice of Mr. Sterling with that of player himself, Saul Goodman. A thought, but alas, he is no profess speaker, and goes along dismally the prevailing reading-from-a-script personality, in an amateurish way he'd just talk like himself, all woul okay. Even a radio-style interview, ever corny, would have helped. no . . .

The content? I'd almost forgot the percussion sounds you want, in excerpts, or at times, in sections well-known scores, plus two " pieces of multiple recording, a s variations by Goodman and a setti "Danse Macabre" for everything i percussion battery. Super hi-fi, bu too good for hi-fi listening becau the too-long pauses between exam the dreadfully slow spoken deli (And even so, almost every examp cut off before its liveness echo fade —bad editing.) Not very highly re mended.



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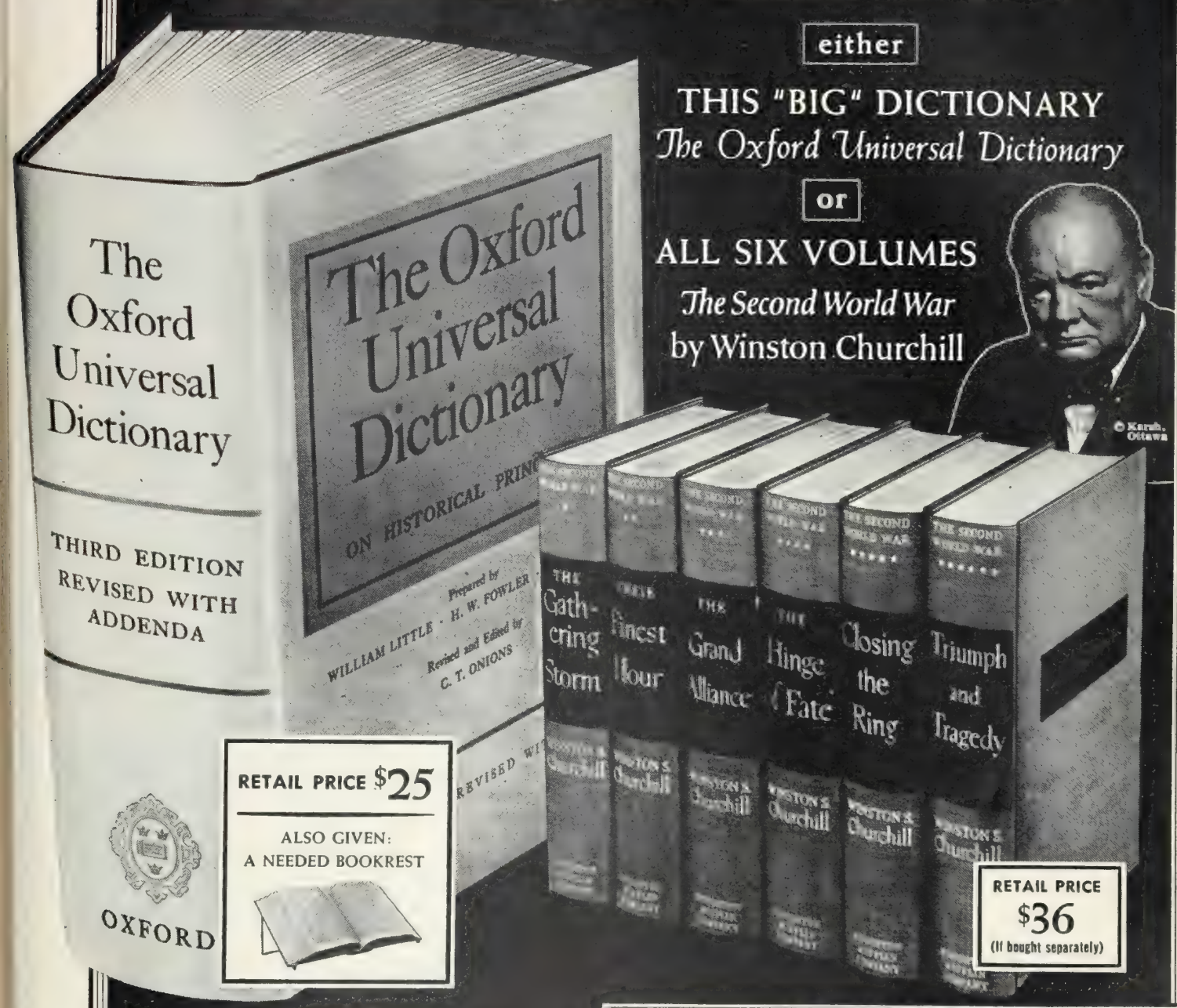
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LETTERS

Books and Boycott

To the Editors:

Your October issue editorial on the National Organization for Decent Literature requires some comment. Since the *Ave Maria* published an article in its September 22 issue on the subject of the NODL and the problem of indecent literature, written by Msgr. Thomas J. Fitzgerald, the NODL director, we feel that we have some understanding of his thought on the matter. And, in addition, we are familiar with Father Murray's address which was quoted in your editorial.

Although we cannot speak for Monsignor Fitzgerald, we frankly can see no conflict in his philosophy and that expressed by Father Murray. In fact, we know of *no* responsible Catholic thinker who would attempt to force Catholic beliefs on anyone through the use of coercion or boycott.

We believe that your editorial is mistaken both in its facts and in its understanding of Catholic thinking on this matter.

Space does not permit a full refutation of the mistaken ideas expressed about the NODL operation, so suffice it [to] say that the policy of the NODL is to avoid publishing its list, and to insist, in the words of Msgr. Fitzgerald, "that the list is not to be used for purposes of boycott or coercion." If it were true—and it simply is not—that the NODL operated as your editorial maintained, we would be among the first to ask that [it] disband.

In his address on literature and censorship, Father Murray stated that the central problem "is the issue of striking a right balance between freedom and restraint in society."

Freedom is a precious asset which must be nurtured and cherished. There will always be conflict over the types of restraint to be placed on freedom. But the solution is not to take away the freedom to object—on the part of either *Harper's* or organizations engaged in promoting decent literature. It is, rather, to strike the right balance between legitimate freedom and legitimate restraint. And part of that balance is the freedom to object within juridicial limitations.

Donald J. Thorman, Man. Ed.
The *Ave Maria*
Notre Dame, Ind.

I was a little startled and considerably flattered to find myself in the very center of the distinguished company whom you list as among the authors blacklisted by the National Organization for Decent Literature. . . . If my account at Charles Scribner's Sons has suffered thereby, it is regrettable, but hardly a disaster. The point, as you have so ably and forcefully stated, is the immorality, perhaps even illegality, of endeavoring by coercion and threat to enforce a minority censorship. . . .

Paul Hyde Bonner
Summerville, S. C.

Congratulations to John Fischer on his superb editorial. It was difficult not to be impressed by Mr. Fischer's commendable fairness to both "book lynchers" and those Catholics who share his convictions. Paradoxical indeed how many of us Catholics can be so uncatholic in our application of freedom! . . . In our valiant tilt with windmills we forget that to monopolize freedom is to destroy it. . . . If we can't be Catholic enough or American enough to respect the freedom of those whose beliefs differ from ours, at least let us not be so unpardonably stupid as to kill the goose that lays the golden egg.

It is an inviolable rule of Catholic morality that the end never justifies the means. Perhaps the "do-gooders" of the NODL would be well advised to examine the moral theology of their own Church. George J. McConchie
Editor-in-chief
Temple Law Quarterly
Philadelphia, Pa.

P. S. This letter is not intended to reflect the views of the *Temple Law Quarterly* or Temple University.

The Next Pope

To the Editors:

The article by Luigi Barzini on "The Next Pope" [October] is very timely. And I feel the author has given . . . a good look at the complex job of choosing a new Pope when that time comes.

It is difficult, however, to believe that the Roman Catholic Church is the "great depository of the ultimate beliefs of the Western world."

I feel that the various Protestant churches have in them many of the Western world's beliefs and are just as effective against communism and other totalitarian systems. F. J. Miller
Cedar Rapids, Iowa

Mr. Barzini has set forth a highly enlightening article; however, I would like to pose a solution to this seemingly difficult problem.

If the Pope is infallible in religious matters as Catholics believe, why not have Pius XII choose his successor? After all *if* he is infallible, *if* he cannot make a mistake, then he is the only person on earth qualified to make this decision. . . . Mary L. Weick
Fort Wayne, Ind.

A Matter of Style

To the Editors:

It was a pleasure to read "Style in Science" by John Rader Platt in the October issue. A sharp, and in the limited space, astonishingly comprehensive analysis of scientific methods, personalities, and techniques. Of course not of styles. . . . Style is rather a fact of life than a fact of rationality, with which Mr. Platt is dealing more or less exclusively. Style can be easily lived, but hardly learned in the usual way or willfully reproduced. . . .

As you would not say that a maple is better or worse than a dachshund, so you cannot say that one style is better than another. . . . There exist also national styles in science. . . . the American style seems to have as a main feature the concentration on one aim, the one-dimensional style, where force and results dominate.

To the English, style [is] more moving on a plane around the problem, encircling it by searching for the right way to put the question. The two-dimensional style, matter of fact, reasonable, tolerant, to the point.

Germans are usually directed to the last question "why?", trying to understand the inside, looking for the common denominator. . . . A three-dimensional style with such unreasonable underground as the music of the spheres of Kepler. . . .

The French . . . style [seems to be] related to impressionism and expressionism, which deal rather with relations of the painter to the landscape than with the landscape itself. The Italians [seem to be] dealing with qualities of the bodies themselves (Galileo—properties of bodies in motion and of stellar bodies) as do the great painters of the Italian Renaissance. It seems that the Russians started out to develop a kind of all-embracing style . . . as Tolstoy tried to embrace the whole people, the just and the sinners, in his works. This style has tremendous possibilities and also great dangers—to deteriorate when the sinners preponderate as in the works of Dostoevski and Gorki. Today there does not exist a Russian style in science.

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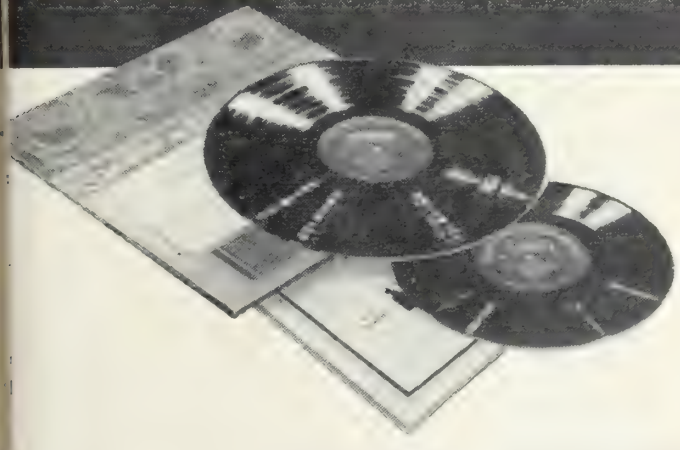
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conducts
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in D major
Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra

MUSICAL PROGRAM NOTES BY
THOMAS SCHERMAN



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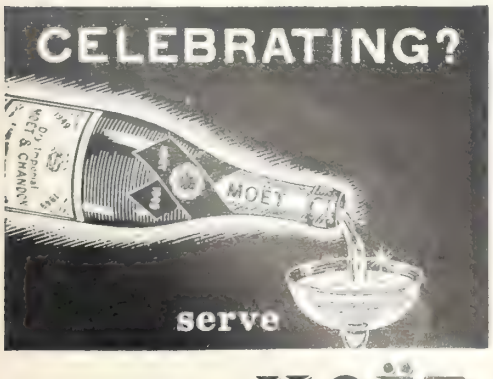
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LETTERS

Dialectic materialism is a poor substitute for life and will power a similarly poor substitute for a style. . . .

JOHN R. VON RENTELN
Kingston, Ont.

Music Alfresco

TO THE EDITORS:

Edward Tatnall Canby, temporary American in Paris, observed in October ["The New Recordings"] that "Our jazz lives unhealthily . . . in smoky dives, back rooms, night spots. It would take the French to put it outdoors!"

Well, let us adduce some historical evidence to demonstrate that we Americans, the inventors and pioneer practitioners of this lively art, were the first to put *l'enfant terrible* of music out in the open, many years before its Gallic air conditioning.

As early as 1810, an Indian Jazz Band in Natchez . . . played on the levee mostly, . . . "which being the landing-place of the cargoes of whiskey and provisions that continually arrive, had attracted them to that spot. . . ."

Later, Buddy Bolden . . . barbershop proprietor, publisher of an early scandal sheet, the *Cricket,* and cornetist extraordinary, enlivened the Gay 'Nineties with his extraverted music. During the day he blew up his siroccos at picnics and lawn parties. . . . On quiet summer evenings Buddy's cornet could be heard for twelve miles from Johnson Park at the river all the way to Lake Pontchartrain. . . .

And in the . . . early years of this century, Arthur Pryor occasionally pointed the shining bell of his slide trombone toward the stars . . . when his band played in the famous open air pavilion at Willow Grove Park.

Finally, let us not forget the epic river-boats that navigated the Mississippi. . . . Bands with artists like King Oliver served us piping hot port and starboard improvisation. . . .

There are undoubtedly other examples of such wholesome preoccupation with jazz. I merely wanted to point out that our American jazz environment was not always unhealthily submerged in esoteric, smoke-laden cellars.

NORMAN P. GENTIEU
Philadelphia, Pa.

Bookworm's Bible

TO THE EDITORS:

As a bookworm who, no matter how much time he spends at it, never has time to read all the current books that tempt him, a first-rate book reviewer is a gift from heaven. Paul Pickrel is that gift, hence I turn to his book reviews

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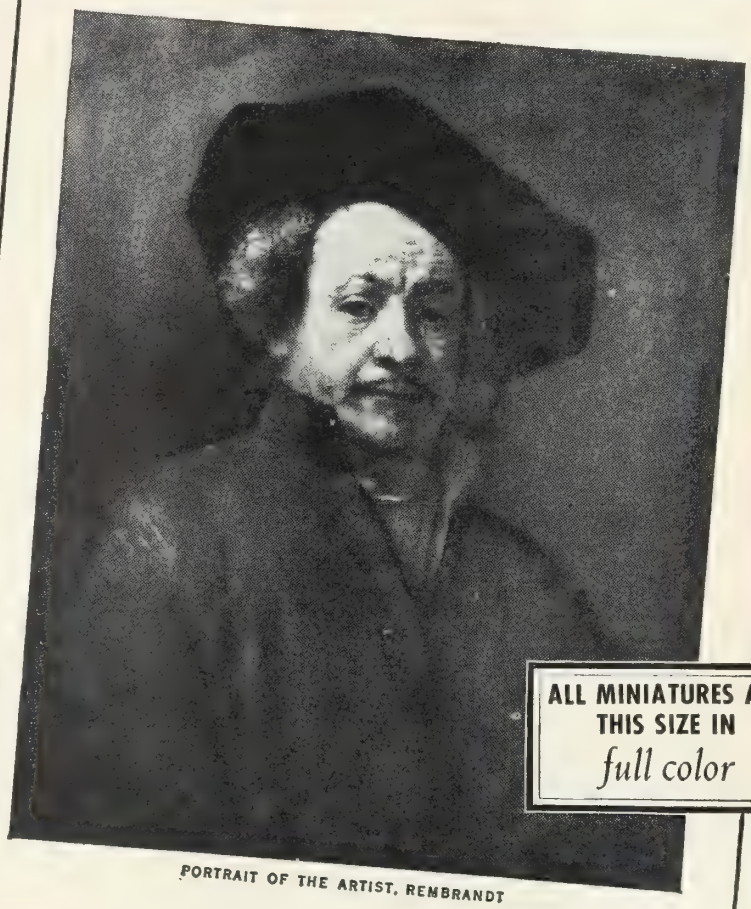
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BENJAMIN H. KIZER
Spokane, Wash.

From the Heart

TO THE EDITORS:

I wish to congratulate your writers Ruth and Edward Brecher for the article in the September issue titled "Ballard *vs.* the Installment Goliaths." They did a fine job of covering the issues involved.

Since I was the victim in the story, I sincerely hope *Harper's Magazine* reaches the many thousands of people who may have been or still could be victimized such as myself.

SAM C. BALLARD
Fairfield Highlands, Ala.

The Trial of Mr. M.

TO THE EDITORS:

"The Trial of Mr. M." [October] is one of the best short stories I have ever read.

G. D. DAY
Ottawa, Ont.

More from the Shelf

TO THE EDITORS:

Bruce Bliven's statement, "Unfortunately, not many people in business and the academic world have yet heard of the new theory that everybody should stay in a lightened harness until he dies" ["A Few Words from the Shelf," September], reminds me of the Retiree who lightened his harness to the point that he gave himself only one responsibility to be met daily; namely, to get up in the morning, walk out on the street to buy a newspaper from his newsboy, look through the Deaths and Funerals Section. If he failed to discover his name in the column he went back to bed.

REV. KURT C. HARTMANN
Pflugerville, Tex.

The excellent Bruce Bliven article mentions "the plight of the family which planned many years ago for a retirement annuity based on savings, and now finds the value of its money cut in two by the inflation of the past decade."

Four years ago the intensity of this problem among retired college teachers resulted in the development of variable annuities. Variable annuities are annuities which provide a life income not of a fixed number of dollars but of variable amounts keyed to an underlying common stock investment portfolio. Over 25,000 college personnel countrywide already have this type of retirement plan. A number of leading employers have already set up private, uninsured variable annuity plans for their employees. In Wisconsin a Governor's Commission on State Retirement Plans is actively at work on a variable annuity plan for state employees.

Ideally, a retired person should have available a retirement income that provides an amount of purchasing power that stays fairly constant. Our company believes that variable annuities can help to provide such an income and we are seeking legislation to make possible the sale of variable annuities to the general public. . . .

Together with a number of other leading life-insurance companies we are convinced that the variable annuity proposal offers the best answer anyone has been able to suggest to date to the problem presented by the impact of cost of living changes on long-term retirement plans.

J. EDWARD DAY
Prudential Insurance Co.
of America
Newark, N. J.

To Be Read Aloud

TO THE EDITORS:

Just some words in hearty praise of John Holmes' poem—"The Eleventh Commandment" [October]. It needs not only many rereadings but in truth expresses its deepest meaning and emotion by following its own dictum—it should be *listened to.*

JUDITH HILTON ALPERT
Madison, N. J.

The National Review

TO THE EDITORS:

I found it impossible to comment on your charges against *National Review* in *Harper's* ["Why is the Conservative Voice So Hoarse: The Editor's Easy Chair," March], in the space you allocate for such purposes in your letters column. Under the circumstances, I discussed your article in *National Review* itself. I should be grateful if you would inform your readers that a copy of that answer is available to any subscriber to *Harper's* curious to see it: one need only write to 211 East 37th Street, New York 16, N. Y., for a free copy.

WM. F. BUCKLEY, JR.
NEW YORK, N. Y.



A Case of Christmas Cheer

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1931: the average wage earner worked **580** hours to buy a refrigerator
1956: he works only **168** hours to buy a better refrigerator

1931: the average wage earner work **271** hours to buy a washer
1956: he works only **143** hours to buy an automatic washer

Progress in buying power: examples based on average hourly wages in industry in 1931 and 1956, and General Electric prices in those ye

How General Electric tries to bring extra values to its customers

One of the best ways to measure America's standard of living is in terms of how much people can buy in return for the hours they spend at work.

To buy the electrical products he wants, for instance, the average wage earner today has to work far fewer hours than he did just a few years ago.

This is real progress in buying power for American families. But, as General Electric sees it, there are other important values beyond the price tag.

Constant stream of new products

With electrical products today, Americans enjoy new ease of operation, new comfort, new style and safety.

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Besides these advances in existing products, completely new concepts in electrical living are becoming available. One example is the Weathertron, a single unit run entirely by electricity that heats a house in winter, cools it in summer. Another is an electronic oven that roasts a turkey in a half hour.

Easy availability, better service

With so many products for the home, as well as for American industry, we recognize that it is no easy task to get products out to all who want them, when and where they want them, and with the kind of service they expect. We have a wide variety of programs to try to do this job.

For example, with the cooperation of distributors and dealers, we have recently established a code of minimum, nationwide service standards for certain major appliances. These new standards assure customers that they will get prompt response and correct parts, and that the service man calls will be well trained in servic the products.

For industrial customers, Gen Electric has long provided aid to h up the new and improved products t buy from us. Design help, applica and installation service, and emerge service and repair are some of the e values we offer. In this way, we tr help other industries turn out n and better products for *their* custor . . . and help utilities keep electri today's greatest bargain.

In providing such values for tomers, we believe General Electri making an important contributio the economy: in more and better ...in new opportunities for other b nesses we deal with...in increased turns for the people who risk t savings in the company . . . and helping everyone to live and w better—electrically.

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC



the average wage earner worked **40** minutes to buy a 100-watt bulb
he works only **7** minutes to buy a brighter 100-watt bulb

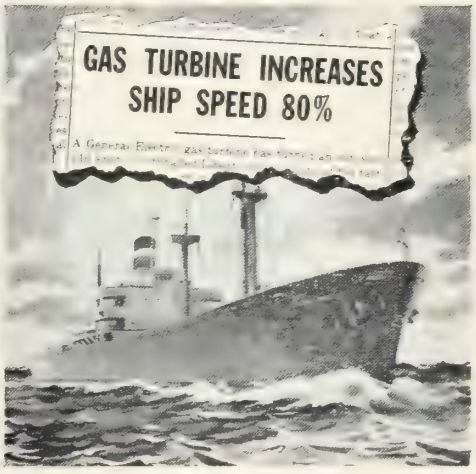
1931: the average wage earner worked **288** hours to buy a range
1956: he works only **99** hours to buy a push-button range

1931: the average wage earner worked **24** hours to buy a toaster
1956: he works only **15** hours to buy a toaster plus toast-oven

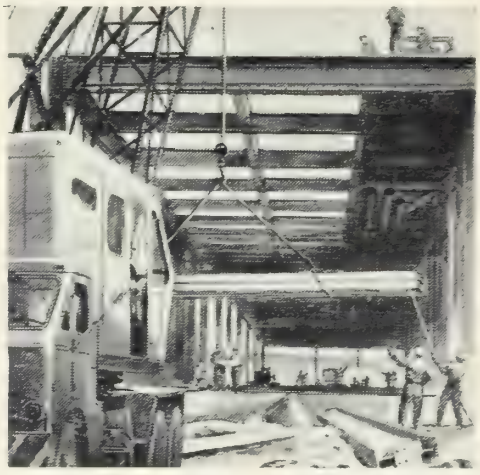
SOME OF THE WAYS BETTER VALUES ARE CREATED AT GENERAL ELECTRIC



By research and development to seek new knowledge, materials, and designs that satisfy human wants. In this area, G.E. spends over 3 times as much, per dollar of sales, as the average manufacturing company.



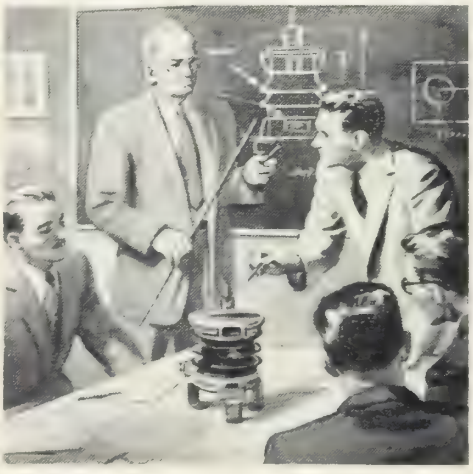
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JOHN FISCHER

the editor's EASY CHAIR

GOD REST YE MERRY, GENTLEMEN, LADIES, AND PESTS

SPECIAL Christmas greetings to a list of remarkable people, whose deeds—splendid, eccentric, or merely outrageous—have not received the attention they deserve:

1. A sterling silver market basket to Jim Rouse of Baltimore, the Lorenzo de' Medici of the shopping centers; because he is bringing one segment of civilization back to a level it has seldom reached since the Athenians bought their groceries in the Stoa two thousand years ago. In the super-bazaar he developed near Baltimore (and some thirty others in this country and Canada) he is proving that beauty—blossoming forth in sculpture, trees, fountains, and first-class architecture—can be good business . . . that shopping can be made a pleasure instead of an ulcerous ordeal . . . and that urban life might someday be reorganized on a much more tolerable pattern.

2. A lifetime membership in the Gastronome Society to Ernest Walden of Boone County, Missouri, for preserving a noble and almost forgotten art. He is one of the few men still living who know how to cure a ham fit to eat; unlike the chemical-injected product of the big packing houses, Mr. Walden's masterpieces do *not* taste like embalmed hunks of pink plastic sponge. (Incidentally, he has no trouble selling all he makes at a very pretty price. This suggests that his smokehouse might yield some useful secrets, both to farmers who moan that they can't make a living without bigger government subsidies, and to packers who find it increasingly hard to sell their pork products.)

3. A quiver full of the best sable brushes to Mrs. Ruth Hook of Birmingham, Alabama. A housewife who paints in her spare time, she believes fervently that more people ought to look at good pictures, especially hers. So for $400 she rented a billboard in New York's Times Square, and hung up fourteen of her canvases where more people saw them in ten days than the average commercial art gallery can draw in fifty years.

4. A Ph. D. in Education to Cornelius R. Roberts, Southern California's Negro fullback, who was reported to have "set segregation in Texas back by twenty years." After he had ripped up the University of Texas line in the most brilliant ball-toting performance ever seen in Austin, sports writers recorded that local fans wanted to know just one thing: Where could Texas get one like him, and never mind what shade he comes in.

5. And, while we are in the neighborhood, a carrier pigeon to the Austin *Statesman,* to help it get in touch with the outside world. On October 8 it carried an editorial predicting that President Eisenhower would not fill the Supreme Court vacancy until after election. Every other newspaper in America knew that he had already filled it a week earlier, with the appointment of Justice William J. Brennan, Jr. The pony express seems to be running a little slow in those parts.

6. A job as Assistant Secretary of State to the Leicester, Massachusetts, man who—according to police testimony in a bigamy case—managed for several months to keep two wives in the same house, persuading each of them that the other was the housekeeper. (Name withheld for security reasons; a diplomat of such spectacular endowments obviously is in danger of being kidnaped at any moment by agents of a foreign power.)

7. A partridge in a pear tree to the Weyerhaeuser Timber Co., in heart-felt gratitude for the fourteen parks it has opened to the public in its Oregon and Washington forests. It has equipped them with picnic tables, fireplaces, rest rooms, swimming and camping areas, and the services of a public-recreation administrator—plus free coffee for hunters and transport for their game. Already a few other lumber and utility companies are following the Weyerhaeuser example, providing a welcome supplement to our shamefully inadequate national and state park systems—meanwhile earning themselves top marks in public relations.

8. The Order of Lenin to Robert R. Young, whose operation of the New York Central commuter trains has raised more doubts about private enterprise among his exasperated passengers than all the Communist oratory of the last thirty-eight years.

9. An enduring niche in the hearts of his countrymen for General Matthew B. Ridgway—

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not only for a lifetime of devoted (and often heroic) service, but also for writing a book of unusual moral stature. Even the most hard-boiled reader is likely to finish the general's memoirs feeling a bit prouder of a land which can produce such a man—and perhaps a little shamefaced about the conduct of his own life.

10. A battalion of new subscribers for P. D. East, editor of the *Petal Paper*, an extraordinary weekly published in Petal, Mississippi. Unlike most Southern editors, he has had the courage to slash away at racial bigotry week after week with the sharpest of all weapons: ridicule. And up to this writing he has not been horsewhipped, bombed, run out of town, or boycotted; on the contrary, his paper is fat with advertising.

11. A set of brass knucks to Javier Pereira of Colombia, who admits he is 167 years old. Not because he may be the oldest man in the world, but because he proved that it is entirely feasible to slug a news photographer without being stricken down by a bolt from Heaven. Every New Yorker knows that photographers are sacred—the untouchable Vestal Virgins of Publicity—and that all men, whether presidents, pitchers, TV stars, or corporate executives, must obey their commandments instanter under pain of divine wrath. Mr. Pereira, however, apparently worships some other God. He committed the unheard-of blasphemy of walking out on a press conference—socking a press agent, a blonde, a reporter, and a photographer en route—and survived unscathed.

12. A new pair of striped pants (34 waist, 31 length) to Sir Roger Makins at the end of a four-year tour of duty as British ambassador in Washington—maybe the best England has sent us within living memory, and certainly most popular.

13. To Elvis Presley, a complete set of the Works of John Calvin, bound in brimstone, for reminding us that mankind is born considerably lower than the angels; but that, by God's grace, our periodic epidemics of silliness soon pass.

14. A Good Citizenship Medal (cast from old campaign buttons) to Jacob Bakker, hardware merchant and Republican fund-raiser, of Midland Park, New Jersey. Shortly before the election he put out an advertisement urging his customers to contribute to the political party of their choice—and offering to finance the deal. Any contribution up to $100 could be charged to the customer's account at Bakker's store, and paid off without interest over the next five months.

"Good people should support their party," the ad read. "If they don't, others will."

15. And finally a red Jaguar, decked in holly, to Edward Streeter for writing *Merry Christmas, Mr. Baxter*—a book which every beleaguered male ought to read to his assembled women-folk every Christmas Eve, even if he has to lash them to their chairs to make them listen.

GIFT FROM THE NOT-SO-WISE MEN

ALL of us can be thankful for two unexpected Christmas presents from the East—although they come from most unwilling donors.

Khrushchev, Bulganin & Co. have handed us a pair of golden opportunities. At the same time they have lost two different, but equally precious, assets of their own. If we now use our windfalls with skill and wisdom, the whole shape of world affairs might be changed within the months just ahead, to the vast advantage of America and of free people everywhere.

From time to time during the last two years, it has been suggested in these pages that the Soviet empire eventually would sprout colonial troubles of its own, much like the problems which have afflicted Britain and France throughout Asia and Africa. No prudent man could have dared to hope, however, that Soviet power would crumble so rapidly as, in fact, it has—or that the rebellions in Poland and Hungary would open up such inviting possibilities for American action.

Note, first of all, how much this upheaval has cost the Russians. For the moment, and perhaps for good, they have lost their ability to threaten Western Europe with invasion; for Eastern Europe is no longer a secure base for the Soviet armies, and the satellite forces are no longer dependable. Their economic loss may be even more serious. Poland and probably some of the other satellites can now insist on using their own output for their own people, instead of funneling their coal and uranium and consumer's goods into Russia. (Indeed, the Soviets may have to pour a good share of their own resources into the rebellious colonies, to keep them from turning to the West for trade and help.)

In addition, the Kremlin has lost two other things—less obvious, but in the long run probably more important:

(1) Its chief propaganda weapon. After the bloody operations of Soviet troops in Budapest, Russia can no longer pose as a peace-loving, anti-colonial power. This false image of itself, built up with such enormous propaganda effort, now seems smashed for good. So too is the myth that Communism is a crusade of comrades, dedicated to liberating the downtrodden and oppressed. Even the most gullible fellow-traveler must now find that hard to swallow.

(2) Its chief political weapon. The international Communist party had been a superb instrument—disciplined, monolithic, responding instantly in all corners of the globe to the lightest



A message from a distinguished soldier: GENERAL JAMES A. VAN FLEET

Why our National Security Depends on Strong Railroads

The railroads of the United States are a great basic military asset. They are as much a part of the military strength of the nation as our Army, Navy, Air Force, and Marines, because none of these great armed services could long operate without the logistical support which railroads provide."

So says General James A. Van Fleet, U. S. Army (Ret.), former Commander of the 8th Army in Korea.

"Therefore," he points out, "we have now and always will have vital need for strong, vigorous, progressive railroads, with reserves of traffic capacity and trained manpower upon which the Armed Forces can draw for their own combat and strategic requirements. *To maintain such a rail plant in readiness, it must be used in peacetime.*"

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THE EASY CHAIR

touch on the Kremlin control-boar
It is now shattered, probably beyo
all repair. The rulers of Poland a
Yugoslavia still call themselves Co
munists—but they are *national* Co
munists, operating with a consi
erable measure of real independen
They can no longer be purged by
telephone call from Moscow; th
no longer respond automatical
like Pavlov's dogs, on order from t
Kremlin; they can, and occasiona
will, put their own self-interest abo
that of Russia.

Nor is this true in the rebel sat
lites alone. Already the Commun
parties in Italy, France, India, t
United States, and elsewhere a
showing symptoms of confusion a
"indiscipline." Doubts about t
Kremlin's infallibility are openly
pressed. Perhaps never again w
they be the efficient tools for subv
sion, espionage, and propagan
they were in Stalin's time.

Worst of all—from the Kremli
point of view—is the near-certain
that the Russian party itself w
eventually be infected. The sp
tacle of successful revolt on th
very borders—the example of f
debate, open argument in the pr
defiance of the secret police—can
be concealed from the Russian p
ple for long. And the very mag
tude of the disaster in Easte
Europe is bound to shake the wh
structure of the Communist hi
archy in Russia; quite possibly
may touch off another struggle
control. At this writing, Khru
chev's life expectancy seems to
dwindling hour by hour.

OUR unexpected gains from
this are harder to value. What th
will be worth depends on what
do with them.

Our biggest gain is, quite simp
time. Because the basic course
our foreign policy is always set
public opinion, this country is—
evitably—slow to adjust to chan
in the outside world. A dictatorsl
can turn on a dime; but the Uni
States can shift its course only w
ponderous deliberation, after n
lions of people have been convin
of the need for the change.

During the pre-election campai
it became obvious that both partie
reflecting the views of their me
bers—were lagging about three ye

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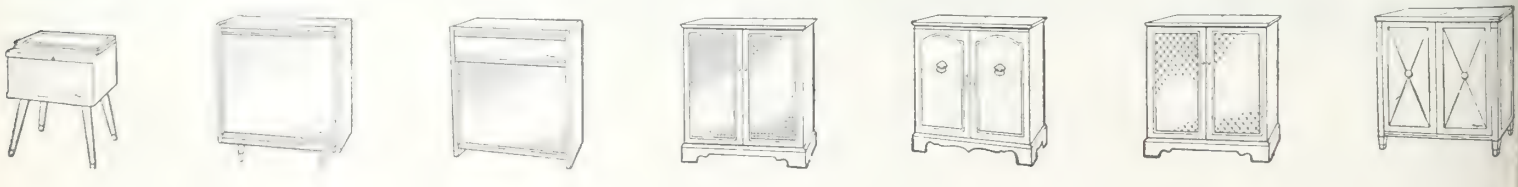
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hind the times. They were still nking of our contest with the S iets in almost purely military ms. The debate focused on such tters as the draft and the hydro- bomb, which had long since be- ne largely irrelevant.

A whopping, up-to-the-minute litary establishment will of course necessary for a long time. But it h become a shotgun behind the d r—a last resort which, God will- i , we probably will never have to u . Meanwhile, the continuing, d -to-day conflict is being fought w h other weapons, although neither p blic nor politicians yet seem to be f ly aware of the fact.

This is hardly surprising, because t new weapons are a kind un- f iliar to nearly all of us. They are p itical, economic, psychological. T ey don't go off with a loud bang; t ir effects are hard to see, and s metimes are delayed for years; their u is far more subtle and complex t n that of a tank or bomber. Quite n urally, it takes the country a long w ile to recognize them—and even l ger to wield them with deftness a l assurance.

The Communists, in contrast, are o hands at this kind of warfare. F a full generation they have been m sters of a know-how that we still l k. Their expenditures for propa- g da, for example, are at least e ht times as big as ours; their s ools produce many times more p ple skilled in foreign languages; w h a fraction of our resources, t ir economic aid programs in Asia h ve produced better political re- s ts. Moreover, they recognized far e lier than we did the changing n ture of the Cold War; and they g bbed a head start which has g ned them more influence in Asia a d Africa during the last three y rs than Russia had been able to i in the previous century.

Now, while the Soviet empire is p occupied with its internal up- h avals, we may have a chance to c ch up. If we get the necessary l dership in Washington—more vig- o us and imaginative than we have h l so far—it is not unreasonable t expect that this country can learn t defend itself with the new instru- m nts, just as we once mastered jet p nes and nuclear bombs.

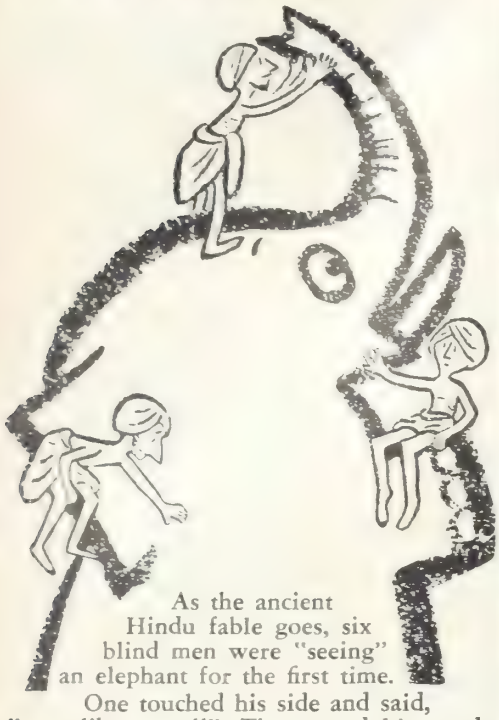
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AND THE
ELEPHANT



As the ancient
Hindu fable goes, six
blind men were "seeing"
an elephant for the first time.
One touched his side and said,
"very like a wall". The second his trunk,
and cried, "very like a snake". The third,
his knee — which was "very like a tree".
And the fourth, fifth, and sixth touched
tusk, ear, and tail—which seemed like spear,
fan and rope, to the blind men.

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All of them were wrong.

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to break the ten-year deadlock over Germany, and thus to clear up the most dangerous trouble spot in Europe.

Ever since the end of World War II we have insisted—for good reasons—that Germany should be reunited only on our terms. Unless Communist influence were first cleaned out of East Germany, we feared that the whole country would eventually be infiltrated and thus brought under Soviet rule. Even if that did not happen, we feared that a united Germany would be lured into the Russian orbit by other means.

The reason for this apprehension was set forth in *Harper's* in May 1951: and until last October it was still valid. In brief, the State Department and the Pentagon suspected that the Kremlin would some day offer the Germans a deal: "Come into our parlor, and we will give back the provinces we took away from you in World War II."

These Eastern provinces, of what had once been Prussia, had been turned over to the Poles. So long as Poland was a helpless puppet, the Kremlin could take them back whenever it liked, and dangle them before the Germans as an irresistible bribe. Today, however, this possibility has evaporated; the Poles are no longer puppets, and the land they hold can no longer be treated as a chip in the Soviet poker game.

As a consequence, we—and our European allies—can now afford to negotiate for the reunion of Germany on much less rigid terms. If the present regimes in East and West Germany were to come together, it is no longer so likely that Eastern ideas would dominate the new state. On the contrary, it now seems highly probable that the East German Communists would lose their grip soon after Soviet troops were withdrawn. We might reasonably expect that the reunited Germany would become truly independent—and no longer subject to the tempting bribe which the Kremlin could once offer.

Here, then, is the first opportunity in a decade for the United States to take the initiative in Central Europe. If we use it boldly and wisely, a truly stable Europe may at last become a practicable possibility. We could hardly ask for a more splendid gift in the Season of Peace.

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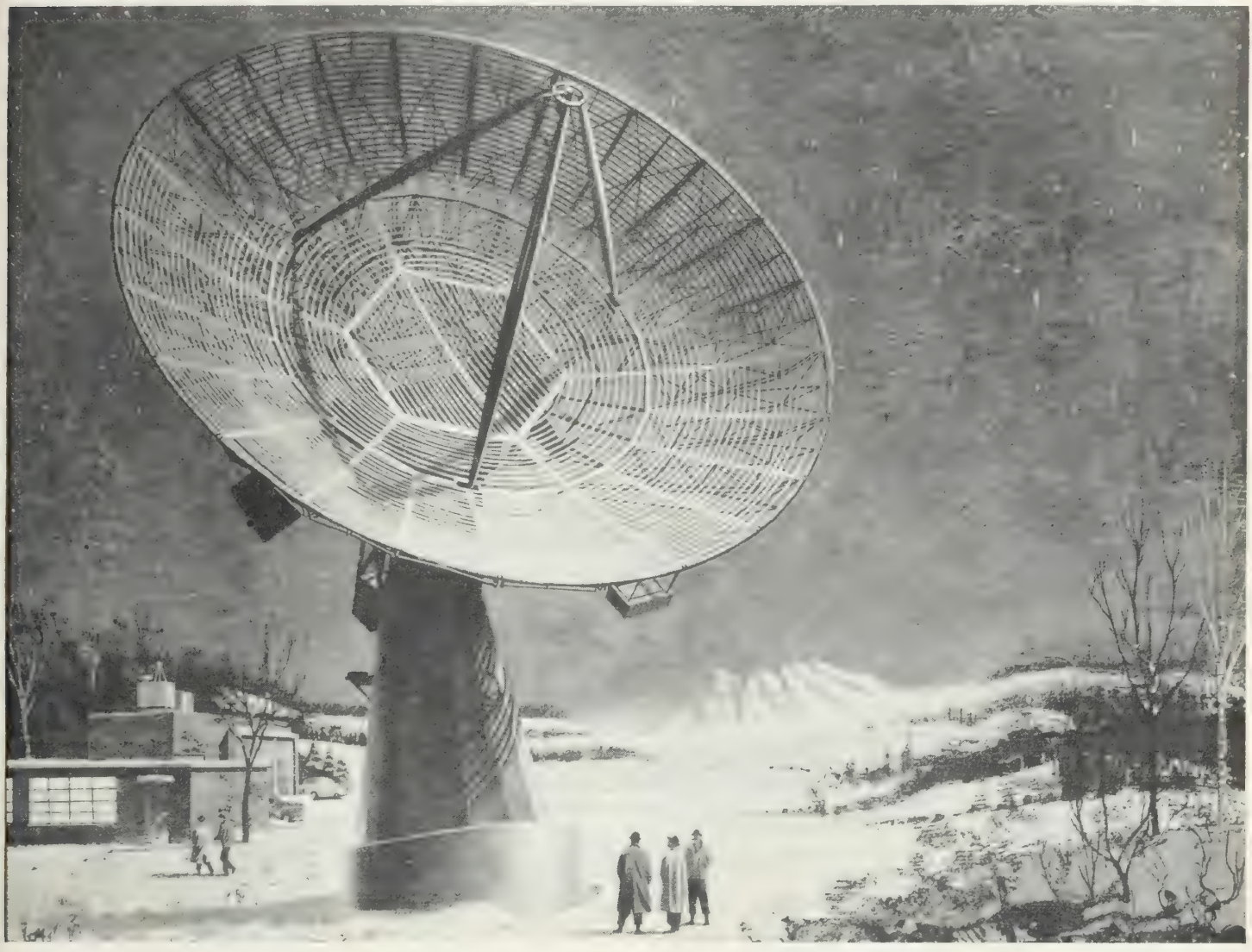
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It has been said that today most of us are seldom more than a few feet from something made of aluminum. In the following interview, Nathanael V. Davis, president of Aluminium Limited, the independent Canadian producer, which supplies an important amount of the aluminum ingot we use, answers some key questions which have been raised about this versatile metal.



This giant aluminum antenna, six stories high, combs the heavens for signals from unseen stars. Similar units may make trans-oceanic TV possible.

What's New in Aluminum?



Q...Mr. Davis, it's been predicted that the use of aluminum in the United States will double in the next nine years. How big is the future for aluminum?

A...We think it's a future of promise. We foresee long-term growth of aluminum demand, not only in the United States and Canada, but all over the world. For example, last year, the free world produced close to 3,000,000 tons of primary aluminum. By 1960, we estimate the free world will turn out close to 4,500,000 tons a year—better than 1,000,000 tons in Canada and more than 2,500,000 tons in the United States. This, of course, is a prodigious growth. There may be temporary surpluses while all this production is absorbed by the fabricating industry but we and the whole industry are confident that the necessary demand will develop.

Q...This is a 50 per cent increase in only five years. What will it all be used for?

A...Let's take the automotive field. The new 1957 cars have nearly 30 per cent more aluminum, on the average, than the 1956 cars. Since the auto-makers are working hard to keep weight down, the proportion of



Huge amounts of electricity needed at Kitimat, B. C., aluminum smelter flow over transmission lines supported by unique aluminum towers.

aluminum is bound to rise. They have given serious thought to the possibility of replacing chromium trim with aluminum, and gray iron with aluminum in some engine parts. You probably know that aluminum pistons are almost universal now, and there is growing use of aluminum in automatic transmissions, instrument panels, and other components.

Q... Where else do you see new markets opening up for aluminum?

A... Packaging and canning is one area. We at Aluminium Limited think each will eventually consume large amounts of metal. We see a big growth in aluminum foil, packaging, and also in a newer field—seamless aluminum cans. Here, aluminum has a number of distinct advantages—light weight, absence of rusting, and longer "shelf life." Our studies on packaging fish, condensed milk, aerosols, and other products—in can sizes where aluminum can compete economically with tinplate—indicate that by 1965 a growing share of the canning industry's total output will be in aluminum cans.

Then, too, look at the electrical field: Copper, as you know, has been widely used in all kinds of wire and electrical equipment. However, new copper production is increasing at the rate of only 4 per cent a year, while the world's electrical industry is growing at twice that rate. This means that by 1960, aluminum will probably be used in substantial quantities in household wiring and telephone wire.

Our research experts conservatively estimate that by 1960 the world's electrical industry alone will consume close to 800,000 tons of aluminum a year. That's one third of all the aluminum used today in the United States.

Q... In your opinion, what are the main reasons for this growth?

A... One major reason, of course, is price. Even though we have witnessed considerable inflation over the last decade, aluminum is selling today at a price only 25 per cent more than its average 1939 price whereas prices of other metals have risen substantially. Copper, for example, is up 300 per cent; lead, 200 per cent; zinc, 130 per cent; tin is up 90 per cent. Steel billets are up 125 per cent.

Also there has been a large population increase in recent years and living standards have risen. Per capita aluminum consumption has increased in the United States from 3½ pounds in 1947 to over 10 pounds in 1954. It is expected that with the growing industrialization and higher living standards throughout the previously underdeveloped world market aluminum use and consumption will increase in pace

with their growth. Industry research and development programs have brought forth new uses for aluminum. And there has been a growing appreciation of the metal's properties by consumers, manufacturers, engineers, architects, and designers. Every one of us has noted the big increase in the use of aluminum for store fronts, roofing, siding, and low-cost prefabricated buildings. Right now, about 100 multi-story buildings are being built in the United States using exterior aluminum "curtain walls."

Q...What is Aluminium Limited doing in the way of developing new uses for aluminum?

A...One of the most significant advances which our research and development staff has come up with recently is a commercial process to anodize aluminum wire, coating it with a hard oxide insulation. If this development work now being carried out in our pilot plant continues satisfactorily, aluminum wire will be used for many types of electrical equipment, where its properties are particularly suitable. Like many such developments, a lot of time and effort must still be expended to determine the full market possibilities of this new coating. To hasten development of this product, we are working closely with major electrical companies.

I've mentioned before our work in canning. Our research and development staff in Canada and abroad is working in a number of cases in co-operation with American and European companies. At Göttingen, Germany, one of our subsidiaries is now setting up a fully automatic line to produce seamless aluminum cans for coffee and motor oil.



Aluminum ingots like these shown in Kitimat plant are shipped to manufacturers all across the United States and abroad.

Q...You have talked about aluminum in autos. What about other parts of the transportation field?

A...Well, the future certainly is bright. We foresee a large increase in the use of aluminum in truck bodies, buses, trains, and ships. The use of aluminum in shipbuilding has long interested our technicians. Aluminium Limited's principal subsidiary, the Aluminum Company of Canada, Ltd., has been working with the Royal Canadian Navy for a number of years on applying more aluminum to the building of naval vessels. A good example of aluminum as a seagoing metal is the new *St. Laurent,* the first of a class of fourteen Canadian destroyer escorts. She and her sister vessels represent probably the most modern anti-submarine vessels yet designed. They have a lot of aluminum in their superstructures, funnels, bulkheads, masts, furniture, and other fixtures.

Freight cars may seem to be a less exciting form of transportation, but the Canadian National Railways by the end of the year will be operating nearly 7,000 box cars with aluminum roofs developed by Aluminium Limited research. This represents the biggest single use of aluminum in railroading in North America. We feel it is only the beginning in this field, where capital investment in rolling stock is so important. Each aluminum roof means 1,300 pounds more pay load.

Q...Is growth in the aluminum industry concentrated mainly among the large metal products manufacturers today?

A...No, not by any means. *Modern Metals,* an authoritative light metals trade magazine, estimates that compared with 4,000 ten years ago, there are now about 24,000 companies in the United States which make products of aluminum. Some are big companies, but most are small businesses, employing as few as a dozen employees, and run by hard-working men with the vision to see aluminum's great future.

Aluminium Limited this year will ship to the United States about 250,000 tons of primary aluminum ingot. In other words, one ton in every eight tons of primary aluminum used this year in the United States will come from Canada. We supply aluminum producers in the United States as well as independent fabricators who have no ingot facilities of their own. We regard these independent metal fabricators as our natural market in the United States. We expect in the next few years to increase our shipments substantially to these companies.

Q...What is the aluminum industry doing to expand production?

A...Aluminum-producing companies here and in Canada are investing money, materials, and manpower in an expansion program that is, in some respects, unique in the business world.

Supplementing the U. S. primary industry are our own facilities in the provinces of Quebec and British Columbia. These plants have a rated capacity of 732,000 tons. In addition, Aluminium Limited is building or has planned another 300,000 tons, to bring our capacity by 1960 to 1,032,000 tons.

What it adds up to is this: North American aluminum producers, having expanded 360 per cent since the war, are building more than 1,000,000 tons of new annual capacity, or a 47 per cent increase over today's figure, to catch up with the ever-growing demand.

Q...Why did your company go to Canada to make aluminum?

A...Power—hydroelectric power—is the answer. Aluminum reduction requires tremendous amounts of electricity, and Canada has great hydroelectric resources, far from the growing needs of cities and industries. Thanks to this power supply, we have been able to expand our smelting facilities greatly, and our expansion program is the largest single one in the industry. From 1951 through 1959, we will have spent more than $1,000,000,000 on it—or more than $2,000,000 a week. At Kitimat, British Columbia, a smelter is operating at 150,000 tons a year, and the expansion program now under way will more than double its size.

Across the continent, on the upper Peribonka River in Quebec, another big hydroelectric power development for aluminum production is in the making. Here, at Chute-des-Passes, men have started work on a power development which will generate 1,000,000 horsepower of electricity from the vast supplies of rushing water that is one of Canada's greatest natural resources. This development will firm up hydroelectric power in the Saguenay and enable the company to add at least 120,000 tons smelting capacity.



Canada and the United States are by far each other's best customers. Here, freighter loads Canadian aluminum ingot bound for America.

Q...What is the relationship between your company and United States aluminum companies?

A...We are an independent Canadian corporation. We have no corporate connection with any aluminum company in the United States other than, of course, our own sales subsidiary, and we own no plants in the United States. We compete with all the other producers. Even though we are an independent Canadian company there is, as in other Canadian enterprises, a large U. S. stockholder interest. In fact, three-quarters of our shares are owned by American investors.

Q...One last question: From the long-term point of view, where do you see your market for aluminum developing?

A...Canada at present consumes only 15 per cent of the aluminum ingot produced in that country. Therefore, a large proportion of our output is exported, principally to the United Kingdom and the United States. World trade, of course, is sensitive to exchange, import restrictions, and tariff regulations. In recent years, there have been reductions in the U. S. tariff on aluminum, and trade has unquestionably benefited from these reductions. We believe strongly that a more liberal trade policy would certainly be in the interest of the aluminum industry as a whole.

Many people may not realize that Canada and the United States are each other's best customers. Employment in American factories directly traceable to our two-way trade is surprisingly large. For example, Brooklyn sells more to Canada than does the whole of Argentina, and Detroit sells more to Canada than does Brazil. This impressive flow of products across the border helps provide Americans and Canadians with jobs and the highest standard of living in the world.

PERSONAL *and otherwise*

The Philosopher of Action

WHAT is needed by way of equipment for public ser-," Mr. Robert Moses has said, strong nerves, backbone, ability rgue a case by the written and ken word, the instinct for com-, the hide of a rhinoceros, and illingness to work like a dog for occasional rain-washed bone."*

erhaps these were the qualities ng Mr. Moses already possessed n in 1913—the year of Woodrow lson's first inauguration—he aded in his Ph.D. dissertation at umbia University, a study of the l service of Great Britain. He ideas about our own civil ser-, too, and he went to work in New York City Bureau of Mupal Research, supervising its ly of standardization of salaries, grade specifications, etc.

n the first city election campaign eafter, a Tammany pamphlet rized the job of which he was a t under the title of the "Bureau Municipal Besmirch." By then, sibly, Mr. Moses was developing view of life which he later exssed: "Whatever the risks and alties, life is indeed a battle. . . . e fail occasionally, we can pick selves up and go on."

n four decades of working for public Mr. Moses has had ample ortunity to pick himself up, and as never done it more buoyantly n he did recently in his fracas n the embattled mothers of Cen-Park West. The ladies, who had sed to let the city's bulldozers ge a parking lot out of a lawn re their little children usually ed, were triumphant this fall n Mr. Moses not only capitulated started work on a new and imved play area. As one of the hers remarked, in no magnanis mood: "Maybe it will have an t on future dealings with Mr. es. He won't be way up in his ivory tower, and will listen to people."

Mr. Moses has often been obliged to listen to people. By 1927 he was already multiple-armed with civic authority—in several city and state commissions and as Secretary of State of New York under Governor Al Smith. In politics a Republican, he has served every Governor of New York State since Smith and all Mayors of New York City since La Guardia. He has gone outside his state and country to act as consultant on large projects such as slum clearance and arterial planning, in Detroit, Flint, New Britain, Canton, Portland, Baltimore, New Orleans, Pittsburgh, Hartford, Berlin, São Paulo, and elsewhere.

A few of Mr. Moses' current jobs are: head of the New York City and State Park Systems, chairman of the Triborough Bridge and Tunnel Authority, chairman of the New York State Power Authority, New York City Construction Co-ordinator, member of the City Planning Commission. Among many awards he has won was that of the General Motors contest: "How to Plan and Pay for the Safe and Adequate Highways We Need."

A collection of tasks like these is a challenge, not a burden, to this particular man, and the problem of how to draw others into public administration has continued to interest him. In his lead article this month (p. 27) on "The New Super-Highways"—a field dear to his heart—he sees the same problem, with the special complexity that he knows so well: the conflicting interests of the many authorities concerned. "When all is said and done," he has remarked, "action is the great aim and purpose of mankind." To Mr. Moses the forces of darkness are real, and man was created to fight against them. In this battle, his philosophy has been serviceable:

"We cannot afford to waste the short span allotted us on lost causes. We cannot hope to please everybody. We must labor in the public vine-

*Quotations are from Mr. Moses' book, *Working for the People*, 1956.

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yard with the tools, the resources, the men, and the support we can muster in our time. We are finally measured by our results, not by our pretensions."

Who has a better right to say?

. . . The terribly bored young man in "The Girl from Sewickley, Pa." (p. 32) is **Milton Mayer** of some years back seen through the somewhat misty eyes of Milton Mayer today. The author has meanwhile been a newspaperman and magazine writer, assistant professor at the University of Chicago, special representative of the Great Books Foundation, and lecturer for the American Friends Service Committee. In 1955 he won the Polk Memorial Award and a Benjamin Franklin Citation.

His book, *They Thought They Were Free,* was published in 1955 by the University of Chicago Press.

. . . **William S. White,** whose two-part study of the Senate and its leaders begins this month (p. 35), is as much a member of the inner circle of Washington correspondents as, say, Richard Russell of Georgia is of the Inner Club of the Senate.

Since 1945, Mr. White has worked in the Washington Bureau of the *New York Times,* covering the major Senate debates as well as the chief convention and campaign stories in three Presidential elections. His biography of Senator Taft won the Pulitzer Prize in 1955. The two current articles for this magazine are adapted from his forthcoming book, *Citadel: The Story of the U. S. Senate,* to come out in January.

. . . "A Lesson in Discipline" (p. 41) is by **Teresa Foley,** who is an elementary schoolteacher in New Hampshire. She started to write when she was a student at the University of New Hampshire and won *Story's* national college contest.

. . . **Martin Mayer,** whose two-part series on television programing winds up this month (p. 45), is no kin to Milton M. He is the author of *Wall Street: Men and Money* and of a novel, *The Experts.*

. . . In recent years American business has been developing a selling institution that prospers by means of the old-fashioned techniques of cash-and-carry, low overhead, and undercutting. "France's First Discount House"—as described by **E. Ernest Goldstein** on page 53—is in these respects, one of the most American things in France.

Mr. Goldstein studied the rise of the "Studios Wagram" on a recent research trip to Europe sponsored by the University of Texas Law School and the Ford Foundation. He is associate professor of law at Texas, where he teaches international and antitrust law and international trade. He has worked in Paris with the Organization for European Economic Co-operation, and in Washington for the House Antitrust Subcommittee of the Judiciary Committee, and as associate counsel of the Kefauver Crime Committee.

. . . Another kind of public servant, quite unlike Mr. Moses but accomplished and distinguished too, is **Raymond B. Fosdick,** whose recollections of "Woodrow Wilson Among His Friends" appears on page 57. A lawyer, who had been a student at Princeton when Wilson was president of that university, Mr. Fosdick served during Wilson's Administration as a special representative of the Secretary of War and as civilian aide to General Pershing in France in 1919. Wilson asked him to be Under Secretary General of the League of Nations in its first year. But his major task came later, when he was president of the Rockefeller Foundation from 1936 to 1948. Mr. Fosdick's biography, *John D. Rockefeller, Jr.,* published this year, looks to many of its readers as a likely candidate for highest honors.

Mr. Fosdick gave the opening lecture of the Woodrow Wilson Centennial program at the University of Chicago last January, and his article derives from that speech.

. . . Some of the warm sentiments which millions of Americans feel for the Indians among us center around the two graves in Oklahoma described by **Angie Debo** on page 64. Miss Debo was born in Oklahoma, received a Ph.D. degree from the university at Norman, and spent most of her professional life in writing and research and teaching in that state.

She is one of the most lovec friends of the Indians, a member o the board of directors of the Associa tion of American Indian Affairs, anc the author of several books abou them and about the Southwest.

. . . **Germán E. Ornes,** formerly o the Dominican Republic, now a Ne Yorker, pictures Trujillo as th "Little Caesar on Our Own Fron Porch" (p. 67). He is an exile fron his native land, where until last yea he was editor of *El Caribe,* Trujillo' newspaper. He had been an unde ground fighter against the dictato ship, was graduated as a doctor c laws, and was later pressed int working for *El Caribe.* He was als a member of the Dominican Co gress and vice president of the D velopment Commission.

John McCarten, who collaborate with Dr. Ornes on this article, ha been on the staff of the *New Yorke* for many years, and has writte profiles on a number of prom nent Americans, including Fran Hague, Earl Browder, and Adolp Berle, Jr.

. . . **Gilbert W. Chapman** tells abou a small but significant "Experimer in Reading" (p. 73), which carrie out in a practical way his belief tha books belong everywhere and tha Americans need to read and enjo them more. As president of Th Yale & Towne Manufacturing Com pany, Mr. Chapman pays attentio to Yale locks and hardware, li trucks, hoists, and powdered met products. And as a public-spirite citizen and lover of the arts—chief books—he is a fellow of the Morga Library, a trustee of the New Yor Public Library, chairman of th National Book Committee, chairma of the Board of Directors of th Council on Library Resources, In and a trustee of the Institute of I ternational Education.

. . . Among the poets this mont **Frances Frost** is the author of novel juveniles, and ten volumes of poetr the latest being *This Rowdy Hea* **Anne Goodwin Winslow** has writte fiction mainly—for example, *T Springs*—but also a good deal verse. **John Updike,** a newcomer *Harper's,* is on the staff of the *Ne Yorker,* writes fiction and poetry.

P & O

. . . If you would like to make those cheery cards you spray over your friends and acquaintances at this season really do a Christmas job, you should consider sending the greetings of the United Nations Children's Fund this year. And if you haven't time to consider, we suggest you take a chance—it's a good one.

The prettiest cards we have seen are those sold annually by UNICEF to provide funds for food, medicine, and public-health equipment for the world's underprivileged children. Except for the tender products of your own scissors and paint brush, nothing could be more charming in design, color, and feeling than UNICEF's new cards for 1956. There are three groups: five gay designs by Joseph Low, showing festival time in different countries; an exquisite "Bridge to Peace" by Saul Steinberg; and two brilliant folk paintings by the Indian, Jamini Roy. Write to:

UNICEF Greeting Card Fund
United Nations, New York.

Prices are low: $1.00 for a box of ten. Specify the artist you want.

COMING NEXT MONTH

Only once in a dog's age a very long article makes us strain the make-up of the magazine so that we can give it to our readers all at once. "Merrill's Marauders" by **Charlton Ogburn, Jr.**—the first intimate report on the least known campaign of World War II . . . how it was bungled, and how it finally was saved by the heroism, good humor, and incredible endurance of a handful of foot soldiers—is just such an article.

There's a bank clerk in California called Erma who is all made of wires and lights and buttons and transistors and does the work of any number of flesh and blood bank clerks. **Bruce Bliven,** who says he hates bankers but loves Erma, has written a personality sketch of this remarkable mechanical lady.

Morton M. Hunt takes an alarmed look at the way Americans feather their nests, sometimes in pure chinchilla, through suing their neighbors, in "Damage Suits: A Primrose Path to Immorality." . . . And, from **John Gardner,** president of the Carnegie Corporation: "The Great Talent Hunt."

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COMPETITION SPARKS FREE MEN'S PROGRESS

by DAVID SARNOFF

"The possibilities of science enable us to look bravely at the stars and to seek a finer destiny. We have only to observe the progress made by our oil and communications industries to find yesterday's hopes have become today's realizations.

"Just think: Only 50 years ago, when I entered the infant wireless field, Edison's electric lamp was still considered a miracle and most Americans had not yet spoken on a telephone. Compared with today, we were actually deaf, dumb, and blind!

"But, in quick succession, the wireless, the radio, television and the electronic age—while shrinking time and distance—brought to the 20th Century American the exciting sights and sounds of the whole world.

"No one man...no one company... can create this much. It takes the dreams, the thoughts and the labor of many. But above all, this remarkable progress is sparked by a uniquely American kind of competition.

"The benefits of this competition are magnificently demonstrated by our oil industry. The fuels that power this nation on wheels are improved at such a rapid rate that the gasoline in your car today is actually *better* than the gasoline that powered our Flying Fortresses in World War II. Competing oil scientists, in the meantime, have taken the petroleum molecule apart and rearranged it to create scores of fabulous new substances in fabrics, synthetics, plastics and even drugs.

"This is why I say that competition has made America great. This is why we must make sure that our right to compete remains free and unfettered. We must always remember that only in a climate of freedom can we fully explore the possibilities of science."

David Sarnoff

This page is presented for your information by the **AMERICAN PETROLEUM INSTITUTE,** 50 West 50th Street, New York 20, N. Y.

Harper's MAGAZINE

THE NEW SUPER-HIGHWAYS: blessing or blight?

ROBERT MOSES

The nation's foremost builder of roads and parks—and New York's most belligerent public servant—predicts that our new $50 billion highway program will produce a hideous mess . . . unless an angry public acts fast.

AFTER years of agitation, we finally have got a fairly good federal highway law, which will gradually close the gap between car and road.

Measured by mileage, cost, and the problems it will raise, this is a huge program. It will give us a 41,000-mile network of interstate, limited-access super-highways. It will take thirteen years to complete, and will put a heavy strain on our available design and construction talent. The total federal contribution, plus matching funds put up by the states, will come to more than fifty billion dollars. This is the most massive public-roads undertaking of all time.

But before we toss our hats in the air and shout "Hosanna!" we had better take a look at the horrors as well as the advantages which the new system can inflict on us—unless we are suspicious, far-sighted, civic-minded, and unselfish, and unless we promptly tell our legislators and administrators what we want done. When Pandora let the flying pests out of her box, they say, Hope remained. Well, there is still Hope.

What are these evils? They lurk in every foot of frontage, every acre of land bordering the new routes. Even the express arteries, with limited access and infrequent entrances, will be entirely unprotected by the new federal law against signs and billboards. The entrances, exits, and intersections are all left exposed to an indiscriminate mushroom growth of ugly filling stations, hot-dog stands, and all the other familiar roadside eyesores.

Consequently, we face the prospect of speedways built in gasoline gullies, obliterating scenery and confined between continuous rows of offensive advertising. Let's not forget that these horrors are put up by devilishly ingenious promoters whose purpose is to exploit a captive audience. They expect to cash in handsomely on great public works to which they have made no

special contribution and for which we owe them nothing.

An objective so low, selfish, contemptible, and against the public interest must be combated and controlled. The tendency will be to compromise, in traditional American political fashion—to find some happy definitions which will give the billboard, gas, and lunch-stand interests a break by limiting them to certain areas, distances back of the road, sizes, lighting, times of the year, etc. The trouble is that no compromise will do. This threat must be turned back at the start, or it never will be.

This highway business is big stuff. It presents very human problems. It would be remarkable if the boys on the make—the huckster, the graphic gag man, the slogan inventor, the landowner eager for cash, the union delegates protecting and spreading jobs—did not see opportunities here which knock not once, but again and again.

As a justification for federal aid, the new law requires that government officials set high standards to insure uniformity and continuity of the roads. It provides that construction standards shall be adopted by the Secretary of Commerce in co-operation with the state highway departments. The National Association of State Highway Officials has now drawn up a voluminous set of standards covering widths of roadways, divider strips, composition of pavements, curvatures, strength of bridges, and a host of other engineering and construction details.

But nowhere in these elaborate specifications is there any provision for control of billboards and advertising devices. If the billions of public investment in these new thoroughfares are to be protected, and the value of our scenery and natural assets is to be preserved, steps to prevent the onslaught of commercial advertising *must* be taken before construction gets under way.

What should be done about it? Well, first and foremost, the federal highway law should be amended at the next session of Congress to provide minimum standards for the protection of the new highways from advertising, and to require all agreements between the Secretary of Commerce and the state highway departments to include these standards. Specifically, signs should be forbidden within 500 feet of the property line of any right of way in the new interstate system. The amended act should authorize the states or their municipal subdivisions to supplement this basic prohibition by local regulations with even more restrictive provisions. Exceptions should be limited to necessary directional signs and official notices, signs indicating the sale or leasing of the property upon which they are located, and (in commercial areas) signs advertising a business conducted on the premises.

THE BATTLE AHEAD

IT WILL be no simple task to persuade Congress to accept such forthright amendments. The billboard industry will immediately marshal its army of lobbyists, lawyers, representatives, and stooges and launch an intensive battle to defeat them. These interests are rich and powerful, and their methods are devious. Whenever regulatory legislation is introduced, they attack on several fronts at once. They organize groups of roadside operators, on the ground that roadside control of *any* kind is a dangerous precedent. They enlist the aid of labor-union leaders, on the theory that sign painters and carpenters may be thrown out of work. They tell the farmers that they are in danger of losing billboard rentals.

One of their first maneuvers will be to minimize the horror of the billboard blight and to ridicule the people who are working to keep our roadsides clean. They will claim that their opponents are only a small group of aesthetes, "garden-club gals," and misguided conservationists who object to handsome, educational, roadside frescoes. They sometimes go so far as to say that some of their work is an improvement on nature; their impudence is boundless.

With mock seriousness, their well-paid lawyers will solemnly argue that the amendment we propose would be illegal—that it would impair the constitutional rights of the Billboard Barons and constitute a confiscation of property without compensation. But these time-worn arguments should not be permitted to influence opinion or delay remedial action by the President and Congress. There are abundant legal precedents sustaining the validity of regulatory sign laws. The courts have repeatedly ruled that the regulation of outdoor advertising and the exclusion of commercial billboards in certain areas are in the public interest and well within the limits of the police power.

Indeed, the courts have recognized that the billboard is an intrusion which distracts the traveler and endangers his safety. Our courts also have declared that the "real and sole value of the billboard is its proximity to the public thoroughfares" and that regulation does not really involve any restriction on the use of private property because the billboards depend on "the unrestricted use of the public highway."

It has long been the cry of billboard lawyers that the courts will not recognize beauty and aesthetics as factors to be considered within the limits of the police powers. Recently these lawyers got a severe jolt when the unanimous Supreme Court of the United States, in sustaining the District of Columbia Redevelopment Act of 1945, held that

> The concept of the public welfare is broad and inclusive. The values it represents are spiritual as well as physical, aesthetic as well as monetary. It is within the power of the legislature to determine that the community should be beautiful as well as healthy, spacious as well as clean, well-balanced as well as carefully patrolled.

A clever maneuver of the billboard industry is to offer co-operation in control by "voluntary agreements" with public officials in charge of highways. Many such agreements have been made. Most of them are of no value. The claim that co-operation will accomplish more than legislation is false. The record conclusively establishes that in practice self-policing is a farce.

THE NEW YORK STORY

THE Battle of the Billboards has been in progress for several decades in our legislative halls and courts. It is a lurid chapter in the history of the highway system. Our victories represent a slow, irregular advance toward the ultimate goal of eliminating profiteering and halting the ruin of the American countryside. In the early 1920s the New York legislature enacted a law to control advertising in the Adirondack Park and thereby saved one of the state's greatest natural assets from despoilation. Shortly afterward, the legislature, after a bitter fight, enacted another law banning billboards and regulating other signs within 500 feet of any state park or parkway. Through strict enforcement, the State Park Commissions have been able to protect the beauty of New York's parkway system and its investment of millions of dollars for landscaping, ornamental bridges, and other features which make for safe and pleasant driving.

New York City, through an amendment to its Zoning Resolution, also safeguards its parkways, expressways, and many boulevards and thoroughfares against this kind of intrusion. Some other cities, towns, and villages in New York have contributed to the program by local zoning laws and sign-control ordinances. In these more progressive communities, the usual rule is to prohibit all billboards and business signs in districts zoned for residence use and to prescribe the size and types of signs which may be maintained in commercial areas.

When the 500-mile New York State Thruway, which connects New York City with upstate New York and New England, was first authorized in 1942, efforts were made to write into the enabling legislation a provision to control commercial advertising along the right of way. The Billboard Boys immediately came forward with the argument that—while it might be lawful to control signs along landscaped parkways, since they were designed for passenger vehicles only—this rule could not be extended to cover a Thruway built for use by buses and trucks as well. They argued that the commercial aspect of the new Thruway entitled them by law and equity to use it for commercial advertising. Thus they killed several bills and delayed action by the lawmakers for ten years.

In 1952, when construction of the Thruway was under way, the legislature finally passed a law authorizing the Thruway Authority to prohibit billboards and to control other types of signs within 500 feet of the right of way. The resulting benefits are attested to by all who now travel this road. There is no reason why similar benefits should not be enjoyed by the millions who are looking forward to pleasant journeys on interstate highways authorized by the new federal law.

Under the provisions of this law, only limited-access highways are eligible for a 90 per cent contribution by the federal government. No state can add any entrances to or exits from the highway in addition to those approved by the Secretary of Commerce. There is a further provision that the federal government will not convey back to any state the outside five feet of any right of way unless the state has provided satisfactory control of access from the abutting lands. This means that the new limited-access roads will automatically exclude all roadside business which requires direct access to the roadway. The only roadside business which does *not* require direct access to the highway on which it faces is the billboard business. All that billboards need is visibility. Why should the new law give the billboard industry this preferential treatment and free subsidy at the expense of the public?

Control of the billboard menace can best be insured by incorporating a regulatory provision in the new federal highway law. In addition, the act should provide other remedies for use by the public officials who are charged with the

responsibility of constructing up-to-date, safe, and attractive highways and keeping them free from eyesores. For example, ever since its enactment the Federal Highway Act of 1940 has provided that the construction of highways by the states with federal aid might include "roadside and landscape development." And the 1940 act expressly authorized "the purchase of such adjacent strips of land of limited width and primary importance for the preservation of the natural beauty through which highways are constructed." Thus we find that in the 1940 law there was what amounted to a mandate from Congress to spend federal funds to buy the strips of land needed to preserve natural scenic beauty.

Why not? Why wasn't this provision—or something like it—carried forward into the 1956 act which was the subject of lengthy debate at both the 1955 and 1956 sessions of the Congress? The public is entitled to an honest answer.

It was no inadvertent omission. The answer is to be found in the pressures of the billboard lobby. This important provision should be restored when Congress reconvenes next month. In the process it should be clarified and reduced to simpler language.

Some state highway officials, confronted with the job of protecting their roads without the backing of a sign-control law, have sought to achieve their purpose by acquiring what are known as "scenic" and "billboard" easements in the bordering privately-owned land. By this device the landowner relinquishes to the state or municipality for all time his right to erect signs of any kind within the area described in the agreement—usually a strip at least a thousand feet wide. In some instances, these easements also restrict the removal of trees and shrubs and prohibit the erection of structures which would mar the scenery.

After the original anti-billboard amendment designed to protect the new New York Thruway had been killed in the state legislature, the Superintendent of Public Works quietly acquired a number of these scenic easements along the route of the new road as insurance, in case the Thruway sign-control law might not survive the onslaughts of the billboard interests. The New York State Power Authority, which is building the enormous hydro-electric power project on the St. Lawrence River, is now acquiring similar billboard easements along the power and seaway improvements in the international section of the river.

This device has been used in other states, notably Virginia, where scenic views along the beautiful Blue Ridge Parkway have been preserved against the intrusion of roadside nuisances. Maryland and Ohio have also used the easement method to protect portions of their highway frontage from blight.

The "scenic easement" method is not, however, the final answer to the problem. While the amounts paid for these easements are usually relatively small, the procedure is cumbersome and in some locations costly. Nevertheless, authority to use the easement method as a supplement to direct statutory control should be provided in the new federal highway law. This can be accomplished by a simple addition to the language of Section 109 of the act which provides for the acquisition of rights-of-way by the federal authorities. There should be added to the statement of the purposes for which lands or interests in land (which includes easements) may be acquired, the words "and to preserve the natural scenic beauty of the interstate system and adjacent areas."

THE SENSIBLE WAY TO BUY GAS

LET us turn now from billboards to filling stations. The provision in Section 112 of the new law forbidding the construction of gas stations on the highway rights-of-way should be dropped, and replaced by a provision permitting the states to construct or authorize publicly-owned and -controlled filling stations on land within the rights-of-way of the new limited access roads. Drivers should not be subjected to the inconvenience and danger of having to drive off the express highway, and then on again, each time they need gasoline, oil, water, air, a rest room, or food and drink.

This ridiculous prohibition against supplying on-the-highway services—which motorists have become accustomed to and now demand—will cause increased traffic congestion at the entrances and exits and will produce a motley conglomeration of gas stations, hot-dog stands, roadside vendors, honky-tonks, and glaring signs at exits and entrances, at corners of intersecting roads, and on the service roads paralleling the new expressways. We now have had sufficient experience in designing and operating controlled-access roads to know that the service needs of the travelers can best be supplied by well-designed, attractive, and publicly-controlled service stations located on the shoulders of the road or in widened center strips.

The cost of adding these convenient and at-

tractive facilities will be infinitesimal in the large picture. Such costs can be charged directly against the project, or they can be paid off over a period of years by arranging with the operator of the station to repay the state's investment in the buildings out of gross income from his business. Both methods of financing have been used successfully on our existing parkways and expressways. In this way, proper locations can be selected and prices and quality of service can be controlled. If charges of favoritism or collusion are feared, public bidding for the service station contracts may be required; or the stations may be apportioned fairly among a number of different oil companies or their accredited filling-station operators.

There is another incongruous provision in the new law which must be eliminated if the program is to succeed. This is the requirement in Section 116 that every state highway department must hold "public hearings" with respect to every "federal-aid highway project involving the bypassing of, or going through, any city, town, or village, either incorporated or unincorporated." This means public hearings in every city and hamlet in the country which is to be traversed or by-passed by a new road.

Just think of it! The authors of this "sleeper" must have little sense of the difference between time and eternity. Wholesale public hearings would only delay, bedevil, and ultimately destroy the program. Routes must be laid out by competent engineers and experienced highway officials, in co-operation with responsible local officials. Economic effects must, of course, be taken into account and local conditions given their proper weight. But properly located modern highways will not come into being if the highway departments have to placate publicly every local politician, stump speaker, real-estate speculator, amateur road-builder, professional reformer, exhibitionist, and promoter.

The very thought of having to go through these shenanigans will discourage even the most courageous highway official. Experience shows that public hearings on matters of this sort produce nothing but discord, confusion, uncertainty, and delay. The program cannot be launched in such an atmosphere.

Local action also is needed to ward off the danger of ugly nests of gas stations, hot-dog stands, billboards, and other roadside eyesores at the exits and entrances and at the corners of intersecting roads. Before approving plans and turning over the large sums of construction money to the states, the federal officials should make certain that the states and municipalities have provided adequate control of roadside development through their local zoning laws or other regulatory measures.

This is especially important in view of the fact that the construction and design standards adopted by the state highway officials will permit intersecting roads to cross the new expressways at grade in rural areas. These exposed corners will be prime targets for the enterprising builders of roadside blights. It has been said that the new highway program will help cities remove deteriorating slum areas and upgrade surroundings. We earnestly hope that it will not be said at some future date that the new highways actually created new rural and suburban slums, through failure to control roadside development.

Washington will be the control center of the new program. There all important decisions will be made, and there the huge sums of construction money will be parceled out. The new laws provided for the appointment of a Federal Highway Administrator to administer the program. The President has named Mr. Bertram D. Tallamy, now chairman of the New York State Thruway Authority, to fill this important post. Mr. Tallamy, who will take over his new duties early next year, is an experienced administrator and road builder fully capable of shaping our national highway policies. He will get the program off to a good start in its early critical years and, in so doing, will undoubtedly keep in mind the dictate of our Supreme Court that the concept of public welfare includes aesthetic as well as monetary values.

This new highway program will affect our entire economic and social structure. The appearance of the new arteries and their adjacent areas will leave a permanent imprint on our communities and people. They will constitute the framework within which we must live. The importance of protecting them from ruination by uncontrolled roadside development cannot be overstated.

Great credit is due the President of the United States for sponsoring the new federal law. He should not slacken his efforts until he makes certain that the new system will not be permanently damaged by the horrors which threaten it. We all know that he is a very busy man, and that his time must be conserved for major decisions—but this is no trivial matter. He is not too busy to inform the next Congress before it convenes that remedial measures must be adopted to preserve from destruction the vast areas which will be opened up by the new roads.

By MILTON MAYER

Drawings by William Pène du Bois



The girl from Sewickley, Pa.

LIKE (I suppose) most people, I don't get to Pittsburgh much. As a matter of fact, I never get there, except for a lecture every second year or so, and then—the way one does on a lecture tour, in a town where he isn't closely acquainted—I bounce in and out. I was there a while back, en route from Columbus to Erie, and on the way in from the Pittsburgh airport I saw a sign which read:

SEWICKLEY 2

Sewickley, Sewickley. Come, now—where and when and how had I had to do with Sewickley? I couldn't think, and I let it go. I had an hour to wait for the train to Erie and I killed it looking in the windows of the secondhand stores across the bridge from the P. & L. E. station. I got a copy of the *Post-Gazette* and got on the train and got something to eat in the diner. When I came back to my seat it was dark and the lighting was bad, so I watched what little there was to watch out the window.

And then I remembered. I remembered Aix-les-Bains and Dorking Town and Sewickley.

I remembered a day in the summer of 1927, a quarter-century ago. I was nineteen. We were traveling, my mother and father and my older brother and I, from Rome on the *petit grand tour Américain*, and they got on the train at Aix, twenty American college girls jabbering English. Of course they saw me from the platform. I was sitting at the window, my chin on my folded hands (and my folded hands on the pearl handle of my Malacca stick), staring emptily out, above and beyond the jabbering crowd on the platform, into the empty distance. Of course they saw me: a man still young in years but worn with unutterable sophistication.

Of course they saw me, because they came rollicking through the train to their seats in the car behind us and rollicking back, a little later, to the dining-car ahead. I was still staring emptily out, in my pearl-gray spats, and my pearl-gray suit, and my pearl-gray hat, and my stick; a Frenchman, likely, but one of those Frenchmen who belong to no country and to whom every country has, to its edification, belonged.

I was aroused by my father, who said, "Get a move on, boy. This is our sitting for lunch. Have you washed your hands?" My hands were encased in pearl-gray gloves.

"He hasn't washed them since he got those gloves," said my brother.

"Wash your hands," said my mother, "and come on. We'll be in the diner. But for pity's sake—hurry."

Beneath the double-breasted jacket of my pearl-gray suit was a pair of red suspenders, purchased in Rome the day before; the whim of a man whom red suspenders and red suspenders alone would move from an ennui begotten of absolutely every other experience. My father, when I bought them, said, "You're crazy, boy." My mother said, "He'll grow up," and

my brother said, "When?" They were my first suspenders, and my brother said, "Don't forget to pull them up after you've been to the bathroom."

I washed my hands and went into the dining-car. On my right arm I carried my pearl-gray hat, in my left hand my pearl-gray gloves and my stick, on which I leaned, walking with a loose limp that would hardly deceive anyone who had watched the performance of the dying roué in "The Fool," which had been on the road a season or two before.

The American girls filled almost the whole of the diner, and our table was at the far end. As I entered the car, a falling hush reached my half-consciousness. My face was a pallid mask, my eyes fixed on nothingness—for which the Cinzano advertisement on the farther door of the dining-car sufficed. But the hush was broken by a giggle arising from girl to girl and from table to table after I passed. And the incidence of the giggle, proceeding, even as I proceeded, from the back to the front of the car, was not to be mistaken. The pallid mask of my face turned red.

As I turned around and sat down, my brother whispered to me, "You forgot to pull up your suspenders."

A WEEK later we reached the Hotel Cecil in London, to spend three days before we sailed on the *Mauretania*. With my stick I managed to get up the broad stone steps, and my brother said to the doorman, "You'd better take his arm. He's in the last stages." In the lobby were two of the American girls who had been on the train from Aix. Coming down in the elevator for dinner were two more. They were all staying at the Cecil.

The first day I didn't go out at all. I explained my behavior to my parents as a general lassitude arising, I thought, from a number of worries, "the worst of which," said my brother, "is that pack of girls who laughed at him in the diner." The second day I had breakfast in the room and went downstairs at eleven, when the girls were sure to be out on tour. One of them was alone with me in the elevator. She said, "Hello," and I bowed from the neck.

"How long are you staying?" she said.

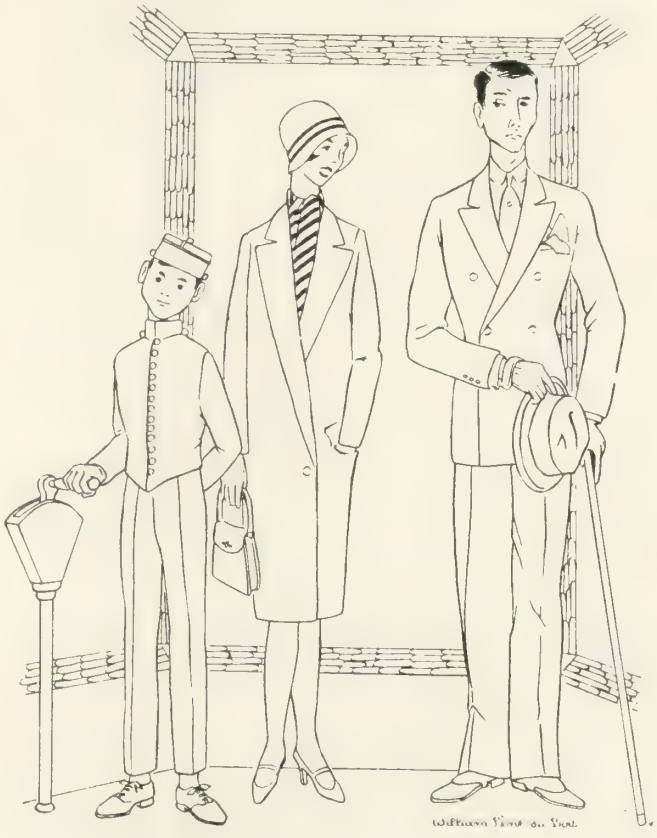
I stared at her.—How long did a man like me, in my condition, know he was staying, and where?—She was the first of the lot I had really looked at, or through. She was not the prettiest. She was very tall (like me), spare, knuckly, small-featured. And nice. Really nice. And pretty enough. "Until Thursday," I said.

"So are we," she said. "Are you going back on the *Ile?*"

"No, on the *Mauretania.*"

"Oh," she said, "that's too bad," and then she pulled herself up, the way you do when you might blush, and said, "I mean it's so good to have someone to talk English—American—to," and she laughed a nice laugh compounded of embarrassment and friendliness. I held my stick behind me, and when we got out of the elevator I left it there alongside the car.

We talked some more and she said that the other girls were out on a rubberneck tour but she hadn't felt so well and, besides, she liked to go places alone once in a while, you never had a chance to when you were in a tour. I understood that, and I said so, and we went for a walk, and when we came back she said,



"Thanks for coming with me. I don't really like to go *alone,* and I get kind of scared, even when they speak English. But this is the end of the tour and we've all been together seven weeks."

I asked her what she'd be doing tomorrow, and she said it was their last day and she guessed there would be something scheduled and they'd have to pack and all—and I said, "You can pack tomorrow night. So can I. Why don't you say you're not feeling well at breakfast and I'll meet you in the lobby at ten and we'll go somewhere."

"Where?" she said.

"Really," I said, and my pearl-gray limp came

JOHN UPDIKE

A WOODEN DARNING EGG

THE carpentered hen
unhinges her wings,
abandons her nest
of splinters, and sings.

The egg she has laid
is maple and hard
as a tenpenny nail
and smooth as a board.

The grain of the wood
embraces the shape
as brown feathers do
the rooster's round nape.

Pressured by pride,
her sandpapered throat
unwarps when she cries
Cross-cut! ka-ross-cut!

Beginning to brood
she tests with a level
the angle, sits down,
and coos *Bevel bevel.*

---

back, "there are dozens of places out of London—it's your first time over, isn't it?"

She said it was, and didn't ask me if it was mine.

"Well, then," I said, "I'll arrange something, and we'll be back at five."

I hot-footed it to the American Express Company, and one of the clerks, when I asked him where a fellow and his girl ought to go on their last day in England, said, "Why, Dorking."

So we went to Dorking Town.

I don't know, now, what it was like or how we got there. (By train, I suppose.) I remember a buggy, and village lanes, and a teashop, and that's all. And I may as well say that all of the details of this story (except the pearl-gray outfit; there's a snapshot of me in it) are only what the lawyers, when the witness shakes his head, call "your best recollection, if you please." It was a quarter-century ago, and, as bad money drives out good on the market, so bad history, of which we have had a lot this quarter-century, drives out good in the memory.

I remember, as I say, that she was tall and spare. She was dark—at least she wasn't a yellow blonde. I remember that her fingers were long, so I must have held her hand that day—but it may have been only in getting on or off the train. I don't remember what we talked about, except that we didn't talk about the dining-car from Aix. She never once said she'd seen me before—she was that nice—and that, I suppose, is why I fell in love with her in the elevator in the Cecil.

I remember that we got back to London later than we intended to, and we said good-by. I must have promised to call her in New York, or to write her, and we must have exchanged addresses. Well—I had a girl back home and she may have had a boy. I know that we never wrote or saw each other again. I don't remember where she was going to school. I don't remember her name. I remember that she lived in a town I had never heard of—Sewickley, Pa.

AND what if I went to Sewickley and found her? I'm forty-eight years old and happily married, and I hope she is, too. Besides, 1956 is not 1927, and, while we lean people wear pretty well, I'm not the blade I was—or pretended to be. And women wear worse than men. Or at least they act as if they do, and like as not she is no longer lean but gaunt.

Sewickley isn't Chicago, either. It's suburban rich (I've learned) and always has been, and I suppose she's solid, maybe shallow, or even country-club, in all her views (there's no reason that I can think of why she shouldn't be; neither of us had any views at all, in Dorking), and I'm a rheumy old radical. I can get myself shined up for occasions, but what in the world would we talk about? If a real love affair is best ended when it ends, how much more so a day that began and ended in Dorking?

And how would I find her if I wanted to? Go from house to house in Sewickley? And is the impossibility (as I suppose) of finding her the reason that I'm afraid that the next time I'm in Pittsburgh I'll try to? I might advertise in the *Post-Gazette* personals, but how would the ad read?—

> DORKING TOWN.—Will yng lady (1927) spent happy day yng man write Box 297?

I'd do better to put my ad in the lost-and-found column:

> LOST.—My 19th yr. Sntmntl. value to loser. Lib. rwrd. of any 10 yrs. since for return of same.

The first of two articles by
WILLIAM S. WHITE

WHO REALLY RUNS THE SENATE?

One of the most respected Washington correspondents tells why no Senator—however able or popular—can get far until he learns how to work with the Inner Club.

WHEN the gavel strikes to convene the Eighty-fifth Congress of the United States next month, the members of the Senate—new and old—will organize themselves in a body like no other on earth. For a long time I have felt that the one touch of authentic genius in the American political system—apart, of course, from the incomparable majesty and decency and felicity of the Constitution itself—is the Senate. The indispensable characteristic of this vital institution perhaps can be summed up by saying that the Senate is in a sense a high assembly but that in a deeper sense it is a great and unique human consensus of individual men.

The Senate of the United States is an odd, mixed place. It is hard and efficient, and it is soft and dawdling. It is harsh, and it is kind. It is dignity, and it is disorder. It is arrogant, and it is humble. President George Washington, as the story goes, once vowed he'd be damned if he ever went to that place again. In the long years since, many others of high and low station have felt much the same way; but still they have had to deal with it.

Paradox is another of the characteristics. This is a place where a Bilbo of Mississippi will rise with unmistakable insult to a whole race. But it is also a place where a Stennis, also of Mississippi, the product of this institution at its best, will unhesitatingly and against every hazard do his duty to his state, to his country, and to his tradition, his soft voice drowning and making irrelevant the strident echoes of the voice that came before.

In this article I shall try to tell the qualities which make some members of the Senate "belong" and those which make others forever outsiders. And in a second article, I hope to show how a "good" Senator gets that way.

When a newcomer enters the Senate, long custom impels him, if he is at all wise, to walk with a soft foot and to speak with a soft voice, and infrequently. Men who have reached national fame in less than two years in powerful non-Senatorial office—Saltonstall as Governor of Massachusetts, Duff as Governor of Pennsylvania, for recent examples—have found four years and more not long enough to feel free to speak up loudly in the Institution. All the newcomer needs, if he is able and strong, is the passage of time—but this he needs indispensably, save in those rare cases where the geniuses among Senate types are involved.

The old definition of the Senate as "the most exclusive club in the world" is no longer altogether applicable, as perhaps it never was. It *is*, however, both a club and a club within a club. By the newly arrived and by some of the others the privileges are only carefully and sparingly used. To the senior members—and sometimes they are senior only in terms of power and high acceptability—privilege is inexhaustible and can be pressed to almost any limit. I have seen one member, say a Lehman of New York, confined by niggling and almost brutal Senate action to the most literal inhibitions of the least important of all the rules. And again I have seen a vital Senate roll call held off for hours by all sorts of open time-killing—in spite of the fact that supposedly it is not possible to interrupt a roll

call once it is in motion—for the simple purpose of seeing that a delayed aircraft has opportunity to land at the Washington airport so that a motorcycle escort can bring, say, a Humphrey of Minnesota in to be recorded.*

Lehman is, of course, a member of the Outer Club, which is composed of all the Senate. But Humphrey is, in part by the mysterious operation of acceptability-by-association, in or very close to the Inner Club. The inequality indicated here has nothing to do with political belief or activity; both Lehman and Humphrey are liberal Democrats and both have records of distinction. Humphrey simply gets along better.

THE INNER CLUB

THE inner life of the Senate—and the vast importance to it of its internal affairs may be seen in the fact that it has on occasion taken longer to decide upon the proper salaries for a handful of Senate employees than to provide billions of dollars for the defense of the United States—is controlled by the Inner Club. This is an organism without name or charter, without officers, without a list of membership, without a wholly conscious being at all.

There is no list of qualifications for membership, either posted or orally mentioned. At the core of the Inner Club stand the Southerners, who with rare exceptions automatically assume membership almost with the taking of the oath of office. They get in, so to speak, by inheritance, but at their elbows within the core are others, Easterners, Midwesterners, Westerners, Republicans, or Democrats.

The outer life of the Senate, in which all the members are theoretically more or less equal at the time of decision that comes when a roll-call vote is added up, is defined by its measurable actions on bills and on public policies. But this outer life, even in its most objective aspects, is not free of the subtle influence of the inner life of the Institution.

The inner life is in the command of a distinct minority within this place of the minority. This minority-within-a-minority is the Inner Club. This Inner Club, though in spirit largely dominated by the Southerners, is not geographic.

No more than twenty-two of the ninety-six members of the Senate can ever be Southerners, for the great divide of history and custom defines the true Southern territory as the eleven States of the Old Confederacy. (In this connection the Border State people—the Marylanders, the Missourians, the Kentuckians, the Oklahomans, and the West Virginians—really need not apply.) Nevertheless, the place is, to a peculiar degree, a *Southern* Institution engrafted upon, or growing in at the heart of, this ostensibly national assembly of the sages.

So marked and so constant is this high degree of Southern dominion, in spirit or in fact in the varying times, that the Senate might be described without too much violence to fact as the South's unending revenge upon the North for Gettysburg.

The acceptable definitions of what is proper, there and elsewhere, are far more often made by Southerners, from their entrenched position of minority, than by all the rest of the place put together. No one would more quickly confirm this than would a Saltonstall of Massachusetts, who is so well-born that envy simply would not occur to him. The late Taft of Ohio, a member of one of the family dynasties of the country, instinctively recognized this when he first began to make his long series of accommodations with the Southern Democrats.

But the characteristic Southerner, what a mellifluous joy he is in debate! This man—George of Georgia, the late Senator Bailey from North Carolina, Stennis of Mississippi, any number of others from the South—will before he is through catch at the throat of the most cynical hearer.

He will begin softly, with wry self-deprecation, almost with an embarrassment of humility. He will say that he has, of course, only a very few words: all too well is he aware that it is not for *him* to intrude long upon the deliberations of his betters here.

And then, as he goes along and the clock hands slip by, the tone, at first imperceptibly, will change. The voice toward which men had been leaning more or less intently, so low and calm was it, will begin to rise in volume and to fall in tone. And at the end it has become a commanding pipe organ, rolling out before the wicked, the foolish, and the insensitive.

The Southerner will very much enjoy his performance, and so will those around him, but he finds himself considerably less than moved when non-Southern Senators attempt such tours de force. All the same when these unhappy occasions do arise his sense of punctilio is so strong

* Any Senator studied here is studied for some aspect of character and attitude that illustrates a substantially timeless aspect of the place. Thus I have taken no great care to be quite exact about such expressions as "the late" and "the former." So far as I am concerned here they are all, and will go on being, Senators of the United States.

that, unlike many of the Northerners themselves, he will loyally remain in his seat to give attendance upon the effort, much as its shortcomings may pain him.

Because of the Southerner's instinctive sympathy with the Institution and all that is in it, he is like a man who can put his hand instantly to any book in a cherished library. In consequence he is a past master of the precedents, the practices, and even the moods of the Senate and as a parliamentarian formidable in any debate or maneuver. He has "swallowed the rule book."

All those who belong to the Inner Club express, consciously or unconsciously, the deepest instincts and prejudices of "the Senate type." The Senate type is, speaking broadly, a man for whom the Institution is a career in itself, a life in itself, and an end in itself. This Senate type is not always free of Presidential ambition, a striking case in point having been the late Senator Taft. But the important fact is that when the Senate type thinks of the Presidency he thinks of it as only *another* and not as really a *higher* ambition, as did Taft and as did Senator Russell of Georgia when, in 1952, he sought the Democratic Presidential nomination.

The Senate type makes the Institution his home in an almost literal sense, and certainly in a deeply emotional sense. His head swims with its history, its lore, and the accounts of past personnel and deeds and purposes. To him, precedent has an almost mystical meaning and where the common run of members will reflect twice at least before creating a precedent, the Senate type will reflect so long and so often that nine times out of ten he will have nothing to do with such a project at all.

His concern for the preservation of Senate tradition is so great that he distrusts anything out of the ordinary, however small, as for example a night session. Not necessarily an abstemious man (and sometimes a fairly bibulous one as a convivial character *within* the Institution) he will complain that such sessions, especially along toward the closing days of Congress, will be unduly tiring on the elders of the body. Often he really means here that prolonged meetings, tending as they do to send the most decorous of men out to the lounges for a nip, may wind up with one or more distinguished members taking aboard what never in the world would be called a few too many.

This Senate type knows, with the surest touch in the world, precisely how to treat his colleagues, Outer Club as well as Inner Club. He is nearly always a truly compassionate man, very slow to condemn his brothers. And not even the imminent approach of a great war can disturb him more than the approach of what he may regard as adequate evidence that the Senate may in one crisis or another be losing not the affection of the country (for which he has no great care) but the *respect* of the country.

The standard of proper conduct for a Senator is about what the Institution says it is—at a given time, in a given circumstance, and with regard to a given member. The rules are made to be observed; but then again they are made to be broken by some men sometimes. It is a place —protected as it is both by the Constitution and custom—where privilege in personal behavior is high and inhibitions on personal behavior are very rare. The easiest and somewhat oversimplified way to express the real situation is simply to say that the great ones do about as they please, short of action so outrageous as not possibly to be overlooked. The rest, except for the unhappy few in any session who somehow are not acceptable at all, can in the vulgar phrase get away with *almost* anything so long as it is not directed against anybody in the Inner Club.

CRIME AND PUNISHMENT

IT WAS this tradition that lay at the bottom of the Senate's long hesitation before it dealt with Senator Joseph R. McCarthy of Wisconsin, though political timidity had its place. And when, in December 1954, he was at length condemned by a vote of 67 to 22, it was for purely *Senatorial* offenses and not at all for what his critics in the public had long charged against him—an attack on the Bill of Rights, a habit of accusation without proof, a campaign of divisiveness affecting the whole of the Republic, a denial of the oldest traditions of the English-speaking heritage. He was in fact tried not for intellectual crime against the people and the Republic (though this was the charge really debated pro and con among the public) but wholly for his conduct concerning the *Institution*. The scene inside was vastly removed from the scene outside. It was not the hostile press and public that brought McCarthy to his accounting. It was not the Eisenhower Administration. It was not the Republican party, though most Republicans saw clearly that he was in a political sense ultimately their responsibility.

It was the Institution that finally brought him to book—an Institution led, as always in these supreme crises involving its real life, by its Senate types of the Inner Club.

"We realize," said Senator Watkins, when the hearings opened, "that *the United States Senate* is on trial. . . ."

It is only in this context of the underlying reality, as the Institution appreciated it, that the whole of the proceeding can be truly understood. It was not a trial in the commonly understood meaning at all; the judges clearly and inevitably had prior opinions, for day after day they had all sat with McCarthy. They were not hearing an action at law; they were determining simply the *degree* that a member had transgressed the rules, written or not, and the spirit of the club to which he belonged.

Thus it was that the findings of the select committee seemed to many so strangely irrelevant —irrelevant alike to those in the public who had all but canonized their swarthy and muscular hero, McCarthy, and to those whose firmest conviction was that his had been a truly historic crime.

And, indeed, if the matter be viewed in this light, what an odd indictment it was!

For the Senate never conceded that this was a truly *public* problem; it was a *Senate* problem and the Senate moved in its way to solve it. It was, on its face, a solution that left much unresolved. Untouched, in theory, was his power there. His right to vote, to remain on the very committee where the Institution had found he had worked his harm—all these too remained. But, ostensibly unpunished though he was, there was real and lasting punishment. A door, quite unseen but quite heavy, had been shut before him. He might well remain a great power to a substantial minority in his own party and elsewhere. But in the Institution he was a power no longer.

For again the Senate has its ways, and one of these was illustrated in the post-condemnation days. Again and again when McCarthy rose to speak there was in the chamber that rarest of all demonstrations, a demonstration of conscious disorder and inattention. Tolerance is a long rope here, a very long one. But, give a man enough rope . . .

THE WINDS OF POWER

THE Senate type measures the degree of respect being shown by the country at any given time not wholly by what he reads and hears through the mass media, and not at all by the indicated attitude of any President, but by what is borne in upon his consciousness by his contact with what he considers to be the more *suitable* conveyors of *proper* public thought. He, the true Senate type, has this partiality toward the few as distinguished from the many all through his career even though he will hide it skillfully in his recurring tests at home when, up for re-election, he *must* depend upon the mass.

As the Southern members of the Inner Club make the ultimate decisions as to what is proper in point of manner—these decisions then infallibly pervading the Outer Club—so the whole generality of the Inner Club makes the decisions as to what *in general* is proper in the Institution and what *in general* its conclusions should be on high issues. These decisions are in no way overtly or formally reached; it is simply that one day the perceptive onlooker will discover a kind of aura from the Inner Club that informs him of what the Senate is later going to do about such and such.

For an illustration of the point, there was this small but significant incident in 1956: Some of the junior members had set out to put some Congressional check on the Central Intelligence Agency by creating an overseeing Joint Congressional Committee. A majority of the whole body became formally committed to the bill, and all seemed clear ahead. Suddenly, however, some of the patriarchs—among them the venerable Alben Barkley of Kentucky, who was soon to die in his seventy-ninth year while smiting the Republicans from a speaking platform at Washington and Lee University—found themselves disenchanted. They decided, for no very perceptible reason except that they felt they had been inadequately consulted, that a joint committee would not do at all. Under their bleak and languid frowns the whole project simply died; a wind had blown upon it from the Inner Club and its erstwhile sponsors simply left it.

The Senate type therefore—and his distillate is found in the Inner Club—is in many senses more an institutional man than a public man in the ordinary definition of such a personage. Some of the Senate's most powerful public men have not been truly Senate types. The late Senator Arthur Vandenberg of Michigan, for all his influence upon foreign relations after he had abandoned isolationism for internationalism, was never in his career a true Senate type, no matter how formidable he was as a public man. Incomparably the truest current Senate type, and incomparably the most influential man on the inner life of the Senate, Senator Russell of Georgia, has never had one-tenth Vandenberg's impact upon public and press in objective, or out-Senate, affairs.

Russell's less palpable and less measurable influence, however, was infinitely greater in the *Senate*, on all matters involving its inner being, than was Vandenberg's, as indeed was Taft's. For Russell could actually command the votes of others upon many matters, even some entirely objective matters. Vandenberg spoke to the country and occasionally to the world. Russell (and the other Senate types as well) speaks primarily to the Senate. Going back a good deal farther, Huey Long of Louisiana spoke also beyond the Senate, specifically to the discontented and the dispossessed outside, while one of his greatest critics of the time, Carter Glass of Virginia, spoke to the Senate, as Byrd of Virginia does to this day.

THE non-Senate types, it thus may be seen, are in the end influential only to the degree that they may so instruct or so inflame a part of the public sufficiently large to insist upon this or that course of political conduct. The Senate type in the last analysis has the better of it. For not only does his forum generally resist change and all public pressure save the massive and enduring; it also will tend quickly to adopt *his* proposals unless they are quite clearly untenable.

The Senate Democratic leader in the Eighty-fourth Congress, Lyndon Johnson of Texas, once was able to pass more than a hundred bills, not all of them lacking in controversy, in a matter of a little more than an hour. There were a variety of reasons for this wholly untypical burst of speed in a body devoted to the leisurely approach. But the most important of these reasons was simply "Lyndon wants it." It is hardly necessary to add that "Lyndon" is pre-eminently a Senate type, so much so that, highly realistic politician though he is, he is quite unable to believe that the public is not in utter fascination of the parliamentary procedures of his Institution.

Again the Republican Senate leader, Knowland of California (and like Johnson he is senior only in terms of place and power and not in years) is a curious example of the power of the Senate type. Knowland, who inherited the leadership in a personal laying on of hands from the dying Senator Taft, was in both the Eighty-third and Eighty-fourth Congresses in what one might have thought to be a position scarcely likely to win him great popularity in his party or in the Senate.

A young Republican of the old school, he was faithful in his fashion to the newly arrived Republican in the White House, General Eisenhower, but he persisted, it will be recalled, in rebellious notions about Asian policy and about dealing with the world Communists. There were many times when, in the Senate and before the world, he was clearly contradicting an almost ecstatically popular Republican President of the United States and all the powerful forces in that President's train.

Outsiders could not quite see how Knowland could in these circumstances remain the President's party spokesman in the Senate. The Senate types, for their part, simply could not grasp what the outsiders were talking about. To the Inner Club it was sheer nonsense to talk of Knowland as the *President's* leader; plainly he was the *Senate's* leader, on one side of the aisle.

A man, therefore, may be a Senate type in good standing in the Inner Club if he is wholly out of step on fateful matters with his own Administration (as with Knowland on Asia in regard to Eisenhower). He may be the same if he is wholly out of step with his own party, as for illustration Byrd in regard to the regular Democrats who control the party nationally. He may be the same if, like McClellan of Arkansas he comes fortuitously and reluctantly to national attention only because he becomes involved in something widely televised, like the Army-McCarthy hearings.

Equally a man may be a powerful Senate type with never a great legislative triumph to his credit, by a mysterious chemical process that seems to be transforming now so relative a newcomer as Payne of Maine. Why such progress for Payne? It is a little awkward to explain; perhaps the explanation is that Payne, who was a rather hard-handed politician as Governor of Maine, simply generates a warmth about him because he so wholeheartedly performs, without fuss or trouble, such Senate chores as are handed over to him.

The converse is similarly so. William Fulbright of Arkansas, a Rhodes Scholar, an ex-university president, a young and literate man with many useful years ahead of him, was credited as a member of the House with promoting this country's turn to internationalism before the second world war. He has been credited since in the Senate with many achievements, not the least of which is the cumulative achievement of an experience and a seniority that are very likely one day to make him chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee.

He is not, for all of this, quite a Senate type. Nor, for another example, is Paul Douglas of Illinois, with his academic background, his abil-

ity in the field of economics, and his not inconsiderable feat in winning re-election in 1954 over assistance given to his opponent by President Eisenhower. Is scholastic achievement or "intellectualism" then—considering the cases of Fulbright and of Douglas—some bar to the Inner Club? Not at all. For, standing well inside the doors of the Inner Club, at least, is Humphrey of Minnesota, who used to teach political science. And at the very heart of the Inner Club in the Eighty-fourth Congress sat the man with what many would consider the most truly intellectual character in the Senate, Eugene Millikin of Colorado.

Does being liberal put a barrier on the way to the Inner Club? No, for few in the Institution can be more liberal than the old indestructible, Senator Theodore Green of Rhode Island, a member of the very hierarchy of the Club.

Does being "unpopular" and remote keep out a man? No. The ordinary conversation of Carl Hayden of Arizona, whose manners are as leathery as his face, consists largely of sour grunts. And Hayden could very nearly be the president of the Club, if only it had officers.

Does wealth or social status count? Not really. One of those men in the Senate who are wholly without commercial instinct and must get along strictly on their salaries is Mike Mansfield of Montana. He spent his young years in the mines of Butte; he largely educated himself—and he, like Humphrey, is well across the threshold of the Inner Club. And, unlike Humphrey, Mansfield has no gift at all for gregariousness; at Senatorial parties one sees him standing aloof, his eyes and voice quiet, smoking his pipe and leaving as soon as departure is at all possible. Knowland, too, is less than a relaxed social being. Earnest, conscientious and loyal though he is, he is almost without a sense of humor—but not without a sense of tolerance.

HOW EXCLUSIVE IS IT?

INDEED, it may be that this is one of the keys to the qualities of the Senate type—tolerance toward his fellows, intolerance toward any who would in any real way change the Senate, its customs, or its way of life. And, right or wrong, it is the moral force of these men that gives to them an ascendancy in the Institution which they never assert and which most of them do nothing consciously to promote.

It is, then, against all this background of the human facts in the case that answer must be made to the question whether and how the Senate is "the most exclusive club in the world" and whether, indeed it is exclusive in the ordinary understanding at all.

Certainly there is in the common definition nothing exclusive in a place in which a Taft, with his almost religious feeling about party orthodoxy, for years sat so amicably and by choice beside an Aiken of Vermont, whose Republicanism had, by Taft's standards, some sadly thin spots in its fabric. Where the son of an Alabama sharecropper, Sparkman of Alabama, has shared so many projects in social legislation with the rich, aloof Murray of Montana. Where the son of Huey Long, Senator Russell Long of Louisiana, so atypically carries on the dynasty by habitual quietude and responsibility in the seat that his father made so clangorous and so irresponsible. Where a Prescott Bush of Connecticut, late of St. George's School, Newport, Rhode Island, and still later of Brown Brothers Harriman & Co. of Wall Street, has shared a forum with a Pastore of Rhode Island, late of the public schools of Providence and of Northeastern University.

There *is,* however, for all of this, a quality of exclusiveness, too. Though some arrive more or less by accident in the Senate, most have worked a passage that has required more than luck, than money, than family or political position. In a sense at first there is the exclusiveness of success and then, as test succeeds test, the exclusiveness of both success and understanding. All these may be, and are, attained without reaching the final quality of exclusiveness that is involved in acceptance in the Inner Club.

To be in the Inner Club a man must be many things—some important and some mere accidents of life—but the greatest of these things is to have the character that will pass the severest scrutiny (if carried out blandly and seemingly casually) of which nearly five score highly understanding and humanly perceptive men are capable.

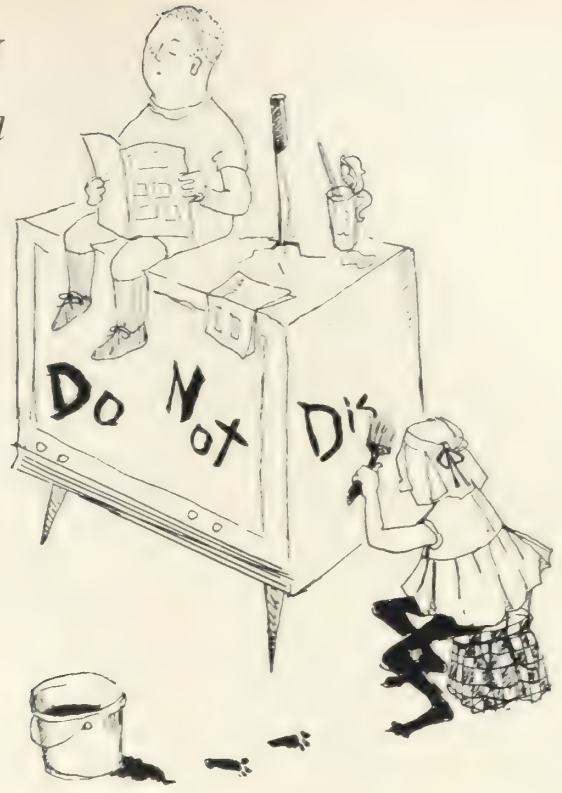
It is not character in the sense intended in the forms prepared by personnel offices. It has not got much to do with questions like "Does applicant drink?" or "Does he pay his bills?" It is character in the sense that only the true traditionalists will understand.

It is character in the sense that the special integrity of the person must be in harmony with, and not lesser in its way than, the special integrity of the institution.

[*Next month, Mr. White will discuss the roads to leadership in the Senate and will give an estimate of some of the prominent members.*]

By TERESA FOLEY

Drawings by Sheila Greenwald



A Lesson in Discipline

WE WERE a terrible class. Every class likes to remember that it was pure hellion, but the thirty of us who started under Miss Gallagher at the Down School near the Buick garage really were terrible. We came along just when the argument between the phonics people and the associationists was at its height. We went at reading for three years by the word-recognition method and then in the fourth grade the teacher insisted that we learn to read all over again by sounds. We were also caught in the controversy over manuscript and cursive writing. And we hit the crisis in arithmetic.

In the beginning of the fifth grade, we were forbidden to use brackets in finding the lowest common denominator. We had to go click-click to an equivalent fraction instead, seeing all the pieces of pie in our heads. This meant that nobody at home (Who had Gestaltists in their families?) could help us any more. But, willing sneaks, we drew brackets with furtive fingers on our pants legs.

Child-centered psychology burgeoned in our town at this time. We were allowed to do some ridiculous things in school because we wanted to. When our parents heard about them, they were furious at first. Then they decided that the school must know what it was doing, and they let us do the same things and worse at home. Finally, like beer chasers after an evening of Mickey Finns, came comic books and television.

Every year for six years we grew stupider and lazier and fresher and more obnoxious. No one ever separated any of us, or kept any of us back, or adulterated us with new blood. We were a terrible package, referred to by certain members of the PTA as "Les Misérables."

Then came the seventh year and Miss Barracombie.

She was new to the school that year, so we did not have the usual case studies on her from previous classes. Her looks might have given us a clue, but we had always known amateur, experimental teachers so we did not recognize the career teacher when we saw her. She was perhaps fifty, tall, square-shouldered, and erect; neither feminine nor mannish, merely healthy and strong. Her face was handsome but not pretty. She had no subtle expressions: she smiled outright, she frowned outright, or she concentrated. Her voice was not harsh but had a peculiar carrying quality, vibrating longer than most. Eugene Kent took off his hearing-aid after the first day.

She greeted us that day as no teacher ever had.

no challenge to find ourselves. She said:

"My name is Virginia Barracombie and it will be Miss Barracombie to you indefinitely. One of these days you will meet someone from the last school in which I taught. The worst that he tells you about me will be true. It's a far cry from child to man, and it's not through games that we get there. You and I are bound together in a contract for one year. I teach; you learn. Behave yourselves and pay attention and this will be one of the good years of your lives. You have a minute to prepare yourself with ruler, compass, pencil, and paper for a review of the meaning and use of decimals."

It was the shock treatment all right—but with economy, with the clarity of piano keys struck singly, above all with authority. We had neither the opportunity nor the mind to look across the aisles at each other until recess. We were at work in the first five minutes—we, who always had a period in which to get ready to get ready. It was a blow to our unit pride, but we were less cohesive after the long summer and temporarily distracted from getting together on what to do about it.

We thought at first that we were just going along with her in a momentary tolerance. She was novelty, and among teachers that was hard to find. Then we found ourselves bound in a work routine. At that point some of us tried to bolt.

In its reactions to Miss Barracombie the class divided into four groups. Several of the nicer girls and a couple of the boys who had strict scholastic accountability to professional parents went into her camp almost immediately when they saw that she was systematic, skillful, and just. Another group, whose names and faces are always hard to remember, went along with her because they sensed that she was a stronger personality; that balking would be tiring, involve exposure of weakness, and end in failure. These two groups accounted for perhaps two-thirds of the class. In the remaining third were the Idiot rebels and the Hard-nut rebels.

The Idiots moved in first, without seeing where they were going. For example:

Idiot: "Do we *have* to put our names on our compositions?" (looking around at the other Idiots for appreciative laughter).

Miss B.: "You don't *have* to."

Idiot: (Next day after papers had been passed back) "I didn't get my paper back. I haven't no grade."

Miss B.: "Did you expect one?"

Idiot: "You said we didn't *have* to put our names on them."

Miss B.: "That's right. You don't *have* to walk around with your eyes open, either."

The Idiot sat down, uneasily. That afternoon his name was up with the absentees who had to make up the composition.

The Idiots were beaten from the start. She was indifferent to petty annoyances, and they did not dare try big ones.

The Hard-nuts, the long-time class heroes, waited more patiently, seeking their own ground. Their particular dragon in the case of Miss Barracombie was her good sense, which forced an antagonist to assume a role so foolish as to threaten his status among his classmates. This forced the Hard-nuts to try to operate outside the teaching periods, in the rather limited areas of truancy, ground rules, and personal relationships.

It was difficult to challenge her with truancy because there our parents were solidly on her side, and besides, the occasional absence or trumped-up tardiness of an individual did little to alter the steady civilizing routine. As for opportunities on the school grounds, Miss Barracombie supervised only in her turn, and was by some unexpected quirk more lenient than any of the other teachers, letting us proceed at games considerably rougher than we wished to be playing.

THE worst of the Hard-nuts was Lennie Sopel. He was big and tough and bearded already, very much in the know about engines, baseball statistics, and older women. He had a way of muttering wisecracks half under his breath when girls recited. At first they reached only to people in the surrounding seats. Then one day as Lila Crocker went down the aisle, Lennie said in a loud whisper that shook the room like an east wind,

"Oh, man. I wish I had that swing in my backyard!"

Miss Barracombie stopped listening to a girl at the study table. The girl stopped talking. Lila fled to the waste basket and back to her seat, her face scarlet.

The room became as silent as a tomb in a pyramid.

Miss Barracombie looked at Lennie for a long time, and he locked eyes with her, ready for a showdown.

"What are you thinking about, Lennie?" she asked at last, rather softly for her.

"Nothin'." He could say that one word as

though it were the nastiest in the language. "Absolutely nothin'."

"Well, I'm thinking about something," she said, still calm and relaxed. "You come in at three and I'll tell you about it. In the meantime, stand up."

"What for? What'd I do?"

"Stand up, please."

Lennie hesitated. Again it was one of her simple inescapable requests. He slid out into the aisle and stood up.

Miss Barracombie went back to her work with the girl at the table. Lennie started to sit down once, but she gave him a steady eye and he straightened up again. He had to stand by his seat throughout the rest of the afternoon. We kept looking at him, waiting for him to say something; Lennie couldn't seem to think of anything to say.

She kept him after school forty-five minutes every day for six months. He never spoke out of turn again in class and he never missed a session with her. It seemed a heavy punishment for one remark, and we couldn't get over either her giving it or his taking it. When we asked him what he had to do, all he would say was, "Nothin'. She just gives me hell."

"For forty hours, Lennie?"

"Who's countin'? And whose business?"

Then one day Alice Rowe gave us the lowdown. She had been helping in the inner office when the intercom was open to Miss Barracombie's room.

"She's teaching him to read."

Nobody would believe her. Lennie's in seventh grade, everybody said. He knows how to read.

"No, he doesn't," Alice said. "I heard him stumbling over the littlest words up there. Who's ever heard him read in class?"

We tried to remember when we had heard Lennie read. He was a transfer to us in the fourth grade, and there hadn't been much oral reading since then.

"How does he do his other work?" we asked.

"Who says he does?"

No wonder Lennie couldn't fight her. She taught him in secret the one thing he needed to have to give up cheating and pretending.

THE truth was, no rebellion had a chance with her. She wasn't mean and she never struck anybody (although our parents queried us over and over again on this point, wanting, we thought, to be able to say, "Of course, she has order! She whips them"). No situation could come up that she would not know how to handle efficiently and without damage to her single drive: she would teach; we would learn.

Whatever we studied, we mastered. Of course, she knew the ones of us who could not connect with the main lines she was trolling, but she put out other lines for them and they mastered, too. Nobody was free not to learn. We were free to fail, but somehow a failure was not a separate thing, only a step in learning. She never assumed that we had achieved. She probed and exposed until she read it in the blood. A week later when we were not expecting it, she would check again. She was the only teacher whose grades on our report cards we never questioned. Nor would we let our indignant parents go to her. She knew.



This was no love affair between the class and Miss Barracombie, however. She was businesslike and not tender with us. She encouraged no intimacies, and the thought of confiding in her as we had in Miss Tondreau who used to love us in the third grade was wholly ridiculous. We were just different with her. When our special teachers came and Miss Barracombie left the room, Eugene Kent would replace his hearing-aid, and we would be at once on the Plain of Esdraelon, stalking a world of enemies. By the end of the period our specials would be limp and distraught.

We did no better left on our own. If Miss Barracombie stepped out of the room—something she wisely did rarely—we would have the ceiling. After all, we had been indulged for years. Thirty near-simians don't slough that off in a few stretching months. We had never been

convinced that discipline comes from within, and when the restraining presence was removed we reverted to the barbarians that we were.

Miss Barracombie never mentioned our behavior with other teachers or when she was out of the room, although the specials must have complained bitterly. It seemed to be part of her code that she was responsible when she was with us and others were responsible when they took us. We liked that. Miss Barracombie did not lecture or make us feel guilty. There was nothing to lecture or feel guilty about. We behaved. We learned. We had to: it was the contract.



BUT the final lesson we learned from Miss Barracombie was one she did not try to teach us. It was during the last period. We were in the midst of a discussion on the use of quotation marks. The intercom box pinged on the wall and the principal said:

"A telegram has just arrived for you, Miss Barracombie. Will you send a boy down for it?"

She sent Herbert Harvey Bell. He was in the corner seat by the door. He went out running because she knew exactly how long it took to get to the office and back and he did not want to answer for loitering.

He returned with the telegram, gave it to her, and took his seat.

She opened the envelope calmly and neatly so as not to tear the inside sheet. Still reading it, she turned about slowly so that her back was toward the class. Her hands lowered. We could see that she was no longer looking at the telegram but at the bulletin board. She did not turn back to us. She kept looking at something on the board.

Then before the alerted, somehow apprehensive eyes of the class, Miss Barracombie began to grow smaller. It was in her shoulders first. They began to narrow, to go forward. Her back curved. Her head dropped. We waited, not knowing what to do. Herbert Harvey Bell seemed to feel the most responsible. He looked around at all of us with a question in his wide, stunned eyes. We had nothing for him. Herbert Harvey pulled himself up from his seat and ran across the hall to the teacher there.

Lennie Sopel had started down from his seat, but when he saw the other teacher, Mrs. Hamilton, coming, he turned and went back up the aisle.

Mrs. Hamilton went up to Miss Barracombie and peered into her face. Then she bent to the telegram still in her hands.

"Oh, my dear," she said and put her arm around Miss Barracombie. Miss Barracombie did not move. Her shoulders were gone, melted into her narrow back.

Mrs. Hamilton turned her in the direction of the door. Our teacher put both hands across her face and, huddled and small, walked out like a child under Mrs. Hamilton's arm.

No one breathed or moved. A few minutes later Mrs. Hamilton looked into our room.

"Miss Barracombie has lost someone dear to her, boys and girls. Try to finish the period quietly."

No one came near us for the rest of the afternoon, not even to dismiss us. But we did not behave as we usually did when left alone. Most of us took out our composition notebooks and pens. Some just sat there.

We were frightened—a little sad for Miss Barracombie, of course—but mainly frightened, and frightened for ourselves. If she could be struck down, who was so tall, so erect, with all things under control, what could not happen to the rest of us who never had any control on the inside, who had to be made by others to hold our shoulders back?

We were the best we had ever been until the bell rang that day. For a moment we could see our connection with adults. Through a maze of equivalent fractions and common denominators we could see other people, huddled and shrinking, being led out of strange rooms. And their faces were ours.

Martin Mayer

Television's Lords of Creation, II

What happens to the Talent?

CBS's current series on air power—the most costly and perhaps the best documentary ever put on the air—illustrates the rewards and frustrations of the new medium . . . and why it has such a hard time holding on to first-rate people.

OF ALL the industries which use publicly owned water, land, and air to produce private profits, one alone is specifically licensed to operate "in the public interest": broadcasting. All the others are regulated in the prices they may charge and the quantity of service they must give. From the broadcaster alone the law demands a *quality* of service, a balanced schedule which provides information as well as entertainment.

"We function," says Sig Mickelson, CBS Vice President in charge of Public Affairs, "as the conscience of the network. The big problem in this business is to strike a balance between showmanship and the objectives of public enlightenment. There's a red line somewhere, separating the two, and we stay on the educational side of the line. We think of our programs in terms of good will, proof of the public-spiritedness of the officials of the network."

Mickelson is a large, square-faced Midwesterner in his early forties who came to broadcasting from newspaper work in Sioux Falls and Minneapolis. As a vice president of the parent CBS (which has a separate executive structure from CBS Television), he has considerable independent authority. His department is supposed to lose money, and to produce programs which will please the more discriminating members of the television audience. The measure of his success is that despite broadcasting profits two or three times as great as those of NBC—a most suspicious circumstance—CBS has far greater acceptance than NBC in the intellectual community.

CBS has not yet been known to turn down a sponsor's money for a public-affairs program, and will make minor changes in any show to meet a sponsor's desires. But it is particularly proud of the programs which are, from the bookkeeper's point of view, pure public service. Defending his business against a scouting party from the Senate, CBS President Frank Stanton cited nine public-affairs programs as an example of what a network can do; not one of them was a sponsored show.

At NBC the charitable aspect of public affairs is far less heavily played. The department itself is busier, producing feature spots for "Today," "Home," and "Tonight," as well as the usual educational and religious shows, news and documentaries; and revenues attributable to its work account for more than one-sixth of NBC's gross sales.

"NBC," says Davidson Taylor, who is Mickelson's opposite number and speaks in rounded periods, "is not interested in public-affairs shows that do not get sponsored. Good ones will be sponsored. It is to the self-interest of the American advertiser to become identified with projects that enlarge the American horizon."

The advertiser usually acquires this identification after the fact. Sometimes an attempt is made to sell him an idea (NBC asked General Dynamics for $4,250,000 to finance a proposed series of programs on the forthcoming International Geophysical Year—and was turned down), but more often the show is filmed and

in the can before the advertiser is approached. On NBC's "Project 20," "documentaries of contemporary life," the producer's deadline is at least ten weeks earlier than the proposed broadcast time, so that potential advertisers can see the show before committing the money. The customary budget for these hour-long shows is $100,000, and NBC wants a sponsor to pick up the entire bill.

Some of the department's work, of course, is done without considering advertising. NBC has a producer assigned full-time to the production of filmed obituaries, with the co-operation of the eventual obituees. Negotiations with the Soviet government have been in progress for more than a year, and if satisfactory arrangements can be made NBC will gladly fork over $150,000 to make a documentary film on the daily life of the Russian people—not a subject particularly attractive to advertisers. And even without General Dynamics, NBC went ahead with its plans to send a cameraman down to the Antarctic last winter, and presented without sponsorship two hours of the film he took. These programs were extremely well received, but NBC does not like to talk about them—they can't have been as good as people say or else, by definition, they would have been sponsored.

This doctrinaire optimism about advertisers, a reflection of former NBC Chairman Pat Weaver's complete confidence in all the people with whom he did business, limits to some extent the work of the department. Staff producer Ted Mills, after the success of "Assignment: India," was anxious as only a young producer can be to do a serious film about the postwar crises of France. But Chester LaRoche, who owns one of the nation's prominent advertising agencies, had suggested that the "Assignment: India" team move on to Southeast Asia generally. So NBC in gratitude for Mills' accomplishments gave him $100,000 to produce a film about "Maurice Chevalier's Paris"—on condition that he would then do Southeast Asia.

PLANNING A MAJOR SERIES

CBS relies much more heavily on its own judgment. Confronted with a crisis in its plans for "Air Power," perhaps the most expensive film documentary series ever attempted, the network promptly gave the job to Perry Wolff, a young poet and novelist who in seven years of broadcasting had never written or produced a sponsored program.

"Air Power" is a series of twenty-six films which tells the story of the airplane as a military weapon from the primitive strut-and-canvas devices of the early years to the newest jets. The first of the films, an hour-long examination of present American preparedness, was broadcast as a special Armistice Day feature; the others, each half an hour long, will be appearing every Sunday until May on 154 CBS affiliated television stations.

It is a true documentary series, composed almost entirely of film shot on the spot; its production was a joint venture by CBS, which put into it approximately $1,000,000, and the U. S. Air Force, which contributed most of the film, a certain amount of laboratory work, transportation, and technical guidance.

The Air Force brought the idea for "Air Power" to CBS in 1952, when it became apparent that both parties could use an answer to NBC's "Victory at Sea." But it was not until late 1953—when the Air Force Association submitted twenty-six fifteen-minute training films which it hoped could be used as the basis for the series—that CBS became seriously interested. In 1954 a staff producer was assigned to work up the training films from a quarter to half an hour, and a skeleton staff was hired to help him. By the end of the year it was clear that the training films would have to be junked if anything of any distinction was to be accomplished, and that the producer was not the man to start so large a project from scratch.

Perry Wolff was then producing, with the help of the staff of the American Museum of Natural History, the highly imaginative, prize-winning "Adventure"; the network asked him to switch. Wolff accepted, with the understanding that he was to produce something more significant than just another series of heavy-action war films.

"It may be," Wolff explained, "that I've been spending too much time with anthropologists, but I see modern man with the airplane the way stone-age man is with metal. You give metal to stone-age people, and for a while they try to use it as stone; then it revolutionizes their culture. Today we're in a crisis period; we're suffering a cultural lag, adjusting to the airplane.

"You can tell a lot about people by the way they use their airplanes. You remember the Japanese Kamikazes? When the Japanese were hard-pressed, they built planes without landing gear, without escape gear. We never built such planes, and neither did the Germans. And—I think it's one of the most hopeful signs—neither did the Russians.

"What you do with the airplane is always the key. In the 1930s, when the United States committed itself to the B-17, it couldn't be isolationist any more. The B-17 was an *attacking* weapon.

"These are the points I want to make in the series—these and one more: I'd like to see the show called 'Peace Through Air Power,' because the more I see the more convinced I am there mustn't be another war. The films won't directly *say* all this, of course, but I like to think it's what will come through to people as they're watching."

Wolff shook his head and gave a typical shy grin. "Well," he concluded, "everybody takes his own work too seriously."

FIFTY THOUSAND MILES OF PICTURES

WOLFF was born in Chicago the same day Skeezix was born to the residents of Gasoline Alley; his father and his friends have never called him anything but Skee. He got out of college just in time to serve four years in the infantry, two of them fighting in France and Germany. After the war he spent some time in France, in the Gertrude Stein ménage, published a book of poetry ("*not* paid for by me"), and went to work for WBBM in Chicago as a writer and producer of radio documentaries; his programs on juvenile delinquency and racial discrimination won Peabody Awards in 1947 and 1950. While with WBBM he wrote a novel about the war, *The Friend*, which sold several thousand copies in hard covers and several hundred thousand in a pocket reprint under the title *Attack*. Like many other Americans who saw considerable combat, he has never been able to shake the war from the front of his consciousness; he took on "Air Power" partly for the opportunity "to live with the war again, nine hours a day."

CBS set him up in a suite of eight rooms in a minor office building off Broadway, and to these rather dingy offices, every business day for two full years—and every night the last few months—came the staff of fifteen which put together "Air Power." Its two senior members were James Faichney and Peter Poor, who had been hired as supervising editor and film editor by Wolff's predecessor; Wolff made Faichney Associate Producer ("He's been co-producer, really," Wolff says) and Poor, Senior Editor.

Faichney, a cheerful, very steady man in his late thirties, was in charge of censoring and releasing all combat film taken by the U. S. Army and Army Air Force during the war; after the war he was for several years head of the film division of the U. S. Information Service. Poor, a fairly recent Harvard graduate who studied cinema in Rome on a two-year Fulbright scholarship, did miscellaneous movie and television jobs for independent producers before signing up with "Air Power."

In October 1954, Poor and Faichney went together to the Air Force film depository in Dayton, Ohio, to look at movies. Eight to ten hours a day, six days a week, for five weeks ("Our wives loved our new jobs") they stood at adjacent tables, cranking film through a viewer by hand. Between them, they looked at nearly ten million feet of film (1,800 hours' worth at normal running time) and noted down what "Air Power" would need. The film included captured German footage, and non-military newsreel aviation photography given to the Air Force by the newsreel companies, as well as material taken by Air Force cameramen. "But," said Faichney, who is a walking archive of all the film that has ever passed across his desk, "some of the stuff I remember we haven't found yet. A lot of film was lost toward the end of the war—it was shipped out to Culver City, where it sat around for a couple of years on open flat cars, convenient for any larceny. Some of my friends at Culver City have the best Kodachromes the Air Force ever took."

For the Japanese view of the war there was the Japanese film depository, seized by the Americans during the Occupation and subsequently rejected by the Pentagon, the Signal Corps, and others before finding a home at the Library of Congress. Its only catalogue was the original Japanese list, a succession of flowery titles; the film itself, after ten years in untouched cans, had seriously deteriorated. Some of it had disintegrated into clouds of gaseous nitrogen, which filled the room and choked the intrepid editors; even the best of it had shrunk and wouldn't fit into the sprockets of ordinary film machines. But from the nitrogen vapor descended tens of thousands of feet of war photography never before shown outside Japan—including a complete, twenty-reel documentation of the attack on Pearl Harbor.

While in Washington, Faichney spoke to the Air Attaché at the British Embassy, who cleared the way for him to go to London in the spring of 1955. There the RAF opened its archives at Stanmore Park to him, releasing certain secret material for the first time, and put its information officers and historians at his disposal.

From London Faichney went on to Germany, where CBS correspondent Dick Hottelet had dug up, among other things, a terrifying 16-mm. film on the bombing of Hamburg, which the Germans had put together for civil-defense instruction purposes. At the American High Commissioner's office in Munich, Faichney found thousands of feet of film about the Berlin airlift. And he made contact with a mysterious type who, for a consideration, smuggled Soviet film about the Red Air Force from the East to the West Zone.

At the end, Faichney, Poor, and their assistants had spun through 50,000 miles of film, representing 50,000 hours of normal running time. All that was left to do was boil it down to two dozen half-hour shows.

FROM ROUGH CUT TO SCRIPT

EVERY picture starts with a story line. The story line for each of the "Air Power" films was hammered out in conference by Wolff and Faichney, with a writer sitting in on the few occasions when Wolff did not do the script himself. Then either Wolff or Faichney would write a "treatment," a sequential list, two to eight pages long, of what pictures the film should contain. This was turned over to one of "Air Power's" three film editors, who went looking in the files for the film that would make the written treatment a movie.

"Sometimes it isn't there," Poor said, "and then the treatment changes. The treatment ought to be defined as what you'd *like* to do if you could find the stuff."

The three editors worked in one square room, each editor at a "Moviola," a green, upright machine which shows pictures on a small glass plate. Behind each Moviola was a cardboard barrel, into which the film disappeared as it ran off the machine. When they found a scene immediately useful, the editors clipped the strip of film and hung it on a rack; useless sections they stuffed back in the can. In a matter of minutes an editor could take a thousand-foot reel of film and convert it to fifty pieces, some hanging straight on racks, some curled up in the bottom of the barrel for further examination, some stacked in neat cylinders back in the film can.

From these short strips of film—perhaps as many as 600 of them—the editor made up a "rough cut," which might run as long as an hour and a half for a 26½-minute show. The rough cut often included more than the treatment demanded.

"Half of a film editor's job," Poor says, "is spotting something good; you can't just say, 'It's not in the treatment.'"

During the work for "The Conquest of the Air," a researcher picked up from the Signal Corps several miles of film about preparations for the Normandy invasion. Running through it Poor spotted what could only be—even without a sound track—an impromptu French lesson given from the hatch of a tank by an educated GI. This brief scene—the soldier saying *"Boire,"* his companions attempting the strange sound, the soldier shaking his head and repeating, *"Boire"*—established in thirty seconds the mood of the Army awaiting the call to invasion.

Wolff, Faichney, Poor, and the individual editor—if it wasn't Poor himself, who put together about half the films—went over the rough cut on the more elaborate Westrex Moviola in Wolff's office. Wolff perched on a high stool over the Moviola's ground-glass screen, studying the film for technical quality, asking where individual shots came from, whether Faichney had sound effects, whether the locality shown was *really* Bastogne. Sometimes he recognized the source of the shot and the locality: "Mm-hmm," he said as the screen showed assault boats allegedly crossing the Rhine, "the Roer."

A rough cut exists to be changed; suggestions for change were made continuously. At the end there was an hour's conference, or more. Then the editor went back to work, patching, revising, cutting, adding; and the scene in Wolff's office was repeated.

Eight or nine rough cuts were par for the course, and even then the whole job might be scratched. The film on the 1930s, for example, was done over entirely.

"I put it together myself," Faichney said, grinning under his mustache, "because I had my first job in the 'thirties, as an editor for Pathé News. I went back over my own work—the big steel strike, the dust bowl—and I thought, 'Gee, I was awfully good when I was a kid.' So I used all my own stuff, and now somebody else will have to redo it."

Finally the rough cut was pared down and reassembled into a film exactly 2,370 feet long, running 26 minutes and 20 seconds, with its own dramatic unity; and Wolff sat down at his typewriter, with the Moviola beside him, to express that unity in words.

"You can't write a script like this away from the film, because talk goes one way, film goes another," Wolff explains. "Whenever I say that, Faichney always says, 'Not if you know what

you're doing.' But it's the way I have to work."

If Wolff were to criticize "Victory at Sea," it would be to say that the NBC films had too much narration, emotionally overcharged. "The film has all the emotion," he said, "the film and the score. The narration ought to explain what's happening, not tell you how you should feel about it."

Where the scene called for words of emotional content, Wolff tried to give it to actors, voices for the airmen in the picture, rather than to the narrator. Sometimes he could find out what the men were saying by lip-reading the film, and in a few instances "Air Power" had sound film containing actual dialogue. Where he had to write his own dialogue, Wolff hunted—with that Tom Sawyer imagination which made "Adventure" a Peabody Award winner—for ways to make sure he was right.

One film, the story of the deep-penetration raid on the ball-bearing factories at Schweinfurt, from which one-third of the American planes failed to return, Wolff wanted to do without narration. He had an introduction from the Amherst War Memorial, which includes a memorial stone to the Schweinfurt raid, and opening scenes lifted bodily from "Target for Today," a never-issued Air Force documentary, complete with dialogue. Most of the rest of the film showed the men in the planes, going ahead without fighter escort to meet the Luftwaffe. During these scenes he wanted the sounds of the intercom, the airmen talking back and forth with each other as the German fighters attacked. He asked the Air Force for a man who had been on the Schweinfurt raid, and they sent him a Major who had flown the mission.

"He came over here," Wolff recalls, "all jaunty and gay, not taking it very seriously, and I showed him the film. When it was over, his hands were as wet as if he'd been keeping them in a bucket of warm water. He was trembling. I turned on the tape recorder, and asked him what guys said to each other during this sort of run. Sometimes he was crying as it came back to him, he lived it again on the film; I felt as though I were an analyst, putting him on the couch. And all the dialogue in those scenes comes off that tape."

Like the rough cut, the script usually went through half a dozen drafts or more. When Wolff had more or less satisfied himself, seven or eight people gathered in his office to hear him read the script against the film as it ran through the Moviola. Criticism was expected—on all grounds from artistry to veracity; a researcher was supposed to find a document supporting every statement. Wolff listened carefully to all objections and often stopped the film for a discussion, which might end with Faichney's serio-comic, "You're outvoted, boss."

"They call it democracy," Wolff said, "I call it anarchy. But I can't remember a time—not since the early days, anyway, when we were just getting to know each other—when I ever said, 'I'm the producer and this is the way it's got to be.' We've hammered everything out. When I wrote the script I needed someone to tell me, this stinks, because I was, in a way, abandoning my function as producer to write it. There were some films which Faichney edited and I wrote, and when we'd finished we'd run it for Poor, and we'd be hanging on his frown or smile, because he was the only one of us who could judge it."

WORDS AND MUSIC

NEXT to the film itself, Wolff considered the musical score the most important part of each show, and budgeted more money for music than for script (which is one of the reasons he wound up writing the scripts himself). NBC had hired Richard Rodgers to do the music for "Victory at Sea," with Robert Russell Bennett turning Rodgers' effort into a usable score. Wolff ran a competition among three widely respected American composers. The winner was Norman Dello Joio, whose orchestral scores have been played by most of the nation's major symphonies and whose opera, "The Trial at Rouen," was presented last year by the NBC Television Opera Theater.

Dello Joio had his own room in the "Air Power" offices, furnished with a desk, a Moviola, and an unlovely upright piano at which he could be heard picking and then pounding as he watched the film spin by. Since his score was not to run throughout the film, but to accentuate the impact of certain scenes, he couldn't get to work until editing and script were final. He and Wolff and Faichney would sit over the Westrex, choosing the scenes which wanted music to heighten their effect or establish their continuity. Music cannot be written in seven-second bursts, and Dello Joio would fight for time to "get in," time to "get out." He had to be very exact, because the music was to be recorded without his presence. Sometimes scenes would be recut or rearranged to give him development time.

Narrator for all the films was CBS announcer Walter Cronkite, who worked mostly in a New

York studio, but was also ferried around Europe and Africa to appear before backgrounds appropriate to the films he would introduce. Wolff never let Cronkite see a film until after he had recorded the narration: "I wanted to be sure his tone would be completely neutral, he wouldn't be influenced by what went with the words."

The roars of sound for "Air Power" were contracted out to a young engineer supervised by Faichney and Poor. Voices for the airmen were recorded separately by actors, some of them quite prominent, gathered at minimum Equity rates from among Wolff's friends. Then, when all the separate sound tracks were done, Wolff, Faichney, Poor, and Dello Joio gathered in a big, lavish screening room at Reeves' Sound Studios to see what they had accomplished and to make a "mix" of the six or seven sound tracks, a final lock-up of the film.

Until this point, changes were relatively easy and relatively cheap to make; after the mix, any change would involve doing over almost the entire technical and laboratory job. Often it took an entire day for a half-hour film. And then the film was finished.

SATISFYING THE BRASS

EXCEPT that a higher power might intervene. As a joint production of the United States Air Force and the Columbia Broadcasting System, each final film had to be approved *in toto* and in detail by high brass in both organizations. At the beginning there were liaison men from both in the "Air Power" offices. Not long after Wolff took over, the Air Force representative was transferred to London ("as far away," Faichney explained, "as we could decently arrange to have him sent"), but the CBS liaison man continued throughout the work, supervising the budget and making himself useful on the business end.

Political considerations were vital to the Air Force. Each film when finished had to be taken down to Washington, to be reviewed for accuracy by an Air Force historian, and for policy by a committee of thirteen colonels. Even if the colonels liked it, there might still be trouble with a general. Wolff remembers the Pentagon screening of "Strangle," a film about the Italian campaign. Wolff sat behind a general who had brought his wife to see the free movie. At the end, the general got up shaking his head and said, "It completely misrepresents the strategic spirit of the war in Italy." His wife had been crying through most of the film; she said, "Shut up, you son of a bitch."

The one serious altercation with the Air Force came at the very beginning, with the film about the raids on the oil refineries at Ploesti, the first show "Air Power" put in the can. Wolff had titled his original script "Ploesti—The Defeat of the American Air Force." It had not previously occurred to the Air Force that any of their television shows might be tragedies, and they shot "Ploesti" back with bitter comments. An objection of such gravity was outside Wolff's competence. He and his staff sat on the sidelines—collecting their salaries and planning for the future, but finishing no films—until CBS and the Air Force had reached a new agreement, which gave Wolff the desired freedom plus the cooperation of a sympathetic combat airman with a strong sense of public relations, Colonel John C. Pitchford, who became chairman of the review board.

Pitchford came to New York one day a week, and called up three or four times a week, keeping steadily in touch with all developments.

With CBS relations were more formal. Wolff at the beginning had submitted a budget, which was accepted with some anguish. ("You know," said Sig Mickelson, with the air of a child who has been told over and over again that the world is round, not flat, "it's surprising, but it costs more to make a film from stock than to go out and shoot something new.") Thereafter his only regular contact with his employers was through the liaison man on his staff.

CBS did, of course, want to know what it was getting for its $1,000,000. When Wolff had finished his first four films he began showing them to executives of the public-affairs department, and to the salesmen who would try to find a sponsor for the series. Then, one morning when Wolff and Faichney were in Washington, the CBS telephone rang in the "Air Power" offices, and Peter Poor, as officer of the day, was ordered to bring the films to a studio that afternoon. William S. Paley, Chairman of the Board, wanted to see them.

Top television executives do not go to screening rooms to look at films; they sit in their own offices watching their television sets, on which the films appear via closed-circuit transmission. Poor crouched in the studio, alone with the engineers, and when all the films had been shown he had not the vaguest notion of their reception.

Soon, however, reactions began to appear, delivered by messengers. Wolff was told to watch out for his openings, because the television audience, according to the best research reports, decides whether to stay with a program or move

on to another station during the first three minutes. The titles, which originally appeared against banks of clouds, were to have a new background; and the voices of soldiers and airmen on which Wolff had relied to tell much of his story were to be eliminated; Mr. Paley didn't like them.

Wolff was willing to change the title backgrounds, and to put as much zip as possible into his openings; but the use of voices rather than narration was basic to his conception of the series. He knew that the word passed finally to the creative personnel always represents some garbling of the original executive statement, because each subordinate must protect his superior and nobody dares request an explanation (for fear that the boss doesn't have one). He fought to find out what Paley had really said. It turned out that the criticism was specific rather than general. Paley had disliked the use of voices in a single scene in "The Winning of France."

"And, of course," Wolff said, shortly after the case had been marked Closed in everybody's files, "Paley was right. He was saying that I had overwritten the film. I probably could have accepted it more easily if it wasn't that everybody—Faichney, Poor, the guy who sweeps up the film from the workroom—had been telling me all along that I was overwriting. It's the writer's essential vice—he always feels he's got to express in words what the picture is expressing very well all by itself."

While Wolff was putting together his films, the CBS Sales Department was preparing a printed brochure about "Air Power"—its national importance, the enormous audience it could be expected to draw, its wonderful scenes, the amount of money it would cost an advertiser. (The brochure was full of pictures of Navy planes, which outraged the Air Force.) And in July of this year, a long, thin CBS salesman named Bob Livingston, who had been trying to sell a Skee Wolff show since the days when they were both with WBBM, Chicago, sold "Air Power" to the Prudential Life Insurance Company, to be slotted in the "You Are There" time at 6:30 Sunday nights, beginning on November 11.

Prudential paid about $675,000 for the twenty-six films, and CBS can count on recovering the rest of its costs by re-releasing the series—selling it to independent stations or even another network after the first run. Everyone was off the hook. Most important of all, the fear that "Air Power" might not make a splash commensurate with the work that had gone into it was removed. With the program presented weekly on 154 stations, thousands of Prudential agents spreading the word through their communities, CBS and Air Force public relations pulling in harness on the groaning chariot of publicity, "Air Power" would surely receive more attention than anything on TV—except a high-stake quiz show.

CBS has paid "Air Power" the ultimate compliment: it has budgeted another million dollars for another series of documentary films made from stock footage. And the "Air Power" films themselves will receive a kind of acclaim which has been given to nothing since "Victory at Sea," for war is one of the few subjects that fascinate intellectuals and the large audience alike. "Air Power" is inevitably better, as a job of documentary-making, than "Victory at Sea": Wolff says, "I built on what they did, and some day somebody else will build on me." Henry Salomon, producing "Victory at Sea," had established the clichés of the medium; Wolff could thereupon reject them.

In addition to his benefits from Salomon's pioneer work, Wolff had a more photogenic subject with a greater variety of incident to describe. But his task was more subtle. "Victory at Sea" was frankly a propaganda series for the Navy, produced by a man who had worked under Rear Admiral Samuel Eliot Morison in the naval historian's office. Wolff was an infantryman in the war, and his attitude toward the Air Force is essentially civilian, a mixture of admiration and anxiety.

The message he hoped to convey, under the straight narrative of the films themselves, was a delicate one; and his success in conveying it is a delicate question—one that can be answered only by the viewer who will see the films without hearing the message personally from their producer.

EXIT THE TALENT

WOLFF has been offered the production of the new documentary series but has turned it down; he is leaving television, at least temporarily, taking his family to Italy, where he hopes to sit still for a while, write one or more novels, and generally contemplate the world.

"I've given four years to television," he said recently, "and I'm not sure whether either television or myself has got much out of it. I'm not complaining about anything. But I remember Gertrude Stein saying that the problem with the movies was, there wasn't any garret. I was pretty impressed with that at the time, until I found

one director didn't seen a movie since 1926. But it's true of television—all those flat-roofed studios, no garret at all. No place for experimental work. They were still calling 'Adventure' experimental after I'd been producing it a year and a half, and I'd run out of ideas completely." Wolff stopped and thought for a moment.

"They make so much money in this business," he said.

Wolff's departure is a symbol of television's besetting difficulty: the growing shortage of talent. Among them, the three networks are on the air more than 12,000 hours a year. They use more copy than all the nation's mass-circulation magazines put together, more film than the movie industry, more actor-hours than the Broadway stage. They offer to talent—with considerable good will, too—an unapproachable opportunity and very good money. But they have failed to hold the allegiances of first-rate people. Hardly anybody says proudly, "I work in television"; the writers are novelists or playwrights, the actors are hanging on until a part opens up in a show, the producers and directors have their eyes on Hollywood.

The reasons for leaving are as varied as the individuals who leave. Some are offended by the ephemeral nature of the medium, by the fact that the result of their work is a single, brief appearance before an invisible audience. Some find it hard to be a cog in so large a wheel as a television network—even "Air Power," a major project, will represent only one per cent of CBS program production during the six months of its run. Some resent the restraints of advertising, or of the artificial code which says what can and what can't be put on a television screen, or of the rigid time limits (thirty, sixty, ninety minutes) into which their thoughts must be squeezed or stretched.

WHAT drives away most of the talent that touches television, though, is the nature of the medium itself.

"My people," Wolff said, "are film people, not television people, and I've had to teach them that you can't put as many ideas per minute into a television film as you can into a film for a theater. People pay money to get into a movie house, they sit in a dark room and they come to give something; people who watch television just have a box in a corner, and all they want to do is take. They won't concentrate."

The television audience is amorphous, composed not of people interested in the subject but of people with nothing better to do at the moment: the television artist feels that the eyes watching him are essentially hostile.

Such an audience is inevitable when a show is aimed at so vast a public. A hit movie reaches perhaps twelve million Americans; a television show with twice that audience is only fairly successful. Only the pressure of a developing art form could make serious people seriously interested in presenting their talents before so neutral a mass. And since it has no garret, television has no place where such pressure can be generated.

Public-affairs programs have been generally better than entertainment programs because they have been able to attract, on a full-time basis, a higher grade of talent. There is no other paying market for documentary films. But even here the blight is on the vine. Ed Murrow's commercial "Person to Person" has deprived the lesser ranks at CBS of their feeling that there was a man up top who cared deeply about the informational functions of television: Pat Weaver's dismissal from NBC is seen throughout the industry as a lowering of the relative prestige of imagination as against money. As the public-affairs departments become more important in network schedules there is a greater executive feeling that the programs should be made failure-proof in the commercial sense, by using old, well-tested ideas or employing "big names," whether or not their talents are suited to the subject. Nothing could be more depressing to the people who do the work.

Beneath this depression lies a fundamental philosophical failure: the inability of the networks to decide what the medium can add to the sum of human production. There has been much nonsense spoken about Frank Costello's hands or television's exposure of phoniness, much complaint that programs are somehow not "good" enough; but the only constructive theory offered from within the industry was that of Pat Weaver, who saw television as a "communications instrument." In Weaver's mind, television's highest value is that it can communicate all the products of all the arts, to an audience previously deprived of such stimuli.

This philosophy is widely admired in the industry, even by those who devoted years to fighting Weaver, and those who put in several days getting him to resign. But it has little appeal for talent. If television is merely a communications instrument, then the men who work in it are mere communicators; and you cannot get highly talented people to man a telephone switchboard, whatever wages you pay.

France's first discount house



By E. Ernest Goldstein

Drawings by Tomi Ungerer

Two remarkable businessmen are trying to start a capitalist revolution in France—but the French press is keeping it secret.

FRANCE has its first discount house. To the French, because of the unique way in which the French economy operates, this would be big news—if only someone would print it.

If you accept Henry Ford's notion that through competitive prices and adequate pay, American auto workers should be able to own an automobile, then you might describe the French economy as one in which the auto worker may be able to buy a bicycle—if he is lucky.

France in 1956 is part of the twentieth century at its best and its worst. Automobiles clog the streets of Paris. There are more strip teasers in Paris than in all of North America. Shop windows display sewing machines, washing machines, radios, and TV sets. But there is also a huge untapped market for those twentieth-century conveniences that most Americans need.

Many reasons are given for the strange quirks of the French economy—two wars and German competition are the usual offhand explanations. The more fundamental reasons are buried deeper. Only when you dig down to them can you realize how revolutionary is the discount-house idea currently embodied in the Studios Wagram at 9 Villebois-Mareuil, almost in the shadow of the Arc de Triomphe.

The Vichy and Occupation governments during World War II brought to completion the cartel philosophy that had attracted French industrialists and shopkeepers since the sixteenth century. The idea is a simple one: If output is kept low, and prices are kept high, then the size of the market is predictable, and a demand always exists. This type of economic security is considered more desirable than a competitive economy in which, according to French views, unlimited production and price competition might hurt the inefficient producers and retailers by creating an unpredictable market.

French consumers have never clearly expressed their discontent with this sort of thinking, and only the Communists have sought, in a haphazardly distorted way, to tell them how they are being hurt. Nonetheless, the consumers' almost subconscious dissatisfaction was strong enough to make M. Pinay base his 1952 government on the fight against high prices. Since he lacked any legislative authority to break the agreements between producers and retailers which kept the prices high, his crusade ended with no appreciable results.

During 1953, the clamor for curbs on the cartel arrangements swelled. Study groups were sent to the United States to gather information helpful in drafting a French antitrust law. But the right and center parties of the National Assembly were appalled at the idea of legalizing competition, so as a compromise an anti-price-fixing law was prepared. The Laniel government on August 9, 1953, prohibited the fixing of retail prices without permission of the Ministry of Economic Affairs. No one really expected that such a law would change the existing structure, and in most cases it hasn't. Drug products and automobiles, without any record of ministerial exemption, are still price-fixed, and uniform retail prices are charged for almost all manufactured goods—except at Studios Wagram.

This scarcity-high price philosophy has had several results. France alone of the modern Western European nations—with the single exception of Spain—has its currency quoted on the free and black markets at prices seriously lower than the official rate. During July 1956 the French franc was quoted at 408 to the dollar as against the official rate of 350. Equally significant are the cost-of-living and income figures for French industrial workers. Such statistics are what impelled M. Maurice Gattegno—who likes to be known as Monsieur 20 Per Cent—to take the unprecedented step of opening a discount house.

MONSIEUR 20 PER CENT

ACCORDING to studies made by the American Embassy, the average Parisian industrial worker with a dependent wife and two children has a gross weekly income, including cash social benefits, of 11,420 francs—$32.63. The average for workers outside of Paris is 9,930 francs per week. This is not enough to pay for a minimum standard of living. The French National Union of Family Associations estimates that it takes 66,658 francs—$190—to feed, house, and clothe a family of four in Paris in 1956. Thus, the statistically average family faces the problem of living in substandard fashion—and some do. In many other cases the wife also works, thereby providing an additional 20,000 to 35,000 francs per month. Such extra money often goes for an electric coffee grinder, a vacuum cleaner, a washing machine, a radio, etc.

In a normal economy when salaries are low, prices of goods are usually also low, as they were in England after World War II, and in the United States during the Depression. But the French are masters of the unexpected. In France today a Remington Sixty electric razor costs $38; a non-automatic washing machine with a hand wringer, $205.35; a 19-inch TV set, $340; and an eight-cubic-foot refrigerator, $488. And remember, when comparing these prices with American equivalents, that the American industrial worker has an average weekly wage of $78.78; the Parisian, less than half of that.

The large unsatisfied demand for appliances is obvious to anyone who has visited in French homes. Monsieur 20 Per Cent knew that few French kitchens boasted a refrigerator or had what we would call a proper kitchen range. The remarkable French cuisine is even more remarkable when you realize that the typical gas stove is about 24 inches long and 18 inches high and sits on a kitchen table. Roasts are either bought already prepared, or cooked in the neighboring baker's oven.

On the basis of studies made in the United States, Monsieur 20 Per Cent decided that the only way to satisfy the almost limitless French yearning for modern goods was to bring prices down. Such an attempt became feasible after the 1953 law forbidding price-fixing.

Monsieur 20 Per Cent also knew that selling in great volume was the only way he could succeed, and that volume-selling depends on advertising. The idea of an individual merchant advertising is somewhat out of line with contemporary French practice. The typical French merchant just opens his store and waits. Advertising is something done by manufacturers, a few department stores, and operators of amusement places. With the naïveté of a latter-day Joan of Arc, Monsieur 20 Per Cent took his copy to the weekly and monthly magazines. The message he wanted was simple—if you want to buy merchandise at 20 per cent off the official prices, write to or visit Studios Wagram.

For some mysterious reason *Paris-Match, Selections* from the *Reader's Digest, Science et Vie,* and the rest refused to print such advertising. Only the magazine of the Touring Club of France was willing to accept the copy, but it required the added statement that the discount was available only to Touring Club members. The daily press, except for *France-Soir,* also refused the advertisement.

In desperation, Monsieur 20 Per Cent took a gamble on the inherent curiosity of the French. He placed advertisements stating merely that Studios Wagram sold all sorts of items, and that a surprise awaited the "dear reader" who would clip and forward a coupon. The surprise consisted of an illustrated catalogue, price lists showing both the official price and Studios Wagram's price, a credit sheet, and a copy of the house organ entitled *Moins Cher* (Less Expensive).

The response has been good enough to result in the shipment of over 500 orders per week.

The illustrated catalogues and price lists resemble their American counterparts, but the fact that a discount house extends credit is a new twist even for the United States. Actually, Studios Wagram does not itself extend the credit. This is done by a separate organization, enabling the house to operate on a cash basis.

The house organ, *Moins Cher,* provides the publicity that cannot be obtained from the free press. It contains articles describing how a young couple may furnish an apartment—assuming an

apartment can be found—for $1,000 at Studios Wagram. It presents customers' views on the idea of a discount house, and news of the financial progress of the firm. This last is another revolutionary departure from standard practice. The French businessman just doesn't talk about such things—even to his wife.

It is said that the French businessman has at least two, and sometimes three, sets of books: the true set, the set for the tax collector, and the set for the stockholders. Studios Wagram, with just one set, can show customers and inquisitive strangers exactly how the firm has prospered, both in terms of gross profit and in the increase in consumers' purchasing power. M. Paul Halbout, the store manager, will cheerfully tell you that the gross during 1954, before the price-reduction policy, was 43,500,000 francs. In 1955, this soared to 250,000,000 francs.

These figures appear to be even more imposing after you see the store, with something less than 2,000 square feet of floor space, located on a small side street away from the flow of traffic. The 1955 figures also mean that the purchasing power of the firm's customers increased by 62,000,000 francs—$177,142. With increased direct-mail advertising and the help of word-of-mouth publicity, the 1956 gross will exceed 450,000,000 francs—a million dollars.

Even the employees of Studios Wagram smile. There is an absence of the traditional French employer-employee caste system, and no evidence whatever of the classic impression that the employee lives only for the day when the employer drops dead. The simplest explanation is that here employees are paid enough to enable them to buy the things they sell. The packer and crater earns 67,000 francs a month and the salespeople between 54,000 and 88,500, all well above the average. In addition, each employee receives a bonus on March 31, and a double month's salary for Christmas and vacation.



A UNIQUE LAW SUIT

NOT everyone in France is overjoyed at Studios Wagram's success. In the provinces, the usual practice is to give one merchant in a town the exclusive right to sell articles under a particular brand name. If, by chance, a local resident purchases a vacuum cleaner while visiting his cousin in the next village, a perpetual feud may well develop because the home-town merchant feels he was robbed. How much more bitter, then, is the merchant whose customers are led astray through the mail-order activities of Studios Wagram!

In the land where the tongue of Poujade has replaced the voice of the cuckoo, the pleas of provincial merchants were sympathetically received by the firm of Thomson-Houston, which occupies the same general place in the French economy that General Electric does in the United States. Early in 1955, Thomson-Houston refused to sell its line of TV sets, radios, and other appliances to Studios Wagram.

On August 1, 1955, Studios Wagram filed suit, alleging that the refusal to sell was motivated by its discount policy. Specifically, the complaint is based on the anti-price-fixing law of August 9, 1953, which makes it illegal to refuse to sell to a merchant who chooses to reduce prices. No similar case has ever been before the French courts.

Although it has not yet been argued, the case has already highlighted some of the peculiarities of the French legal and economic system. The mere bringing of a complaint does not, under the French system, ensure that the case will go to trial even if the parties so desire. In this case it is the Ministry of Economic Affairs which will decide if the public interest is to be served by a trial. In trying to guess which way the Minister will decide, another bit of history must be considered.

As a result of the anti-price-fixing law, an Antitrust Council and Office were created in the Ministry of Economic Affairs, with power to investigate some of the abuses arising from the widespread cartel agreements. From all indications, the work undertaken has been done well, and a report, dated December 31, 1955, was prepared to show what had been accomplished.

The Minister of Economic Affairs, however, has refused to publish it. The report names names, and would clearly demonstrate not only the accomplishments of the government but also the size of the job yet to be done. Therefore, despite the interest of many officials below the ministerial level in seeing the Thomson-Houston case go to trial, there is reason to suppose that the Minister may wish to keep his record for concealing the facts a perfect one.

The suit against Thomson-Houston also demonstrates that the French legal system, like the economic system, thrives on secrecy. The French try to bar all information about a case from press and public prior to trial. Thus, all of the preliminary papers, which would be a matter of public record in the United States, are treated as Top Secret. The lawyers and parties on both sides maintain the highest degree of propriety and silence.

The French legal system, however, requires a multiplicity of copies of all relevant papers, and little anonymous men working in the basements of government buildings sometimes recognize the need for public enlightenment to a greater degree than their superiors. So it is possible to report that Studios Wagram has alleged no more than a violation of the anti-price-fixing law.

Thomson-Houston's defense is more complicated. It rests on the charge that the plaintiff is not acting in good faith when he claims to give a 20 per cent discount, and sets forth four proofs as evidence:

First, it alleges that Monsieur 20 Per Cent is divorced. (By this standard, French manufacturers could refuse to sell to at least half their present clients.)

Second, it alleges that Monsieur 20 Per Cent makes trips to the United States for "unknown reasons." If this defense is allowed to stand, French travel to the United States will be appreciably curtailed, and one hesitates to speculate on the possibilities of American retaliation.

Third, it alleges certain irregularities regarding the shareholders of the discount house. French business laws require a specified number of qualifying stockholders for various types of business organizations. In a closely held corporation, it is common practice to have dummy shareholders, which is claimed to be the case here. French lawyers will have many years of profitable labor while they reorganize the many corporations with dummy stockholders, if the court accepts this last proof.

The most serious of the alleged evidences of bad faith involves the guarantees on TV sets. Thomson-Houston TV sets, like many others, are sold with a guarantee of free service for one year. The cost of TV sets to a dealer provides a profit margin of 20 per cent, and the manufacturer provides another 8 per cent to cover the cost of free service to be given by the dealer. This 28 per cent profit margin may be increased by another 2 per cent if the dealer pays cash in ten days, which Studios Wagram does.

At the time Thomson-Houston's defense was made, it claimed that Studios Wagram pocketed the 8 per cent and did not give free service, thereby actually selling the TV sets at a 12 rather than a 20 per cent discount. This is the essence of the charge of bad faith.

A check of the Studios Wagram's books and records disclose that for a short period of time this allegation was partially true. Customers who wanted service for a year were charged 8,000 francs for a service policy. In the past several months the service charge has been abandoned and free service—explicitly stated on the discount-house order blanks—is provided.

Thomson-Houston's refusal to sell also covers other products—radios, electric razors, refrigerators, stoves, and appliances. Its representatives were asked if the guarantee and profit factors on these articles were the same as they were for TV sets. They replied that though the facts might be different, the principle was the same. And they refuse to explain or clarify further.

Thus—unknown to the French public—the issue has been joined. In large part, the future of the French economy may be determined in the next few months without the consumer's ever hearing about it through the press. The French consumer is being shielded from the facts of life which are unpleasant to those in control of the economy. The French economic revolution and the hoped-for healthy new economy will come only when the French press decides to raise the Franc Curtain.

In the meantime, both sides in the controversy are confident of success. Studios Wagram is planning the manufacture of many items under a private brand name in order to sell more cheaply, no matter how the suit is decided. Influenced by the 1,000 per cent increase in gross profits in two years, Monsieur 20 Per Cent and his assistant, Paul Halbout, are planning to build a supermarket on the outskirts of Paris, and to operate it on the same low-cost-high-volume principle that has proved so successful. If they succeed, they may be remembered as the most important French revolutionists since Robespierre.

Raymond B. Fosdick

Woodrow Wilson among his Friends

Few people ever glimpsed the humor, gaiety, and warmth which lay hidden beneath the grim armor of the Prophet in the White House.

I DO NOT claim to have been an intimate friend of Woodrow Wilson. Very few people ever succeeded in establishing that kind of relationship with him. I was a student of his at Princeton and thereafter our paths crossed in a variety of ways. He called me by my last name, without the *Mr.*, but that was as far as he ever went. On my side, from the day I first met him until he died, he had my wholehearted admiration and respect.

I entered Princeton in the fall of 1903 as a member of the Junior class, having taken my Freshman and Sophomore years at Colgate University. Three days after I had registered I met Wilson. I saw him approaching on the walk across the front campus, and I recognized him from his pictures. At Colgate it was an ironclad custom for undergraduates to take their hats off to the president, and I assumed, erroneously, that the same tradition held at Princeton. I therefore doffed my hat. He smiled and took off his hat to me. Then he stopped and said:

"You're new here, aren't you?"

"Yes, sir," I replied.

"And I see you are not a Freshman," he continued, because I was not wearing the prescribed Freshman cap.

I told him I was entering as a Junior, and I answered two or three of his questions about Colgate. He chatted in a friendly manner for a minute or two, and then, as we parted, he said: "I wish you would drop in to see me."

I am sure that no welcome was ever so stimulating to a lonely student coming to an institution in which he did not know a soul. I assumed that Mr. Wilson meant what he said, and a week or two later I called on him at his house. It was the beginning of a long and occasionally close association which lasted until his death more than twenty years later.

Wilson on first appearance was not what would be called a handsome man. Indeed he was curiously homely. He had what he himself described as a "horse face"—a long, thin, and generally unsmiling visage with strong jaws. His eyes were his best feature; they could light up with humor and warmth, and his whole expression reflected his unfailing kindliness. His figure was tall and lithe, and he walked with a brisk pace. When I first met him he was forty-seven years old, and the mark of leadership was on his face and in his whole bearing.

What I remember initially about him at Princeton was the way he conducted chapel. Attendance at college chapel in my time was compulsory—five days a week and once on Sunday—and the whole business, rooted in Calvinistic traditions, was heartily disliked by the students. But when Wilson himself conducted the chapel exercises, as he did once or twice a week, he brought an atmosphere of reverence and sincerity which subdued even the undergraduates of my boisterous generation. He had a magnificent, resonant voice, and I can still recall his incomparable reading of the Scriptures.

His prayers were even more compelling. They generally had to do with the hope that we young men might be worthy and effective tools in the hands of an omnipotent will. They were always extemporaneous, but no matter what the occasion, he invariably concluded them with the section from the Episcopal prayer book which begins: "Almighty and most merciful Father, we have erred and strayed from thy ways like lost sheep," and which ends with the sentence: "And grant O most merciful Father . . . that we may hereafter live a godly, righteous, and sober life, to the glory of thy holy Name."

Wilson was a deeply religious man. He believed that God was working out His purposes in this world, and once he made up his mind that a particular course of action represented the will of God, nothing could shake him loose from it.

"God save us from compromise," he used to say; or again: "Let's stop being merely practical and find out what's right."

When I last saw him, a few weeks before he died, we discussed the League of Nations. With tears rolling down his face he said: "You can't fight God!" To him the underlying principle of the League of Nations represented the fulfillment of a preordained purpose, and if he took any pride in the situation at all, it was that he had been an instrument—however faulty—in carrying out the will of God.

That this aspect of his character frequently made him appear unyielding and stubborn cannot be denied. That it was one of the great sources of his strength is equally true.

Of course he was one of the foremost public speakers of his generation. I would be inclined to say that he was the greatest orator I have ever heard. There was no trace of the rotund or of bombast in his method of speaking, no forensic attitudes. He employed very few gestures, the only one that I recall being the use of the forefinger of his right hand pointed at his audience. His power lay in the precision of his mind, the lucidity of his argument, and his passionate sincerity. His influence on his listeners was almost hypnotic, and he could stagger them with a stirring phrase. I remember one night after his election to the White House, but before he had taken office, he spoke at a dinner in New York City. Referring to some threatening figures in public life he electrified his audience by the grim comment in measured accents:

"We'll hang them on a gibbet higher than Haman's."

He was a scholar in action, a prophet touched by fire, with unmatched strength to persuade and move the hearts of his listeners.

POWER OF IDEAS

THIS ability to express himself in cogent, vivid phrase was one of the reasons, I suspect, why he was so outstanding as a teacher. I have never seen his equal in a classroom, whether the room was a lecture hall, crowded with four or five hundred students, or a curtained-off cubicle for a hastily improvised seminar, or, best of all, his study in the president's home at Princeton, with three or four of us asking him questions. More than any other man I have ever met he seemed to personify the dignity and power of ideas. He made the life of the intellect attractive.

His regular courses were in jurisprudence and constitutional government, given to classes of perhaps five hundred students. He generally had a page of notes on the lectern in front of him—notes written in shorthand, for he was a master of shorthand—but he seldom appeared to refer to them. Occasionally he would interrupt his lecture with the remark: "Now gentlemen, I suggest you take this down," and he would dictate carefully and succinctly some idea he had been developing. I still have my old notebooks and I find they contain such sentences as these:

> The associated life out of which law springs produces many things: natural ties, ties of habit or affection, ties of interest, a developed set of rules of social morality. Law takes up whatever is in this way completed—whatever has been made ready and reduced to a uniform rule of conduct—and provides it with a compulsive sanction.

Is it any wonder that a man who taught this kind of doctrine should, sixteen years later, describe the proposed Prohibition law as unworkable and send it back to the Congress with a stern veto?

Or take this from my notebook, obviously the outline of an idea far more extensively treated:

> Morality is a great deal bigger than law. The individual morality is the sense of right or wrong of one man. The social morality must strike an average. This is where reformers make their tragic mistake. There can be no compromise in individual morality; but there *has* to be a compromise, an average, in social morality. There is indeed an element of morality in the very fact of compromise on *social* undertakings.

Here Wilson was posing a difficult question: how to draw a rational line between the individual conscience and social action. With his own passionate convictions and fighting spirit, it proved to be the major problem which he had to face again and again.

I can still see his strong, long-jawed, animated face and hear the cadences of his amazing extemporary eloquence. No matter how he began them, his sentences always came out in perfect form. Occasionally when he plunged headlong into an involved sentence structure, I would think to myself: "There's a sentence he can't extricate himself from"; but I was always wrong. Not only were his sentences works of art, but his argument was presented with such convincing skill and intellectual brilliance that frequently his students broke into applause and stamped their feet at the end of his lectures—an almost

unheard of occurrence in the conservative traditions of Princeton.

It was not in his regular lectures, however, but in his informal contacts with the students that he made his deepest impressions—his occasional talks at Whig Hall, one of the two debating societies on the campus; the more or less informal seminars at which his attendance, because of his administrative duties, was necessarily irregular; and particularly the occasional meetings with small groups in his own home. I recall on one such occasion the dramatic earnestness with which he described the Covenanter movement in Scotland in 1638—the forbidding Sunday morning in Greyfriars churchyard, under the shadow of Edinburgh Castle, when the grim and determined citizens signed their names to the Covenant on a flat tombstone just outside the door. To Wilson it was one of the outstanding events in the long struggle for liberty, a stepping stone by which the past made its way into a future of wider justice.

Of course Wilson had a lighter and gayer side which we students seldom saw, and it was not until later that I realized how significant a part of his personality it was. He was a superb raconteur, with an amazing fund of anecdotes and stories. Indeed his dialect stories, told in Scotch, Irish, or Negro accents, were often side-splitting. Any kind of foolish verse or limerick had a strong appeal to him, and he could recite scores of them. He had, too, a quick and playful wit, and some of his retorts are cherished in the memory of his friends today. For example, the mother of one of his students begged him to make Princeton a co-educational institution.

"Why?" he asked.

"To remove the false glamor with which the two sexes see each other," she replied.

"My dear madam," Wilson shot back, "that is the very thing we want to preserve at all costs!"

I have frequently been asked whether during my student days Wilson was a liberal in his political and social thinking. The word liberal, of course, is capable of wide definition, but I cannot say that at that time he was in any sense a militant progressive. He seemed to be more of a Federalist than a Democrat, more of a Hamiltonian than a Jeffersonian, and I suspect that at this point in his career he had a kind of intellectual impatience with the practical processes of democracy. For example, he was opposed then, and even later, to women's suffrage.

"I do not believe in it," he used to say, "but I never argue against it, for there *are* no logical arguments against it."

To the students of my time the word "liberal" or "conservative" had no particular meaning. It was enough for us that Wilson challenged our ability to think and led us to some appreciation of the place and power of ideas in the life of men.

I speak only as a single student at Princeton of over fifty years ago. For me Wilson lit a lamp which has never been put out. All my life I have remembered him as the inspiring teacher who introduced us to the kingdom of the mind, and held up before our eyes what Whitehead later called "an habitual vision of greatness."

SHOCK TO THE OLD GUARD

WHEN I graduated from Princeton in 1905 I went back for a year of postgraduate work. I saw Wilson only occasionally. Once our contact had to do with debating, in which he was very much interested. I had had some experience in debating during my undergraduate years, and one day during this postgraduate term he sent for me and asked me if I would lead the team against Yale. I was reluctant because I had other interests that seemed more important, but he was a very persuasive man and I yielded. The Princeton team was beaten, but I had the satisfaction of seeing him jump off his bicycle the next morning on Nassau Street, stride over to the curb where I was standing, and tell me that in his considered opinion the verdict of the judges was unjustified.

At the end of my postgraduate year, I decided to study law. Wilson was not too pleased with my decision, and when I reminded him that this was precisely what *he* had done, he remarked: "It was one of the less happy periods of my career."

In 1912 when he had been nominated for the Presidency he wrote asking me if I would serve as secretary and auditor of the finance committee of the Democratic National Committee. "I should myself feel greatly honored," he added in a warm and gracious sentence, "that a former pupil of mine, who has so distinguished himself in a position of trust, should turn to me at this time." What he was referring to was the fact that I had been serving as Commissioner of Accounts in a rather dramatic reform administration in New York City.

Needless to say, I dropped everything to comply with his request, and for two or three months I had offices at Committee headquarters in the

old Fifth Avenue Hotel in New York. At Wilson's direction we introduced a strict budget system, with lines of accountability definitely established, and with periodic audits. I am quite sure that our methods came as a shock to the old guard of the Democratic party. They were not used to that sort of thing and they doubtless put it down as one of the inexplicable peccadilloes of the man whom in more disparaging moments they referred to as "that Princeton professor."

But it was an interesting lot of people stationed at the headquarters: William G. McAdoo, later Secretary of the Treasury, Josephus Daniels, afterward Secretary of the Navy, and Billy McCombs, the tragic figure whose promising career was brought to a swift end by ill health and an ill-adjusted temperament. And then there was a tall, slender, handsome young fellow of great charm—a year older than I was—of whom we were all deeply fond. We called him Frank or Franklin. Twenty years later we called him Mr. President.

Wilson himself occasionally dropped in at the headquarters, and some of us went down to Princeton to get his advice. It was a time of intense excitement. The night before election he spoke to a madly cheering audience at Madison Square Garden. He was hoarse and tired, and the meeting was not the kind of occasion for which he was adapted or which he particularly enjoyed. But he acquitted himself magnificently.

A YEAR after he was inaugurated, Wilson asked me to take the position of Commissioner of Immigration at the Port of New York, with headquarters at Ellis Island. I had been in public office in New York City for nearly six years, and it held no illusions for me. Moreover, I was just finishing a book. I did not want to be Commissioner of Immigration, and I declined the offer. Whereupon the President wrote me urging me to reconsider the matter. "I should not deem myself faithful to my public responsibilities," he said, "if I did not make a very earnest effort to open your mind again on the subject, and to turn it toward acceptance, so strongly do I feel that you are the very man we need for just that place." He asked me to come to Washington to see him if I had further doubts.

With a heavy heart I went to the White House. I knew from long experience how irresistibly persuasive he could be. And it was as I expected. He reverted to his favorite theme of "Princeton in the Nation's service." He drew a vivid picture of what Ellis Island could be made to be. Here hundreds of thousands of immigrants every year got their first impression of America. It must be a good impression—an impression of America at her best. The tawdry surroundings of Ellis Island could be transformed into a kind of laboratory of human relations. The job required high imagination and patience. It was a challenge—a worthy challenge for a Princeton man.

I do not know how I escaped his spell. He was courteous as always, but I could sense his displeasure, and I left the White House feeling that I had sinned against the light. Even today, more than forty years later, my conscience occasionally troubles me when I recall my stubborn refusal.

Two years later Wilson offered me a post in the Far East, but this time I could decline with a clear conscience, for it was obvious that America would soon be drawn into the European war, and I was deeply involved in a series of studies for the War Department. When the United States entered the war in April 1917, Secretary of War Newton D. Baker created a Commission on Training Camp Activities as a branch of the War Department, and I served as chairman. At the suggestion of President Wilson, Secretary Daniels created a similar commission for the Navy, of which I was also chairman.

Starting in a small office in the old State, War, and Navy Building, with my secretary and myself as its only occupants, we had 5,000 people on the staff before the war was over. We carried on a host of nonmilitary functions which in the second world war were taken over by the Special Services Division of the Army and the corresponding branch of the Navy, as well as by the USO. Wilson expressed our function in better words than I can. "The federal government," he wrote, referring to our Commission, "has pledged its word that as far as care and vigilance can accomplish the result, the men committed to its charge will be returned to the homes and communities which so generously gave them with no scars except those won in honorable warfare."

From the start the President was deeply and personally interested in our work. He wrote me letters about our activities, and I frequently conferred with him at the White House. Although I was responsible directly to the Secretary of War and the Secretary of the Navy, in this one respect, at least, the President never bothered about official channels. He would ask me to come to see him or he would write me personally with suggestions or complaints that had

been brought to his attention. Often these letters he typed on his own typewriter at night. He was concerned, for example, about the problem of race discrimination in the armed forces at Newport News. At another time he thought that we were not giving sufficient attention to the new possibilities of moving pictures.

One of his letters I recall had to do with an actress whom he had seen at Keith's theater the night before. The light touch of vaudeville always relaxed him, and he was a frequent visitor at Keith's. He thought this particular actress might be a successful addition to our theater program in the camps. We booked her, of course, and as I remember it she proved to be in great demand.

CARGO OF HOPES

AS OUR troops began to embark for Europe the emphasis of the work of our Commission shifted overseas, and I spent some months in 1918 in France and England. After the Armistice Secretary Baker thought that my permanent headquarters should be with General Pershing, and by rare good fortune I was assigned to the S. S. *George Washington,* which was carrying President Wilson and his associates to the Peace Conference in Paris. That was one of the memorable experiences of my life. History was being made. The curtain was rising on a new era in the human story.

Wilson was thoroughly tired out when he came aboard, but the long, deliberate trip—we went by way of the Azores—seemed to rest him. I had a number of talks with him, and as usual he spoke with the utmost frankness. He was deeply concerned about the spread of Bolshevism —"a poison," he called it. Its absolutism repelled him, and he quoted Jefferson's pledge of "eternal hostility against any form of tyranny over the mind of man." Liberalism must be more liberal than ever before, if civilization were to survive, he said. Conservatism he defined as the policy of "make no change and consult your grandmother when in doubt."

"Those who argue for the *status quo ante bellum,*" he added, "or for any other *status quo,* are like so many vain kings sitting by the sea and commanding the tide not to rise."

During his days in Paris I saw little of the President. Once, I remember, I went to see him at his house on an errand relating to the Army. General Pershing wanted the President to give a silver cup to the final winner of some interdivisional series of athletic sport. Or, more accurately, Pershing wanted Wilson to give his consent to have the cup, for which funds were available, called the President's cup. When I explained the matter to Wilson he said: "I should be delighted to do it, but I would want to pay for the cup myself."

"But Mr. President . . ." I expostulated. He cut me off abruptly.

"My dear fellow," he said, "if I give a cup for the Army or for any other object, I am going to pay for it myself. It would look rather shabby if the so-called President's cup were financed from other sources."

And that was that. When I reported it to General Pershing the General growled at me for nearly fifteen minutes.

I returned to the United States the latter part of May 1919. Hardly had I landed when the State Department called me to say that the President, who was still in Paris, wanted me to accept the position of Under Secretary General in the new League of Nations. The Covenant of the League provided that the Secretary General should be Sir Eric Drummond of the British Foreign Office, and the idea at that time was that there should be an American and a French Under Secretary General. Jean Monnet, who has since had a distinguished career in France, was chosen to represent that nation.

To say that I was staggered by the offer is mild. Up to that time I had not even heard of the position. Newton Baker, who was a close friend of mine, urged me to accept, and I did, although with some hesitation—not from any lack of desire to serve, but from a feeling that I was ill-prepared for so unique an undertaking. I remember Baker's comment on my reservation:

"Where in the world would anyone find experience in running a League of Nations?"

On the last day of June, therefore, I left for London, the League's temporary headquarters, and during the summer months on into the fall, Drummond, Monnet, and I drew up the tentative organization of the secretariat of the League of Nations.

In October Drummond asked me to represent the secretariat at the first meeting, scheduled for Washington, of the International Labor Office. I arrived in Washington about the middle of the month. By that time Wilson had made his great fight for the League of Nations and like a soldier in battle had fallen on the field—in Pueblo, Colorado—fallen with a cry that echoed down the years that followed:

"My clients are the children; my clients are the next generation!"

Two letters which I wrote my family at the time illustrate the situation as I saw it. "Over everything in Washington," I said in the first letter, "hangs the shadow of the President's illness. The lines of Walt Whitman's poem keep running through my head: 'Where on the deck my captain lies.' And truly the ship is without a captain, and its precious cargo of hopes for a saner world is in dreadful jeopardy."

In the second letter I wrote: "After nearly a year's absence the atmosphere in Washington seems strangely different. Of course it was obvious in 1917 and 1918 that the Republicans didn't like Wilson, and I shall always remember how T.R. [it was at a private dinner in New York] referred to the President as 'the gray skunk'; but T.R. was never given to understatement about his political opponents. Anyway, the Republican dislike of Wilson here in Washington has changed to open hatred. In spite of the fact that he is a desperately sick man they still hate him, and the comments you hear at the Capitol or in hotel lobbies are almost unbelievable. To hear people talk you would think that Wilson was the chief enemy of his country. It is dreadful to come back from Europe where his name is revered and find this vitriolic feeling at home."

In the ruinous months that followed we were shadowed by a double tragedy: first, the attitude of Senator Lodge and his bloc, who saw the League of Nations only as a God-given opportunity to crush the President; and second, the crippling illness of Wilson which shut him off from outside contacts and deprived us of leadership at a time when we needed it most. We might have survived one or the other tragedy. We could not survive both.

I did not see the President during this period; practically nobody did. And early in the following year I resigned my post as Under Secretary General when the Senate's position became determinative. Writing to my wife from London, where I had gone to finish up my work with the League, I said: "Before I left America, people kept saying 'What a tragedy for Wilson!' But nobody need be concerned about Wilson. History will vindicate him and will place him among its prophets and heroes. He dared and apparently failed, but that has been the fate of many men whose memories the world reveres. Most generations stone their prophets. This is not Wilson's tragedy. It is America's tragedy. It is the tragedy of the next generation."

HIS CLIENTS

I DID not see Wilson again until he was living on S Street in Washington after his retirement from the White House. Following my withdrawal from the League we established here in the United States the League of Nations News Bureau and later the League of Nations Non-Partisan Association, and I undertook to keep Wilson in touch with the developments at Geneva. One letter from him I particularly cherish. It was more personal than was his general wont—at least with me.

"The League has indeed become," he said, "a vital and commanding force and will more and more dominate international relationships. I am thankful that I had something to do with its institution and I am also thankful, my dear fellow, that it has drawn to its service men like yourself in whose ideals and purposes I have perfect confidence."

Shortly before he died he wrote me asking if I would come to see him to discuss "not a matter concerning the League of Nations, but an educational matter." I found him in a reminiscent mood about his days as president of Princeton.

"It was the best period of my life," he said, "and I begin to realize that my contribution to my generation, if I have made any, was in connection not so much with my political work as with my activities as a teacher and college administrator."

I remember he told me a story about the Master of Balliol who was asked whether it was not a dreary business to spend twenty years doing the sort of work that the head of any

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ANNE GOODWIN WINSLOW

SCROLLS

HERE where the sea is dead
And the caves deep
And time asleep—
Here where no blade may live,
No leaf may blow,

What could the seasons give,
The harvest store and keep?
Only the words men sow
For men to reap.

college has to do; to which the Master of Balliol replied: "Is it dreary business to run the British Empire?"

Wilson at this moment was dreaming of the possibility of another chance in educational work, another opportunity, as he expressed it, to help American universities to attain the high standards of scholarship which had been reached by Oxford and Cambridge.

He told me of the philosophy behind the preceptorial system which he had initiated at Princeton, and the projected division of the university into small units or colleges—ideas which, he said, were capable of wide elaboration and application. His body was crippled but his mind flashed with the old fire. In high spirits he reviewed the events of the old days, and his characterizations of some of his contemporaries —particularly those of whom he was not very fond—were couched in vivid and unforgettable words.

I went down to Washington to see him once again, ostensibly on this same errand. It was less than a month before he died, and it was very obvious that his strength was failing, although his mind was keen and alert. When I said to him: "How are you, Mr. President," he quoted a remark by John Quincy Adams in answer to a similar query:

"John Quincy Adams is all right, but the house he lives in is dilapidated, and it looks as if he would soon have to move out."

This time Wilson's whole thought centered on the League of Nations, and I had never heard him speak with deeper or more moving earnestness. In his weakness the tears came easily to his eyes and sometimes rolled down his cheek, but he brushed them impatiently away. The League of Nations was a promise for a better future, he said, as well as an escape from an evil past. Constantly his mind ran back to 1914. The utter unintelligence of it all, the sheer waste of war as a method of settling anything, seemed to oppress him.

"It never must happen again," he said. "There is a way out if only men will use it."

His voice rose as he recalled the charge of idealism so often used against the League.

"The world is *run* by its ideals," he exclaimed. "Only the fool thinks otherwise."

The League was the answer. It was the next logical step in man's widening conception of order and law. The machinery might be changed by experience, but the core of the idea was essential. It was in line with human evolution. It was the will of God.

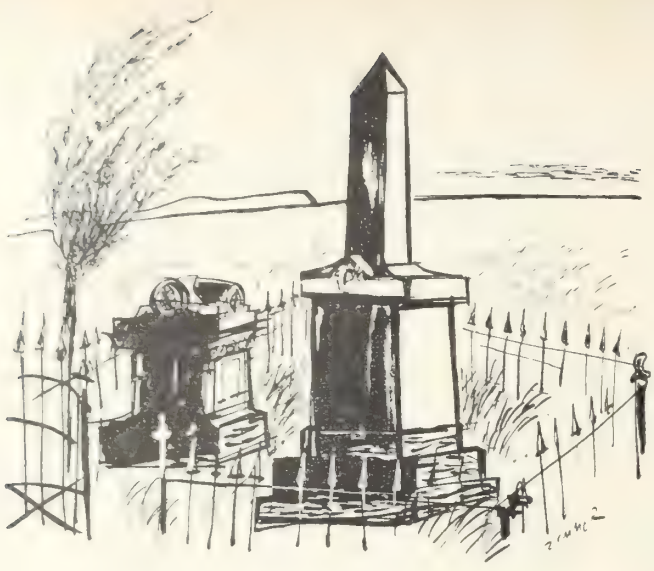
That was my last glimpse of him. With his gray, lined face, his deep-set eyes, his white hair, his grim, determined jaw, he seemed like the reincarnation of one of the prophets—an Isaiah, perhaps—crying to his country in the words which he had so often read to us in the chapel at Princeton: "Awake, awake, put on thy strength, O Zion; put on thy beautiful garments, O Jerusalem!"

MANY HARSH allegations were made against Woodrow Wilson by his enemies, and some still survive in the folklore of today. It was said, for example, that he wanted only flattery from his associates, that he did not take kindly to frankness or dissent. It was said that he was a cold, distant, arrogant man who reached his decisions, not by rational processes, but by intuition, and formed his conclusions in isolation.

To me these allegations seem completely preposterous. They do not fit in with any experience I ever had with him, although admittedly my contacts were limited. That he was a man of steely determination who allowed no compromise on what he regarded as a matter of principle is transparently true. Equally true is the fact that he had too little appreciation of what Ray Stannard Baker called "human lubricants": the need of explanation, conference, and team play, the ability to keep differences of opinion on an impersonal level. He did not suffer fools gladly—neither fools nor people with untidy minds. There was an element of intellectual impatience in his make-up, and more than a dash of volatile temper. It was not easy for him to forget or forgive. In other words, he was a human being, and he had his temperamental and physical limitations.

All the world's heroes and prophets have had their limitations, too. The great leaders and idealists who in strange bursts of power have lifted the spirits of men from age to age have been made of human stuff. In retrospect we do not focus on their inadequacies. History has its own methods of achieving perspective. The last word does not belong to the cynics or the scoffers.

From his grave Woodrow Wilson's ideals have ruled the future. The hope of the world today, tenuous as it may seem, is a hope which more than any other man he helped to shape. *We* are the future over which he brooded. We are his clients—the children of the next generation. It is *our* world that he sought to serve and tried to save.



By ANGIE DEBO

Drawings by Fred Zimmer

Two graves in Oklahoma

Artillery shells will fall where a historic shrine once stood—for the government is weaseling out of another promise it made to an Indian chief who trusted white men.

FOR some time now two government departments have been feuding over a tract of wild and rugged land in Oklahoma. The Defense department would like to take it over to expand Fort Sill's artillery and guided missile range; the Interior department—backed by nature lovers and conservationists—wants to keep it as part of the Wichita Mountains Wildlife Refuge.

Recently, the Army has promised to use this tract only as a buffer zone, so that most of its high explosives will fall on a stretch of private land which it proposes to buy to the south of the refuge. This "private land" which is to be pulverized by the big guns has had little part in the argument. Few people know that it includes the graves of Cynthia Ann and Quanah Parker and the big house where the chief once lived with his wives—the setting of the last act in the greatest historical drama of the Southwest.

The campaign to protect the Wildlife Refuge—10,500 acres of rugged mountain and timbered stream, range of the buffalo and long-horned cattle, shelter for the birds and wildflowers that multiply in virgin profusion—does not extend to these historic sites. Even this campaign has its opponents. The Chamber of Commerce of nearby Lawton and the Oklahoma delegation in Congress side with the Army. Its threat to move the post outside the state presents a calamity not to be borne.

Down in Texas a town is named for Quanah Parker; a county name marks the westward trek of the Parker family; a replica of the Parker fort was constructed on the original site in 1936 with federal funds by the Centennial Commission; and the cedar trees still stand to mark the place in the cemetery where his mother Cynthia Ann found her first uneasy sleep in alien soil. But nobody except the Comanches protests the desecration of the Oklahoma site where an epic of violence came to its gentle close. And the six surviving children of Quanah Parker have agreed to let the Army move the graves to a spot inside the military cemetery at Fort Sill.

THE story goes back to 1836, when the Parker colony—grandparents, uncles, cousins, and close friends—was living in a fortified settlement on the Texas frontier. One May morning when most of the men were in the fields the Comanches struck. They broke into the fort, killed the men inside, and carried away all they could snatch up of the women and children. Eventually the captives were recovered, all but nine-year-old, blue-eyed, fair-haired Cynthia Ann Parker. She became the property of the Quahadas, the wildest Comanche band of the frontier.

The Comanches were rarely cruel to their captives except during the excitement of the raid. They adopted them into their families and accepted them as members of the tribe. Wild

and fierce as it was, the life they led was good—skimming over the plains on their fleet ponies, feasting on buffalo meat, joining in the gossip, dance, and song of the camp. Cynthia Ann learned to set up a tepee, to dry and store the meat, to prepare and decorate the skins for clothing. When the time came she married a rising young chief and became the mother of two boys and a baby girl.

She did not know that her name had become a frontier legend. Only twice were men able to penetrate the prairie fastness of Comanche land and try to win her back. Both times she withdrew into reticence; she had become Indian in all but blood.

Then in 1860, Captain Sul Ross with his Texas rangers charged a Comanche camp. They seem honestly to have thought it was a battle and this account got into the histories. Actually what they did was to shoot some fleeing women and one Mexican who had bravely tried to cover their retreat. The women had gone out to get a supply of buffalo meat and had taken along some Mexican captives to help with the killing and butchering.

Somehow in the melee the rangers captured Cynthia Ann as she tried to ride away with her baby in her arms. She remembered no English word other than her name. Through Sul Ross's Mexican servant, who had been a Comanche captive, they told her they would restore her to her people; but she could not forget the husband and sons she had left in the tepee village that was her home. First her uncle and then her brother took her in charge and tried to make her contented; the Texas legislature granted her a pension; but at every chance she tried to run away. Thus she lived for four years. Then her little girl died and she gave up and followed her.

Her husband continued his raids on the Texas frontier until he died eventually from an infected wound. One of her sons died in a smallpox epidemic that decimated the Plains tribes. The other, Quanah, developed a skill in war and raiding that brought him prominence in the Indian campaign of the Southwest. Then white hunters swept away the buffalo herds, the Army closed in, and the Indians were forced to settle down on their reservation near Fort Sill. Quanah's band was the last one to come in—on June 2, 1875.

His surrender was real; as head chief of the Comanches he became a leader in adapting his tribe to the white man's way. He settled in the big house with its spreading porch, and here his tribesmen came to pitch their tepees in the yard and join him in interminable talk—about the new problems of law and order, the schooling of their children, the good lost days on the buffalo range. After 1901, he had other neighbors; that year the reservation was opened to white settlement, and cities and farms began to spring up over the land. In 1905, in all the splendor of fringed buckskin, paint, and feathers, he rode in Theodore Roosevelt's inaugural parade.

As soon as he made his peace he began to inquire about his mother; he had received no news from her since she had been captured by the rangers. He took her name as the surname of his family. He found a photograph of her and her nursing baby, and he had this reproduced to hang on the wall of his house. His little son playing about the place heard him tell how on one of his bloody raids he had spared a woman and her children, holding back his yelling followers with the words:

"My mother is living somewhere with the white people, and I won't hurt any white woman."



FINALLY he went to Washington and got a Congressional appropriation to have her brought from Texas to the cemetery of Post Oak Mission near his home, and arranged for his own burial beside her. He invited all his white and Indian neighbors to a funeral feast, where he spoke to them in his difficult English.

"Forty years ago my mother died," he said. (Actually it was forty-six years. This was in December 1910.) "She captured by Comanche, nine years old. Love Indian and wild life so well no want to go back to white folks. All same people anyway, God say.

"I love my mother. I like white people . . . I want my people to follow after white way, get educate, know work . . . I tell um they got to

pick cotton, plow corn. I want um to know white man's God. Comanche may die tomorrow, or ten years. When end come they all be together again. I want to see my mother again. . . ."

QUANAH'S "tomorrow" was less than three months away. The chief was attending a great medicine feast among the Cheyennes when he became ill. He was rushed by train and carriage to his home. One of his wives called a white doctor, but it was the tribal medicine man who sent him on his way with a flapping of hands and the call of the great eagle.

The unmistakable wailing cry of the women spread the news through the settlement and wires carried it across the nation. The body was dressed in fringed and beaded buckskin and adorned with all the paint and feathers of a warrior's heraldry. A funeral procession nearly two miles long of whites and Indians followed it to the cemetery. Congress made an appropriation for a tall shaft of Wichita Mountain granite; and his Carlisle-educated daughter, Mrs. Neda Birdsong, composed the epitaph:

"Resting here until day breaks and shadows fall and darkness disappears is Quanah Parker, last chief of the Comanches."

The spot the chief selected is at the highest corner of the cemetery so that the two monuments rise conspicuously above the prairie landscape with the granite wall of the mountains guarding it on the north. Other members of his family are buried near, and all through the cemetery are the mounded graves of Comanches with names and birth dates going back to a tepee-dwelling, buffalo-hunting, stone-age culture. Fading in the scorching sun and burning wind of the Southwest are the pathetic little paper flowers that Indians love to make to decorate their burial places.

A few miles away on the same prairie at the base of the same mountain rampart stands the great house on a tree-shaded lawn behind its fence of hand-hewn pickets. Here Mrs. Birdsong, now a widowed and aging gentlewoman, lives alone with her historic memories. All through the rooms are pictures of the chief and the articles he owned and used, but his ceremonial headdress is safely locked away from the vandal hands of souvenir hunters.

This is the house and the cemetery in "the impact area on private land to the south" which the Army plans to take for the extension of its range.

"If we were in a war where boys were giving their lives," said Mrs. Birdsong, "and I were asked to give my father's house I would walk out of this door without one word. But in a time of peace it seems to me they could take a little more thought and make some better plans."

The Army's offer to remove the graves to a safer place and pay for the house is, of course, supposed to make everything perfect. But the inscription stands as the supreme irony: "Resting here until day breaks and shadows fall and darkness disappears . . ."

Indians have always been embarrassingly literal in interpreting the white man's "forever."

WHITE SOWING by Frances Frost

GONE are the shadows
of elms on the meadows.
The great-headed maples
stand muted and thinned.

Yellow and russet
the squared fields lie,
the sun goes by
blurred in the wind,

and the short day ends
in a bank of long
gray clouds where the grain
of snow is binned.

Waken at midnight
to starry snowing:
the white seed of heaven
is scattered behind

Winter, the sower,
over the mountains,
over the meadows,
over the mind.

And the heart like a child
eats fistfuls of silver,
cool stars on the tongue
sweeter than wine.

Germán E. Ornes
and John McCarten

TRUJILLO:

Little Caesar on our own front porch

An intimate report on the most ruthless—and vainest—of the Latin American dictators, by a once-close associate who is now a fugitive from El Benefactor's wrath.

AS A journalist in the Dominican Republic I witnessed some of the lavish celebrations designed to pay homage to Generalissimo Doctor Rafael Leonidas Trujillo Molina, Benefactor of the Fatherland, on the twenty-fifth anniversary of his seizure of power. I found it impossible, however, to see the whole elaborate show.

On October 28, 1955, my wife and I left all we possessed—a successful newspaper property, a beautiful home, a highly profitable law practice (among my clients were two big American corporations), a high government office, and a yearly income figured, after tax deductions, between $60,000 and $65,000—and got out of the country in a hurry.

But even if I had stayed, I would not have enjoyed the feast, since I had, inadvertently, incurred the real displeasure of the Benefactor, a man of quick and lethal wrath. A picture in *El Caribe,* the newspaper of which I was owner and editor, had showed a crowd of school children placing flowers at the base of one of the 1,800 busts of Trujillo that dot the country. Beneath was a caption informing my readers that the little ones were putting their blossoms on the Benefactor's "tomb." The error, an obvious minor newsroom mix-up, became serious only because of the Benefactor's power and idiosyncrasies. To put Trujillo's immortality in doubt is the worst conceivable offense to his ego, and offenses do not go unpunished in Trujilloland. Fortunately, before the misprint appeared my wife and I had arranged a trip to the United States to attend a meeting of the Inter American Press Association in New Orleans. And although the big guns of the National Palace's propaganda office had already started firing insults against me, we left the Dominican Republic as scheduled.

Apparently, in the confusion of the moment, no one had issued instructions to detain me, a rather difficult decision in any case, since Trujillo, the only one who can make up his mind without fear of the consequences, was not around. Three or four days before, he had gone to Kansas City to work out a series of $200,000 cattle and horse deals.

During the days following our arrival in the United States I had an opportunity to read the Dominican press, and what I saw there about myself did not look reassuring. A campaign of personal vilification against me had started in one of my paper's competitors, *La Nacion.*

My wife and I had always been disturbed by the role I had to play as one of Trujillo's editors. Now our sense of disgust increased, and after deep inner conflicts and mutual consultation we decided we would not return. We have not regretted that decision.

Before the final breach, however, I made a short trip to Kansas City and personally informed the Generalissimo that I was not going back. I offered him, as a peace gesture, my newspaper for sale, and he politely asked me to write him a letter to that effect, which I did. That letter has since been passed around as proof of my treason.

Upon his orders, decrees were issued stripping me of every post and medal I ever had. Professional, political, and private organizations declared me *persona non grata.* My own newspaper under its Trujillo-appointed management joined the pack and printed the most disgraceful stories and cartoons. I was even asked to return the keys of Ciudad Trujillo, which had been granted to me in an apparently thoughtless moment. This I could not do since the keys had been removed, together with many other little mementos, by the police during their search and subsequent occupation of our home.

As "enemies of the people," "Communists," and "traitors" we have been greatly harassed in our exile, and—until the dawn of liberty in Santo Domingo—we have lost, through phony

law suits, alleged back-tax claims, and premature mortgage foreclosures, all that we left behind. One of my American clients called me in New York to tell me he was dispensing with my services at the request of the Dominican government. It was a futile gesture: I had already been disbarred on Trujillo's orders.

Propaganda leaflets—paid for by the Dominican taxpayers—have been distributed in great quantity in this country to influence the American public against me. My father, a respected lawyer, former judge, teacher, and senator, has been thrown into a Dominican jail and accused, of all things, of drug addiction. The federal authorities of the United States have been bombarded with all manner of accusations against me. Fortunately, this country is not the Dominican Republic. No action has been taken.

ABSOLUTE BENEFACTOR

THAT a man should go through all this because of a peccadillo such as mine might seem outlandish to anyone ignorant of the Benefactor's enormous sensitivity to the slightest suggestion that he is not immortal. At a well preserved sixty-five, he needs constant assurance that life for him is just beginning.

His paid eulogists and the big advertising posters hanging over Times Square constantly remind you that Trujillo's "Caribbean Paradise" occupies two-thirds of Hispaniola, the other third being taken up by Haiti. This represents an area about as big as New Hampshire and Vermont combined, with roughly 2,400,000 inhabitants, most of whom are engaged in raising the sugar, coffee, and cocoa on which the country's economy depends. A formidable number of the non-agrarian 20 per cent of the population is occupied in seeing to it that the whims of the Benefactor can be speedily translated into the law of the land.

Trujillo's vanity is staggering. Wherever you go in the Dominican Republic his image is before you in the form of statues, murals, medallions, pictures, and the like. Beside the door of practically every house and hut is a plaque proclaiming that the residents are under the comforting protection of *El Jefe*. The plaques sell for $30 and bring in a nice bit of revenue to Trujillo's hardware concern, which issues them on an or-else basis.

El Jefe's self-adulation hit a high point this year at the "International Fair of Peace and Brotherhood of the Free World," which Trujillo, with unconscious irony, arranged as a device to inform mankind of his anniversary. He spent some $40,000,000 on the Fair, which occupied a 125-acre tract on the outskirts of Ciudad Trujillo, the capital city, formerly known, in pre-Benefactor days, as Santo Domingo. The Fair consisted of seventy-nine imposing buildings, including a Temple of Peace; a vast Coney Island imported from the United States; a $1,000,000 Fountain of Music and Light; and enough effigies of the Benefactor to fill a museum the size of the Metropolitan.

Trujillo's eighteen-year-old daughter, a handsome brunette named Angelita and the young apple of the old man's eye, was carefully groomed for her role as Queen of the Fair; since the day of her proclamation she has been addressed only as Her Majesty. The chances are that she will continue under this title indefinitely. Although the Fair is over, she is still the Queen with a diamond-studded gold crown, an $80,000 Italian gown, and a heavily bejeweled scepter. This outfit is stunning in more ways than one; in a country whose per capita national income is $226, its cost represents the annual income of approximately 800 people.

For all the fortune that was squandered on it, the Fair did not add up to much in the way of increased tourist trade. In its first seven months of operation it attracted only 24,000 tourists, though 500,000 were expected.

However there is another, more sinister, side to this Caribbean *opéra bouffe* which came blindingly to light when Dr. Jesus de Galindez, a Basque scholar and journalist, disappeared from his apartment in New York City on March 12, 1956. Dr. Galindez, an instructor at Columbia University at the time of his disappearance, had lived in Santo Domingo for many years as a refugee from Franco's Spain. Before he vanished he had completed a critical study of the Era of Trujillo—as *El Jefe* allows his period in power to be called—which has recently been published in Latin America with great success.

When it was suggested that the Benefactor might have had something to do with Dr. Galindez' disappearance, he promptly denied it. Simultaneously a pamphlet appeared in the Dominican Republic stating that Dr. Galindez was a "Communist" and "a Catholic who never went to Church." Both steps are the usual procedure after the disappearance or sudden death of a Trujillo foe in foreign lands.

In spite of the Benefactor's firm assurances that he has no truck with that type of political warfare, the fact remains that a large number of the enemies of his regime have had

the bad luck to meet a violent end while in exile. Writers Sergio Bencosme and Andres Requena were shot to death in New York City. Pipi Hernandez, a labor leader, was stabbed to death by paid hoodlums in Havana. Mauricio Baez, another labor leader, left his home in Havana one day and, like Galindez, has not been heard of since. Clemente Saviñon, a farmer, disappeared in Haiti. Also in Haiti, Luis Arias, a journalist, was murdered by unknown thugs.

My own acquaintanceship with Trujillo began after I went to jail for political reasons in 1946. I had been active in an underground organization of young professionals and university students who were interested in bringing true democracy to the country. In those days, just after my graduation from the University of Santo Domingo's law school, I was managing editor of the daily *La Opinión.* When I returned to my job upon my release I found that the paper was soon to be bought by Trujillo. The new publisher, one of Trujillo's biographers, fired me when I refused to put my by-line to an article praising the Benefactor. On that day I became a marked man. Trujillo forgives once—or at least appears to—but this was my second offense.

I tried to lead a quiet life and keep out of political trouble, but marked men are borne down upon by all kinds of pressures. There comes the moment when, if you insist upon resisting, there is only one alternative—to vanish. By the time I reached this point I had a family to support, and I decided to play ball, as the majority of Dominicans have been forced to do. When Anselmo Paulino, Secretary of the Interior and at that time Trujillo's most trusted aide, told me at the end of 1948 that I was to take the editorship of *El Caribe,* I tried to avoid the issue, claiming that my journalistic days were over and I was now a lawyer. Trujillo sent me word that it was a matter of taking the job or losing my law practice. I went to work for Trujillo.

Until the floral trouble I got along well enough. In my frequent interviews with Trujillo, he never used a biting word, although sometimes when I was waiting in the anteroom of his office I would hear him dressing down one of his subordinates: *"Imbéciles, imbéciles,"* he would shout, the majority of the time rightly, "I'm surrounded by *imbéciles.* Why must I be compelled to do everything?"

In public *El Jefe's* voice is shrill, and his pronunciation uncertain, particularly when his ghost-writers insert high-sounding words into his orations. Still he is a more fetching leader than his big brothers in other monolithic lands. He is agile and exceptionally healthy, standing five feet nine inches in his stocking feet and several inches higher than that in his boots and shoes with their built-in elevator heels. In full regalia, as generalissimo of an army of 14,000 (which would ordinarily be in charge of a two-star general), he looks like a Balkan hussar.

ADMIRAL AND FAMILY MAN

THE unity of the military services about which the United States worries so much has been completely accomplished in the Dominican Republic. *El Jefe* is the nonpareil in all divisions of the military establishment and, as admiral of the fleet, frequently takes a thoughtful stroll on the bridge deck of the *Angelita,* once famous in American society columns as Mrs. Joseph Davies' *Sea Cloud.* Few American millionaires could maintain a ship like this one, but Dominican taxpayers have made it possible for her to appear as an "auxiliary ship" of Trujillo's navy.

Trujillo is frugal in his habits. He doesn't smoke or play cards, and is a moderate drinker except at the now-infrequent parties in his country home. As a rule he is an early riser, and sleepy cabinet members are often aroused at four in the morning to be asked by the Benefactor about matters large and small concerning their departments. On one occasion a Secretary of Agriculture was called from his bed to find out the whereabouts of a mule.

The Benefactor dearly loves to be presented as a family man, and he is free with honors for his immediate relatives. His son, Rafael, Jr., who was a colonel at the age of five and a general at nine, is today at twenty-seven a lieutenant general and chief of staff of an air force whose planes he is not permitted to pilot. Junior's younger brother, Rhadames, the Benefactor's other legitimate son, is a major at thirteen. But, as always, there is one problem child in the family: daughter Flor de Oro, who has been in and out of the Benefactor's good graces. Flor, the image of her sire, has run the matrimonial scale as if it were a velocity exercise. She has been married seven times, and among her ringed conquests is the ineluctable Porfirio Rubirosa.

"Trujillo," one of his longtime collaborators once remarked to me, "is like the weather: everybody talks about him, but nobody can do anything about him." He is as unpredictable as the weather too.

Even his origins are obscure. His official biog-

raphers skip over the days of his nonage with a few brief words to the effect that he was born in San Cristobal, taught to read and write by his grandmother, suffered diphtheria, and attended grammar schools. "Both his environment and the times curtailed his early formal education," says one. A second writes that the necessity to make a living led him early "into other avenues."

According to Albert C. Hicks, an American newspaperman who wrote a book about Trujillo called *Blood in the Streets*, these other avenues included forging, cattle rustling, informing, and pimping. But all such charges are impossible to document. Trujillo has had twenty-six years to clothe his origins in mystery, and as custodian of all the records in the Dominican Republic, he has been able to becloud his early life pretty much as he pleases. The obfuscation of his career is almost absolute until we come to the solid fact that at twenty-eight he enlisted in the army. After a brief period in the training center of Haina, he was commissioned as a second lieutenant and presently, in the service of the United States Marines, fought against the bands of Dominican rebels who were opposed to foreign intervention. In 1921 he participated in an engagement against the "bandits" in La Noria, and was cited in a Marine communiqué.

His progress in the army was extraordinary. In two years (1923-25), he jumped from second lieutenant to lieutenant colonel. Two years later he was a brigadier general, chief of the army, and a trusted aide of aging President Horacio Vasquez. However, he was accepted by neither the old politicians nor Dominican society, a fact he resented keenly. When a revolution to overthrow Vasquez started in Santiago in 1930, Trujillo, while publicly swearing loyalty to the president, gave secret support to the revolution. The double cross paid off handsomely; a short time afterward he took over the presidency.

One of his first acts as chief executive was to force his way into the old and aristocratic Union Club, which had rejected his application a couple of years before, and to get himself elected president. Immediately afterwards he decreed that the club be discontinued, a vengeful slap at the proud traditions of Dominican society. He took care of the politicians who had ignored him in like manner: he ordered all parties to disband and formed his own Partido Dominicano.

After crippling the old Dominican upper class, he announced that his blood was prouder than any of theirs—pure Castillian on the paternal side, while his mother was a direct descendant of a Napoleonic courtier named Joseph Chevalier, Marquis of Philborou.

THE PRECIOUS CEDULA

EVER since he succeeded in grabbing power, Trujillo has been apprehensive that somewhere in his political woodpile there is a latter-day Rafael ready to do to him what he did to Vasquez. For this reason he is continually pulling the carpet out from under his subordinates. In the bad old days, he used to employ a gang of storm troopers known as *La 42* to eliminate anyone he considered a threat to his dictatorship. Recently, he has become more sophisticated. His victims are now stowed away in prison after due process of law in which they are accused of rape, drug addiction, tax evasion, embezzlement, and the like. It is his proud boast that there are no political prisoners in Dominican jails.

To control the members of his official family, he has the "Foro Publico"—the letters-to-the-editor section of *El Caribe*. Every morning, with fear in their hearts, Dominican officials read this section before anything else, for the appearance of anyone's name there is a sure sign of imminent trouble. The letters printed are of the most damning variety, and are written in the National Palace. Since I was editor of the newspaper for many years and its owner since 1954, I know Trujillo himself dictates the majority; the rest are written by his most trusted aides.

For his lesser subjects, Trujillo has invented a series of regulations that they must abide by from the cradle to the grave. In order to go to school, to work, to practice a profession, to get married, to open a shop, or to travel, one needs innumerable licenses, authorizations, and other documents from the government. Every resident of the country must carry at all times a card called *Cédula Personal de Identidad*, which includes a serial number and the name, age, civil status, occupation, race, address, fingerprints, picture, and other information about its possessor. On election day the citizens take their *Cédulas* to the voting booth, where they are stamped *Votado*. As Herbert Matthews of the *New York Times* once observed, failure to vote is "tantamount to flaunting opposition to the Generalissimo," and Trujillo always gets a tremendous *si* for his ticket.

To make sure that the objects of his benefactions won't stray from the path he has ordained, Trujillo has set up army check points every twenty-five miles throughout the Dominican

Republic. Against the chance that somebody might try to drive through them, huge bumps have been placed in the road before each. The *Cédula* must be displayed at every check point, and it must bear a stamp indicating that its holder has paid his per capita tax. Penalties for being remiss about taxes range from heavy fines to jail sentences up to five years.

The largest single item in the Trujillo budget has been, from the beginning, for the armed forces. In the 1956 budget of about $122,000,000 something like $28,000,000 is set apart for military purposes. The military enjoy all kinds of special benefits and are paid relatively well, but every now and then, for fear his bully boys may try to become too big for their breeches, Trujillo shakes up the structure of command. After one of these house cleanings it is not at all unusual to see the former head of the navy serving as chief of police, or a former lieutenant general functioning as a colonel. About 50 per cent of the officers above the rank of colonel are related to *El Jefe* either by blood or marriage, but, kin or no kin, Trujillo doesn't trust them very far.

ALL THIS AND MONEY TOO

YET while he uses a big stick with his army, he walks softly in his role as civilian head of the Partido Dominicano. Every Dominican over eighteen years of age belongs to the party, since those who do not carry its registration card cannot get a job. Ten per cent of the pay of government employees is deducted for party funds, but, unlike its counterparts in Communist countries, the Partido Dominicano does not function as a branch of the government, even though its nominal head sits in on cabinet meetings and other official functions. It is rather a clearing house for a great many of Trujillo's personal, business, and political activities. It has charge of the internal propaganda to promote Trujillo as a benevolent father, and in the chief's name it performs several charities and looks after a welfare program mainly concerned with giving away free meals and shoes to the needy. The government grants funds for this program to the party, which thereupon buys its milk from Trujillo's dairy monopoly and shoes from his factories. More or less in passing, the party also provides the candidates the dictator wants to run at election time. In addition, it is, perhaps, the only profit-making political organization in the world. But even so it is not the main source of Trujillo's income.

Although privately owned monopolies are specifically forbidden by the Dominican constitution, Trujillo owns—either in his own name or in the name of selected cronies or members of his family—six of the fifteen Dominican sugar mills; the only milk pasteurizing and distributing organization in Ciudad Trujillo; a lumber cutting and drying trust; the only edible-oil factory; the biggest shoe factory; and the only cement and cigarette factories. He operates the only modern slaughterhouse; owns the only glass factory, the only paint factory, a hat manufacturing concern, a large liquor plant, the only battery works, the only air-conditioning equipment factory, the most powerful radio and television stations, a chemical manufacturing concern, a shipping company, an insurance company, the Dominican Republic's one airline, a textile mill, a plant for processing tropical fruits, the only shipyard, the most expensive night club in Ciudad Trujillo, and three or four construction companies.

He holds a 20 per cent interest in the one Dominican Republic brewery, a large interest in a dress-making establishment, and a sizable interest in Felix Benitez Rexach, contractors for harbors who built the ports of Ciudad Trujillo, Rio Haina, San Pedro de Macoris, Andres, Barahona, and Puerto Plata. *El Jefe* likewise controls the distribution of rice and sugar for the domestic market and handles the sale of all imported cigarettes. His brother-in-law is the Dominican representative of two of the most important U.S. automobile manufacturers.

Trujillo, along with his immediate family, is also the biggest real-estate owner in the country. It is impossible to find out exactly how much land he and his relatives own, but his Hacienda Fundación extends through several provinces. It is a cliché in the Dominican Republic that when Trujillo was rounding up his gigantic acreage, the land he could not buy from the legitimate owners he acquired later from their widows.

To keep the wolf even further from his door, Trujillo gets a rake-off of 10 per cent on every public-works contract awarded by the government, and, as an "honorary member" of the exporter's cartels, takes a commission on every pound of coffee and cocoa sold. He controls all the iron ore, gold, and copper deposits in the Dominican Republic, and is currently exploring, with the help of the American financier William Pawley, for other minerals, including oil.

These are merely a rough estimate of Trujillo's holdings. No one can say accurately where his private property begins and public domain

ends. One formula advanced *sotto voce* by Dominicans to explain the difference is: "If it loses money, it is government-owned; if it makes money, it's *El Jefe's*."

Trujillo's defenders contend that in the process of enriching himself he has also enriched others, that as a result of his enterprise, imagination, and resourcefulness, the country as a whole has gained a full measure of prosperity. It is true that the Dominican Republic is fairly prosperous, but its good times are due to the solid price of coffee, sugar, and cocoa in foreign markets.

The apologists also make much of the physical changes the Benefactor has effected in the country, and certainly no other place in the Antilles is quite as spotless as his capital city. His country allegedly has no foreign public debt; its budget is balanced; it puts no controls over foreign exchange; its peso is on par with the American dollar; it is stable internally; it does not discriminate in tax matters between nationals and foreigners; it is always busy with public works. But you have only to walk through the streets of Ciudad Trujillo to realize that under Trujillo there is no joy, little laughter, and much fear.

HATS AND HURRICANES

WHEN Trujillo puts on dress uniform, he is a gorgeous sight. He wears a white-plumed hat thickly encrusted with gold braid, a gold brocaded coat with enormous epaulets, a tri-colored sash, and white-striped blue trousers.

The plumed hat is the supreme symbol of his exalted rank, and he is the only person in the country permitted to sport such headgear. When Anselmo Paulino, his favorite for seven years, fell into disgrace, one of the chief charges against him, as printed in *El Caribe*, was that he had been photographed in the privacy of his bedroom wearing a plumed hat. For days, the entire machinery of government was busy investigating the whereabouts of Señor Paulino's hat and the photo of it.

The hat fetish is only one of Trujillo's peculiar characteristics. He is highly superstitious. It is said that his well-known fear of hurricanes comes from the prophecy of a witch who told him that, as he came into power with a hurricane (the one that struck the capital city seventeen days after his first inauguration), he would go out with another one. The strange thing is that since 1930 not one has struck the country. But at the slightest warning of a big blow I used to be deluged by frantic phone calls from the Palace.

Ostensibly Trujillo is now a Catholic. In 1954 he traveled to Rome to sign a Concordat with the Pope, and Catholicism is the official religion of the Dominican Republic. Presumably, Trujillo joined the church because his wife, whom he had wed in a civil ceremony, wanted to sanctify their union. Having been twice divorced, Trujillo was not a likely candidate for a Catholic wedding but he somehow won the necessary indulgences and the rites were performed on August 9, 1955.

To create a good name for himself and his country, Trujillo spares no expense. He has spent millions, mainly in the United States; and the pages of the Attorney General's report dedicated to the people who are or have been in the past his registered agents for the Dominican Republic in Washington read like a section of *Who's Who in America*. These pages are studded with names such as Joseph E. Davies; the late Attorney General Homer S. Cummings; Max O'Rell Truitt, son-in-law of the late Vice President Alben Barkley; former Senator Millard E. Tydings; and Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr.

The Benefactor is also generous with visiting journalists and gives a plush welcome to any junketing American Congressmen who happen along. Some of them agree with Trujillo's views about anyone who opposes his dictatorship. Olin Johnston of South Carolina, for instance, after a brief trip to Trujilloland last July, told his fellow Senators that it was a very bad thing indeed "for the United States to tolerate the working of sinister forces in our own country, Communistically inspired, whose known purpose is to injure the Dominican Republic and its people and eventually subject that nation to control by a Communist government."

He added that he himself intended to devote his energies "to informing the American people of the true situation with respect to the Dominican Republic precisely as it exists," and concluded: "It is my further intention to conduct such investigations as may be necessary to fully expose these sinister forces within our borders."

An investigation would be welcome.

Trujillo goes to all of this trouble to perpetuate his name and see to it that the Trujillo line of succession continues. Only a short time ago he made his brother, Hector, president of the Dominican Republic; more recently he amended the constitution to make it possible for a person twenty-five years old to become chief of state—opening the way for his son, Rafael, Jr. It is doubtful, however, that either Hector or Rafael, Jr. will ever be the man *El Jefe* is.

Gilbert W. Chapman

an Experiment in READING

A factory in Tennessee tried out a new—and inexpensive—idea, which is changing the family life of many of its employees . . . and helping hundreds of youngsters to grow up with a love for good books.

THE quiet farming community of Gallatin, Tennessee—population 10,000—may well be setting a record for the amount of time devoted by parents to reading aloud to their children. Some two hundred families in Gallatin and its countryside have discovered the pleasures of a story hour, and are now reading their way through a unique circulating library of seventy-four carefully-selected children's books.

In the early evening, at his three-room modest farmhouse on a back dirt road, you are likely to find Jewel Greer, a big rough-hewn man in work clothes, reading *Cowboy Little* aloud to the younger two of his four children, aged two to ten.

Closer to town, in the neat two-bedroom brick home of the James Walkers, you'll run into a similar scene. Walker is reading *The Country Bunny* aloud to four-year-old Kay while his wife, Corinne, finishes the dishes.

"I don't know which the children like better—TV or being read to," remarks Irene Oliver, a pretty young mother with an Alabama accent. Her youngsters, Mike, four, and Donna, seven, have actually been known to switch off the TV, pick up a story book and demand of either parent:

"Read to me."

One simple thing happened in Gallatin to bring about this surge of family reading. A single industrial plant—part of the Yale lock and hardware division of The Yale & Towne Manufacturing Company—spent $10 to nail together a reading rack for children's books and another $200 to stock the rack with some six dozen titles selected from a list drawn up by the office of children's services of the New York Public Library. A sign above the rack states:

> The books on this shelf are books that small children enjoy. Take one home with you to read to your children. They will have a good time and so will you. Bring it back when you and your children have finished it together so other families may enjoy it too.

Why, even in this day of abundant company benefits, should an industrial concern go to the trouble of providing free copies of *Katy-No-Pocket, The 500 Hats of Bartholomew Cubbins,* and *Tales from Grimm* for the entertainment of the very young? What would prompt management to launch a moppet book program?

As president of Yale & Towne, I am eager to answer that question and to assign credit for the idea to the National Book Committee, Inc.

The National Book Committee, organized in the fall of 1954, brings together men and women from industry, education, publishing, and the communications fields to foster wider public understanding of the value of books to the individual and to a democratic society. In other words, the Committee wants more people to read more books.

A key subcommittee, under the chairmanship of Marchette Chute, biographer and writer of children's books, has been concerned with the development of lifetime reading habits from childhood on. This small group has sought to discover why the United States, with an extraordinarily high literacy rate, has an extraordinarily low reading rate. A recent Gallup Poll shows that 55 per cent of the people of England

regularly read books, while in this country only 17 per cent do so.

Among a variety of reasons for non-reading, the subcommittee has stressed the failure of parents, teachers, librarians to get over to youngsters the notion that reading—like sports—though sometimes difficult, can be both a challenge and a delight. If more parents could be persuaded to read aloud to their preschool children, the subcommittee reasoned, more youngsters would start school knowing that books are fun. They would be in a hurry to learn to read for themselves and would associate reading, not with drudgery, but with pleasure.

At this time I had just become chairman of the National Book Committee. I was impressed by Miss Chute's recommendation that shelves of reading-aloud books be made available to parents in places where they would not ordinarily encounter books, such as factories, drug stores, beauty parlors, public buildings.

I offered the co-öperation of my company in developing an experimental reading-aloud program. In doing so, I was thinking of the hundreds of employees, both men and women, who express so repeatedly their intense concern for the welfare of their children: "It's for the kids, you know . . ." "I want my children to have more than I did. . . ."

It would not quite occur to these parents to say that they want their children to read more books than they customarily do. Yet I felt that such a desire must be implicit in their seeking a better life for their youngsters. For books are the key to real and lasting enrichment.

MY ASSOCIATES at Yale & Towne were receptive to the idea. We began with the two relatively small, new plants at Gallatin and Lenoir City, Tennessee. The basic plan was simple. We started by buying forty-five titles for each plant from the New York Public Library book list. They ranged in price from $1.00 to $4.50, averaged about $2.50. We bought them *at retail* from local bookstores. Vincent Flaherty, manager of the Gallatin plant, insisted that the books should circulate without a library card or formal check-out system. He felt that an employee who was required to sign for a book would be reluctant to let a three-year-old handle it freely; and if a very young child should tear or chew a book, the parent would hesitate before borrowing another.

Accordingly, we asked for no signatures, set no limit on the time a book could be kept, and told borrowers that if a book were accidentally damaged, it would be replaced without cost to the borrower. We did, however, put a card in each book and asked borrowers to drop the card, unsigned, into a box near the reading shelf. This was to check on the turnover of books to judge their relative popularity.

We notified employees by letter that the plant was participating in a National Book Committee experiment which could lead to similar reading-aloud projects in other companies.

"The important thing is that your children get to know and to love books," the letter explained. "It will, of course, be necessary for you or someone else to read the stories to them. Both you and the children should enjoy that!"

The Reading Aloud Shelf in Gallatin, conveniently located on the wall between the men's and women's locker rooms, opened in August 1955. By the end of the second day, it had been swept clean of books. By the third day, some of the first books taken began trickling back. Circulation was so brisk that twenty-nine additional titles, selected by Miss Ann Puryear Wright, local bookstore owner, were added in October. Today, there are seldom more than a dozen books on the shelf at a time. Some days the shelf is completely empty. Not a single book has been lost and not one has suffered serious mutilation. All are well thumbed.

A questionnaire on the Book Shelf sent to employee-parents in February 1956 reflected overwhelming approval of the program. More than half the parents who had taken home books recalled at least one occasion when their children had chosen to have a book read aloud in preference to a favorite radio or TV program. Three out of four said their youngsters were more interested in reading aloud since the opening of the shelf. Nearly all who replied asked for an extension of the book program to include not only teen-age, but also adult reading.

The majority of the employees in the two Tennessee plants are women. Most of them are married and have young children. We had anticipated that the reading racks would appeal chiefly to working mothers; that only an occasional father would pick up a book. We were wrong. Fathers have patronized the shelf as enthusiastically as mothers.

"It's 'Read to me, read to me, Daddy,' the minute I get in the front door," remarked Hubert Lee Perry of the material planning department to a researcher who went to Gallatin this past June to investigate the impact of the reading program. Perry's son, six, prefers cow-

boy stories, but will listen, absorbed, to anything.

Red-headed Robert Palmer, a supervisor in the finishing department, is another regular book borrower. He reads to his five- and three-year-olds while his wife does the dishes.

John Phillips, industrial relations director, is reading right down the entire list to his four-year-old son.

"We never had such nice books in our house before," a woman employee told the researcher.

"We do more reading now," a man said. "I get as much of a kick out of this as the kids."

"I wish I'd had books like these when I was a child," an unskilled worker observed. "Maybe I would have taken to reading and made something more of myself."

How can we evaluate the Reading Aloud Shelf? We're frank to admit we have no startling "before and after" tests in Gallatin, no impressive statistics from local schools, no soaring sales and circulation figures from bookshops and libraries. In fact, we make no fancy claims.

We know only one thing. Several hundred employees, men and women, are taking into their homes the best, most attractive and most imaginative in youthful literature. Parents and children alike receive pleasure from the reading-together experience. Most of these parents would not ordinarily be buying or borrowing children's books. But when good books are placed at their fingertips, reading aloud becomes an important and meaningful family activity.

Will the happy attitude toward reading be carried forward through the years? We can only hope so.

Certainly, our modest experiment points the way for other members of the business community. Any company with a handful of dollars to invest in the fostering of lifetime reading habits in the citizens of tomorrow will receive complete co-operation from the National Book Committee.

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17th. August 1956

Dear Sirs,

We are in receipt of your letter dated 13th., August, 1956 requesting prices of Quill Pens but regret that owing to our Quill Cutters (a family of four) having left us we have been compelled to discontinue this line.

We are extremely sorry to have to inform you of this action, which you will appreciate affects our business to a very large extent but to hold out hope of securing other craftsmen to fill the vacancies would be wishful thinking as there are no other Quill craftsmen to our knowledge in this Country. We shall of course pursue our efforts to secure other labour or train workpeople as and when we can get their services and subject to our being successful we will communicate with you.

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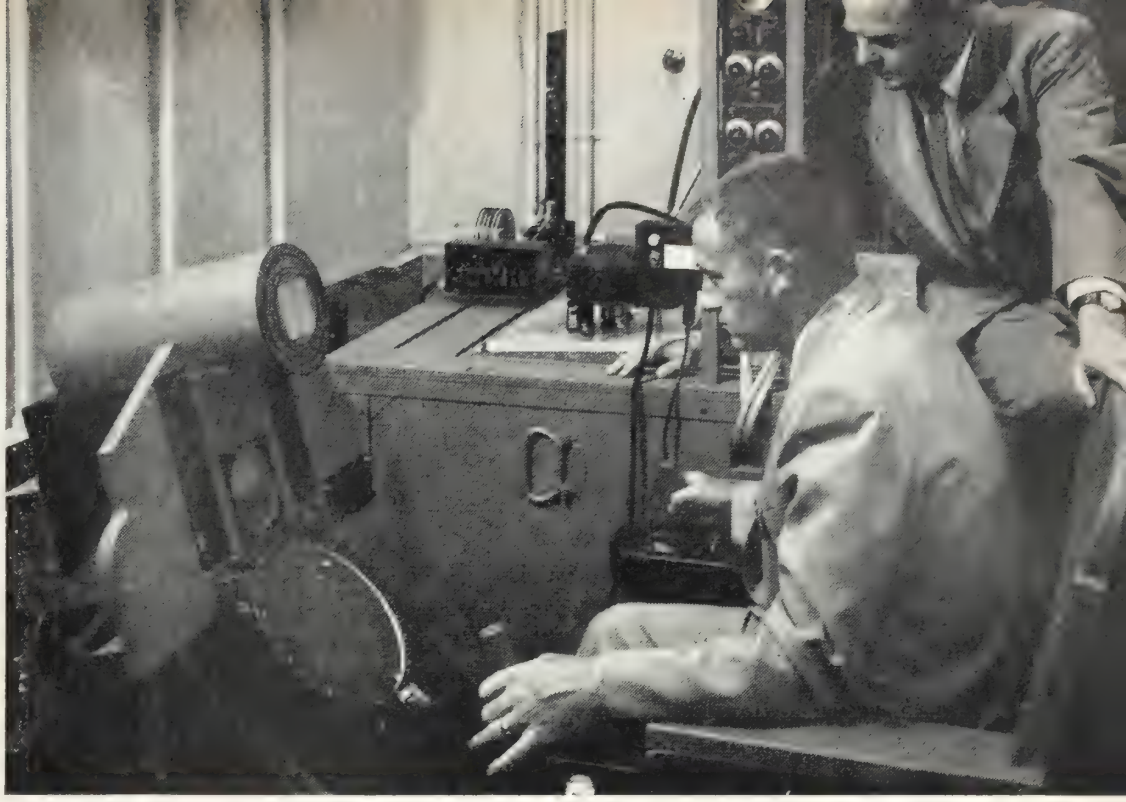
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physicist in the Research Laboratorie
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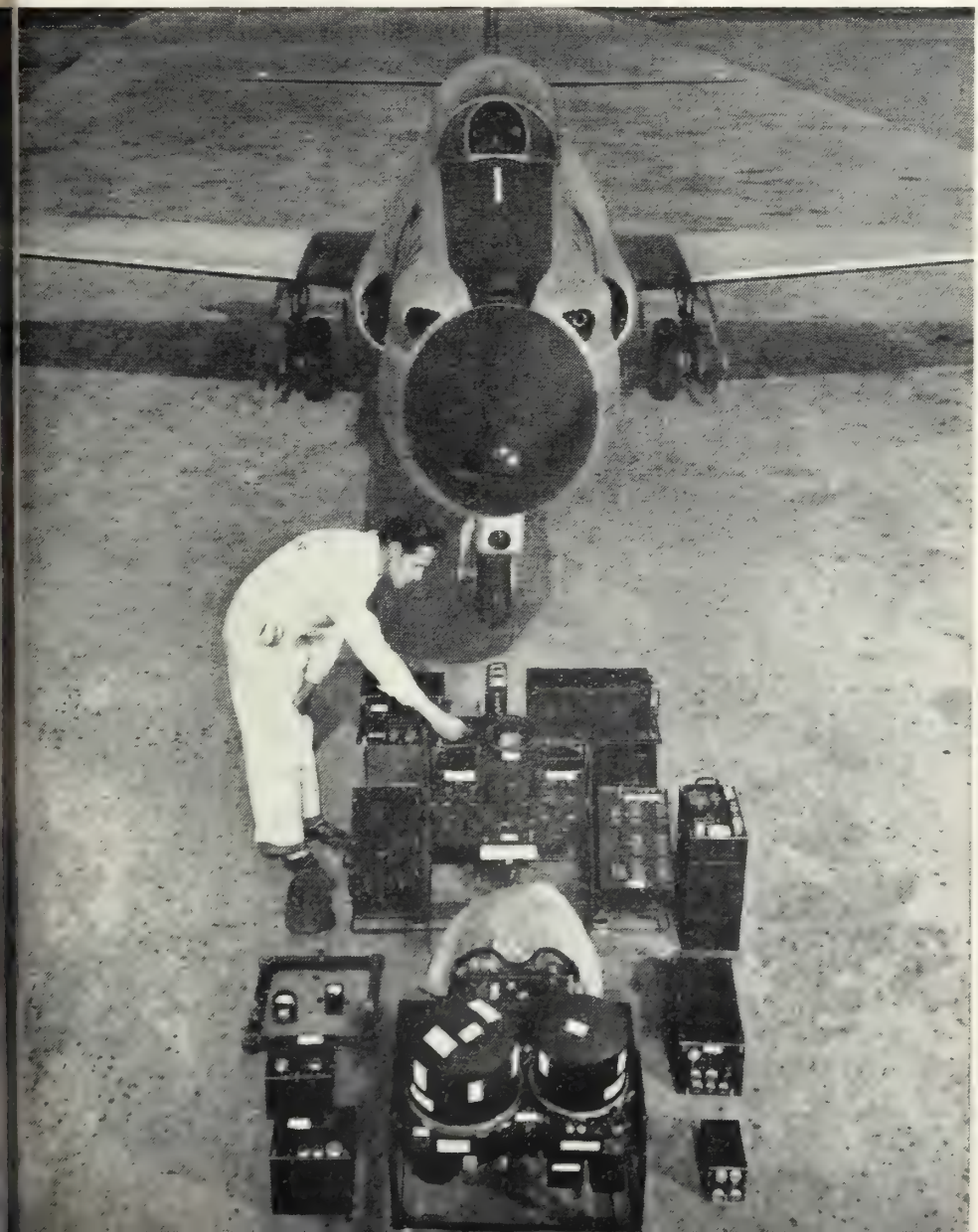
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Drs. S. N. Roscoe and A. C. Williams, Jr. demonstrate new Hughes device to "put the pilot back in this world." Jet planes fly too fast for pilots to watch ground and make decisions. They fly by instruments or automatic control, see only sky. New system will show pilot a tiny image of his plane moving in actual position on map of area over which he is flying. He'll once more be able to "see" where he's going, judge what to do. A basic Hughes contribution to defense—and to future commercial air traffic control. Part of a project sponsored by the Flight Control Laboratory, Air Research and Development Command, United States Air Force.



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After Hours

TOYS FOR TOTS, FOR A CHANGE

IF FATHER will get up off the floor from that electric train long enough to listen, I would like to tell him what's wrong with the toy business. The trouble with the toy business is that it's run for grown-ups, not for children. I have this on the authority of Mr. Frank Caplan, a man who makes and markets toys. He merely emphasizes what you can see for yourself in the stores—that the toy counters are loaded with gadgets and corny imitations of "real" life. "The realism and the gadgetry," he says, "attract the adults. You're not selling to children." Mr. Caplan is bothered about this because he manufactures a very different kind of toy—the kind he thinks small children, given the choice, prefer.

Mr. Caplan and his partner Bernard Barenholtz are the founders and guiding spirits of an organization called Creative Playthings, Inc. They have an office and showroom just off Washington Square in New York, where I interviewed them, and another in Chicago; the line they call "Playforms" is handled by some four or five hundred stores around the country. Oddly enough, though they started with toys, toys for children are no longer their major product. Dissatisfied with the play materials available in kindergartens, they started to branch out into school equipment and they have yet to stop branching. A subdivision called School Interiors Company, Inc. deals in furniture; another, Play Sculptures, Inc. designs playgrounds; and other sections of Creative Playthings, Inc. invent new ways of teaching arithmetic.

Messrs. Barenholtz and Caplan, as you will have gathered, are missionaries at heart. What they really want to do is revolutionize the child environment. The remarkable thing about them is not their success—remarkable though it is—but the thoroughly open-ended and non-stop approach they have to their mission. No sooner is one revolution completed than they start another. Having remade the kindergarten, they are working their way up through the grades, one subject at a time (with arithmetic disposed of, they're getting ready for geography). Fortunately their ardor is accompanied by ingenuity. It is a poor year that they don't turn up at trade and teachers' conventions with twenty or thirty new toys and devices.

Both gentlemen—each with a Master's degree from Teacher's College—are unashamedly post-graduates of the "live what you learn" school of education. The almost old-fashioned quality of their doctrine is for once no handicap, since they have to deal at length with parents and schoolboards to whom "progressive" theories are still matters of live interest and of concrete concern. The question of how much to spend for the playground, moreover, is likely to be discussed more sanely than somebody's half-baked impression of what was wrong with John Dewey. During the very period in which progressive education has become old-hat for most of the fr office educators, in other words, has been gaining ground in the b storeroom where they keep the ch and erasers.

Creative Playthings operates the principle, as Mr. Caplan put that small children learn most wh they smell, and touch, and ta He and Mr. Barenholtz wanted provide them, in the kindergart with a dramatic three-dimensio environment in which they could ercise their senses freely, out of range of adult attitudes, "where t can test every one of their cultu and physical powers." Modern c dren need this especially, Mr. Cap feels, not only to help them ac the difficult bridge to academic r tines, but to make amends for a lived largely—up to that poi within four walls. "They live i *very* restricted environment," he s "They don't handle as much as t used to handle. The kitchen has come so dangerous that Mothe always having to say, 'Don't tou They are raised in a state of alm total inexperience." Creative P things provides everything the c pany can think of, including a fu equipped toy kitchen, to fill the g and they build all of it, if I anticipate your next question, str

On the playground, simila Creative Playthings tries to make for the destruction and removal Nature with a capital N. Tidy ministration is inimical to trees rocks. "If there are trees, the k quickly shred them up," says Caplan, "and most park adminis tors, who should know better, c



(Above) *Taken from a Christmas cartoon by Rowland Emett.*

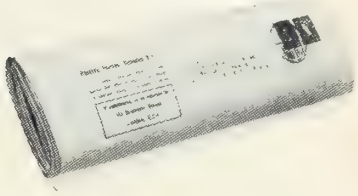
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HELP!

A Great Tradition Carries On

This famed British humor magazine has been poking devastating fun at the world since 1841. A great tradition has attracted to its roster of contributors (and continues to attract) Britain's keenest wits, cartoonists, and critics. Among contemporary contributors are writers like P. G. Wodehouse, Robert Graves, A. P. Herbert, and over 70 top-notch English cartoonists such as Emett ("Far Tottering and Oyster Creek Railway"), Searle ("The Belles of St. Trinian's"), Giovanetti ("Max"), Langdon, Brockbank, Sprod, and Fougasse. The cartoons in PUNCH—over 1000 a year, a number of them in full color—are alone worth the price of admission.

Like Going to a Wonderful Party

Spending an evening with the latest issue of PUNCH is like going to a party attended by Britain's cleverest people. The latest plays, movies, ballets, books, television programs are discussed. (Yes, they have their version of "The $64,000 Question" too, and "I Love Lucy.") The doings in Parliament and the Cabinet are skilfully dissected—and so are its members! And throughout the evening runs a thread of brilliant mockery and parody such as:



AMGAARD

What If?

What if Attlee, not Churchill, had written "A History of the English-Speaking Peoples"?



How would television's "This Is Your Life" have handled the heart-throbbing story of Bob Cratchit, Scrooge, and Tiny Tim?

What if dentists were glamorized by the movies the way doctors are—with a screenplay entitled "The Stars Look Down in the Mouth"?

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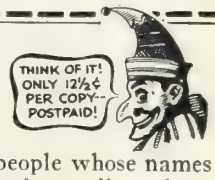
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out all of nature's rocks to substitute flat asphalt areas. So what we did was ask sculptors like David Aaron, Antonio Vitalli, and Bob Winston to help us with the creation of rocks and other natural forms on a flat playground. We made thirty different versions of a tree before we were satisfied. The one we wound up with is in the form of a cactus—with a forest of them you can climb to your heart's content, from one to the other."

Their most famous playground items are those which come from their co-sponsorship with the Museum of Modern Art of a national play sculpture competition, but you may well have seen others of their trademarks—the arched climbing ladder, the half-ramps that can make either a tunnel or a bridge, and the concrete turtle (which is also a house) designed by Milton Hebald. And there are more on the way, including a set of wholly original shapes they call the "boneyard"—with Tanguy-like saddle seats called "riders" ("so abstract it can be anything you want") and a hambone-shaped slide made out of fiberglass and concrete. Their only limitation is your budget and the equanimity with which you can take catalogue items like: "Shipped in four sections. Eight tons. FOB Yonkers, N. Y." Because of the quality and sturdiness required, Creative Playthings productions may appear to be priced high (Mr. Caplan thinks a school should be ready to plank down $4,000 per kindergarten), but schools—and the competition—have increasingly recognized their leadership and pioneering.

"Even the hard-headed and so-called practical men on school boards," says Mr. Caplan, "are gradually impressed with our items because of lower maintenance costs and the need for less supervision. Most of all, our things are completely acceptable to the kids. It's when they don't like the damn things that they toss them around. Make the country beautiful and the kids will not destroy it—they love to see their city beautiful, too. I get so angry at the people who cry vandalism. It's only the bigoted, who hate children, who talk that way. We just finished a pilot playground for P.S. 130, in the Negro and Puerto Rican section, and they put a fence around it and lock it on week ends. The only trouble is that the kids want to use it so badly that they go right over the fence and there is a terrific struggle starting there between the police and the kids."

MESSRS. Barenholtz and Caplan got into this line of work almost by accident. After the war, unknown to one another, they had both set up small toy stores—Barenholtz in St. Louis, Caplan in New York. They met at a national toy convention, when they happened to sit down side by side to rest tired feet and compare notes on the idiocy of attending such affairs. Discovering they were of like mind, they decided to co-operate on a joint retail catalogue; and before long they were making toys on their own. "We got to have quite a following," Mr. Caplan recalls, "among the younger parents. The older ones would still just go to Schwartz, the way they always had, but the younger generation—with, you know, a point of view—would come to us. We found ourselves with a modest retail business." But then they got interested in the kindergarten equipment, and toys for parents slipped into second place in their affections.

The toys that they call Playforms are still an active line ("we've been selling it, but not killing ourselves") and deserve to do even better than they do. Some of the Playforms—among them are trucks, boats, animals, and people—are almost as good sculpture as they are toys. All are made of wood, smoothed and stylized in shape so as to combine ruggedness with tactile satisfactions. The seven-piece family group might have been done by Henry Moore and the animals—bull, cow, calf, pig, and piglets—by the Eskimo carvers who perfected this abstract technique before we discovered it. This, from Mr. Caplan's point of view, is just the trouble with Playforms. "They get into the museums, but they don't get to the children."

The difficulty is almost purely one of consumer psychology. When such simple toys are put side-by-side on the shelves with all the gimcrackery, they fail to attract the parental eye, "which recognizes Mickey Mouse because the kids are *supposed* to like Mickey Mouse." Mr. Caplan wisl he could make the Playforms l expensive—say, thirty or forty ce apiece. The technical means ex a machine that can turn out six seven hundred at one run, but it quires that large a run; the pres distribution—through art stores a highbrow gift shops—reaches small a market to rely on. "C problem here," says Mr. Kaplan, really one of educating the adu There will come a day, though. we have to, we'll open our o stores. Our business is where c dren are.



ART
ON PAPE

I DON'T know anything ab art books," Mr. Weyhe said w I called him on the phone to ask l if he would tell me what is new art book publishing. "I have b for five months farming."

Nobody, I suppose, knows as m about art books as Mr. E. We who has a bookshop devoted clusively to the arts, on Lexing Avenue and 63rd Street in N York. Mr. Weyhe parlayed the with which he arrived in Americ 1914 into a reputation, a nice p of New York real estate, and a l ger-mugger of books stacked fl to ceiling that must be unparall for disorder and quality.

Mr. Weyhe, when I questio him in the gallery of his estab ment (art upstairs, books downst talked gloomily and smiled brigl He twinkled and he complained t nobody buys art books any more way they used to (the shop was of people).

"Everybody gets discounts tod

RAYMOND LOEWY discusses industrial design

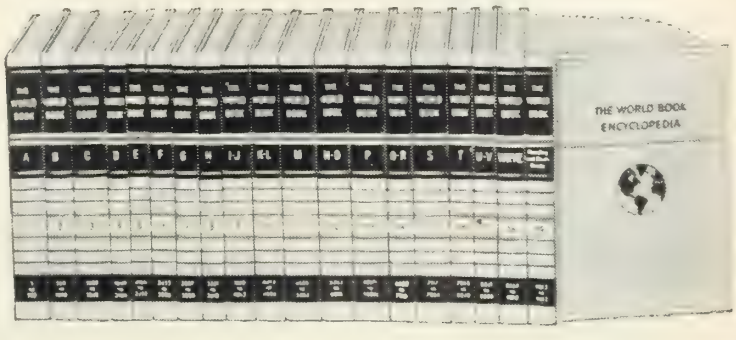
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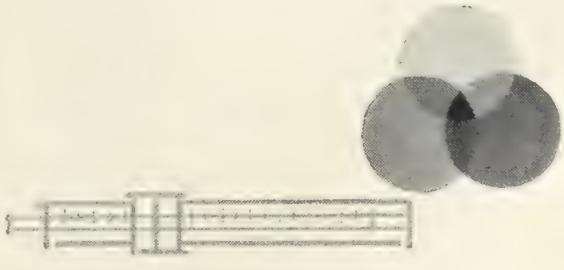


Raymond Loewy, head of Raymond Loewy Associates

A personal meeting with Raymond Loewy would be a refreshing experience. With a few deft "doodles" he might outline a new package design or picture the thundering power of a modern locomotive. And you'll find Mr. Loewy's World Book article on "Industrial Design" crisp, clear, and accurate as a blueprint. That's why the editors of World Book Encyclopedia invited the foremost authority on this important modern subject to contribute to the wealth of World Book pages.

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AMERICAN CANCER SOCIETY

he said. "Everybody belongs to the College Art Association and they come in here and look at books and then buy them with their discounts somewhere else."

The bargain houses like Marboro are ruining his business, he insisted with gaiety, and the art book clubs are also ruining his business. Alas, things aren't what they once were. And then he showed me a magnificent book on early Japanese prints of which he had bought up almost the entire edition and had sold nearly all for $50 apiece.

Then I went and talked with Mrs. Lillian Friedman, who runs Brentano's, because I wanted to hear what a general retail book outlet was doing with art books. No complaints. The art book clubs, the Marboro bargains all help get people interested in art books. Why do people buy them? Mostly because they look well on their living-room table and because they make impressive gifts. The art book business has "grown tremendously" in the last few years. The general interest in art has prompted Brentano's to open an art gallery. Skira's big expensive ($17.50) books full of color sell best, but their $5.75 line also sells well. The Bollingen books don't do so well. "Real fancy prices but beautiful books."

Next I talked to Monroe Wheeler who has, among other duties, been in charge of publishing at the Museum of Modern Art for a good many years. The Museum has published three hundred books since it was founded in 1929; ninety of them are still in print. The Museum's best sellers are *Masters of Modern Art, What Is Modern Painting?* (both edited by Alfred H. Barr, Jr.), and *The History of Impressionism* by John Rewald (who has another book just out, *The History of Post-Impressionism*). *The Masters of Modern Art* has been published with all of its splendid plates (both color and black and white) in French, German, Swedish, and Spanish as well as English.

"And then we did *The Family of Man*," Mr. Wheeler said, "of which 620,000 copies have been sold. We published that with the Maco Corporation, which distributes books to newsstands, and it was printed by Donnelly in Chicago, the best gravure printer in the business. They did it as a prestige item. The first printing was 150,000 copies and Donnelly had each copy inspected for imperfections. They threw out 51,000 copies of that first run. Imperfect copies. Japan alone bought 20,000 copies of *Family*."

Simon and Schuster is the regular distributor of Museum of Modern Art books (except those to Museum members). The Museum's publishing program is the biggest of its kind in the world and Mr. Wheeler said, when I asked him if the publications made money, "They're self-supporting." That is a great deal more than can be said for most efforts to produce art books, even with the market as good as it is. A good deal of love, idealism, and cash go into the production of art books. The love and idealism pay dividends; the cash is likely not to.

But if you are interested in buying books that cost the publishers money to sell you, here, briefly is what some of the current crop of art books looks like—and they look, many of them, like a million dollars.

Picasso, about whom people can't stop publishing, is the subject of a big new book and a small one. The big book by Wilhelm Boech and Jaime Sabartes (Abrams, $15) is handsome, useful (to collectors and scholars), and contains much of the master's latest work. The small book called just *Picasso* by Frank Elgar and Robert Maillard is a great deal of book for $5 (published by Praeger, New York) with 323 black and white illustrations and 75 color plates, which, while good, are not of first quality. If you want modern art in a de-luxe package there is Skira's *Modern Painting* with 200 color plates for $27.50.

Skira's books, of which there are many, are as luxurious as any. They are published in Switzerland, are typographically elegant, and the color plates are of astonishing quality and reliability. Skira has just announced a new volume on *Dutch Painting* (with 114 color plates) for $25, but you should, if you get a chance, look at all of their books. There are two volumes of Spanish painting (*From Catalan Frescoes to El Greco,* and *Velasquez to Picasso*); one on the rarely reproduced Goya frescoes in San Antonio

de la Florida (Madrid); three volumes of Italian painting . . . enough to make the mouth water. Skira also has an inexpensive series called *The Taste of Our Times,* books that sell for $5.75, including Fra Angelico, Piero della Francesca, Greco, Goya, and some more modern masters such as Degas, Lautrec, Dufy, and (most recently published) Chagall, with a text by Lionello Venturi.

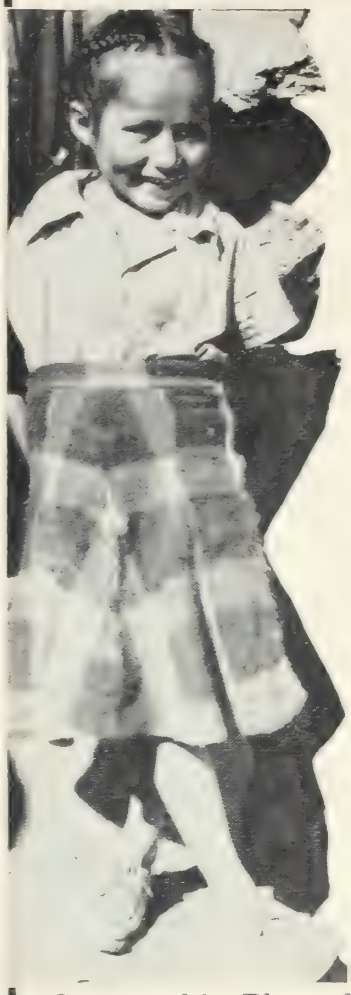
THERE is scarcely any kind of art that is not illustrated and dissected in books. Weyhe in his current catalogue lists 2,028 items. You can, for example, consider the New York Graphic Society series which includes such oddities (in magnificent big volumes with tremendous color plates) as medieval frescoes of Yugoslavia, paintings from the Stave Churches of Norway, aboriginal paintings from Arnhemland in Australia (with a text by Sir Herbert Read). There are others in this series which is published in co-operation with UNESCO. They sell for $16.50 and are cheap, for those who are interested, at the price. The most recent publication of the Graphic Society that I have seen is one on Antonello da Messina ($18). Antonello is a rather special taste, but if you have it, this volume will delight you. Forty-five color plates.

For the architectural-minded I recommend *The Idea of Louis Sullivan* (University of Minnesota Press, $10) for its illustrations; they give Sullivan the stature which he deserves as an innovator and as a remarkably imaginative creator of ornament. For another kind of ornament I recommend *The Glory of Romanesque Art,* published by Vanguard Press ($15).

As far as I have heard, the biggest, lushest, and most expensive art publication of this season is *Leonardo,* published by Reynal at $35. "Only 4,000 copies will be available this year," the publisher announces. He also says that the book is "two inches thick, weighs 10½ pounds, and is the most magnificent thing of its kind ever produced." Only $3.33 a pound for the most magnificent thing of its kind isn't bad. Scarcely more than you'd pay for a 2½ inch pound of U.S. prime beefsteak . . . and almost no fat.

—Mr. Harper

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the new BOOKS

PAUL PICKREL

The Ambiguities of Success

AT THIS season publishers usually offer a generous assortment of books fit only to be given away, but in this year's flood of other-directed volumes unloosed by the approach of the holidays, the wary reader will find a considerable number suitable for home consumption.

Among them is a highly diverse group of biographies and autobiographies of distinguished twentieth-century Americans. Though perhaps none of them is a dazzling masterpiece of the biographer's art, each has some insight or information that speaks to our curiosity about our fellow creatures, and as a group they provide an absorbing if sometimes ambiguous commentary on the kind of men who achieve eminence in contemporary America.

ALAN VALENTINE'S venture in autobiography, **Trial Balance: The Education of an American** (Pantheon, $4.50), is the most unusual of the group, because it is written in a mood of severe self-examination such as those who have held positions of leadership in society do not often choose for their appearances in print. Valentine is hard on himself and hard on his career, being satisfied with neither.

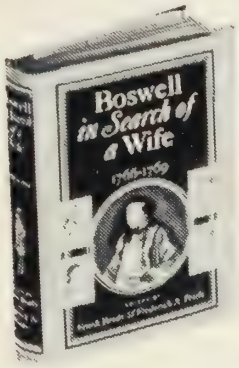
The model for *Trial Balance* is *The Education of Henry Adams.* Not that Valentine for a moment assumes that he is Adams's equal in intellectual power or literary skill, but he has borrowed from Adams certain approaches, such as writing about himself in the third person and remaining silent on his private life after adolescence; and, more important, he feels kinship with Adams's disappointment and frustration in failing to mesh with the world around him. Yet the reader of *Trial Balance* will probably be reminded less often of old Adams than of certain heroes in J. P. Marquand's novels, those once-bright-young-men who find themselves racing through their lives and suddenly wonder why they are running, and where.

Even the setting of Valentine's childhood is typical Marquand. He grew up on Long Island, in a Quaker community whose original simplicity, in his phrase, has hardened into narrowness. Soon that part of the island was invaded in force by the very rich, whose vast estates provided a new standard of comparison for the people already there. The Quaker families still had their status as old settlers, for whatever that was worth, but they could not escape the fact that their modest circumstances, compared with the affluence of their new neighbors, bore all the earmarks of shabby gentility, nor could their children avoid noticing that the etiolated Victorianism that passed for culture was pretty thin fare. So Valentine, an only child whose mother died when he was thirteen, grew up a good deal alone in an obsolescent society, while the much more spectacular society that was replacing it lay just beyond the thick hedges and broad lawns of the rich.

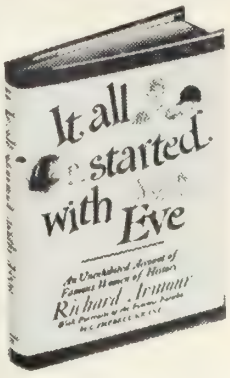
Like many another boy, Valentine reacted to such a background by trying to win the admiration of others and to be a success. In college he set about the job in earnest, choosing as his model the all-round man, the durable ideal for gifted college boys of unfocused ambition. He played games and held offices and made Phi Beta Kappa (more by strategem than scholarship, according to his own account) and turned out an approximation of his ideal good enough to win him a Rhodes Scholarship. At Oxford he had his first setback: his charm and earnestness failed to win him a first; his examiners simply thought that he wasn't that good. But he had a wonderful time, staying all-round by winning an Oxford "blue" and enjoying the amenities of English social life, where he moved on the other side of the hedge. [*Continue on page 88.*]

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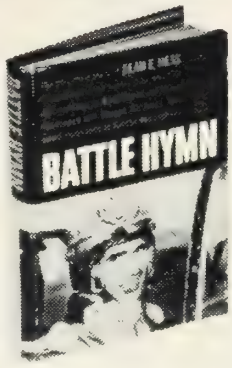
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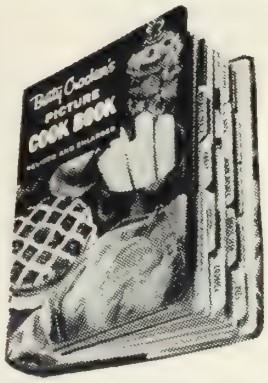
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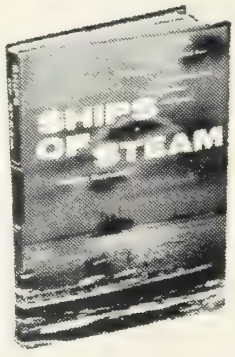
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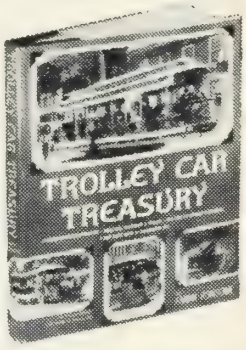
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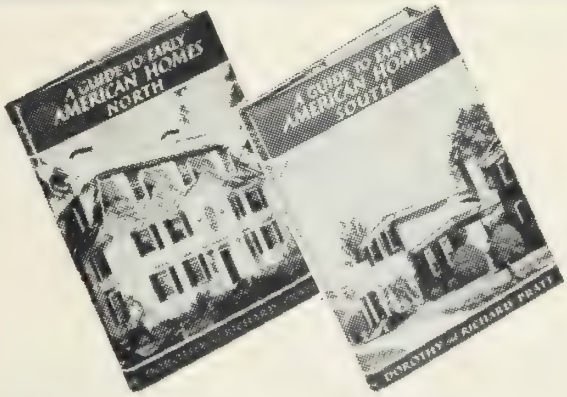
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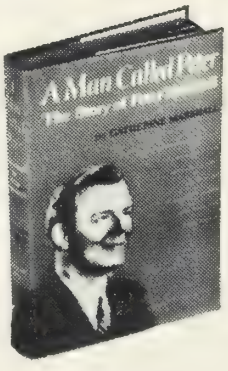


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The Swivel Chair



Among many indefensible compulsions that the book trade moves by the most curious and toughly-rooted is that of ganging publication dates. The first two weeks of November offer an orgy of debuts, a feast to sateity for book reviewers, booksellers, book buyers, and browsers.

Since it is apparently an act of gross self-indulgence to buy a book for oneself, let us decently camouflage these temptations of the big book season under the noble label of books as gifts. Recipients may be roughly sorted out — on your shopping list — as Fiction Type, NonFiction Type — Fanatics and Children. Pinned to the titles that follow are identifying tags that should suggest fare for everyone from tea-table aunt to howlingly precocious infant.



Everyone reads fiction including, sometimes especially, those who whimsically confess they cannot. In this list several compass points are covered — India, Africa, Montana, Manhattan, California and Korea. There are some big names that always turn up on the bestseller lists and a new name that hit best sellerdom with a first novel.

In the foreground are — **These Thousand Hills** by Pulitzer Prize winner **A. B. Guthrie, Jr.** ($3.95). The sweep of that 'forever land,' the human destinies that made its history comprehensible are here in a novel, an age and a frontier that we will not forget. **The Great World and Timothy Colt** by **Louis Auchincloss** ($3.75). "A biopsy of a class and a system, Louis Auchincloss is an expert diagnostician and a smooth raconteur — on a par and a parallel with J. P. Marquand." **Mamba** by **Stuart Cloete** ($3.00). "Few men know more of Africa than Stuart Cloete, few comprehend so clearly the intricacies of the human mind." **The Ninth Wave** by **Eugene Burdick** ($3.95). A novel of a warm voice and a cold heart in politics — "the-book-of-the-year." **The Year of Love** by **Margaret Lee Runbeck** ($3.25). "More than a novel. It is an intimate study of the customs and mores of India . . . dramatically human and vivid." **Able Company** by **D. J. Hollands** ($4.50). " . . . the first full-bodied novel of the British troops in the Korean War . . . Hollands can write."



NonFiction Types are a wide assortment from the bearded uncle in leather patches to paperback-budget sophomore. One of the sprightliest books in this or other years is **Roman Candle** by **Letitia Baldrige** ($3.75). "An effervescent account of three years spent completely and delightfully as social secretary to Clare Boothe Luce in Italy, this encompasses the ardent and arduous aspects of on and off duty hours. Thoroughly down to earth in its sense of values, and up to heaven in its zest for living . . . a sparkler." **Nostalgia:** A Psychoanalytic Study of Marcel Proust by **Dr. Milton Miller** ($4.00). In this a distinguished psychoanalyst brings Freudian theory to bear on Proustian art, with the most interesting and unexpected results. **Sir Robert Walpole:** *The Making of a Statesman* by **J. H. Plum** ($5.50). The amazing career of a debt-encumbered squire who rose to become 18th Century England's greatest statesman. **In Search of Adam,** The bestselling story of man's quest for the truth about his earliest ancestors by **Herbert Wendt** (Illus. $6.50). **The Last Grain Race** *Around the Horn under sail in 1939* by **Eric Newby** (Photographs $4.00). **Men of The Western Waters** *The taking of America's first West — 1781-1794* by **Dale van Every** (Illus. $4.00). **The World in the Postwar Decade 1945-1955** — a British look at the events that shape our present by **J. Hampden Jackson** ($3.00) and in a new revised edition the standard **American Capitalism** by **John Kenneth Galbraith** ($3.00).



A blessing undisguised on any shopping list is the recognized fanatic who wants every honest and illuminating word in print on his special subject. We suggest a few of the recognizably single-minded and the books they want and mean to have. For instance for the man who has the **Peterson Field Guides** marching numerically along a handy shelf nothing could be more obviously welcome than the newest, **Field Guide To The Ferns** ($3.75).



For one of the race of the serious jazz fancier, **Panassié's** encyclopedic **Guide to Jazz,** ($4.00), is naturally the greatest. Anti-bop and R & R. With a foreword by Louis Armstrong.

For the owner of the first published volume of the **Times Atlas of the World** (confusingly it was Volume III) the next volume — **Southern Europe and Africa**—will be simply necessity. ($25.00).



For almost any new or imminently prospective bride **The Complete Guide for the Serviceman's Wife** by **Elizabeth Land** and **Lieutenant**

Colonel Carroll V. Glines, Jr. U.S.A.F. (Illus. $5.00 hardbound, $2.75 paperbound).

For everyone who reads any book reviewer a copy of **The Outsider** by **Colin Wilson** ($4.00) certainly at once the season's most controversial and resoundingly praised entry in the egghead race that is conducted in literary media.



Bullfighting is beginning to edge out all other outdoor sports in literary mileage. One of the pros in the arena is **Barnaby Conrad** (Matador, La Fiesta Brava). His new book is one done with Mexico's top bullfighter **Carlos Arruza.** It is the autobiography of a person whose life is superbly adapted to legend. **My Life as a Matador** (Illus. with photographs $4.00).



Shortstory collections, whether variations on a theme, or medlied, are ideal Christmas presents. **City of The Living** by **Wallace Stegner** ($3.00), for devotees of the single theme, and **The Best Short Stories of 1956** edited by **Martha Foley** ($4.00), for diversification, are recommended.

For people — may their tribes increase — who read just for pleasure, **Women and Children First** by **Cady Hewes** the name that was assumed by **Bernard DeVoto** ($3.75) in his role of domestic chronicler. And the profile of a great city, **The London Season** by **Louis T. Stanley** (Illus. $4.00), and for one sex — at a time — **Women are Wonderful** edited by **William Cole** and **Florett Robinson** ($5.00). A cartoon history of a hundred years with America's most controversial figure. For the prospective or merely hopeful home owner **Living on the Level** by **Royal Barry Wills** (Cloth $5.00, paper $2.69).



To people who generously and fatally loaned their copies of these bestsellers months ago, replacement copies of **The Edge of the Sea** by **Rachel Carson** ($3.95). **Wild America** by **Roger Tory Peterson** and **James Fisher** ($5.00), and **Cash McCall** by **Cameron Hawley** ($3.95).

For at least everyone who saw the magnificent Omnibus series "The Constitution," (and the program's fan mail was gratifyingly enormous) the adaptation of that series in book form with Joseph N. Welch fortunately omnipresent as commentator and lavish illustrations, one or more to every page — **The Constitution** by **Joseph N. Welch** with Richard Hofstadter and the Staff of "Omnibus" ($3.75). And for everyone who missed the programs, too.

For armchair or over-the-stove cook a book that is half entrancing folk lore, half recipes as exotic as they are habit forming, **Classic Cooking From India** by **Djaram Singh** ($4.00), and not an ingredient therein that you cannot find in the supermarket worthy of its name.



The younger generation, divided into self-propelled readers or those more docile who are still read aloud to, have as always a rich spread of books. And oddly and happily relatively more children's books become classics than those on the adult list. If you have a child old enough just now for the delectable **Virginia Lee Burton** books, **The Little House** (Illus. $3.00) is a wonderful introduction. The **Holling** books — **Minn of the Mississippi** ($3.00), **Tree in the Trail** (Illus. $3.00), **Paddle-to-the-Sea** (Illus. $3.00), and **Seabird** (Illus. $3.00) are treasure lore. **Johnny Tremain** ($3.50) by **Esther Forbes,** is currently moving into another dimension — TV. There is the Caldecott winner **The Biggest Bear** (Illus. $2.75) by **Lynd Ward,** and bridging all generations, **The Complete Uncle Remus** (Illus. $5.00) edited by **Richard Chase.**

And now to introduce the newest ones: — For the picture age there is another by the incomparable **Rey** — **See The Circus** (Illus. $1.00) a habit-forming book that will lead back to the other fold-out-books **Where's My Baby?** (Illus. $1.00), and **Anybody at Home?** (Illus. $1.00) and then to the **Curious George** stories. There is a new **Laura Bannon** book — **The Scary Thing** (Illus. $2.00) with a gentle mystery for the nursery school set. This same set will lose out to their elders when they fish **Loco Locomotive** (Illus. $2.00) all sixteen feet of it, out of the Christmas stocking. By **Marilyn and Varujan Boghosian. Jean Lee Latham** won the Newbery Award with **Carry on Mr. Bowditch** (Illus. $2.75), published in the Spring she has now turned to a biography of Matthew Fontaine Maury — **Trail Blazer of the Seas** (Illus. $2.75). **Daphne Rooke** is a name established in both adult and juvenile fields. **Twins in Australia** (Illus. $2.00) is for the 9-12 market and offers attractive people, exotic locale and a double-barrel mystery. **Mary and Conrad Buff** have collaborated in a book for this same age group in **Hah-Nee** (Illus. $3.00) the dramatic working of an epic theme based on the history of the now-vanished Cliff Dwellers.



This list could put a book in the hand of everyone around your Christmas tree, but before they begin to lose themselves in their separate worlds produce **The Treasury of Christmas Songs and Carols** (Illus. $4.95), edited by **Henry A. Simon** — and start them singing.



Back in America in the 'twenties, Valentine drifted into that haven of bright young men with unspecified talents, administration. Soon it was college administration, and after a series of increasingly important jobs he became, at the age of thirty-four, President of the University of Rochester, where he stayed for fifteen years, with time off to run ECA in the Netherlands and for other public service.

Even by Marquand standards it was a highly successful career, and in the Marquand manner it had a twist to it that invited re-examination. The twist came about in this way: In 1950 President Truman was faced with the problem of having to please both the people who wanted inflation stopped and the people who did not want it stopped. His solution was to look for an Administrator of Economic Stabilization who would be powerless to do anything about inflation but would have to take the blame for it. He invited Valentine to take the job and Valentine accepted. The all-round man became the fall guy. It was a searing experience, but in writing about it Valentine faces his own part squarely, though his remarks on Truman and Mike diSalle (his colleague in the Office of Economic Stabilization) are understandably a little this side of charity.

Trial Balance is not the self-justification of a gentleman who fell among politicians; rather it is Valentine's attempt to understand why the model he had chosen for himself in life proved, in the long run, so unsatisfactory. The conclusions he draws from his experience are not notably original (he wishes that he had put more of himself into friendships and given more care to developing the spiritual and aesthetic side of his nature; he retains a qualified optimism about education and democracy). But the conclusions drawn from experience are seldom very new, and in this instance they have come at a price that must be respected. If a man can put a little of the truth about himself into a book there will always be some people who will want to read it, and Valentine has probably put a considerable part of the truth about himself in *Trial Balance*.

BEYOND SUCCESS

THE most astounding American success story of this century, and the one most written about, is of course Henry Ford's. The latest addition to this vast literature is **My Forty Years with Ford** by Charles E. Sorensen in collaboration with Samuel T. Williamson (Norton, $5).

The book is arresting for several reasons, but chiefly for its account of Henry Ford in his last years. He was rich beyond the imagining of anyone but a federal budget maker, owning outright one of the world's greatest industrial complexes and ready to shut it down or tear it apart if the whim seized him. Surrounded by bodyguards of dubious provenance, he embittered the life of his dying son (Sorensen thinks his outrageous behavior hastened Edsel's death) and did what he could to estrange his grandsons. Full of ignorant opinions and sometimes hallucinated, he had reached the point where most of the restraints that keep men in place in the world no longer held. Only Mrs. Ford could do anything with him. She made him sign a contract with the CIO after he had announced that he would close the plant first; she simply said that she would leave him if he didn't. Characteristically he not only signed the contract in a few hours but gave the union more than it demanded.

For his associates it was a nightmare of untrammeled caprice. Sorensen was second in command when the war came; he created Willow Run under a man who did not want to make airplanes, who was opposed to the war and everything about it, and who regarded the government as a personal conspiracy against him. Finally in 1944, when the old man at last permitted Henry II to take office in the company and in that way recognized that it would survive him, Sorensen quit. He was a man of iron, but in forty years Henry Ford could get through iron.

The most curious thing in the book is a letter, quoted at the end, in which Sorensen at the time of his resignation tried to explain his action to a friend. It speaks in the doubtful syntax of real anguish. Clearly he admired Henry Ford immensely; they had worked together as few men have ever done; he had an instinctive understanding of what Ford was trying to do but could not put in words or drawings; and between them they wrought a revolution in the way Americans work and live. Sorensen does not underplay his own importance in their accomplishment (he claims that he rather than Ford invented the moving assembly line), but he was and remains deeply attached to the inexplicable man who hired him at twenty-three—a Danish immigrant pattern-maker with an eighth-grade education—and gave him an opportunity to develop an unsurpassed genius for production. At the same time, he knows that he paid a price for his association with Ford that few men could or would pay.

My Forty Years with Ford is a chapter in the history of American technology, it is the story of an impossible loyalty, and it is a rather terrifying account of what the human will can be like when fantastic success liberates its full capacity for throwing its weight around. Apparently Sorensen regrets the recent sale of stock that makes the Ford Motor Company a public

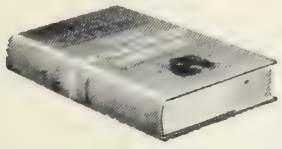
How to make 18 people happy this Christmas

his year do all your shopping in one place easily, quickly, conveniently and at low cost — y giving good books



Please *everybody?* Certainly. Whether you have eight, eighteen or eighty on your list, books will compliment them — and *you*. Your local bookseller's is the one place where you can find the most appreciated gifts for everybody, from small children to large grandfathers, from smiling brides to serious businessmen . . . and for just as little (or as much) as you want to spend.

For the man on your list who likes American history and factual adventure, two magnificent books have just been published, books that make our country's past live as excitingly as the present. In **MEN TO MATCH MY MOUNTAINS** (480 pages, $5.95), **Irving Stone** tells the rugged, roaring story of the opening of the Far West as only he, the author of *Lust For Life* could tell it. Here are the stories of *all* the vigorous men, and their women, who met and conquered the towering challenges of California, Nevada, Utah, and Colorado. Says the *N. Y. Times:* "Expert performance, jaunty, enthusiastic, a constant stream of dramatic anecdotes and a long parade of bizarre personalities." In **THIS HALLOWED GROUND** (448 pages, $5.95) Pulitzer Prize-winner **Bruce Catton** has created the finest book ever written on the Union side of the Civil War. "There is a sense of urgency and new discovery in almost every page," writes John P. Marquand about



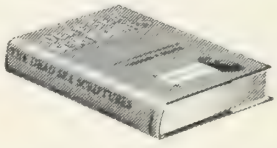
his Book-of-the-Month selection. And examine the six other books already published in the famous *Mainstream of America Series*. From Stewart Holbrook's *Age of the Moguls* to C. S. Forester's *Age of Fighting Sail,* each is wonderful reading — history in terms of the people who made it.

To many people, certain books are as invaluable as a best friend. Three practical gift suggestions for every home are the world-famous **THORNDIKE-BARNHART COMPREHENSIVE DESK DICTIONARY** (80,000 entries, 700 illustrations, 896 pages; $2.95 standard, $3.50 thumb-indexed); **AMY VANDERBILT'S COMPLETE BOOK OF ETIQUETTE** ($5.50 standard, $6 thumb-indexed), today's most modern, best-selling book on etiquette; **Charles H. Goren's CONTRACT BRIDGE COMPLETE** ($4.50) — by the man whose name is virtually synonymous with America's most popular card game.

The children in your life probably love toys, three-scoop ice cream cones, and plastic bombs. But just watch their faces—and their minds — light up when you give them a really enjoyable book to read. Among the very best is **Marguerite de Angeli's BOOK OF NURSERY AND MOTHER GOOSE RHYMES,** the exquisite Mother Goose (large format, $5). Or the **WONDERFUL WORLD** books, which explain in rich color and clear text the worlds of **MATHEMATICS, GEOGRAPHY and ARCHAEOLOGY** — for children 10 years and older (only $2.95 each). When you give a child a book, it keeps on giving and giving . . .

You'll find **Bennett Cerf's** new book excellent for everyone on your list who enjoys laughter. The famous raconteur, TV star, columnist, publisher and lecturer has a new collection of anecdotes, fables, foibles, limericks, short puns, tall tales and screamingly funny yarns. It's adding more life to more parties than anything since the vodka martini. Title? **THE LIFE OF THE PARTY.** Price? Only $2.95.

Lowell Thomas' SEVEN WONDERS OF THE WORLD ($6.95) makes a fine gift this season with its fascinating story of his search for present day equals to the ancient wonders. There are brilliant photographs, many in full color, excitement and readability, and a luxurious format.



The central document in the controversy surrounding the Dead Sea scrolls is **THE DEAD SEA SCRIPTURES IN ENGLISH TRANSLATION** ($4), with an introduction and notes by **Theodor H. Gaster.** The Dead Sea scrolls discovered so far are now translated for laymen in a book that is "refreshing . . . of great value . . . stimulating and enlightening," according to Dr. Millar Burrows of Yale University. This volume is also available for only 95¢ in **ANCHOR BOOKS** — the pioneering low-cost paperback series for the permanent library of the serious reader.

Use this page as your Christmas checklist; take it to your bookseller's for one-stop Christmas shopping. You'll find there courteous and intelligent help for all your Christmas needs. And while you're there, buy yourself a book.

e books described in these pages are published by **DOUBLEDAY**, America's foremost book shers. Other Doubleday imprints include **HANOVER HOUSE** books, the **CRIME CLUB**, **EN CITY** books, the handsome art books of **PHAIDON** Publishers, Inc., and **IMAGE BOOKS** best in Catholic literature at low prices).

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corporation, but the reader of his book may wonder if ever again so large a proportion of the nation's productive capacity should be subject to the erratic will of one man. Not that Henry Ford meant any harm, but it is impossible to imagine what he did mean, if in the end he meant anything at all.

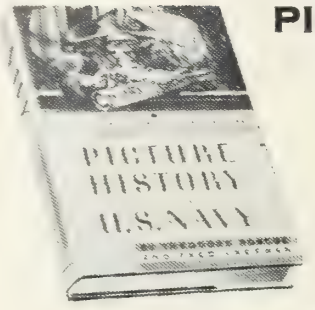
PERDURABLE GRANITE

TO TURN to Alpheus T. Mason's **Harlan Fiske Stone** (Viking, $8.50) is to return to measure and reason. Here was success such as the mind can grasp and the judgment approve. The late Chief Justice used to say that he had the best job in the world, and on the evidence of his biography he also had about the best life in the world. It was a life that fit him like his own skin, developing and using and rewarding his abilities step by step through the years, from a New England boyhood, through Amherst and Columbia Law School, through legal practice in New York and a professorship and deanship at Columbia, on to a brief tenure as Attorney General under Coolidge, and then to the Supreme Court for twenty-one crucial years (1925-46), the last five as Chief Justice.

Stone was the link between the old Court and the new, not merely because his tenure of office bridged the revolution of the 'thirties but because he had a view of the law that could find firm footing on both sides of that great divide, and the massive integrity of character to give the span solidity. According to his friend and admirer Learned Hand, Stone did not have an original mind, and the extensive quotations from his opinions in Mason's book show that he had no particular gifts as a writer; even in private correspondence he could write like an institution. But to trace through those opinions Stone's conception and application of the law is, for a layman at least, an education in the place of the law in modern society.

Unfortunately, not many laymen will read Mason's book. Lawyers and students of the Constitution will, but it is written at such length and in such detail that most others will pass it by. Stone was a monumental man and deserves a monu-

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Books of the Year



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SICKLES THE INCREDIBLE

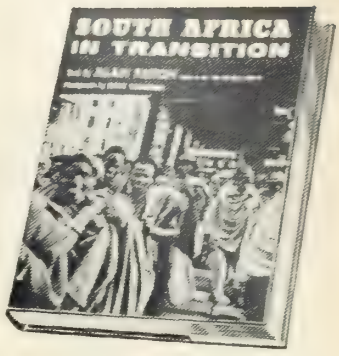
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#1 choice of the nation's critics in *Saturday Review's* fall book poll

THE LETTERS OF Thomas Wolfe

Selected and edited, with Commentary and an Introduction by *Elizabeth Nowell*



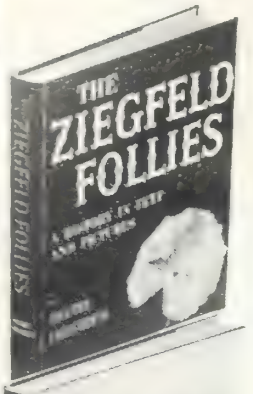
So revealing and complete is the record of Thomas Wolfe's many-sided and dynamic personality, as revealed in over 700 letters written by him from his boyhood on, that this book could actually be termed *The Autobiography of Thomas Wolfe.* 810 pages. $10.00

"His letters give new insight into a brief and violent life... A major literary event." — LIFE MAGAZINE.

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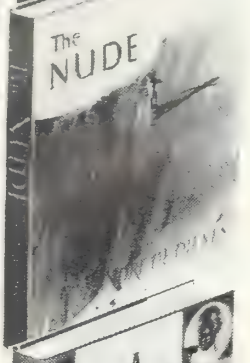
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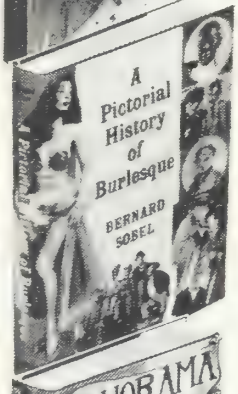
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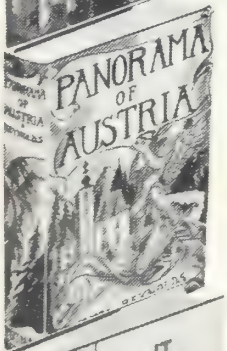
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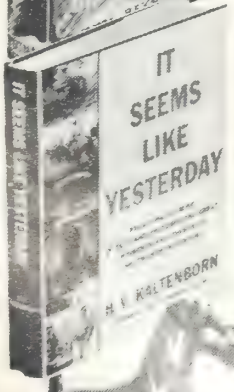
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These books will be available in your bookstore early in December

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS

mental biography, but in writing Mason does not always sufficiently observe the distinction between largeness of scale and mere prolixity. He goes so far as to give the exact route followed by the commencement procession at Columbia the year Stone received his law degree, and in discussing Stone's interest in fine wine he gets a good start on writing a Compleat Oenologist. Even the central portion of the book, the account of the great opinions in which Stone participated, would have been improved by cutting and shaping. But the collection of material is superb, and the book is certainly rewarding for those who can stick it out.

EARLY TRIALS AND LATE SERENITY

FRED ALLEN'S **Much Ado About Me** (Little, Brown, $4.50) is the second book of autobiography by the late radio comedian, telling the story of his Boston boyhood and early years in vaudeville, before the era of success already recounted in *Treadmill to Oblivion.* Allen was an entertaining writer, occasionally forced but often genuinely funny in a hard-bitten way; and in the vanished world of vaudeville as he knew it in the early decades of this century he had a perfectly wonderful subject.

It was a world of shysters and mountebanks and gallant people. My favorite among Allen's many remembered colleagues in vaudeville is Dainty Irene, an "iron-jaw" performer who was so tiny that her husband could make her travel in a child's clothes on a half-fare ticket between jobs, but it is hard to choose from among such a Dickensian wealth of characters. It was a tough and fearsomely competitive world too, ruled over by theater chains and booking agents who would have made Simon Legree look governessy. Allen writes of it without sentimentality (there is little evidence that he was a man much given to the softer emotions); he offers the reader a vivid and diverting account of a part of American life that is gone.

THERE is always something reassuring about the reminiscences of men who have made something of



The Straight and Narrow Path

A novel by HONOR TRACY. "The farce of the year."—*Time.* "Good news: there is still lovely laughter in Erin."—*N. Y. Herald Tribune.* *$3.50*

A Family Party

A novel by JOHN O'HARA. "Will make anyone who has lived in a small town as homesick as the smell of leaves burning on an autumn evening."—*Time.* *$1.95*

Don't Go Near the Water

By WILLIAM BRINKLEY. America's #1 laugh bestseller! "Hilarious, sidesplitting. A superb light novel."—*N. Y. World Telegram.* *$3.95*

The FBI Story

By DON WHITEHEAD, Pulitzer Prize reporter. The never-before-told inside story of the workings of the most respected and mysterious of government agencies. More thrills and suspense than any detective fiction. *$4.95*

Liza Bowe

By SHIRLEY BARKER. A novel of Elizabethan England by the author of *Peace, My Daughters.* *$3.50*

New York City Folklore

Edited by B. A. BOTKIN. The legends, tall tales, anecdotes, stories, sagas, heroes, customs, traditions, sayings of the world's greatest city. *Illustrated.* *$5.00*

The Muses Are Heard

By TRUMAN CAPOTE. An intimate and delightful report on the first American theatrical company to invade the Soviet Union. *$3.00*

The Big Nickelodeon

A novel by MARITTA WOLFF. Reveals some unholy truths about California's "holy city," Hollywood. *$3.95*

First and Last Love

VINCENT SHEEAN's unique Personal History of his lifelong love affair with music. "A delightful book filled with contagious enthusiasm."—*Thornton Wilder.* *$4.75*

And Walk in Love

By HENRIETTA BUCKMASTER. A novel of the Apostle Paul, "enormously, vividly alive . . . a stimulus to spiritual adventure."—*Christian Science Monitor.* *$3.95*

Hits, Runs and Social Errors

Selected by CHARLES PRESTON. A collection of really choice cartoons from *Sports Illustrated.* All about sports . . . all funny. Size:8⅜ x 11. *$2.95*

Butterflies & Moths

Text by ALFRED WERNER. A magnificently illustrated book with more than 150 species in beautiful full color. Size: 9½ x 12. *$10.00*

Theatre '56

Edited by JOHN CHAPMAN. The new edition of the definitive theatrical annual. Includes digest versions of the Golden Dozen plays of the year. *$5.00*

The South and the West of It: IRELAND AND ME

By ORIANA ATKINSON. Here is what happened when the author of *Manhattan and Me* collided with the inscrutable wiles and ways of the Emerald Isle. *$4.00*

No Time for Sergeants

By MAC HYMAN. Now in its second year as one of America's favorite laugh-provokers, *and still going strong.* *$2.95*

AT ALL BOOKSTORES **RANDOM HOUSE, N. Y.**

Money, money, money

Three years ago, in his book *The Worldly Philosophers*, ROBERT L. HEILBRONER did the unheard of: he made the theories of the great economists — from Adam Smith to the present — clear and sparkling as spring water. To date, some 61,000 intellectual-thirst quenchers have imbibed, and the end is nowhere in sight.

In his new book, *The Quest For Wealth* (Just published, $5.00), Mr. Heilbroner gives his attention, not to money theories, but to the hard, negotiable, alluring, trouble-making, mustn't-talk-about-it, can't-do-without-it stuff itself.

Some of the questions about IT that Mr. Heilbroner answers (with a combination of scholarship, lucidity, verve, and anecdote) are:

1. *What drives men to seek great riches? How explain the multi-millionaire who labors to increase his income?*
2. *Who are the great wealth-seekers of the past and present? How did they get their money? How much? What happened to them and their fortunes?*
3. *Does the pursuit of money have destructive effects on character and personality?*
4. *Exactly what do modern psychologists and anthropologists know about the acquisitive itch?*

And that's not all. Mr. H. contends that the quest for wealth has shaped history — and demonstrates brilliantly how it happened.

Each chapter of his book recreates an era through a representative wealth-seeker — from Arad Sin, moneylender of Babylon, who kept accounts on a clay tablet, to General Motors, who don't.

In following the progress of man's quest for wealth across the ages, the reader encounters such people as:

Marcus Licinus Crassus, the richest Roman of them all, who owned the city's only fire department. When a house went up in flames, Marcus was on the spot with his bucket brigade. He bargained with the anguished owner, and, if the price was right, put out the fire. If it wasn't—snap, crackle, whoosh.

Noble Brutus, who loaned money to the town of Salamis, at 48% interest.

Doge Dandolo, of 13th-century Venice. He offered to finance the Fourth Crusade if the Crusaders would first raze the Christian town of Zara, commercial rival of Venice. The Crusaders were aghast. Why not heathen Egypt, they suggested. The Doge was aghast. Because Egypt is one of our best customers, he replied.

Edward III, who borrowed from Italian moneylenders and pledged the crown of England as collateral.

Jay Gould, whose stock market tips to friends were generally the reverse of what he himself was doing, thus giving rise to the saying: "There must be some honesty in Jay Gould because none has ever come out."

Andrew Carnegie, whose net gain in the year 1890 alone was $16,000,000 — and no income tax.

Present-day Americans whose income is $1,000,000 or more annually.

Today's corporation president, whose rewards, judged by historical standards, are chicken feed.

The last part of the book deals with (1) the quest for wealth in the society of today, (2) the evolution of the greatest money-acquisitor in history: the modern business corporation, (3) how our contemporary methods of gathering loaves and fishes are likely to affect our future national economy, as well as our own personal lives.

It all adds up to this: **THE QUEST FOR WEALTH** is a dramatic history of the drive to acquire riches — a drive that ranks with sex and hunger as one of the great compelling forces on the life of man.



Read it, and you'll know all that is to be known about dough, jack, spondulics, simoleons, moss, the long green, moolah, clams, fish, salt, dust, beans, horse nails, bucks, bones, oof, and the actual corn in Egypt. In a word, money.

—ESSANDESS

THE NEW YORK TIMES says: *"Mr. Heilbroner writes easily, colorfully, succinctly. As an introduction to the growing body of writing [on] economic and business history his book is a real contribution."*
— Louis M. Hacker, Columbia University

Simon and Schuster, Publishers • Rockefeller Center, New York

themselves and succeeded in living with what they have made. Two engaging examples of such reminiscences have recently appeared, **The Happy Life of a Doctor** by Roger L. Lee (Little, Brown, $4) and **Over My Shoulder** by Clarence B. Randall (Atlantic-Little, Brown, $3.50).

Dr. Lee is an old New Englander with a pleasantly blunt way of putting things, a comfortable sense of humor, and a lively collection of memories and opinions. His book is partly autobiography but mostly just good talk about whatever comes into his head—the advantages of being fat (he is), what a doctor should tell his patients, the enormous changes he has seen in medicine and the almost equally enormous changes he would like to see in medical education, Harvard, his own work on the blood, and the general enjoyment of life.

"To me," Dr. Lee writes, "the real charm, the real joy, the real fun of medicine lies in four things: firstly, the rapid progress, in which we all share or are professionally damned; secondly, the complex and baffling nature of any patient with any disease; thirdly, the human relationship of the doctor and the patient; and fourthly, the relations of the doctor with other doctors, part of which is the maintenance of professional ideals of medicine." At seventy-five, and in spite of rheumatoid arthritis, Dr. Lee is still practicing. He makes it sound like a fine thing to be doing.

Clarence B. Randall, retired board chairman of Inland Steel and an active governmental servant, has been chiefly known to the general public as an advocate. In *Creed for Free Enterprise* he literately and thoughtfully put the case for the American business community, and in his most famous single appearance (over a nation-wide television and radio network) he put the case of the steel companies against President Truman's seizure of the mills in April 1952. But in *Over My Shoulder* Randall is not concerned to put the case for anything. The tone is musing, appreciative, wondering.

The best single passage in the book is an account of the author's return in 1952 to the French town of Commercy where he had been stationed at the end of the first world

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The long-awaited summing-up of the conclusions to which three decades of research have led this great historian, "a synthesis that makes this work one of the great books of our time."—*New York Times Book Review.* $5.00

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An inside view of history in the making, the whole story of how atomic fission became a reality, the peacetime uses of atomic energy, and the moral problems of atomic weapons. "An absorbing and eminently readable account . . . packed with new information, enlivened with precious detail and illuminating insights." — *New York Times Book Review.* Illustrated. $5.00



I CHOSE A PARSON

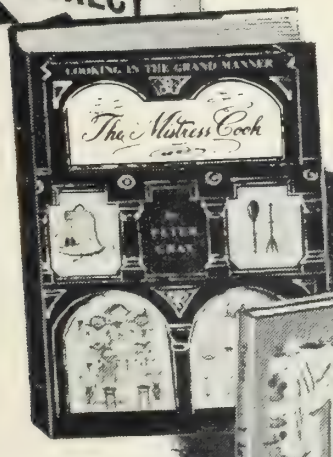
By PHYLLIS STARK. When the newly ordained Deacon brought his textbooks along on the honeymoon, his bride began to wonder about life as a minister's wife. But being married to Leland Stark turned out to be a wonderful adventure. "It glows and sparkles, is even saucy without irreverence."—HARTZELL SPENCE, author of *One Foot in Heaven.* Illustrated. $3.50

THE STORY OF JAZZ

By MARSHALL STEARNS. A 100-proof blend of scholarship and jazz. "The basic history we've been waiting for. As an introduction to the subject for the intelligent reader it is unsurpassed."—DUKE ELLINGTON. Illustrated. $5.75

FREEDOM OR SECRECY

By JAMES RUSSELL WIGGINS. The executive editor of the *Washington Post & Times-Herald* discusses the importance of freedom of information and shows how secrecy in the conduct of public affairs jeopardizes the whole democratic system of government. "A volume that will surely advance interest in a subject of transcendent importance to each citizen of this land."
—KENT COOPER, *Associated Press.* $4.00



THE MISTRESS COOK

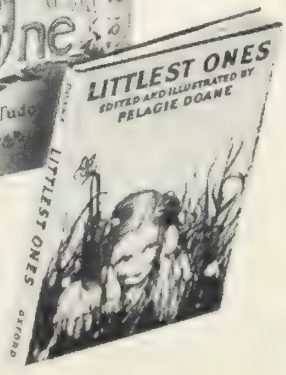
By PETER GRAY. From twelve countries and six centuries a thousand recipes and another thousand bits of cooking lore make a fine book about cooking in the grand manner. A book for the gourmet — and his wife. Illustrated. $6.50

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EDITOR AT LARGE



When it comes to giving books for Christmas there is nothing better than the book which becomes a permanent part of a home library. And so I would like to recommend three new atlases just added to the Doubleday Reference Shelf.

First, there is the "Hammond's New Practical World Atlas," an inexpensive volume with full color maps of all the countries of the world, the 48 United States and all the U.S. possessions, plus other information. It's a wonderful buy at $2.95.

Next, there is the "Hammond's Family Reference Atlas." Priced at $5.95, it contains color maps of the world and the U.S. It has a section giving "Man's Story in Maps," and very clear charts showing how to use a map. These, added to a Gazetteer of the World, make it ideal for a family with children.

Finally, there is the "Collier's World Atlas and Book of Facts," a big, beautiful and enormously useful volume worth every cent of its $12.50 price. It has almost 450 maps, 75,000 entries, 200 photographs, charts and tables, and 5,000 detailed descriptions of the world's most important cities. Just about every bit of information you need about this world is included in its 480 pages.

No home should be without an up-to-date atlas, and I recommend that you consult your bookseller and your pocketbook as to which of these three will best suit your needs.

L. L. Day

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

Other books on the Doubleday Reference Shelf include The Thorndike-Barnhart Dictionaries, priced from $2.00 to $6.50; "Amy Vanderbilt's Complete Book of Etiquette" ($5.50); "Five Thousand Quotations For All Occasions," newly re-issued ($2.00); "The Encyclopedia of Child Care and Guidance" ($7.50); "The Ladies Home Journal Book of Interior Decoration" ($6.95); "The Popular Medical Encyclopedia," just revised, ($4.95); "Contract Bridge Complete," by Charles Goren ($4.50); "The New Milton Cross' Complete Stories of the Great Operas" ($3.95) and "The American Peoples Cookbook" ($4.95). For these and other Doubleday reference books, see your own bookseller or any of the 30 Doubleday Book Shops.

war, a homesick young lieutenant terribly anxious to get back to see his first child, a daughter born after he had left. When he arrived on his second visit he found the place much altered from his memories, and to make himself feel less alien he tried to strike up a conversation with a young American lieutenant standing on the curb. The conversation was not a success; the young man seemed never to have heard of the first war and he didn't care much for Randall's intrusion. Finally he said, "Gosh, mister, I'm homesick. I've got a little baby girl at home and I want to go back and see her." Randall walked away, his eyes "rather full," wondering "if forever in our history at intervals of thirty-odd years there must be a homesick first lieutenant standing on the curb in Commercy wishing he might go back and see his baby girl."

The same tone marks Randall's reminiscences of his boyhood. He remains deeply attached to the rural America he came out of and to his failure-father who was a Democrat and a hater of "the trusts"; at the same time he is proud of his part in building an industrial America and of his role as a leading Republican. He does not attempt to arbitrate between the two; he simply shares his memories of both.

LIKE many businessmen who get to the reminiscence-writing stage, Randall says little about his day-to-day work as an executive, but there is another recent book which attempts to show what successful men in business and industry actually do. It is **The Art of Success** by the editors of *Fortune* (Lippincott, $5), a collection of twenty-one "profiles" of business leaders with the emphasis on their methods of accomplishment (Randall is the subject of one chapter.)

The style of *The Art of Success* is so uniformly sprightly and the attitude is so (almost) uniformly approving that it is sometimes a little hard to tell one man from another, but it doesn't make much difference, because the fun in reading the book, at least if you are past the point where you think you might profit from it, comes from seeing in what ways these men are alike, from trying to discover if there is a char-

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Errand into the Wilderness

By PERRY MILLER. The man or woman with a penchant for history and ideas will be delighted with this exploration of what happened to the early colonists' European views of their "errand" in America when they came up against the cold, hard facts of their isolation in a wilderness. *A Belknap Press Book.* $4.75

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By the late HUGO LEICHTENTRITT, edited and amplified by NICOLAS SLONIMSKY. The roots in Jewish liturgy of the famous Venetian double chorus and, hence, of Bach's cantatas; the bursting of frontiers by German and Austrian music; the origin in France of the ballet; the international contagion of American rhythms — all this and much more appears in this absorbing book. What music lover wouldn't love to have it? $5.00

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By JOHN GOLDSMITH PHILLIPS. Anyone who owns a valued piece of China-trade porcelain, or anyone who has ever been fascinated by the storied China Trade, will welcome this beautiful book. It is based on one of the world's outstanding collections, and its vivid text captures the essence of the global traffic over centuries in China-trade porcelain.

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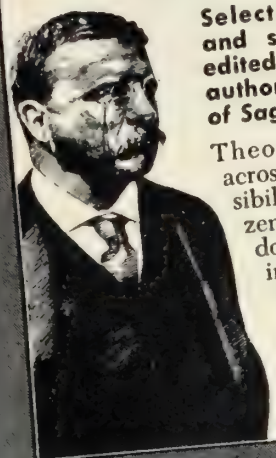
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By James Ralph Johnson



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THINGS MAPS DON'T TELL US

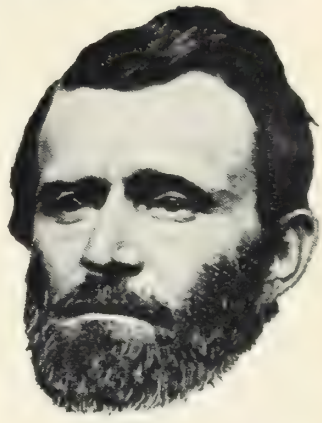
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You're off on a new adventure in geography and geology with famous Columbia mapmaker, Armin Lobeck! Together you explore 75 "puzzlesites"—with two maps for each. Map #1 affords clues to the reason-why, for example, Long Island has two tails; the second provides the full, fascinating story of the geology involved. $4.95

"...a solid feast, rich, various, sometimes breathlessly exciting though always cool-minded, and as close to being final as we are likely ever to get."—*Bernard De Voto.*

LINCOLN FINDS A GENERAL

Vol. IV: Iuka to Vicksburg



By KENNETH P. WILLIAMS

"Grant's achievement forms the primary theme of the fourth volume of Kenneth P. Williams' important new military history of the war *Lincoln Finds a General.* Williams presents one of the most convincing portrayals ever written of Grant's greatness—his modesty and unselfishness, his judgment (so superbly balanced that its very evenness prevented it from appearing brilliant), his care for the men under him, and his truly unique moral power of decision."

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DAVID M. POTTER—*The Saturday Review*

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by RUTH MOORE

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ALFRED A. KNOPF, *Publisher*

acteristic type of business success in twentieth-century America.

A great many familiar generalizations do not apply: some of these men are great salesmen and some are not, some are highly specialized in their enterprises and some will try anything, some have had considerable formal education but an impressively high proportion left school young. Some were born rich, some prosperous, some poor. The one thing I can see that they have in common is the ability to roll profitably with the massive impact of the nonbusiness world on business—the impact of government in the form of taxes and the impact of science in the form of technology.

How efficacious *The Art of Success* may be as a guide to doing it yourself I cannot say; you might have to read another book or two. But this collection certainly throws some light on the contemporary business world, not only on its men and methods but also on how it sees itself in its most sumptuous periodical.

HOW THE OTHER HALF LIVES

DANIEL BELL is also an editor of *Fortune,* but apparently he wrote **Work and Its Discontents** (Beacon, $1.25) on his own time, for it is an essay on the less successful industrialists—the men and women who work in the factories presided over by those who have mastered the art of success.

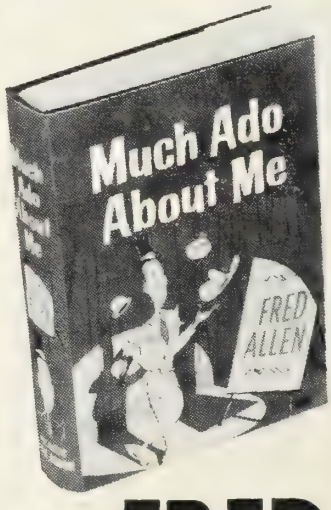
Bell thinks that modern industrial workers hate and resent their jobs and try to drown their hours of work by "conspicuous loafing." Their hatred has nothing to do with who owns the means of production, because socialized factories are the same; it comes from the very nature of the work. Through increasingly careful analysis (which now involves the use of mechanical computers), factory jobs have been rationalized to the point where they are unbearable.

What can be done about it? Bell suggests that society should change its concept of efficiency, substituting psychological for mechanical efficiency in tasks human beings have to perform, but he neglects to say how this can be done.

There isn't much that is new either



Fred Allen, America's best loved humorist, has told, as only he could, the story of his rocky road from the stacks of the Boston Library, through old-time vaudeville, to Broadway—in the year's most entertaining book.

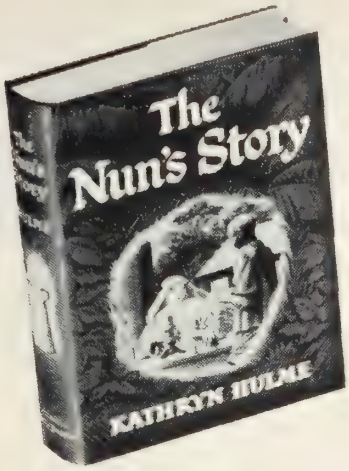


BY **FRED ALLEN**

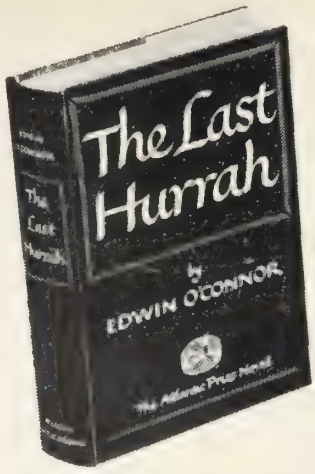
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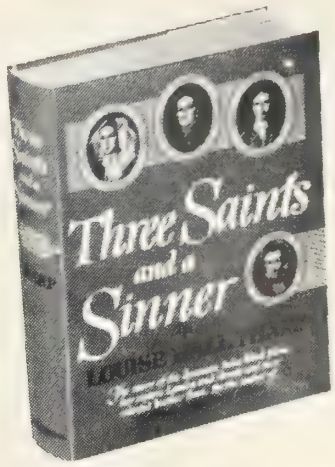
LITTLE, BROWN



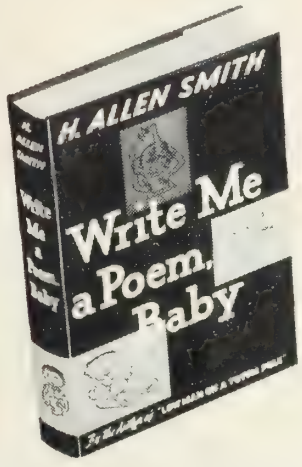
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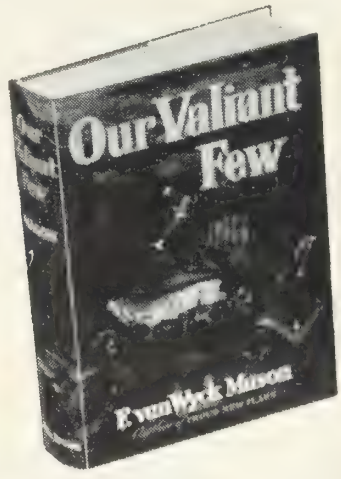
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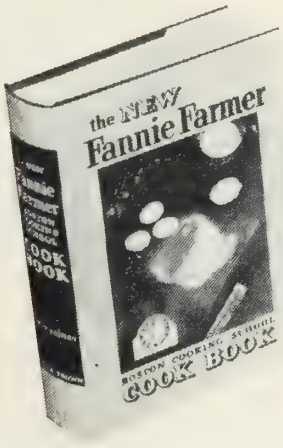
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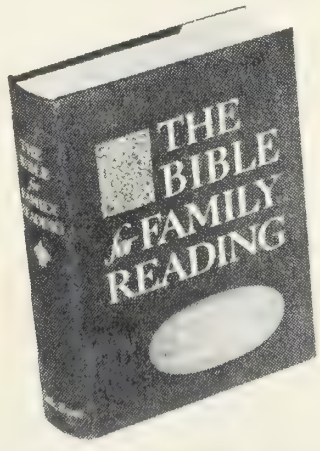
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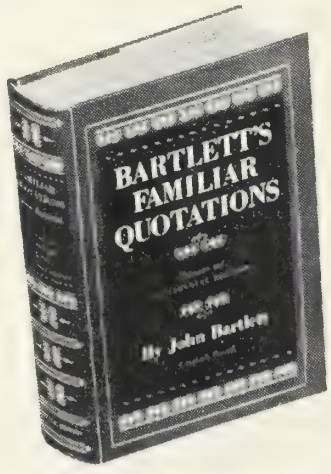
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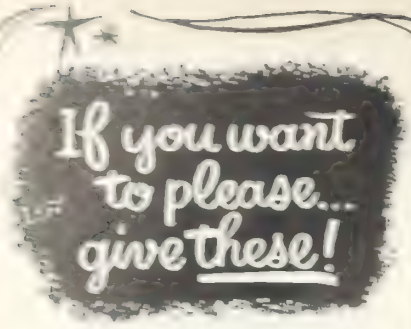


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Seize the Day, Saul Bellow's new book (Viking, $3), is an unusual sort of collection—a novelette, three short stories and a one-act play. There seems to be a popular prejudice against such books of varied content, but this one should attract a good many readers, for it contains some of Bellow's best work.

The assorted items are united by a common concern with what might be called the emotional convertibility of currency—the way money shapes or displaces or disguises the life of feeling. Most of Bellow's characters come from that considerable class in society who never have quite enough money to stop thinking about it: some have reached the point of an old Negro in one story who says, "There ain't no little ways to make things better, and the only big thing is money," or of the young man on his way to visit a girl he cannot afford who thinks, "Money surrounds you to fit as the earth does to death." (When he gets there the girl makes him forget about money for a while.)

It is a good subject, and Bellow has explored it less obsessively and more subtly than this account would lead you to suppose. At least two of the stories are first rate, and the little play is fine.

THE second volume of Winston Churchill's *History of the English-speaking Peoples* bears the title The New World (Dodd, Mead, $6) and covers the period from Henry VIII to the Revolution of 1688. It is a rather disappointing performance. The first volume was essentially textbook history, but it was laced with wit and rhetoric that brought it to life, and there is little of either wit or rhetoric in its successor. Occasionally a sentence

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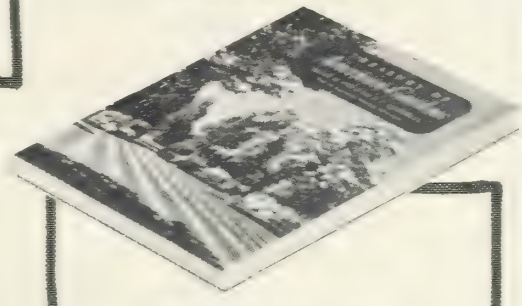
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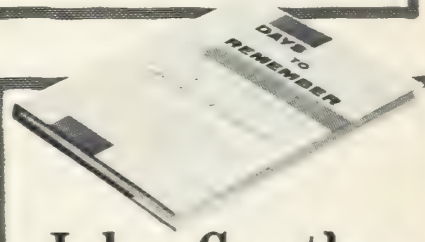
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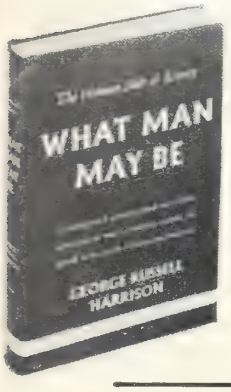
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has a Churchillian ring ("The Scots, imbued with religious fervour, national insolence, and personal cupidity, hung on the Border") and the whole book is well enough written, but there is little or no spark. Where you would expect an outburst, as at the death of Pym, Churchill makes do with a quotation from Ranke. Even the comparison between Cromwell and Hitler has more chalk than brimstone in it. A readable history of England in a fascinating period, but no fireworks. (A Book-of-the-Month Club selection.)

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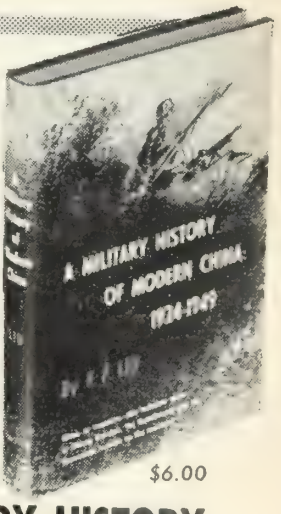
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you have in the reading. The first chapter is called "Running the Household (and running and running and running)". There's one near the end called "Gardening, Wet." In between, nearly everything from the front door to the back is touched upon lightly. And I mean lightly. I think I like best her discussion of dish-washing. "The purpose of Washing the Dishes is to remove all traces of the meal you have just finished, and a darn shame too, when you think how much work went into it." Her general outlook toward household tasks is summed up in a bit on bed-making. "When you've finished, DON'T LOOK BACK." *Harper's* readers may be surprised to remember her as the author of "Won't Somebody Tolerate Me?" in our August issue.
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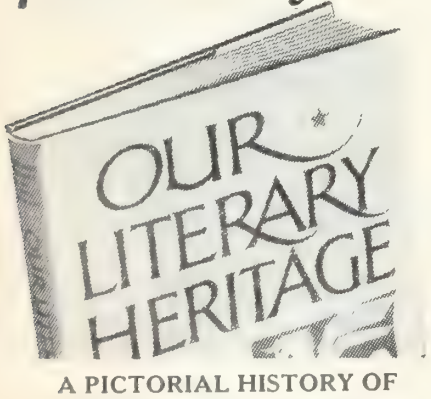
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a scholarship most lightly borne. Morrow, $4

Autumn Across America, by Edwin Way Teale.

Anyone who has read *North with the Spring* will know what kinds of sights and smells and stories to expect of this writer-naturalist-photographer in his story of a 20,000-mile journey across America from Cape Cod to Vancouver in the fall of the year. It is full of valleys and mountains and deserts and birds and butterflies and stars, and it ensures long evenings of winter pleasure for all who pick it up. Dodd, Mead, $5.75

Picture Books

As a long-time summer resident of Vermont and a first-time-this-summer visitor to the American West, I make no attempt at being unprejudiced in my next two choices:

A Treasury of Vermont Life, edited by Stephen Greene, Arthur Peach, Ralph N. Hill & Walter Hard, Jr. Foreword by Stewart H. Holbrook.

In this anthology of photographs and articles from the *Vermont Magazine,* the pictures, some in color, some black and white, far surpass the essays in my opinion, but that may very simply be because I'd rather see Vermont than hear about it. But there is good fare here for the taste of any Vermonters, real or adopted. Countryman Press, $5

Before Barbed Wire, by Mark H. Brown and W. R. Felton.

This large book of text and 124 rare photographs by L. A. Huffman, "photographer on horseback," is a fascinating record of life on the open plains in the days of the cattle kingdoms. Good in any terms but especially good to read and look at in connection with A. B. Guthrie's book, reviewed above. Holt, $10

Jazz: Famine to Feast

Suddenly there are four new books about jazz music, to suit as many tastes. **The Heart of Jazz,** by William L. Grossman and Jack W. Farrell (New York University, $6) is pro-Dixieland, partly on religious grounds, of all things. **Eddie Condon's Treasury of Jazz** (with Richard Gehman, Dial, $5) is a collection

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BOOKS IN BRIEF

of pieces—including two from *Harper's*—drawn mainly from the soft-hearted, tough-guy school of jazz writing, with contentious asides from Mr. Condon. **The Real Jazz, Old and New** (Louisiana State, $5), both written and illustrated by Stephen Longstreet, author of "High Button Shoes" and "The Jolson Story," is primarily concerned with the changing moods of jazz and therefore tolerant of the moderns. For the most informative and objective view, however, there is **The Story of Jazz** (Oxford, $5.75), by Marshall Stearns, who is a professor of medieval literature and executive director of the Institute of Jazz Studies.

FORECAST

Book Club Selections, 1957

For the first months of 1957 the Book-of-the-Month Club has chosen (January) *The Last Parallel: A Marine's War Journal,* a first book by a Korean veteran, Martin Russ (Holt); and for February, *The Last Angry Man,* a novel about an old Brooklyn doctor by Gerald Green, from Scribner. For its January book the Literary Guild has selected Rebecca West's first novel in twenty years—*The Fountain Overflows* (Viking). It is the story of a musical family in England. So without leaving the book clubs one can go from war to medicine to music, from Korea to Brooklyn to England. And for courage and adventure and the sea there is the February Literary Guild selection, *Twilight of the Gods* by Ernest Gann. It is said to do "for sailing men and ships what *The High and the Mighty* did for planes and the men who fly them" (Sloane).

Important Miscellany

Harcourt Brace is announcing with pride two highlights on its 1957 spring list: *Till We Have Faces,* a new novel by C. S. Lewis, and Mary McCarthy's *Memories of a Catholic Childhood*—with photographs . . . Lael Tucker, author of *Lament for Four Virgins* and *Festival,* has two books on the spring list of Random House. One tells of the last months of her late husband's life and is called *Death of a Man;* the other is a novel called *Marry One Another.* Resolve to save time for reading.



The Golden Bowl, by Henry James. "One of his best novels . . . a subtle and awesome account of adultery and love."—HARVEY BREIT, *New York Times Book Review.*

Anthology of Japanese Literature, compiled and edited by Donald Keene. "Casts an intimate light on a world thousands of miles away." — *Saturday Review.*

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THE STORY BAG: *A Collection of Korean Folktales,* by Kim So-un. Illustrated. Special Limited Edition published at $3.00. *To members, $2.50.*

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the new RECORDINGS

Edward Tatnall Canby

FOR THE HOLIDAYS AND AFTER

Debussy: The Martyrdom of Saint Sebastian. Catharine Akos, Phyllis Curtin, Florence Kopleff, N. E. Conservatory Chorus, Boston Symphony, Munch. RCA Victor LM 2030.

It was the Boston Symphony, back in "78" days, that first brought us brief instrumental excerpts from this once little-known great mystery play by Debussy and Gabriel d'Annunzio. These hardly conveyed the power of the whole grand work, with its solos, chorus, and narrator—as we have since learned from several recordings. The work was a kind of sensuous stage-oratorio in a fluent, expressive style that foreshadowed later modern works by such significant men as Honegger, Prokofiev, Martin. The marvelously plastic choral and vocal commentary, superimposed upon the orchestra, was one of the great contributions of Debussy toward a new, non-German, non-English oratorio form.

In the original work the music was composed around a spoken narrator who projects the highly charged mystical d'Annunzio text at great length—through much of the piece. In all but one recent French recording, the narration has been dispensed with, on the reasonable ground that it interferes with the music—which in a physical way it does. The French performance, however, included the entire narration and the results, it seemed to me, revealed a whole new purpose and intensity to the rather long musical structure. It was clear that Debussy's music is so bound up, sentence by sentence, with the d'Annunzio spoken text that to omit it entirely alters the whole sense of the work, and accounts for many criticisms of vagueness and ineffectuality.

Charles Munch, in this new recording, is strongly aware of this difficulty and has worked out an interesting compromise. He uses enough of the narration here and there to give a clear idea of its important relationship to the musical flow that goes with it, but he has removed a great deal, too, in order to let the musical fiber come through. So greatly does this interest Munch that he himself has done the narration (which presumably was tape-recorded after the musical portions and "dubbed" in, for the finished version).

The Munch performance, musically and vocally, is top-notch. His soloists and the enthusiastic chorus project the intensity of the music with tremendous gusto, if with a trace of American unsubtlety in the tone and accent. The compromise is decidedly worthwhile and throws a new light on the superbly wrought contents of a work which now begins to rank as one of Debussy's greatest. But I can't help feeling that for a full understanding of the drama, one should also own the French recording with its complete narration, as a necessary supplement. For without the great narrative climaxes, in particular without the hair-raising vocal description of the martyrdom itself, the work certainly loses focus and dramatic impact.

For those who are interested, then, by all means acquire London's Ducretet-Thomson LDT 93040/41, along with

WORTH LOOKING INTO . . .

Strauss: Don Quixote. NBC Symphony, Toscanini (1953 broadcast). RCA Victor LM 2026.

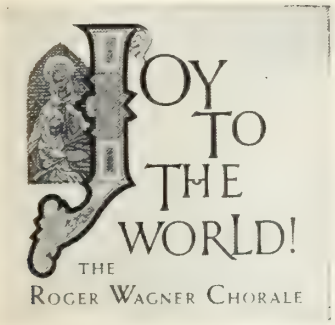
Berlioz: Harold in Italy. NBC Symphony, Toscanini (1953 broadcast). RCA Victor LM 1951.

Gershwin: Rhapsody in Blue. Jesus-Maria Sanroma, pf., Boston Pops, Arthur Fiedler (reissue). RCA Camden CAL 304.

Haydn: Symphonies #102, #96 ("Miracle"). N. Y. Philharmonic, Bruno Walter. Columbia ML 5059.

Music of Claude Debussy: L'Enfant Prodigue, La Demoiselle Élue, Noël des enfants qui n'ont plus de maisons. Madeleine Gorge, sop., Henri Legay, ten., Bernard Cottret, bass, Jacqueline Joly, mezzo-sop., chorus. L'Orch. du Théâtre des Champs-Élysées, Inghelbrecht, cond. Lond. Ducretet-Thomson. DTL 93009.





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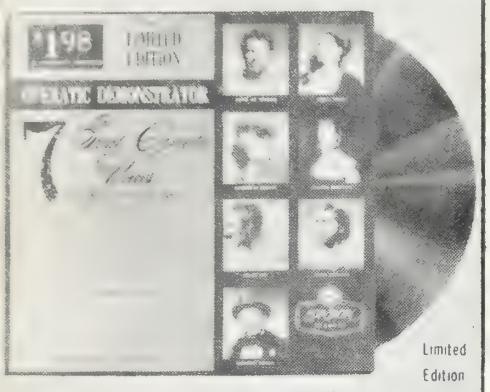
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THE NEW RECORDINGS

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Debussy: Iberia; Prelude to the Afternoon of a Faun; La Mer. Detroit Symphony, Paul Paray. Mercury MG 50101.

Here are the major orchestral works of Debussy done up by the bouncing little Frenchman whose eccentric but very musical interpretations have been producing mild shock now for a good while, in an unlikely variety of works, many of them far from French. I would hardly say these are the most authoritative stylings of the music I've yet heard, for Paray is not the man to linger lovingly over an impressionistic atmosphere; but then again, I could not possibly call the performances either bad or uninteresting—far from it! Paray has an amusing faculty for making the familiar sound fresh and different, whether the difference jolts or thrills you. For a forthright, square-rigged journey through Debussy's musical waters, try Paray.

The close-up Mercury hi-fi technique is impressive, but not too helpful to Debussy. Here, the inner details are projected crudely, in the foreground, where they should blend into a tonal background.

Saint-Saens: Carnival of the Animals. Franck: Psyché (Symphonic Poem). L'Orch. Symph. de la Radiodiffusion Nat. Belge, Franz André. Telefunken LGX 66028.

Franz André is an excellent conductor of French orchestra music, which he delivers in a tasteful and workmanlike way, with less originality, less eccentricity than Paul Paray. The Franck here is played faultlessly—but somehow it comes forth sounding rather old-fashioned, which it surely is in this very different twentieth century. A bit more conductor's magic, eccentric or no, might recreate that delicate, trusting femininity in the sweet work which can still endear it to today's listeners. Dead, broadcast-style studio acoustics do not help the musical atmosphere a bit.

The jovial "Carnival" is played in its original form, the two pianos supplemented by a small chamber group of instruments. It gets off to a so-so start and the pianos fumble more than is customary, but many of the humorous numbers are nicely played, the double bass croaks wonderfully, and the finale is rousing, exactly as intended.

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Thirty years! I put this LP aside at rst. It couldn't be the same. But it is. Yes, she's already a bit old-fashioned -marvelously so. She can jerk tears out f you outrageously, and she will, too. ut if you think she's sentimental, lis-en to "The Italian Lesson," a savagely onderful satire on a wealthy club oman surrounded by cooks, social sec-etaries, children, dogs, nurses, chauf-urs—and the telephone. Savage, but so uman you'll weep with laughter.

The Draper secret is an incredible nse of dramatic timing, which piles haracter upon character upon the men-l stage so deftly that your head whirls ı astonishment. She impersonates mar-elously, but it is this vocal sleight of and that amazes. She uses accents, but ney are more artful than accurate, hich is dramatically proper. Are her ıree generations of New York immi-rants Polish, Irish, or Jewish? Not any f them, exactly, yet all of them to-ether, in the truest sort of dramatic eneralization. And if you think young osie, the stenographer, is a day over venty your imagination is phony.

I don't want to wait very long for olume two.

he Art of Aksel Schiotz. (With assorted ngers; Mogens Woldike and Orch., gisto Tango and Royal Orch.) RCA ictor LM 1968.

he Danish tenor Schiotz, now teaching ı Minnesota, became somewhat of a onnoisseurs' sensation soon after the ar, notably with the famous 78-rpm ecord of Buxtehude's "Aperite mihi," ng with two other voices and small rchestra. A throat tumor nearly cost im his voice; these recordings were ıade in Europe, as far as I know before is illness.

Schiotz is not the kind of voice that nds up in the Met, or the Telephone lour. It is modest and beautiful and ıe artistry of the singing, as well as ıe music itself, has made his reputa-on. In a way, he may be compared to ıe soprano Kathleen Ferrier, whose ap-peal, in spite of her wide experience, was of the same noble sort.

In these well-recorded items, all I gather made from postwar 78s, Schiotz is best in the earlier music. His Mozart is both pure and colorless. The Schiotz diction, it seems to me, is rather weak, the dramatic characterization of the texts not very impressive, and the tone color is lovely but often monotonous. Yet nevertheless there is a quality of nobility and musicianship that easily accounts for Schiotz' fine reputation.

Needless to say, "Aperite mihi" is here, in enhanced fidelity, and in the same series two Bach works, from the "St. Matthew Passion" and the "Christmas Oratorio," plus a somewhat incongruous Haydn, out of "The Creation." On the reverse, in another series perhaps a bit earlier, are four Mozart tenor arias and one from the "Messiah."

Bruno Walter in Conversation with Arnold Michaelis. Columbia BW 80.

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THE NEW RECORDINGS

as recorded on tape and issued (after editing) on LP records. Now that Toscanini is personally out of the limelight, Bruno Walter has conveniently had an eightieth birthday and, as an unusually co-operative and vocal maestro, is to some extent being billed in a Toscanini role of elder statesman, both in his music and in his modest and very attractive personality as seen and heard close-up.

No doubt about it, Columbia is mining pure gold here. Period-gold, for Dr. Walter is about the last of the pure Viennese line, out of Mozart, Schubert, Beethoven, Mahler, and Bruckner, and his quickly responsive mind brings us here a really wonderful evocation of the whole rationale of a past era, wonderfully preserved into the present. It is not at all necessary to agree with the Walter sentiments in order to profit by this excellent first-person look at another world—in fact, most younger people will find his simple, pre-psychological philosophy of great music and great (Viennese) musical personalities rather startlingly distant from our hectic way of thinking nowadays. But that Dr. Walter is a mellow, fully matured person who at eighty is utterly composed, modest, fulfilled, should be evident to the envy of all of us smaller souls. A great man, in terms of sheer living.

Whether it is by accident or intent that Arnold Michaelis, the interviewer on this disc, strings forth a series of platitudinous questions with all the pomposity of radio-style culture, I do not know. By contrast, the informal sincerity of Dr. Walter is the more delightful.

"Apparently, then," intones Mr. Michaelis, "a lack of literary culture, in Bruckner, was more than compensated for by his ability to express himself in musical terms?"

"Oh," Dr. Walter interrupts in his gentlest Viennese manner, "and how!"

Mozart: Requiem Mass in D Minor, K. 626. Irmgard Seefried, Jennie Tourel, Leopold Simoneau, Wm. Warfield; Westminster Choir, New York Philharmonic. Walter. Columbia ML 5012.

An excellent portrayal of the Requiem, kept under level-headed control by the musical authority of Bruno Walter. If you don't particularly mind the thick, trained-voice professional competency of the Westminster Choir, you'll likely find fault only with the tenor, Leopold Simoneau, who sings in a hackneyed oratorio style, or possibly with Jennie Tourel, who is quite out of her element in this impersonally vast sort of music. The quartet makes an excellent ensemble, however, and Warfield at the bottom and Seefried at the top are both first-quality.

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